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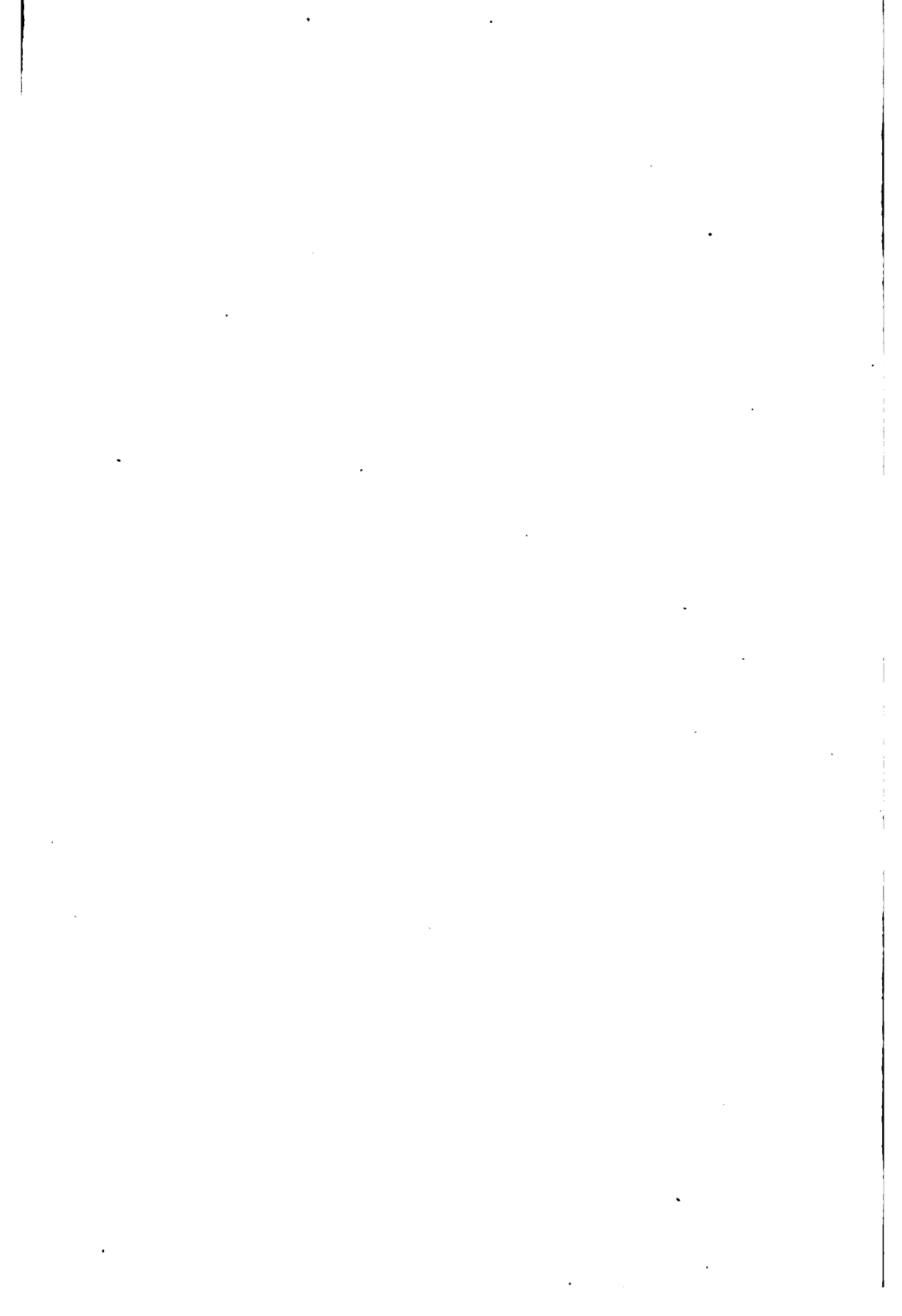
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS**

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VOLUME XXIII JANUARY - JUNE

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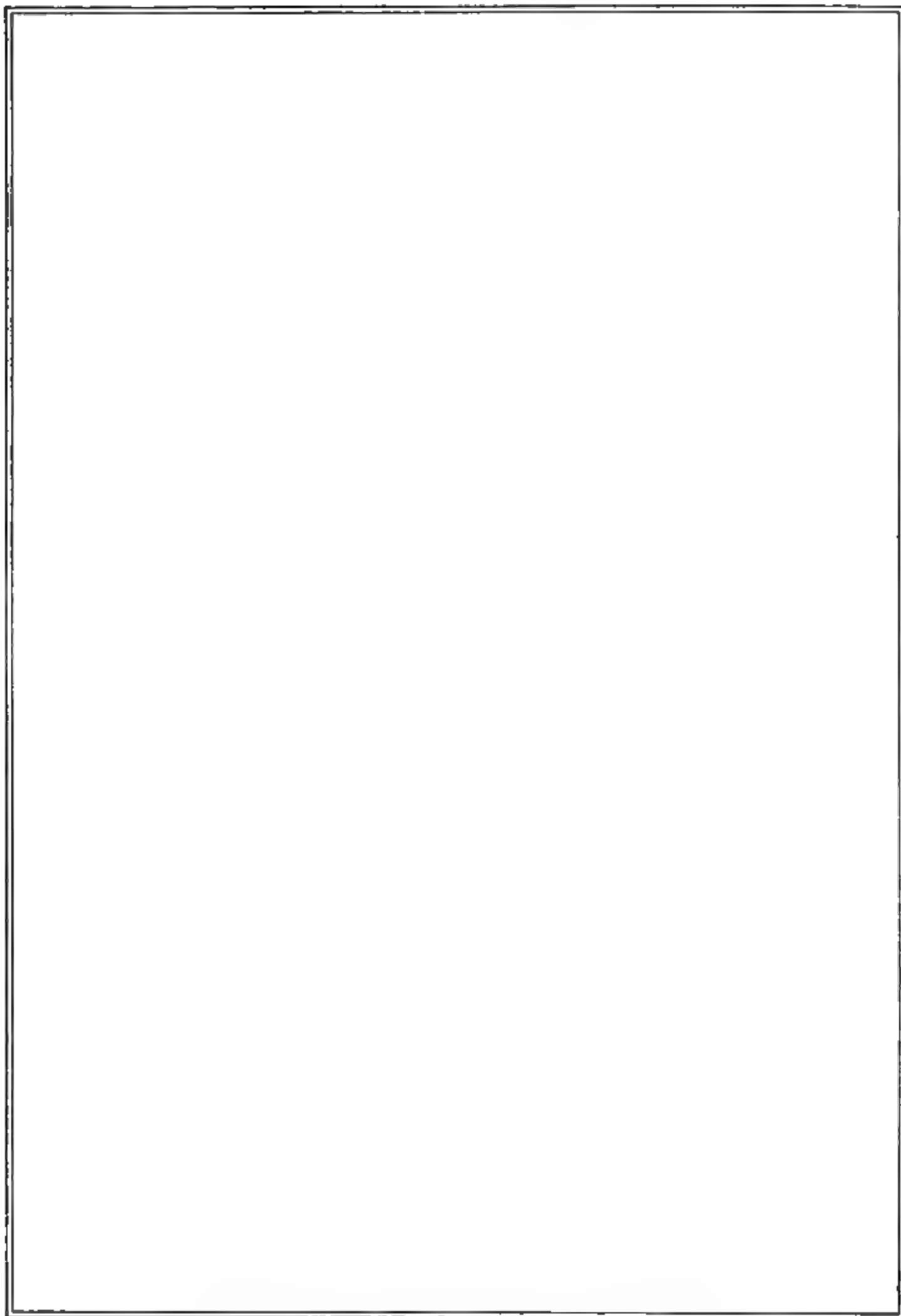
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Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

AMONG THE COMPANY THAT NIGHT THERE WERE TWO GUESTS WHO "HAPPENED IN"
QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY.

—"Red Rock," page 39.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIII

JANUARY, 1898

NO. 1

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE FIRST STEP—THE FIRST BLOW

THE FIRST STEP

IN 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American Colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States to-day 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. It was not so in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city. Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted, and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active and the people were thrifty and prosperous, and lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to

the pace of to-day. There in Philadelphia was the centre of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequalled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the South. Vessels of the coastwise traffic, or from beyond seas, came into port at uncertain times, and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so quiet that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.

In this thriving, well-conditioned, prosperous town, strangers, like events, were not common, and their appearance was sure to attract notice, especially if they gave evidence of distinction or were known to come with an important purpose. We can guess easily, therefore, at the interest which was felt by the people of Philadelphia in the strangers from other colonies who began to appear on their streets in the late summer of 1774, although these visitors were neither unexpected nor uninvited. They were received, too, with the utmost kindness and with open arms. We can read in the diary of John Adams, how he and his companions from Massachusetts were fêted and dined, and we can learn from the same authority how generous

were the tables, and how much richer was the living among the followers of William Penn than among the descendants of the Puritans.

But these men from Massachusetts and from the other colonies had not travelled over rough roads and long distances simply to try the liberal hospitality of the Quakers of Philadelphia. They had come there on far more serious business and with a grave responsibility resting upon them. On September 5th they assembled at the City Tavern, and went thence together to the hall of the Carpenters, where they determined to hold their meetings. We can readily imagine how the little town was stirred and interested as these men passed along their streets that September morning from the tavern to the hall. The bystanders who were watching them as they walked by were trying, no doubt, after the fashion of human nature, to pick out and identify those whose names were already familiar. We may be sure that they noticed Christopher Gadsden and the two Rutledges from South Carolina; they must have

marked John Jay's calm high-bred face; and the venerable figure of Hopkins of Rhode Island, while Roger Sherman of Connecticut, with his strong, handsome face, tall, grave impression, must have been readily identified. They certainly looked with especial eagerness for the Massachusetts delegates, their curiosity, we may believe, mingled with something of the suspicion and dread with which these particular men were then regarded in slow-moving, conservative Pennsylvania. When the Boston men came along, there must have been plenty of people to point out a short, sturdy, full-blooded man, clearly of a restless, impetuous, and ardent temperament, and to tell each other that there was John Adams, the distinguished lawyer and brilliant debater, whose fame in the last few years had spread far from his native town. With him was to be seen an older man, one still better known, and regarded as still

more dangerous, whose fame had gone even across the water to England, Samuel Adams of Boston. He was taller than his cousin, with a somewhat stern set face of the Puritan type. He was plainly dressed, very likely in dark brown cloth, as Copley painted him, and yet his friends had almost by force fitted him out with clothes suitable for this occasion, simple as they were, for if left to himself he would have come as carelessly and roughly clad as was his habit at home. A man not much given to speech, an organizer, a manager and master of men, relentless in purpose, a planner of revolution with schemes and outlooks far beyond most of those about him. Yes, on the whole, here was a dangerous man to people in high places whom he meant to disturb or oppose.

And after the bystanders had watched curiously the New England group, they looked next for those who came from the great colony of Virginia, which, with Massachusetts, was to sway the Congress and carry it forward to stronger measures than the other colonies then desired. Conspic-

uous among the Virginians they saw an eminent member of the Randolph family, and those who were well informed no doubt wondered why they did not see by Randolph's side the slight figure and keen face of Richard Henry Lee, a fit representative of the great Virginian name, who had come to Philadelphia, but did not appear in Congress until the second day. All these Virginian delegates, indeed, were well known by reputation at least, and there could have been no difficulty in singling out among them the man whose fiery eloquence had brought the cry of "Treason" ringing about his ears in the House of Burgesses. The name of Patrick Henry had been sent across the water, like that of Samuel Adams, and we may be sure that the crowd was looking with intense curiosity for a sight of the already famous orator. When they found him they saw a tall, spare man, nearly forty years of



Major Pitcairn's Pistols.

These pistols were taken from Pitcairn's horse, and a few days afterwards were presented to Israel Putnam, who carried them throughout the war. Later, they were presented to the Cary Library and are now in the Town Hall at Lexington.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The Fight on Lexington Common, April 19, 1775.

A drawing of the Battle of Lexington was made by Earl, a portrait painter, and engraved by Amos Doolittle (both soldiers of the Connecticut Company), from narratives of participants in the affair within a month or two after the fight. This drawing must remain the best source of information, but it has been supplemented by careful studies of other documents.

age, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a strong, well-cut face, and keen, penetrating eyes, deeply set beneath a broad, high forehead on which the furrows of thought had already come. They must have noted, too, that he was negligently dressed, and that he had a very grave, almost severe, look, until a smile came, which lighted up his face, and showed all the kindness and sympathy of an emotional nature.

The names of Henry and of Adams were more familiar just at that moment than those of any others. They were the men who by speech and pen had done more than anyone else to touch the heart and imagination of the people in the progress of those events which had caused this gathering in Philadelphia. Yet there was one man there that day who had made no speeches and drawn no resolutions, but

who, nevertheless, was better known than any of them, and who, alone, among them all, had a soldier's fame won on hard-

fought fields. There was not much need to point him out, for he was the type of man that commands attention and does not need identification. Very tall and large, admirably proportioned, with every sign of great physical strength; a fine head and face of power, with a strong jaw and a mouth accurately closed; calm and silent with a dignity which impressed everyone who ever entered his presence, there was no need to tell the onlookers that here was Colonel Washington. What he had done they knew. What he was yet to do no one dreamed,

but such was the impression he made on all who came near him that we may easily believe that the people who gazed at him in the streets felt dumbly what Patrick

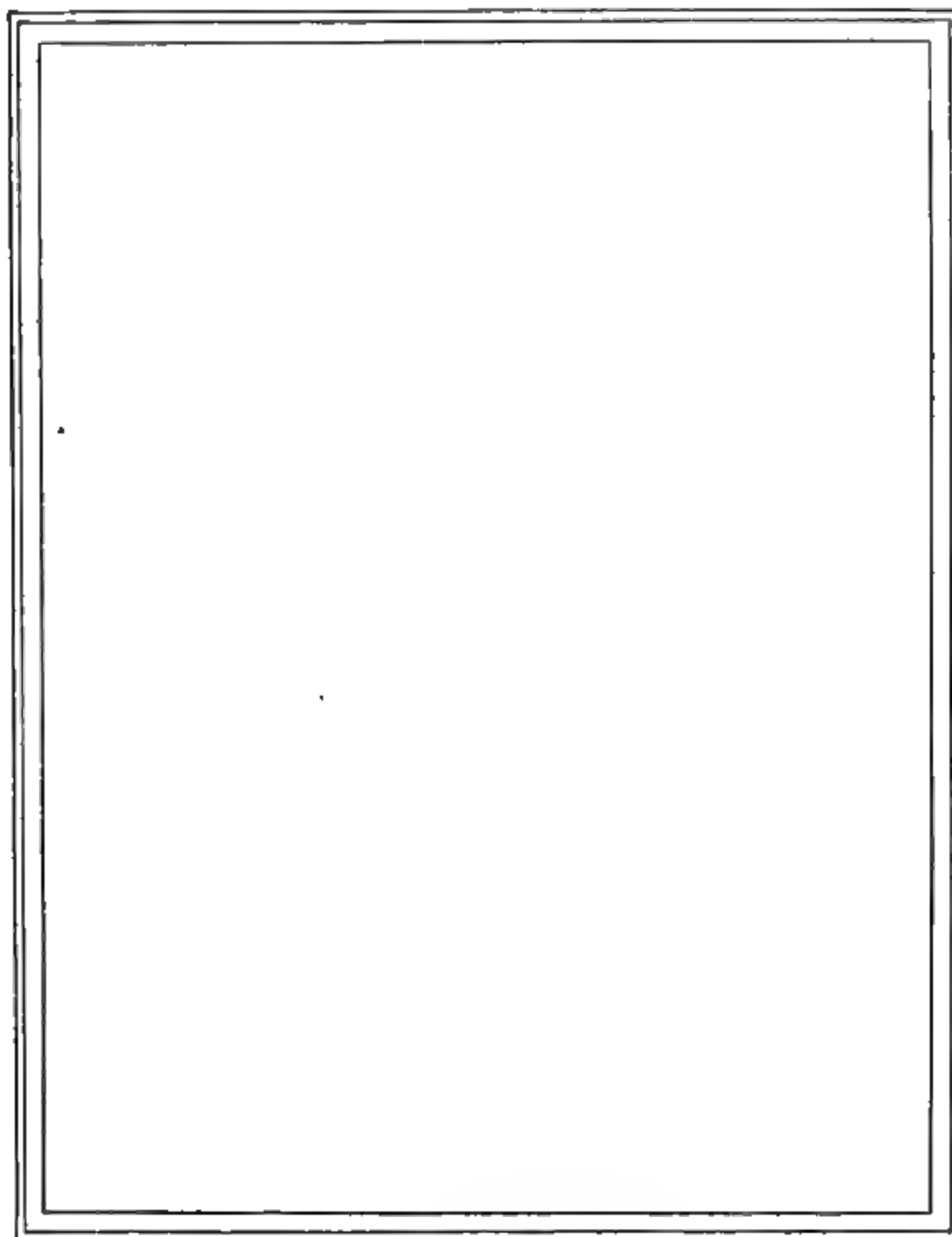
Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, the First President of the Continental Congress.

From a painting by C. N. Peale. 1774.

(Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.)

Henry said for those who met him in the Congress: "Washington is unquestionably the greatest of them all." Thus he came to the opening scene of the Revolution as he went back to Mount Vernon at the war's close, quietly and silently, the great figure of the time, the doer of deeds to whom Congress and people turned as by instinct. On his way to Philadelphia he had stopped with Pendleton and Henry at his mother's house. To that mother, from whom he had inherited many of his strongest qualities, the soldier of forty-two was still a boy. She was a woman of pronounced views, and had the full courage of her convictions. To Pendleton and Henry she

said: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will." It is a delightful speech to have been spared to us through the century, with its knowledge of her son's character and its touch of maternal command. Only a few years before another mother across the water had been saying to her son, "George, be a king," and the worthy, stubborn man with his limited intelligence was trying now to obey his mother in his own blundering fashion. How far apart they seem, the German Princess and the Virginian lady, with their commands to their sons. And yet the great forces of the time were bringing the two men steadily together in a conflict which was to settle the



General John Sullivan.

From the original pencil sketch made by John Trumbull, at Exeter, N. H., in 1790. Now published for the first time, by the permission of his grandson, in whose possession the original now is.

fate of a nation. They were beginning to draw very near to each other on that September morning; the king, by accident of birth, and the king who would never wear a crown, but who was appointed to lead men by the divine right of the greatness of mind and will which was in him.

George Washington, ascending the steps of Carpenters' Hall, knew all about the other George, and had been proud to call himself the loyal subject of his namesake. The British George, with no English blood in his veins, except the little drop which came to him from the poor Winter Queen, had probably never heard even the name

of the American soldier, although he was destined to learn a great deal about him in the next few years. Yet Washington was much the best-known man in America, with the single exception of Franklin, whose scientific work and whose missions to England had given him a European reputation. Washington had commanded the troops in that little action in the wilderness when the first shot of the Seven Years' War was fired, a war in which Frederick of Prussia had made certain famous campaigns and which had cost France her hold on North America. Later he had saved the wretched remnants of Brad-

Samuel Adams.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1773. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

dock's army, his name had figured in gazettes, and had been embalmed in Horace Walpole's letters. That, however, was all twenty years before, and was probably quite forgotten in 1774 outside America. Samuel Adams was known in England, as Percy was known to the Prince of Wales, as a "very valiant rebel of that name." Possibly John Adams and Patrick Henry had been heard of in similar fashion. But as a whole, the members of the first American Congress were unknown outside the colonies, and many of them were not known beyond the limits of the particular colony they represented. To England and her ministers and people these forty or fifty grave gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, and planters, were merely a body of obscure colonial persons who were meeting

in an unauthorized manner for distinctly treasonable and objectionable purposes. To the courts of Europe, engaged at the moment in meaningless intrigues, either foreign or domestic, and all alike grown quite dim now, this Colonial Congress was not even obscure, it was not visible at all. Yet thoughtfully regarded, it deserved consideration much better than anything which just then engaged the attention of Europe. Fifteen years later its utterances were to be quoted as authority, and its example emulated in Paris when an ancient monarchy was tottering to its fall. It was the start of a great movement which was to sweep on until checked at Waterloo. This same movement was to begin its march again in 1830 in the streets of Paris and carry the reform of the British Parliament two years later. It was to break forth once more in 1848 and keep steadily on advancing and conquering, although its work is still incomplete even among the nations of Western civilization. Yet, no one in Europe heeded it at the moment, and they failed to see that it meant not simply a colonial quarrel, not merely the coming of a new nation, but the rising of the people to take their share in the governments of the earth. It was in fact the first step in the great Democratic movement which has made history ever since. The great columns were even then beginning to move, and the beat of the drums could be heard faintly in the quiet Philadelphia streets. They were still distant, but they were ever drawing nearer and their roll was rising louder and louder, until at last they sounded in the ears of men from Concord Bridge to Moscow.

Why did this come about? Why was it that the first step in the Revolution which was to take her colonies from England, bring a reign of terror to France, and make over the map of Europe before it passed away, should begin in the peaceful town of Philadelphia? There was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution, considered by itself. The colonies were very loyal, very proud to be a part of the great British Empire. If the second-rate men who governed England at that time had held to the maxim of that great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, *quies non movere*, and like him had let the colonies carefully alone; or if they had been ruled

THE OLD

The Signal Lance of
PAUL REVERE
displayed in the steeple of this church
April 18 1775
warned the country of the march
of the British troops to
LEXINGTON and CONCORD

Paul Revere Rousing the Inhabitants Along the Road to Lexington.

by the genius of Pitt and had appealed to the colonies as part of the empire to share its glories and add to its greatness, there would have been no American revolution. But they insisted on meddling, and so the trouble began with the abandonment of Walpole's policy. They added to this blunder by abusing and sneering at the colonists instead of appealing, like Pitt, to their loyalty and patriotism. Even then, after all their mistakes, they still might have saved the situation which they had themselves created. A few concessions, a return to the old policies, and all would

have been well. They made every concession finally, but each one came just too late, and so the colonies were lost by sheer stupidity and blundering on the part of the king and his ministers.

From this point of view, then, there was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution. It was created by a series of ministerial mistakes, each one of which could have been easily avoided. From another point of view, however, it was absolutely inevitable, the inexorable result of the great social and political forces which had long been gathering and now were begin-

ning to move forward. The first resistance to the personal monarchies which grew up from the ruins of the feudal system came in England, the freest and best governed country in the world of the seventeenth century. The people rose and destroyed the personal government which Charles I. tried to set up, not because they were oppressed and crushed by tyranny, nor because they had grievances too heavy to be borne, but because they were a free people, jealous of their rights, with the instinct of liberty strong within them. In the same way when the great Democratic movement started at the close of the eighteenth century it began in England, where there was no despotic personal monarchy, where personal liberty was most assured, and where freedom existed in the largest measure. The abuses of aristocracy and monarchy in England were as nothing to what they were on the

of George III. were not ground down by taxes, were not sold to military service, were not trampled on by an aristocracy and crushed by their king. They were the freest, best governed people on earth, faulty as their government no doubt was in many respects. Yet it was among the English-speaking people that we catch the first signs of the democratic movement, for, as they were the least oppressed, so they were the most sensitive to any abuse or to any infringement upon the liberties they both prized and understood. The entire English people, both at home and abroad, were thus affected. The Middlesex elections, the career of Wilkes, the letters of Junius, the resolution of Burke against the increasing power of the Crown, the rising demand for Parliamentary reform, the growing hostility to the corrupt system of bargain and intrigue by which the great offices

Paul Revere, by St. Mémin, 1804.



Harrington House, Lexington.

In the foreground on the common is a large stone marking the line of the Minute Men. Jonathan Harrington, after being shot, dragged himself to his doorstep and there died at his wife's feet.

Buckman Tavern.

Stands on the edge of Lexington Common. It was here that the Minute Men gathered after the alarm on the night before the fight.

and seats and controlled Parliament, all pointed in the same direction, all were signs of an approaching storm. If the revolution had not come in the American colonies, it would have come in England itself. The storm broke in the colonies for the same reason which had made the English strike down at its very inception the personal monarchy of the seventeenth century, and which forced them to be the first to exhibit signs of deep political unrest in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The colonies were the least governed, the best governed, and the freest part of the dominion of Great Britain. A people who for a hundred and fifty years had practically governed themselves, and who, like all other English-speaking people, understood the value of their liberties, were the quickest to feel and to resent any change which

seemed to signify a loss of absolute freedom, and were sure to be the most jealous of anything like outside interference. America rebelled, not because the colonies were oppressed, but because their inhabitants were the freest people then in the world, and did not mean to suffer oppression. They did not enter upon resistance to England to redress intolerable grievances, but because they saw a policy adopted which they rightly believed threatened the freedom they possessed. As Burke said, they judged "the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle," and "snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." They were the most dangerous people in the world to meddle with, because they were ready to fight, not to avenge wrongs which indeed they had not suffered, but to maintain principles on which their rights and liberty rested. The

English ministry had begun to assail those principles ; they were making clumsy and hesitating attempts to take money from the colonies without leave of the people ; and George, in a belated way, was trying to be a king and revive an image of the dead and gone personal monarchy of Charles I. Hence came resistance, very acute in one colony, shared more or less by all. Hence the Congress in Philadelphia and the great popular movement starting as if inevitably in that quiet colonial town among the freest portion of the liberty-loving English race.

a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia, Secretary. Then they turned to the practical and very far-reaching question of how they should vote, whether by colonies or by population. "A little colony," said John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake as well as a great one." "Let us rest on a representation of men," said Henry. "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies ; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." Two contending

It was these great forces, which, moving silently and irresistibly, had brought these English colonists from their plantations and offices, and sent them along the streets of Philadelphia to Carpenters' Hall. The deepest causes of the movement stretching far out among the nations of the West were quite unrecognized then, but nevertheless the men were there to carry on the work, forty-four of them in all, and representing eleven colonies. In a few days North Carolina's delegates appeared, and one by one others who had been delayed, until fifty-five members were present, and all the colonies represented but one. They went to work after the orderly fashion of their race, elected Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President, and Charles Thomson,

principles on which American history was to turn were thus announced at the very outset. Sullivan's was the voice of the time, of separation and state rights. Henry's was the voice of the distant future, of union and of nationality. It took more than eighty years of union and a great civil war to establish the new principle proclaimed by Henry. At the moment it had no chance, and the doctrine of Sullivan, in harmony with every prejudice as well as every habit of thought, prevailed, and they decided to vote by colonies, each colony having one vote.

Then they appointed committees and fell to work. There was much debate, much discussion, many wide differences of opinion, but these lovers of freedom sat

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Fight at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775.

with closed doors, and the result, which alone reached the world, went forth with all the force of unanimous action. We know now what the debates and the differences were, and they are not of much moment. The results are the important things as the Congress wisely thought at the

consider their decency, firmness, wisdom, you cannot but respect their course and wish to make it your own. For my self, I must avow that in all my researches — and I have read Thucydides, and I have studied and admired the master states of the world—for solidity of reason, firmness of

John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania.
From a painting by C. W. Peale, 1794.

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia.
Painting by C. W. Peale, 1794.

time. True to the traditions and instincts of their race, they decided to rest their case upon historic rather than natural rights. They adopted a declaration of rights, an address to the people of Great Britain drawn by Jay, and an address to the king by John Dickinson. Both Jay and Dickinson were moderate men, and the tone of the addresses was fair and conciliatory. On the motion of the dangerous John Adams, they conceded the right of the mother-country to regulate their external trade, while at the same time they firmly denied the right to tax them without their consent, or to change their form of government. The case was argued with great force and ability. It appeared when all was done and the arguments published to the world, that these obscure colonial persons, whose names were unknown in the courts of Europe, had produced some great state papers. "When your lordships," said Chatham, "look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you

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blind. He spoke

Barrett House, near Concord.

Where military stores were secreted, and also one of the objective points of the expedition under Colonel Smith.

writing on the wall to deaf ears. The rulers of England neither saw the open door of reconciliation, nor comprehended the dangers which lurked behind. They paid no heed to arguments and pleas; they felt only irritation at the measures which went with the words of the addresses. For Congress had not only spoken but acted. Before they adjourned on October 26th, they had passed a resolve against the slave-trade; they had signed agreements to neither import nor export, exempting rice alone from the prohibition of trade with England; they appointed a second Congress, and they voted to sustain Massachusetts, where the conflict had begun and was now fast culminating, in her resistance to England.

Not at all palatable this last vote to an honest gentleman of German parentage who was trying to be a king. It is to be feared that it had more effect on the royal mind than all the loyal addresses ever penned. George did not like people who favored resistance of any kind to what he wanted, and his ministers were engaged in sharing

his likes and dislikes at that period for personal reasons very obvious to themselves. Highly offensive too was the proposition to have another Congress, for the very existence of Congress meant union, and the ministry relied on disunion among the colonies for success.

Arranging for a second Congress looked unpleasantly like a determination to persist, and as if these men were so satisfied of the goodness of their cause that they were bent on having what they wanted, even at some little cost. In that, unfortunately, they were somewhat like the King himself. Yet to all men now, and to many intelligent men then, it seemed a pity to lose these great colonies, so anxious to remain loyal and to continue part of the British Empire, merely for the sake of taxing them against their will. All England had heard Chatham, and all England knew from him what this Congress meant. After he

had spoken no one could plead ignorance. It only remained to see what England's rulers would do, and it soon became clear that England's rulers would do noth-

Flag Carried by the Bedford Militia Company at Concord Bridge.

"It was originally designed in England in 1660-70, for the three county troops of Middlesex, and became one of the accepted standards of the organized Militia of the State, and as such it was used by the Bedford Company."

WILLIAM S. APPLETON,
Mass. Hist. Society.

ing except persist in their policy of force. Meantime the Congress dispersed and the members scattered to their homes to wait upon events. They had not long to wait, for they had begun the American Revolution, loyal, peaceful, and anxious for reconciliation as they were.

The English ministry it is certain did not comprehend at all what this Congress meant. They were engaged in the congenial task of undertaking to rule a

pendence, and yet they saw, what the King and his ministers could not understand, that it was a very near possibility if the existing situation was continued. But it is also clear that they failed to see behind the possibility of independence the deeper significance of the work in which they were engaged. This was only natural, for they were properly absorbed in the practical and pressing questions with which they were called to deal. They could not

George Washington at the Age of Forty.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale, 1772. This picture shows Washington in the uniform of a Virginian Colonel.

continental empire as if it were a village. This method was well adapted to their own mental calibre, but was not suited to the merciless realities of the case. Therefore they regarded the Congress as merely an audacious performance which was to be frowned upon, punished, and put down. The members of the Congress themselves took a much graver and juster view of what had happened. They realized that the mere fact of a Congress was itself of great moment, that it meant union, and that union was the first step toward an American nation which could only come from the breaking down of local barriers and the fusion of all the colonies for a common purpose. They were against inde-

be expected to grasp and formulate the fact that they were beginning the battle of the people everywhere to secure control of their own governments for which they paid and fought. Yet the doctrine had been laid down for them twelve years before. In 1762 James Otis, with one of those flashes of deep insight which made him one of the most remarkable of all the men who led the way to revolution, had declared in a pamphlet that "Kings were made for the good of the people and not the people for them." This was one of the propositions on which he rested his argument. Forgotten in the passage of time, and lost in the hurly-burly of events, here was a declaration which went far be-

THE foregoing Association being determined upon by the CONGRESS, was ordered to be subscribed by the several Members thereof; and thereupon we have hereunto set our respective names accordingly.

In Congress. Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

Payson Randolph President

<i>Jno Sullivan</i>	} <i>New Hampshire</i>
<i>Nathl. Folsom</i>	
<i>Thomas Cushing</i>	} <i>Massachusetts Bay</i>
<i>Samuel Adams</i>	
<i>John Adams</i>	
<i>Robt. Treat Paine</i>	

The Articles of Association and Resolutions Adopted by the First Congress at Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

This plate shows sections of the first and last pages of printed matter, the latter with the first few signatures. A note at the end of the book sets forth the following facts:

"Messrs. Patrick Henry, Jr., and Edmund Pendleton, Esqrs., signed the original Association but were absent at the signing of this—Messrs. Philip Livingston, John Starke, John D. Hart, Samuel Rhoads, George Russ and Robert Goldborough did not sign the original, being then absent. Cesar Rodney, Esq., was absent at the Time of signing the original, but his name was written by his order."

Reproduced, by permission, from the original document, now in the Lenox Library.

yond any question of colonial rights or even of American independence. Here was a doctrine subversive of all existing systems in the eighteenth century, and as applicable to Europe as to America. Now in 1774 a Congress had met and had acted unconsciously, but none the less efficiently, upon Otis's proposition. For, stripped of all disguises and all temporary questions, this was what the Congress meant: that the people of America did not propose to have Great Britain govern them, except as they pleased, and that they intended to control their own governments and govern themselves. Congress had taken the first step along this new road. They could still turn back. The English ministry had still time to yield. But the decision was to be made elsewhere, not in London or in Philadelphia, not among ministers or members of Congress, but by certain plain men, with arms in their hands, far away to the North, whose action would put it beyond the power of Congress to retreat, even if they had desired to do so.

THE FIRST BLOW

IN Philadelphia, then, Congress took the first step in the Revolution, and set forth, in firm and able fashion, the arguments on which they rested their case and by which they still hoped to convince the reason and appeal to the affection of the English people and the English King. They were far from convinced that they would not succeed in securing a change of the British policy which they were resolved to resist, as they had already done in the case of the Stamp Act, ten years before. They could not even yet believe that the series of measures directed against Boston and Massachusetts showed a settled determination on the part of the rulers of England to make them subject to an irresponsible government, which they never had endured and to which they never would submit.

When Congress adjourned on October 26th, much had been done, but the question was not to be settled in the field of debate. The dread appeal from Parliaments and Ministries and Congresses was to be taken elsewhere, taken under the pressure of inexorable circumstances by the peo-

ple themselves. Among those men whose ancestors had followed Pym and Hampden and Cromwell when they crushed crown and church in one common ruin; whose forefathers, a hundred years before, had defied Charles II., sent his commissioners, beaten and helpless, home; and later, had imprisoned and banished James II.'s governor, this new resistance to England first took on form and substance. There, in Massachusetts, that resistance had grown and culminated since the days of the Stamp Act. In that colony there was a powerful clergy determined to prevent the overthrow of the Puritan churches, and the setting up of the Church of England. In the streets of Boston there had been rioting and bloodshed, and Americans had been killed by the fire of British troops. On that devoted town had fallen the punishment of an angry ministry, and her closed harbor told the story of a struggle which had already passed from words to deeds. There feeling was tense and strained, arguments were worn out, an independent provincial government was facing that of the King, and popular leaders were in danger of arrest and death. Such a situation could not last long. The only question was, when and where the break would come. When would the power of England make a move which would cause the democracy of America to strike at it with the armed hand? That once done, all would be done. Congress would then cease to argue and begin to govern, and the sword would decide whether the old forces or the new were to rule in America.

Looking at the situation now it is clear enough that the break was destined to come from some attempt on the part of the British in Massachusetts to stop military preparations on the part of the colonists by seizing their stores and munitions of war, or by arresting their leaders. That such attempts on the part of the British were reasonable enough, provided that they both expected and desired hostilities, no one can deny. If one wishes to explode a powder magazine, it is sensible to fire the train which leads to it. But if one does not desire to explode gunpowder, it is prudent not to throw lighted matches about in its immediate neighborhood. The British acted on the superficial aspect of the case without considering ultimate pos-

sibilities and results. They kept lighting matches to see whether the explosive substances under their charge were all right, and finally they dropped one in the magazine. Poor Gage and the rest of the English commanders in Massachusetts are not to be much blamed for what they did. They were a set of commonplace, mediocre men, without imagination and without knowledge, suddenly called upon to deal with what they thought was a little case of rather obstinate disorder and bad temper in a small colony, but which was really a great force just stirring into life, and destined to shake continents and empires before its course was stayed. Small wonder, then, that they dealt with a great problem in a little wrong-headed conventional way, and reached the results which are to be expected when men trifle with world forces in that careless and stupid fashion.

Thus Gage, even before Congress had assembled, sent over to Quarry Hill, near Boston, and seized cannons and stores. Thereupon armed crowds in Cambridge next day, tumult and disorder in the streets, the Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver, forced to resign, and bloodshed prevented only by Joseph Warren, summoned in haste from Boston. Reported in Philadelphia, this affair took on the form of fighting and bloodshed near Boston, and the chaplain of Congress read from the Psalm: "Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord." Worth considering this little incident, if there had been men able to do so in Eng-

land at that moment. To those who had attentive ears and minds there was an echo there of the words of the great Puritan captain at Dunbar, speaking in a way very memorable to the world of England. When men of English blood side by side with the children of the Huguenots and the sons of Scotch Covenanters and of the men of Londonderry begin to pray after that fashion, a dangerous spirit is abroad and one not lightly to be tampered with.

Gage, knowing and caring nothing about prayers or anything else at Philadelphia, but annoyed by the outbreak in Cambridge, felt in his dull way that

From a print lent by W. C. Crane.

Lord Percy.

Whose timely arrival relieved the British troops under Colonel Smith.

something was wrong, and began to fortify Boston Neck. Somehow he could not get his work done very well. He had his barges sunk, his straw fired, his wagons mired, all in unexplained ways, and the works were not finished until November. At the same time his movements excited alarm and suspicion, not only in Boston, but elsewhere. In December the cannon were taken away at Newport by the Governor, so that the British could not get them. A little later the people at Portsmouth, N. H., entered the fort and carried off the guns and the powder.

The trouble was spreading ominously, and evidently. Massachusetts for her part knew now that the continent was behind her, and the Provincial Congress in February declared their wish for peace and union, but advised preparation for war. How much effect the wishes had cannot be said, but the advice at least was eagerly followed. The people of Salem, in pursuance of the injunction, began to

Receipt Signed by the Minute Men of Ipswich, Mass., who Marched on the Alarm, April 19, 1775.
The original of this document is in the Emmet Collection in the Lenox Library.

mount cannon, and Gage thereupon sent three hundred men to stop the work. The town was warned in time. A great crowd met the soldiers at the bridge and Colonel Leslie, shrinking from the decisive step, withdrew. It was a narrow escape. Soldiers and people had come face to face and had looked in each others' eyes. The conflict was getting very close.

Again, at the end of March, Gage sent out Lord Percy with some light troops who marched as far as Jamaica Plain and returned. The minute-men gathered, but once more the opposing forces stared in each others' faces and parted as they met. The Provincial Congress adjourned on April 15th. Still the peace was unbroken,

but the storm was near at hand. British officers had been scouring the country for information, and they knew that John Hancock and Samuel Adams had taken refuge in Lexington, and that munitions of war were stored at Concord, a few miles farther on. It was determined to seize both the rebel leaders and the munitions at Concord. Other expeditions had failed. This one must succeed. All should be done in secret, and the advantage of a surprise was to be increased by the presence of an overwhelming force. The British commander managed well, but not quite well enough. It is difficult to keep military secrets in the midst of an attentive people, and by the people themselves

the discovery was made. Paul Revere had some thirty mechanics organized to watch and report the movements of the British. These men now became convinced that an expedition was on foot, and one of a serious character. The movement of troops and boats told the story to watchers with keen eyes and ears who believed that their rights were in peril. They were soon satisfied that the expedition was intended for Lexington and Concord, to seize the leaders and the stores; they gave notice to their chiefs in Boston and determined to thwart it by warning and rousing the country.

On April 18th, Warren sent William Dawes by land over the neck to Roxbury and thence to Lexington to carry the news. Paul Revere arranged to have lantern signals shown in the belfry of the Old North Church, "one if by land, and two if by sea," and then went home, dressed himself for a night ride, and taking a boat rowed over to Charlestown. It was a beautiful and quiet evening. As his boat slipped along he noted that the Somerset man-of-war was just winding with the tide, then at young flood. The moon was rising and shed its peaceful light upon the scene. Arrived at Charlestown, Revere secured a horse and waited. At eleven o'clock two lights gleamed from the belfry of the Old North Church, showing that the troops were going by water to Cambridge, and Revere mounted and rode away. He

crossed Charlestown neck, and as he passed the spot where a felon had been hung in chains, he saw two British officers waiting to stop him. One tried to head

him, one sought to take him. But Revere knew his country. He turned back sharply and then swung into the Medford road. His pursuer fell into a clay-pit and Revere rode swiftly to Medford, warned the captain of the minute-men, and then galloped on, rousing every house and farm and village until he reached Lexington. There he awakened Adams and Hancock and was joined by Dawes and by Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief delay the three started to alarm the country between Lexington and Concord. They had ridden but a short distance when they were met by four British officers who barred the road. Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall and escaped, carrying the alarm to Concord. Revere rode toward a wood, when six more British officers appeared and he was made a prisoner and forced to return with

John Jay.

The earliest known portrait of him, engraved in 1785, from a pencil drawing by Du Simitiere made in 1779.

John Adams.

From a painting by Blyth, 1765.

Dawes and his captors to Lexington. There he was released, and as soon as he was free he persuaded Adams and Hancock to go to Woburn, and after accompanying them returned to get their papers and effects. As he was engaged in this work he heard firing and knew that he had not ridden through the night in vain. A memorable ride in truth it was, one which spread alarm at the time and has

been much sung and celebrated since. Perhaps the fact which is best worth remembering is that it was well done and answered its purpose. Under the April moonlight, Revere and Dawes and Prescott galloped hard and fast. Brave men, and efficient, they defeated the British plans and warned the country. The new day, just dawning when Revere heard the firing, was to show the value of their work.

They had had, indeed, but little time to spare. As Revere was mounting his horse, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith with eight hundred men was crossing the Back Bay from Boston to Lechmere Point. At two o'clock he had his men landed, and they set forth at once, silently and rapidly, toward Lexington. So far all had gone well, but as they marched there broke upon their ears the sound of guns and bells, some near, some distant, but in every one the note of alarm. The country was not asleep, then? On the contrary, it seemed to be wide awake. All about among the hills and meadows armed men were gathering at the little meeting-houses, and falling into line prepared for action. Here, in the tolling of the bells and the sound of signal-guns, was much meaning and cause for anxiety. Colonel Smith became worried, sent back to Boston for reinforcements to beat these farmers that he and his friends had scoffed at so often, and ordered Major Pitcairn forward to Lexington with six light companies, still hopeful of surprise. Major Pitcairn picks up everybody he meets to prevent alarm being given; but one Bowman, an active and diligent person, as it would seem, eludes him, rides hotly to Lexington and warns the minute-men, who have been waiting since two o'clock, and had almost come to believe that the British were not advancing at all. So when Major Pitcairn got to Lexington Green, about half past four, thanks to Bowman's warning, there were some sixty or seventy men assembled to meet him. "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse!" cried Major Pitcairn, and rode toward them. There was much discussion then, and there has been much more since, as to who fired first. It matters not. It is certain that the British poured in a volley and followed it up with others. The minute-men, not yet realizing that the decisive

moment had come, hesitated, some standing their ground, some scattering. They fired a few straggling shots, wounded a couple of British soldiers, and drew off. Eight Americans were killed and ten wounded. One of the eight had carried the standard when American troops captured Louisburg, and thus redeemed for England an otherwise ineffective war. One was wounded and bayoneted afterward. One dragged himself to the door of his house and died on the threshold at his wife's feet. What matters it who fired first? The first blow had been struck, the first blood shed. The people, in obedience to the orders of a Provincial Congress, had faced the soldiers of England in arms. They had been fired upon and had returned the fire. It was not a battle, hardly a skirmish. But it said to all the world that a people intended to govern themselves, and would die sooner than yield; a very pregnant fact, speaking much louder than words and charged with many meanings. A wholly new thing this was, indeed, to have people ready to die in battle for their rights, when a large part of the rulers of the civilized world did not recognize that they had any rights to either die or live for. A great example to be deeply considered, and destined to bear much fruit, was given by those brave men who died on Lexington Green in the fair dawn of that April morning.

The British formed after the encounter, fired a volley, and gave three cheers for their victory. If a victory is to be judged by what it costs, it must be admitted that this one was but modestly celebrated, for it is safe to say that it was the most expensive victory ever won by England. From another point of view the celebration was premature, for the day was not over and there was still much to be done.

They had killed some Massachusetts farmers, but they had missed the rebel leaders at Lexington. No time was to be lost if they were to carry out the second part of their mission and destroy the stores at Concord. Thither, therefore, they marched as rapidly as possible. Colonel Smith, a little disturbed by the fighting on Lexington Green, and still more anxious as to the future, not liking the looks of things, perhaps, was wondering, no doubt, whether they were sending from Boston

Drawn by F. C. Pixotta

The Retreat from Concord.

the aid he had sent for. His messenger, if he could have known it, was safely in Boston at that moment and Gage gave heed at once to the appeal. There were blunders and delays, but, nevertheless, between eight and nine o'clock, Lord Percy, with about a thousand men—soldiers and marines—was marching out of Boston. A boy named Harrison Gray Otis, destined to much distinction in later years, was delayed in getting to school that morning by the troops marching along Tremont Street. He reached the Latin School in time, however, to hear Lovell, the schoolmaster, say, "War's begun. School's done. *Dimittite*

libros," and then rush out with his fellows to see the red-coats disappear in the direction of the Neck. War was in the air. No news of Lexington had yet come, but it was a popular revolution that was beginning, and the popular instinct knew that the hour had struck. When the British reached Roxbury, Williams, the schoolmaster there, like Lovell in Boston, dismissed the school, locked the door, joined the minute-men, and served for seven years in the American army before returning to his home. As Lord Percy rode along the band played "Yankee Doodle," and a boy shouted and laughed at him from the side

of the road. Lord Percy asked him what he meant, and the boy replied, "To think how you will dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.'"^{*} The contemporary witness who chronicles this little incident for us says the repartee stuck to Lord Percy all day. One cannot help wondering whether it made certain lines like these run in his head:

The child that is unborn
shall rue
The hunting of that day.

Again it is the voice of the people, of the school-master and his scholars, of the boys in the street. Very trivial seemingly all this at the moment, yet with much real meaning for those who were engaged in bringing on the conflict, if they had been able to interpret it. It was not heeded or thought about at all by Lord Percy as he marched on through Roxbury, whence, swinging to the right across the meadows and marshlands, he passed over the bridge to Cambridge, and thence away to Lexington, along the route already taken by the earlier detachment.

Meantime, while Lord Percy was setting out, Smith and his men got to Concord, only to find cannon and stores, for the most part, gone. A few guns to be spiked, the court-house to be set on fire, some barrels of flour to be broken open, made up the sum of what they were able to do. For this work small detachments were sent out. One went to the North Bridge, had in fact crossed over, when they perceived, on the other side, the minute-men who

had assembled to guard the town, and who now advanced, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to their own side of the bridge and began to take it up. Major Buttrick remonstrated against this proceeding, and ordered his men to quicken their step. As they approached the British fired, ineffectually at first, then with

closer aim, and two or three Americans fell. Buttrick sprang forward shouting, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake fire!" The moment had come; the Americans fired, not straggling shots now as in the surprise at Lexington, but intending serious business. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The Americans poured over the bridge, the British retreated, and the Concord fight was over. The shot, heard round the world, had been fired to good purpose, both there and elsewhere. It echoed far, that shot of the Concord and Acton farmers, not because it was in defence of the principle that there must be no taxation without representation, not even because it portended the independence of America, but because it meant, as those fired on Lexington's Common meant, that a people had arisen, determined to fight for the right to gov-

ern themselves. It meant that the instinct which pressed the triggers at the North Bridge was a popular instinct, that the great democratic movement had begun, that a new power had arisen in the world, destined, for weal or woe, to change in the coming century the forms of government and of society throughout the civilized nations of the West.

After the British retreated from the bridge, the minute-men, not quite realizing

The Minute Man at Concord Bridge.

(Daniel C. French, Sculptor.)

^{*} There is no doubt that the band played "Yankee Doodle" in derision, but the boy's answer is so very apt, and apt for Lord Percy above all other men on earth, that it seems as if it must be an invention. Yet we have it from Dr. Gordon, a contemporary on the spot, writing down all incidents at the moment, and he was a painstaking, intelligent historian.

Concord Bridge at the Present Time.

even yet what had happened, drew back to the hills and waited. Colonel Smith wasted some two hours in concentrating and resting his men, and about noon started back for Lexington. At first he threw out light detachments to keep his flanks clear, but by the time he reached Merriam's Corner, they were forced by the nature of the ground back to the main line. Then the fighting began in earnest. From all the surrounding towns the minute-men were pouring in. There was a brush with a flanking party just as Merriam's Corner was reached. Then as the British passed along the road, in most parts thickly wooded, from every copse and thicket and stone wall the shots would ring out with deadly effect, for the Americans were all trained to the use of the rifle. A detach-

ment would be thrown out to clear the flank, the enemy would scatter, and the detached soldiers entangled in the brush would be picked off more easily even than in the road itself. The Americans seemed "to drop from the clouds," as one British officer wrote, and their fire came upon the enemy on both flanks, from the rear, and even in front. These minute-men, in fact, were now waging the kind of war they perfectly understood. Many of them had served in the old French war, they had fought the Indians and had learned from their savage foe how to slip from tree to tree, to advance under cover, fire, and retreat, each man acting for himself, undisturbed by the going or coming of his fellows, and free from any danger of panic. In a word, they were practising backwoods

Wright Tavern, Concord, at the Present Time.

Built 1747. Here Major Pitcairn stopped to refresh himself.

fighting with deadly effect on regular troops who could neither understand nor meet it. So the time wore on. The shots from the flanks came faster and faster, officers and men were dropping beneath the deadly fire, the ranks were breaking, and only the desperate efforts of the officers prevented a panic like that in which Braddock's army had gone down. On through the pleasant country in the bright spring sunshine they went, disorder increasing, men falling, ammunition giving out: a fine body of regular and disciplined troops going pitifully and visibly to wreck. The Lexington company, out again in force, avenged the losses of the morning, and as the British thus beset struggled on, they came again to the famous common where they had celebrated their sunrise victory. No thought of victories now, only of safety; and here, at least, was relief. Here was Lord Percy with his fresh brigade, and into the square which he had formed, Smith's hunted men rushed wildly and flung themselves down on the ground, utterly exhausted, with their tongues out, says the British historian Stedman, "like dogs after a chase." Here, moreover, the Americans were at a disadvantage, for it was an open space, and Lord Percy's cannon soon cleared the ground, while his men set fire

to the houses. The Americans drew off and waited. They had only to be patient for they knew their time would come again.

Lord Percy, although he had now nearly eighteen hundred men, made no attempt to attack the Americans, who were waiting quietly just out of range. After a brief period of rest he gave the word and the troops took up their march for Boston. As soon as they started the Americans closed in, and the fighting began again in front, behind, and on both flanks. More minute-men had come up, more were constantly arriving. There would be heavy firing and sharp fighting, then the cannon would be swung round, then a lull would follow, then more firing and fighting, until the cannon lost their terror, while the firing grew constantly heavier and the fighting sharper. There was no time to go round by Cambridge, as they had come in the morning. Lord Percy made straight for Charlestown, the nearest point of safety, and the worst attack fell on him just before he reached his haven and got his columns, now broken and running, under the guns of the men-of-war. At last the day was done—Lexington and Concord had had their battles and taken their place in history.

When the story of April 19, 1775, is told, we are apt to think only of the firing at sunrise on Lexington Green, and of the slight skirmish at the old North Bridge in Concord. We are prone to forget that apart from these two dramatic points there was a good deal of severe fighting during that memorable day. A column of regular English troops, at first 800, then 1,800 strong, had marched out to Concord and Lexington, and back to Boston, and had met some hundreds of irregular soldiers, at best militia. They retreated before these minute-men for miles, and reached Boston in a state not far removed from rout and panic. The running fight had not been child's play by any means. The Americans lost 88 men killed and wounded, the British 247, besides 26 missing or prisoners. These were serious figures. Evidently the British officers, who in the morning of that day thought the Americans had neither cour-

age nor resolution, would have to revise their opinions, unless they were ready for further disasters. But more important than the views of British officers somewhat tired and annoyed that evening in Boston, was the fact that the American fighting had been done by the people themselves, on the spur of the moment. It was every man for himself. Heath and Warren had come out and rallied the minute-men into more compact bodies here and there, but it was the minute-men's fight. A common instinct moved these Middlesex yeomen, and it appeared that they were ready on their own account to take up arms and fight in their backwoods fashion hard and effectively. Here was a fact deserving much pondering from kings and ministers, who, it is to be feared, gave it but little heed, and certainly failed either to understand it, or to fathom its deep meaning for them, their empire, and, in certain wider aspects, for mankind.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

"Bringing fire and terror to roof tree and bed
Till the town broke in flame, wherever they came"

FROM CASUA, OR CASCI,
As your Latin master
Will further explain to you some day;
Though even the wisest err,
And Shakespeare writes "*Ci-cester*,"
While every visitor
Who doesn't say "*Cissiter*"
Is in "*Ciren-cester*" considered astray.

A HUNDRED miles from London town—
Where the river goes curving and broadening down
From tree-top to spire, and spire to mast,
Till it tumbles outright in the Channel at last—
A hundred miles from that flat foreshore
That the Danes and the Northmen haunt no more—
There's a little cup in the Cotswold hills
Which a spring in a meadow bubbles and fills,
Spanned by a heron's wing crossed by a stride—
Calm and untroubled by dreams of pride,
Guiltless of Fame or ambition's aims,
That is the source of the lordly Thames!

The Birds of Cirencester

Remark here again that custom continues
 Both "Tames" and Thames—you must *say* "Tems!"
 But *why?* no matter!—from them you can see
 Cirencester's tall spires loom up o'er the lea.

A.D. Five Hundred and Fifty-two,
 The Saxon invaders—a terrible crew—
 Had forced the lines of the Britons through;
 And Cirencester—half mud and thatch,
 Dry and crisp as a tinder match,
 Was fiercely beleaguered by foes, who'd catch
 At any device that could harry and rout
 The folk that so boldly were holding out.

FOR the streets of the town—as you'll see to-day—
 Were twisted and curved in a curious way
 That kept the invaders still at bay;
 And the longest bolt that a Saxon drew
 Was stopped ere a dozen of yards it flew,
 By a turn in the street, and a law so true
 That even these robbers—of all laws scorners!—
 Knew you couldn't shoot arrows *around* street corners.

SO they sat them down on a little knoll,
 And each man scratched his Saxon poll.
 And stared at the sky, where, clear and high,
 The birds of that summer went singing by,
 As if, in his glee, each motley jester
 Were mocking the foes of Cirencester,
 Till the jeering crow and the saucy linnet
 Seemed all to be saying: "Ah! you're not in it!"

HIGH o'er their heads the mavis flew,
 And the "ouzel-cock so black of hue;"
 And the "throstle," with his "note so true"
 (You remember what Shakespeare says—he knew);
 And the soaring lark, that kept dropping through
 Like a bucket spilling in wells of blue;
 And the merlin—seen on heraldic panes—
 With legs as vague as the Queen of Spain's;
 And the dashing swift that would *ricochet*
 From the tufts of grasses before them, yet—
 Like bold Antæus—would each time bring
 New life from the earth, barely touched by his wing;
 And the swallow and martlet that always knew
 The straightest way home. Here a Saxon churl drew
 His breath—tapped his forehead—an idea *had* got through!

SO they brought them some nets, which straightway they filled
 With the swallows and martlets—the sweet birds who build
 In the houses of man—all that innocent guild
 Who sing at their labor on eaves and in thatch—
 And they stuck on their feathers a rude lighted match

Made of resin and tow. Then they let them all go
To be free! As a childlike diversion? Ah, no!
To work Cirencester's red ruin and woe.

FOR straight to each nest they flew, in wild quest
Of their homes and their fledgelings—that they loved the best;
And straighter than arrow of Saxon ere sped
They shot o'er the curving streets, high overhead,
Bringing fire and terror to roof-tree and bed,
Till the town broke in flame, wherever they came,
To the Briton's red ruin—the Saxon's red shame!

NET they're all gone together! To say you'll dig up
From "mound" or from "barrow" some arrow or cup.
Their fame is forgotten—their story is ended—
'Neath the feet of the race they have mixed with and blended.
But the birds are unchanged—the ouzel-cock sings,
Still gold on his crest and still black on his wings;
And the lark chants on high, as he mounts to the sky,
Still brown in his coat and still dim in his eye;
While the swallow or martlet is still a free nester
In the eaves and the roofs of *thrice-built* Cirencester.

1

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER I

THE old Gray place "Red Rock," lay at the highest part of the rich rolling country before it rose too abruptly in the wooded foothills of the Blue Mountains away to the westward. As everybody in the country knew, who knew anything, it took its name from the great red stain as big as a blanket which appeared on the huge boulder beside the family graveyard at the far end of the gardens above the stable-hill. And as was equally well known, or equally well believed, which amounted about to the same thing, that stain was the blood of the Indian chief who had slain the wife of the first Jacquelin Gray who came to this part of the world, and had been in turn slain by her husband on that rock: the Jacquelin, who built the first house there, around the fireplace of which the present mansion was erected, and whose portrait, with its piercing eyes and fierce look, hung in a black frame over the mantel, and used to come down as a warning when any peril impended above the house.

This at least was what was asserted and believed by the old negroes (and, perhaps, by some of the whites too, a little); and if they did not know, who did?

Steve Allen, who was always a reckless talker, however, used to say that the stain was nothing but a bit of red sandstone which had outcropped at the point where that huge fragment had been broken off, and rolled along by a glacier thousands of years ago, far to the northward; but this view was clearly untenable to the children's minds, for there never could have been any glacier there; glaciers, as they knew from their geographies, being confined to Switzerland, and the world having been only created six thousand years ago; for

the children were well grounded by their mothers and Miss Thomasia in Bible-history. Besides, there was the picture of the Indian-killer in the black frame nailed in the wall over the fireplace in the great hall, and you could not go anywhere in the hall without his fierce eyes following you with a look so intent and piercing that Mammy Celia was wont to use it as a threat effectual with Jacquelin when he was refractory—that if he did not mind, the Indian-killer would see him and come after him. How often Mammy Celia used it with Jacquelin, and afterward with little Rupert, and how severe she used to be with tall Steve, because he scoffed at the story and threatened with appropriate gesture to knock the picture out of the frame and see what was in the secret cabinet behind it. What would have happened had Steve carried out his threat, Jacquelin as a boy quite trembled to think; for though he admired Steve, his cousin, above all other mortals, as any small boy admires one several years his senior who can turn handsprings, ride wild horses and do things he cannot do, this would have been to engage in a contest with something supernatural not mortal. Still he used to urge Steve to do it, with a certain fascinated apprehensiveness that made the chills creep up and down his back. Besides it would have been very interesting to know whether the Indian's scalp was really in the hollow space behind the picture, and if so whether it was still bleeding.

Jacquelin Gray—the one who figures in these pages, was born while his father, and his father's cousin, Dr. Cary, and Mr. Legaic were in Mexico winning renown in those battles which helped to establish the security of the United States. As he was the oldest son there was the usual amount of rejoicing over his birth that there is over

the oldest son and heir in any old family, and he was declared a number of times quite incalculable to be the finest child that ever was seen. He grew up to be just what most other boys of his station, stature, and blood, living on a plantation under similar conditions would have been. He was a hale, hearty boy, who adored his handsome cousin, Steve Allen, because he was older and stronger than he, and did things that he could not do; despised Blair Cary because she was a girl; disliked Wash Still, the overseer's son, partly because Steve sneered at him, and partly because the negro boys disliked him; and admired every cart-driver and stable-boy on the place.

He used to drive with string "lines" two or four or six of these boon companions in his cart which Uncle Weev'ly made him, giving them the names of his father's horses in the stable; or sometimes even the names of those steeds of which his Aunt Thomasia, a famous *raconteur*, told him in the hour before the candles were lighted. But if he drove the other boys in harness, it was because they let him do it, and not because he was their master.

Once, indeed, his mastership appeared. Wash Still, Hiram's boy, who was about Steve's age, used to bully the smaller boys, and one day when Jacquelin was playing about Weev'ly's shop, Wash, who was waiting for a horse to be shod, twisted the arm of Doan, one of Jacquelin's team, until the boy cried. Jacquelin never knew just how it happened, but a sudden fulness came over him; he seized a hatchet lying by and made an onslaught on Wash, which came near performing on the youngster the same operation that Wash's august namesake performed on the celebrated cherry-tree. Jacquelin received a tremendous whipping from his father for his attack; but it saved his sable companions from any further imposition than his own, and Wash was shortly sent off by his father to school.

As to learning, it was only when Blair Cary came over one winter and went to school to Miss Thomasia, and he was laughed at by everyone, particularly by Steve, because Blair, a girl several years younger than he, could read Latin better than Jacquelin really tried to study.

Steve was his cousin, and had come to

Red Rock before Jacquelin could remember, the year after Steve's father had been killed in Mexico, leading his company up the heights of Cerro Gordo, and his mother had died of fever somewhere far down in the South. Mr. Gray had brought the boy home on his mother's death, so Steve was part of Red Rock. Everybody spoiled him, particularly Miss Thomasia, who made him her especial charge, and was notoriously partial, and old Peggy, Steve's mammy, who had come from the far South with him, and was ready to fight the world for him.

He was a tall, brown-haired fellow, as straight as a sapling, and with broad shoulders, gray eyes that could smile or flash, and teeth as white as Doan's. He could turn back somersaults like a circus man, and out-run, out-box, out-ride, and out-swim any boy in the county. To show his contempt for the "Indian-Killer," he went alone and spent the night on the bloody rock, and when the other boys crept in a body to see if he were really there, he was found by the little party of scared searchers to be tranquilly asleep on what was believed to be the "Indian-Killer's" grave.

The only persons on the place whom Steve did not get on well with were Hiram Still, the manager, and his son Wash. Between them there was declared enmity, if not open war. Steve treated Hiram with superciliousness, and Wash with open contempt. The old negroes who remembered Captain Allen, Steve's father, and the dislike between him and Hiram, said it was "bred in the bone."

At length Steve went off to school to Dr. Maule, at "The Academy," as it was called (no further designation being needed to distinguish it, as no other academies could for a moment have entered into competition with it). Jacquelin missed him sorely, and tried to imitate him in many things; but he knew it was a poor imitation, for he could not help being often afraid, while Steve did not know what fear was. Jacquelin's knees would shake, and his teeth sometimes chatter, while Steve performed his most dangerous feats with mantling cheeks and dancing eyes. However, the boy kept on, and began to do things simply because he *was* afraid. One day he read how a great general, named

Marshal Turenne, on being laughed at because his knees were shaking as he mounted his horse to go into battle, replied that if they knew where he was going to take them that day they would shake still more. This incident helped Jacquelin mightily, and he took his knees into many dangerous places. In time this had its effect, and as his knees began to shake less, he began to grow more self-confident and conceited. He began to be very proud of himself, and to take opportunities to show his superiority over others, which developed with some rapidity the character existent somewhere in most persons—the prig.

Blair Cary gave the first shock to this procedure.

She was the daughter of Dr. Cary, Mr. Gray's cousin, who lived a few miles off across the river at "Birdwood," perhaps the next largest plantation and the next most considerable place to Red Rock in that section. She was a slim little girl with a somewhat pale face, large brown eyes, and hair that was always blowing into them. She would have given her eyes, no doubt, to have been accepted as his companion by Jacquelin, who was several years her senior; but as that young man was now aspiring to be comrade to Steve and to Blair's brother Morris, and to other boys, he relegated Blair to the companionship of his small brother, Rupert, who was as much younger than Blair as she was younger than Jacquelin, and treated her himself with sovereign disdain. The first shock he received was when he found how much better Blair could read Latin than he could, and how much Steve thought of her on that account. After that he actually condescended to play with her occasionally, and sometimes even to let her follow him about the plantation, while he tried to revenge himself on her for her superior attainments by showing her how much more a boy could do than a girl. It was in vain; for with this taunt for a spur she would follow him even to the tops of trees or the bottom of ponds. So he determined to show his superiority by one final and supreme act. This was to climb to the top of the "high barn," as it was called, and spring off from the roof into the top of a tree, which spread its green branches far below. He had seen Steve do it, but had never ventured to try it

himself. He had often climbed to the roof and had fancied himself performing this feat to escape from pursuing Indians, but had never really contemplated doing it in fact, until Blair's persistent emulation, daunted by nothing that he attempted, spurred him to undertake it. His heart beat so as he gazed down into the green mass below him, and saw the patches of brown earth through the leaves, that he wished he had not been so boastful; but there was Blair behind him, astride of the roof, her eyes fastened on him with a somewhat defiant gaze. He thought of how Steve would jeer if he knew he had turned back. So, with a call of derision to her to see what "a man could do," he set his teeth, shut his eyes, and took the jump, and landed safely below among the boughs, his outstretched arms catching and gathering them in as he sank amidst them, until they stopped his descent, and he found a limb and climbed down, his heart bumping with excitement and pride. For Blair, he felt sure, was at last "stumped." As he sprang to the ground and looked up, he saw a sight which made his heart give a bigger jump than it had ever done in all his life. For there was little Blair on the very edge of the roof, the very point of the gable, evidently ready to follow him. Her face was white, her lips were compressed, and her eyes were opened so wide that he could see them even from where he was. She was poised like a bird ready to fly, and was evidently preparing to jump.

"Blair—Blair," he cried, waving her back, "Don't! Don't!" But Blair took no heed. She only settled herself for a firmer foothold, and the next second, with outstretched arms, sprang into space. Whether it was that his cry distracted her, or whether her hair blew into her eyes, and made her miss her step, or whether she would have misjudged her distance anyhow, instead of reaching the thickly leaved part where Jacquelin landed, she struck where the boughs were much less thick, and came crashing through, down, down from bough to bough, until she landed on the lowest limb, where she stopped for a second, and then rolled over and fell in a limp little bundle on the ground, where she lay quite still. Jacquelin never forgot the feeling he had at that moment. He was

sure she was dead, and that he was a murderer. In a second he was down on his knees bending over her.

"Blair, Blair," he called. "Dear Blair, are you hurt?" But there was no answer. And he began to whimper in a very unmanly fashion for one who had been so boastful a moment before, and to pray too, which is not so unmanly. But his wits were about him, and it came to him quite clearly that, if she were not dead, the best thing to do was to unfasten her neck-band and then bathe her face. So off to the nearest water he put as hard as his legs could take him and dipped his handkerchief in the horse-trough, and then grabbing up a bucket near by, filled it, and ran back with it. She was still motionless and white, but he wiped her little scratched face and bathed it again and again, and presently, to his inexpressible joy, she sighed and half opened her eyes and sighed again, and then, as he was still asking her how she felt, she said :

"I'm all right. I did it."

In his joy Jacquelin actually kissed her : his first kiss since he was a little boy. It seemed afterward to mark an epoch. The next quarter of an hour was passed in getting Blair's breath back. Fortunately for her, if not for her dress, her clothes had caught here and there as she came crashing through the branches, and though the breath was knocked out of her, and she was shaken and scratched and stunned, no bones were broken, and she was not seriously hurt after all. She proposed that they should say nothing about it to any one ; she could get his Mammy to mend her clothes. But this magnanimous offer Jacquelin firmly declined. He was afraid that she might be hurt some way that she did not know, and he declared that he should go straight and tell it at the house.

"But I did it myself," persisted little Blair ; "you were not to blame. You called to me not to do it."

"Did you hear me call? Then why did you do it?"

"Because you said I could not."

"But didn't you know you would get hurt?"

"I thought so."

Jacquelin looked at her long and seriously, and that moment a new idea seemed to him to enter his mind ; that after all it

might be as brave to do a dangerous thing which you were afraid to do, as if you were not at all afraid.

"Blair, you are a brick," he said ; "you are braver than any boy I know—as brave as Steve." Which was sweet enough to Blair to make amends for all her bruises and scratches.

From that time Jacquelin made up his mind that he would never try to stump her again, but would guard her. And this sweetened to him the bitterness of having to confess when he got to the house. He did it like a man, going to his father, of whom at heart he was mightily afraid, and telling him the whole story alone without the least reference to Blair's part in it, taking the entire blame on himself ; and it was only after he had received the punishment which was deemed due him that Blair's joint responsibility was known from her own lips.

This escapade proved a little too much for the elders, and Jacquelin was sent off to school, to the academy at Brutusville, under the learned Doctor Maule, where, still emulating Steve, he was a leader in much of the mischief that went on at that famous institution of learning, and made more reputation by the way in which he constructed a trap to catch one of the masters, Mr. Eliphalet Bush, than in construing the ancient language, which was that gentleman's particular department.

CHAPTER II

EVERYONE knows what a seething ferment there was for some time before the great explosion in the beginning of the Sixties : that strange decade that changed the civilization of the country. Red Rock, like the rest of the land, was turned from a haunt of peace into a forum. Politics were rampant ; every meeting was a lyceum ; boys became orators ; young girls, partisans, and wore partisan badges ; children used party catchwords which they did not understand, except that they represented their side. There existed an irreconcilable difference between the two sections of the country ; it could not be crushed ; hydra-headed, it appeared after every extirpation.

One side held slavery right under the

double title of the Bible and of the Constitution ; the leader of the other side said that, " if it was not wrong, then nothing was wrong ; " but declared that as it was recognized by the Constitution he would not interfere with it.

" Bosh ! " said Major Legaie, who was an ardent secessionist. " If he is elected it means the end of slavery. " And so said many others. Most of them, rather than yield anything, were for war. It was to them only a pageant, an episode, a threshold to glory. Dr. Cary was opposed to it, he had seen it. He took the stump.

" Do you know what war is ? " he said in a speech at the Court-house in reply to a secession-speech by Major Legaie. " War is the most terrible of all disasters, except dishonor. I do not speak of the dangers, for every brave man must face danger as it comes, and should court glory, and death may be glorious. I speak of the change that war inevitably brings. War is the destruction of everything that exists. You may fail or you may win ; but what exists passes, and something different takes its place. The ploughshare becomes a spear, and the pruning-hook becomes a sword ; the poor may become richer, but the rich must become poorer. You are the wealthiest people in the world to-day—not in mere riches ; but in wealth ; you may become the poorest. No people who enter a war wealthy and content ever come out of war so. I do not say that this is a reason for not going to war, for war may be right at any cost. But it is not to be entered on unadvisedly or lightly ; it should not be undertaken from mere enthusiasm, but deliberately and with a full recognition of its cost and possible consequences. "

When he had ended, Mr. Hurlbut Bail, a lawyer from the city, who was a fire-eater, and who had come to the county to stir up the people, said :

" Oh ! Dr. Cary is nothing but a Cassandra. "

" Did Troy fall or not ! " asked Dr. Cary.

This, of course, changed no one. In times of high feeling, debate only fuses opinions into convictions ; only fans the flames and makes the fire a conflagration.

When the war came the Doctor flung in his lot with his friends, and his gravity,

that had grown on him of late, was lighted up by the old fire ; he took his place and performed his part with kindling eyes and an erecter mien. Hurlbut Bail became an editor.

This was later on, however.

The constantly increasing public ferment, and the ever enlarging and deepening cloud did not prevent the ordinary course of life from flowing in its accustomed channels. Men planned and performed, sowed and reaped, bought and sold as in ordinary times. And as in the period before that other flood there was marrying and giving in marriage ; so now with the cloud ever mounting up the sky, men loved and married and made their homes as the birds paired and built their nests.

Among those who builded in that period in the Red Rock neighborhood were a young couple, Chestnut Garden and his wife ; both of them cousins in some degree of nearly every gentle family in the county, including the Grays and Carys. And after the blessing by old Mr. Langstaff amid the roses and smiles of the whole neighborhood, they spent their honeymoon, as the custom was then, in being entertained from house to house through the neighborhood. In this round of gayety they came in due order to Red Rock, where the entertainment was perhaps to be the biggest of all. The amount of preparation was almost unprecedented, and the gentry of the whole county were invited and expected. As it was a notable occasion and near the holidays, Jacquelin was allowed to come home from Dr. Maule's on the joint application of his mother, his Aunt Thomasia, and Blair Cary ; and Blair was allowed to come over with her mother and father and spend the night, and was promised to be allowed to sit up as late as she pleased—a privilege not to be lightly esteemed.

Steve Allen, with a faint mustache in which he appeared much interested, curled above his handsome mouth, was at home from the University, and so were Morris Cary and the other young fellows, and the office in the yard, blue with tobacco-smoke, was as full of young men and pipes and dogs, as the upstairs chambers in the mansion were of young girls and ribbons and muslin.

What a heaven that outer office was to Jacquelin, and what an angel Steve was to call him "kid" and let him adore him!

Among the company that night there were two guests who "happened in" quite unexpectedly, but who Mr. Gray said, graciously on greeting them, were "all the more welcome on that account." They were two gentlemen from quite another part of the country, or, perhaps those residents there would have said, of the world—as they came from the North. They had come South on business connected with a sort of traditionary claim to mineral lands lying somewhere in the range of mountains which could be seen blue and hazy from the Red Rock plantation. At least, Mr. Welch, the elder of the two, came on that errand. The younger, Mr. Lawrence Middleton, came simply for pleasure, and because Mr. Welch, his cousin, had invited him. He had just spoiled his career at college by engaging with his chum and crony, Aurelius Thurston, in the awful crime of painting the President's gray horse a brilliant red, and being caught at it. He was suspended for this prank, and now was spending his time literally rusticating, seeing a little of the world while he made up his mind whether he should study law and accept his cousin's offer to go into his office, or whether he should go into a manufacturing business which his family owned. His preference was rather for the latter, which was now being managed by a man named Bolter, who had made it very successful; but Reely Thurston intended to be a lawyer and wanted him to go in with him; so he was taking time to consider. This visit South inclined him to the law.

Mr. Welch and Middleton had concluded their business, finding the lands they were seeking to lie partly in the clouds, and partly in the possession of those whom they had always heard spoken of as "squatters," but now found to be a population who had been there since before the revolution, and had built villages and towns. They were now returning home, and were making their way back toward the railroad, a day's journey farther on. They had expected to reach Brutusville, the county-seat, that night; but a rain the day before had washed away the bridges, and compelled them to take a circuitous route by a ford higher up the river. There,

not knowing the ford, they had almost been swept away, and would certainly have lost their vehicle but for the timely appearance of a young countryman who happened to come along on his way home from a political meeting somewhere.

Their deliverer, Mr. Andy Stamper, was so small that at a distance he looked like a boy; but on nearer view he might have been anywhere from twenty or twenty-five to thirty, and he proved extraordinarily active and efficient. He swam in and helped Middleton get their buggy out of the river, and then amused Mr. Welch very much, and incensed Middleton by his comments. He had just been to a political meeting at the Court-house, he said, where "he had heard the finest speech that ever was made," from Major Legaie; and he "just wished he could get every Yankee in that river and drown 'em, every dog-goned one." This as he was working up to his neck in water.

Mr. Welch could not help laughing at the look on Middleton's ruddy face.

"Now, where'd you find a Yankee'd go in that river like me an' you—or could do it, for that matter?" the little fellow asked of Middleton.

"We are Yankees!" blurted out Middleton, hotly. "And a plenty of them would." His eyes flashed as he turned to his rescuer.

The little countryman's eyes opened wide, and his jaw fell.

"Well, I'm durned!" he said, slowly, staring in open astonishment, and Middleton began to look gratified at the impression he had made.

"You know, you're the first I ever seen as wan't ashamed to own it. Why you looks most like we all."

Middleton flushed; but little Stamper looked so sincerely ingenuous that he suddenly burst out laughing.

After that they became very friendly, and the strangers learned much from Stamper of the glories of the Grays and Carys, and of the charms of Miss Delia Dove, who, he declared, was as pretty as any lady that went to the Brick Church. The young countryman offered to guide them; but as he refused to take any money for what he had done, and as he said he was going to see Miss Delia Dove and could take a nearer cut through the

woods to his home, Mr. Welch declined to accept his offer, and contented himself with getting him to draw on a pocket handkerchief a map of the roads from that point to the county-seat.

"All you've got to do is to follow that map: keep the main, plain road and you can't get out; but I advise you to turn in at the first plantation you come to. If you go to Red Rock you'll have a good time. They're givin' a party thar to-night. Major Legaie, he left the meetin' to go thar."

He disappeared down a bridle-path through the woods.

Notwithstanding the young countryman's assurances and excellent map, the two strangers had gotten "out." The plantations were large in that section and the roads leading off to them from the highway were in the dark all alike, so that when night fell, the travellers were in a serious dilemma. They at length came to a gate and were just considering turning in at it when a carriage drove up in front of them. A horseman who had been riding behind it, came forward at a trot, calling out that he would open the gate.

"I thought you fellows would have been there hours ago," he said, familiarly, as he passed, evidently mistaking them in the dusk for some of his friends. "A laggard in love is a dastard in war."

The rest was lost in the click of the gate-latch, and his apostrophe to his horse. When he found that Mr. Welch was a stranger, he changed instantly. His tone became graver and more gracious.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought from your rig that you were some of those effeminate youngsters who have given up the saddle for that new four-wheeled contrivance, and are ruining both our strains of horses and of men."

Mr. Welch asked if he knew where they could find a night's lodging.

"Why, at every house in the State, sir, I hope," said Dr. Cary; for it was he. "Certainly, at the nearest one. Drive right in. We are going to our cousin's, and they will be delighted to have you. You are just in good time; for there is to be quite a company there to-night." And refusing to listen for a moment to Mr. Welch's suggestion that it might not be convenient to have strangers, he held the gate open for them to pass through.

"Drive in, sir," he said, in a tone of gracious command. "I never heard of its being inconvenient to have a guest." And in they drove.

"A gentleman by his voice," they heard him explaining a little later into the window of the carriage behind them. And then he added, "My only doubt was his vehicle."

After they passed through the woods and entered the open fields, from a hill afar off on top of which shone a house lit till it gleamed like a cluster of brilliants hung in the sky, a chorus of dogs sent them an inquiring greeting. They passed through a wide gate, and ascended through a grove a steep hill, and Middleton's heart sunk at the idea of facing an invited company with a wardrobe that had been under water within the last two hours. Instantly they were in a group of welcomers, gentlemen, servants, and dogs; negro boys running; dogs frisking and yelping and young men laughing about the door of the newly arrived carriage which was full of girls, while through it all sounded the placid voice of Dr. Cary reassuring the visitors and inviting them in. He brought the host to them, a fair, handsome man, and presented them:

"My friends, Mr. Welch and young Mr. Middleton—my friend, Mr. Gray."

It was his customary formula in introducing. All men were his friends. And Mr. Welch shortly observed how his manner changed whenever he addressed a lady or a stranger; to one he was always a courtier, to the other always a host.

As they were ushered into the hall Middleton's blue eyes glistened and opened wide at the scene before him. For he found himself facing several score of people clustered about in one of the handsomest halls he ever saw, some of whom he took in at the first glance to be remarkably pretty girls in white and pink, and all with their eyes bent on the new-comers. If his ruddiness increased tenfold under these glances, it was only what any other young man's would have done under similar circumstances, and it was not until he had been led off under convoy of a tall and very solemn old servant in a blue coat with brass buttons, and was shown into a large room with mahogany furniture and a bed so high that it had a set of steps beside it,

that he was able to collect his ideas, and recall some of those to whom he had been introduced. What a terrible fix it was for a fellow to be in! He turned to his cousin in despair.

"Isn't this a mess!"

"What?"

"This! I can never go out there. All those girls! Just look at these clothes! Everything dripping!—some of them awfully pretty, too. That one with the dark eyes! Now look at that!" He was down on his knees raking in his portmanteau, and dragging the soaking garments out one by one.

"You need not go out. I'll make your excuses."

"What! Of course I'm go——"

Just then there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Middleton finished his sentence.

The door opened slowly and the old servant entered, bearing, with a solemnity that amounted almost to reverence, a waiter with decanters and an array of glasses and bowls. He was followed by the boy who had been introduced as their host's son.

"My father understood that you had a little accident at the river, and he wishes to know if he cannot lend you something," said Jacquelin.

Mr. Welch spoke first, his eyes twinkling as he glanced at his cousin, who stood a picture of indecision and bewilderment.

"Why, yes, my cousin Mr. Middleton here, would be greatly obliged, I think. He is a little particular about first impressions, and the presence of so many charming——"

Middleton protested.

"Why, certainly, sir," the boy began, then turned to Middleton. "Steve's would fit you. Steve's my cousin—he's at the University—He's just six feet. Wait, sir——" And before they could stop him he was gone, and a few minutes later tapped on the door with his arms full of clothes.

"Uncle Daniel's as slow as a steer, so I fetched 'em myself, he panted with boyish impatience as he dropped the clothes partly on a sofa and partly on the floor. "Aunt Thomasia was afraid you'd catch cold, so she made me bring these flannels. She always is afraid you'll catch cold. Steve told her if you'd take a good swig

out of a bottle, 'twould be worth all the flannel in the State; Steve's always teasing her." He had established himself now, with a boy's friendliness, as the visitors' ally.

"I'm glad you came to-night. We're going to have lots of fun. Were you at the speaking to-day? They say the Major made the finest speech ever was heard. Some say he's better than Calhoun ever was; just gave the Yankees the mischief! I wish they'd come down here and try us once, don't you?"

Mr. Welch glanced amusedly at Middleton, whose face changed; but fortunately the boy was too much interested in the suit Middleton had just put on to notice the effect.

"I thought Steve's would fit you," he said, with that proud satisfaction in his judgment being verified which characterizes the age of thirteen and some other ages as well.

"Steve's nineteen, and he's six feet!—You are six feet too? I thought you were about that. I hope I'll be six feet. I like that height, don't you? Steve's at the University, but he don't study much, I reckon. Are you at College? Where? Oh! I know. I had a cousin who went there. He and two or three other Southern fellows laid outside of the hall for one of those abolition chaps who was making a speech, to cut his ears off when he came out, and they'd done it if he had come out that way. I reckon it's a good college; but I'm going to the University when I'm sixteen. I'm thirteen now. You thought I was older? I wanted to go to West Point, but my father won't let me. Maybe Rupert will go there. I go to school at the Academy—Dr. Maule—everybody knows about him. I tell you he knows a lot. You have left college? Was it too hot for you? Were you after somebody's ears too? What? Painted the President's horse red! Oh! Wasn't that a good one! I wish I'd been there. I'll tell Steve and Blair about that. Steve put a cow up in the Rotunda once. The worst thing I ever did was making Blair jump off the high barn. I don't count flinging old Eliphalet Bush in the creek, because I believe his teeth were false anyhow! But I'll remember painting that horse. I reckon he was an abolitionist too?"

"What State are you from? Maybe we

are cousins?" he said presently, giving the best evidence of his friendliness.

"What! Mass—a—!" His fresh face suddenly flamed. "I beg your pardon."

He looked so confused that both Mr. Welch and Middleton took some pains to soothe him.

"Yes, of course I was not talking about you; but I wouldn't have said anything about Massachusetts if I had known you came from there. I wouldn't like anybody to say anything about my State. You won't mind what I said, will you? I think Massachusetts the best of the Northern States—anyhow——" And he left them, his cheeks still glowing from embarrassment.

This apology, sincerely given with a certain stress on the word Northern, amused Mr. Welch, and even Middleton, to whom, however, it presented an entirely new view.

"Aren't they funny!" asked Middleton of his cousin after their young host had left them. "You know I believe they really think it."

"Larry, you have understated it. They think they know it."

"I can't take it in."

"No more can they you."

"What is it?"

"Slavery."

Jacquelin employed the few moments in which he had preceded the visitors to the hall in telling all he had learned; and when Mr. Welch and Middleton appeared they found themselves in the position of the most distinguished guests. The fact that they came from the North, and Jacquelin's account of his mistake, had increased the desire to show them honor. "The hospitality of the South knows no latitude," said Dr. Cary in concluding a gracious half apology to Mr. Welch for Jacquelin's error; and he proceeded deftly to name over a list of great men from the visitor's State, and to link their names with those of the men of the South whom she most delighted to honor. Nothing could have been more gracious or more delicately done; and when supper was announced Mr. Welch was taken to the table by the hostess herself, and his health was drunk before the groom's. Middleton meanwhile found himself no less honored. The artistic feat performed on the President's horse had made him a noted per-

sonage, and in consequence of this and of the free-masonry which exists among all young college men, he was soon surrounded by all the younger portion of the company, and was exchanging views with Steve Allen and the other young fellows, with that exaggerated man-of-the-world air which characterizes the age and occupation of collegians.

"Where is Blair?" he asked Jacquelin, who was standing by Steve, open-eyed and drinking in their wisdom as only a boy of thirteen can the sapience of men of nineteen or twenty.

"Over there." He nodded toward another part of the hall. Middleton looked. But all he saw was a little girl sitting behind a big chair, evidently trying to conceal herself and shaking her head violently at Jacquelin, who was beckoning to her. Jacquelin ran over to her at the moment and caught her by the hand, whereupon there was a little scuffle between them behind the chair, and as Middleton watched it he caught the little girl's eye. The next second she rose, smoothed her little white frock with quite an air, and came straight across with Jacquelin to where they stood.

"This is Blair, Mr. Middleton," the boy said to the astonished guest. And Miss Blair held out her hand to him with an odd mixture of the child and the lady.

"How do you do, sir?" She evidently considered him one of the ancients.

"She jump off a high barn!" Middleton's eyes opened wide.

"Blair is the champion jumper of the family," said Steve, tall and condescending, catching hold of her half teasingly and drawing her up close to him.

"And she is a brick!" added Master Jacquelin, with mingled condescension and admiration, which brought the blushes back to the little girl's cheeks and made her look very charming. The next moment she was talking to Middleton about the episode of the painted horse, and exchanging adventures with him, and asking him questions about his chum Reely Thurston and his cousin Ruth Welch, whom he had mentioned as a tree-climber herself, as if she had known him always.

It was a night that Middleton never forgot. So completely was he adopted by these strangers that he could scarcely believe that he had not been one of them all

his life. Jacquelin and Blair constituted themselves his especial hosts, and he made an engagement, conditional on his cousin's agreeing to accept the invitation to spend several days there, to visit with them all the points which they wished to show him. In the midst of their talk an old mammy in a white apron with a tall bandanna turban around her head suddenly appeared in a doorway, and dropping a courtesy, made her way over to Blair like a ship bearing down under full sail. There was a colloquy between them, inaudible, but none the less animated and interesting. Then Blair went across and appealed to her mother, who, after a little demurring, came over and spoke to the mammy; and thereon began further argument. She was evidently taking Blair's side, but she was not commanding; she was rather pleading; Middleton, new to the customs, was equally surprised and amused to hear the tones of the old colored woman's voice:

"Well, just a little while." Then, as she turned on her way out, she said, half audibly:

"You all gwine ruin my chile' looks, meckin' her set up so late. How she gwine have any complexion, settin' up all times o' night!" As she passed out, however, many of the ladies spoke to her, and they must have said pleasant things, for before she reached the door she was smiling and courtying right and left, and carried her head as high as a princess. As for Blair, her eyes were dancing with joy at her victory, and when the plump figure of the mammy disappeared she gave a little frisk of delight.

There were no more speeches that could wound the susceptibilities of the guests, but there was plenty of discussion. All the young men were ardent politicians, and Middleton, who was nothing himself, was partly amused and partly horrified at the violence of some of their sentiments. Personally, he agreed with them in the main about slavery, or, at least, about abolitionism. He thought slavery rather a fine thing, and recalled that his grandfather, or his great-grandfather, he couldn't be certain which, had owned a number of slaves. He was conscious of some pride in this, especially now, though his cousin, Patience Welch, who was an extreme abolitionist, was always bemoaning the fact. But he

was thunderstruck to hear a young orator of sixteen or seventeen declaim about breaking up the Union under certain circumstances as if it were a worthless old hulk stuck in the mud.

The entertainment consisted of dancing: quadrilles and "the Lancers," and, after awhile, the old Virginia reel; in the former of which all the young people joined, and in the last some of the old ones as well. Middleton heard Steve urging Miss Gray, "Cousin Thomasia" as he called her, to come and dance with him, and when she smilingly refused, teasing her about Major Legaie. She gave him a little tap with her fan, and sent him off with smiling eyes, which, after following the handsome boy across the hall, saddened, a second later, as she lifted the fan to arrange the feathers. Steve whisked Blair off from under Jacquelin's nose, and took her to the end of the long line of laughing girls ranged across the hall, responding to Jacquelin's earnest protest, that he was going to dance with her himself, with a push, that unanswerable logic of a bigger boy.

"But you did not ask me," said Miss Blair to Jacquelin, readily taking the stronger side against her sworn friend.

"Never mind, I'm not going to dance with you any more," pouted Jacquelin, as he turned off, his head higher than usual.

"I don't care if you don't," replied Miss Blair. And she held her head higher than his, dancing through her reel with apparently double enjoyment because of his discomfiture. Then when the reel had been danced again and again, with double couples and fours, to ever-quickening music and ever-increasing mirth until it was a maze of muslin and radiance and laughter, there was a pause for rest. And someone near the piano struck up a song, and this drew the crowd. Many of the girls, and some of the young men, had pleasant voices, which made up by their naturalness and simplicity for want of training, and the choruses drew all the young people, except a very few who seemed to find it necessary to seek something—fans or glasses of water—in the most secluded and unlikely corners, and always in couples.

There was one song, a new one, which had just been picked up somewhere by

someone and brought there, and they were all trying to recall it, about Dixie-land. It seemed that Blair sang it, and there was a universal request for her to sing it; but the little girl was shy and wanted to run away. Finally, however, she was brought back and, under coaxing by Steve and Jacqueline, was persuaded, and she stood up by the piano, and with her cheeks glowing and her child voice quavering at first at the prominence given her, sang it through. Middleton had heard the song once at a minstrel show not long before, and had thought it rather a catchy thing; but now, when the child sang it, he found its melody. But when the chorus came he was astonished at the feeling it evoked. It was a burst of genuine feeling, universal, enthusiastic, that made the old walls resound. Even the young couples came from their secluded coverts to join in. It was so tremendous that Dr. Cary, who was standing near Mr. Welch, said, gravely:

"A gleam of the current that is dammed up."

"If the bank ever breaks what will happen?" asked Mr. Welch.

"A flood."

"Then the right will survive."

"The strongest," said Dr. Cary.

The guest saw that there was deep feeling whenever any political subject was touched on, and he turned to a less dangerous theme. The walls of the hall and drawing-room were covered with pictures; scenes from mythology, battle-pieces, old portraits, all hung together in a sort of friendly confusion. The portraits were nearly all in rich colored dresses, men in velvets or uniforms, ladies in satins and crinolines. But one, the most striking figure of them all, stood alone in a space just over the great fireplace. He was a man, still young, clad in a hunter's garb. A dark rock loomed behind him. His rifle lay at his feet, apparently broken, and his face wore an expression of such determination that one knew at once that whatever he had been he had been a master. The other paintings were portraits, this was the man. To add to its distinction, while the other pictures were in frames, richly gilded and carved, this was in straight black boards, apparently built into the wall, as if it had been meant to stand him there and cut him off from all

the rest of the world. Wherever one turned in the hall those piercing eyes followed him. Mr. Welch had been for some time observing the painting.

"An extraordinary picture! It has a singular fascination for me," he said, as his host turned to him. "One might almost fancy it allegorical, and yet it is intensely human. An indubitable portrait. I never saw a stronger face."

His host smiled.

"Yes. It has a somewhat curious history, though whether it is exactly a portrait or not, we do not know. It is, or is supposed to be, the portrait of an ancestor of mine, the first of my name who came to this country. He had been unfortunate on the other side—so the story goes—was a scholar, and had been a soldier under Cromwell, and lost all his property. He fell in love with a young lady whose father was on the King's side, and married her against her parents' wishes and came over here. He built a house on this very spot when it was the frontier, and his wife was afterward murdered by the Indians, leaving him one child. It is said that he killed the Indian with his naked hands just beside a great rock that stands in the graveyard beyond the garden, a short distance from the house. He afterward had that picture painted and placed there, we do not know just by whom, though it is reputed to be a Vandyke. It has always been recognized as a fine picture, and in all the successive changes it has been left there. This present house was built around the fireplace of the old one. In this way a story has grown up about the picture that it is connected with the fortunes of the house. You know how superstitious the negroes are?"

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Welch, examining the picture more closely. "I never saw a lonelier man. That black frame shutting it in seems to have something to do with the effect."

"The tradition has possibly had a good effect," proceeded his host. "There used to be a recess behind it that was used as a cupboard, perhaps a secret cabinet, because of this very superstition. The picture fell down once a few years ago, and I found a number of old papers in there, and put some more in myself. Here, you can see the paint on the frame where it fell.

It was in the early summer, and one of the servants was just painting the hearth red, and a sudden gust of wind slammed a door and jarred the picture down, and it fell, getting that paint on it. You never saw anyone so frightened as that boy was. And I think my overseer was, also," he laughed. "He happened to be present settling up some matters with which I had intrusted him in the South, and although he is a remarkably sensible man—so sensible that I had given him my bonds for a very considerable amount, one for a very large amount, indeed, in case he should need them in the matter I refer to, and he had managed the affair with the greatest shrewdness, bringing my bond back—he was as much frightened, almost, as the boy. You'd have thought that the fall of the picture portended my immediate death. I took advantage of the circumstance to put the papers in the cupboard, and to ease his mind made Still nail the picture up so that it will never come down again—at least in my lifetime."

"Very singular," said Mr. Welch. "I had no idea the whites were so superstitious."

"Well, I do not suppose he really believed it. But do you know after that they began to say that stain on it was blood. And here again."

He pointed to where three or four little foot-tracks, as of a child's bare foot, were plainly seen on the hard white floor near the hearth. "My little boy Rupert was playing in the hall at the time I mention, dabbling his feet in the paint, and the same wind that blew down the picture scattered my papers, and he ran across the floor and finally stepped on one. There, you can see just where he caught it: the little heel is there, and the print of the toes is on the bond behind the picture. His mother would never allow the prints to be scoured out, and I suppose the same sentiment had something to do with my preserving the paper, and so they have remained. And now I understand they say the tracks are blood."

"On such slim evidence, perhaps, other and weightier superstitions have been built," said Mr. Welch, smiling.

The next morning, as Mr. Welch wished to see a Southern plantation, he deferred his departure until the afternoon, and rode

over the place with Mr. Gray. Middleton was taken by his young hosts to see all the things of interest about the plantation—the high barn from which Blair had jumped into the tree, the bloody rock beside which the "Indian-Killer" had been buried, and the very spot where Steve had slept that night, the blacksmith shop where "Uncle Weev'ly" let Jacquelin show his skill in nailing a shoe on a mule, together with many other points; while Mr. Welch was taken to see the servants' quarters, the hands working and singing in the fields, and such things as interested him. During this walk Mr. Langstaff, the rector, made to Mr. Welch an observation that he thought there were evidences that the Garden of Eden was situated not far from that spot, and certainly within the limits of the State. Mr. Welch smiled at the old clergyman's ingenuousness, but was graver when, as they strolled through the negro quarters, he began to speak of the blessings of slavery. He pointed out the clean cabins, each surrounded by its little yard and with its garden, the laughing children, and smiling mothers courtesying from their doors. The guest remained silent, and the old gentleman took it for assent.

"Why, sir, I have just prepared a paper, which my friends think establishes incontrovertibly that slavery is based on the Scriptures and is as it were a divine institution."

Mr. Welch looked up to see how the other gentlemen took this. They were all grave, except Dr. Cary, usually the gravest, around whose mouth a slight smile flickered, and in whose eyes, as they met Mr. Welch's, there was a little gleam of amusement.

"It is written a servant of servants shall he be. You will not deny that?" asked the old preacher, a little of the smouldering fire of the controversialist sparkling for a moment in his face.

"Well, no, I don't think I will."

"Then that settles it."

"Well, perhaps not altogether," said Mr. Welch. "There may be an economical sin. But I do not wish to engage in a polemical controversy. I will only say that you do not seem to me, down here, to appreciate fully how strong the feeling of the world at present is against slavery. It

seems to me that slavery is doomed, as much as the stage-coach and the sailing vessel."

"My dear sir," declared Mr. Gray, "I cannot agree with you. We interfere with nobody, all we demand is that they shall not interfere with us."

"It is precisely that that you cannot enforce," said Mr. Welch. "I do not wish to engage in a discussion in which neither of us could convince the other; but I think I have not defined my position intelligibly. You interfere with everyone—with every nation—and you are only tenants at will of your system—only tenants by sufferance of the world."

"Oh! my dear sir!" exclaimed his host, his face slightly flushed; and then the subject was politely changed, and Mr. Welch was conscious that it was not to be opened again.

Before the young people had seen half the places of which Jacquelin had told Middleton, they were recalled to the house. Jacquelin's face fell.

"School!" he said in disgust.

As they returned by a road leading up to a farm-house on a hill, they passed a somewhat rickety buggy containing a plain-looking young girl a little older than Blair, driven by a thin-shouldered youngster of eighteen or nineteen, who returned Jacquelin's and Blair's greeting with a surly air. Middleton thought he checked the girl for her pleasant bow. At any rate he heard his voice, in a cross tone, scolding her after they had passed.

"That's Washy Still and Virgy, the overseer's children," explained someone.

"And he's just as mean to her as he can be. She's afraid of him. I'll be bound, I wouldn't be afraid of him," broke out Blair, her eyes growing suddenly sparkling at the idea of wrong to one of her sex. Middleton looked down at her glowing face and thought it unlikely.

On arrival at the house it proved that Jacquelin's fears were well-founded. It had been decided that he must go back to school. Jacquelin appealed to his Aunt Thomasia, to intercede for him, and she did so, as she always interceded for everyone. But it was vain. It was an age of law, and the law had to be obeyed.

When he rode away with Doan beside him, his last call back was to Middleton

to be sure and remember his promise to come back again, and to bring Reely Thurston with him.

CHAPTER III

BOTH Larry Middleton and Mr. Welch were to visit Red Rock again, but under circumstances little anticipated at the time the invitation to come back was given.

When Middleton came of age he turned over the manufacturing business he had inherited to the family's agent, Mr. Bolter, and on leaving college accepted his cousin, Mr. Welch's, invitation to go into his law-office. He made only one condition: that the same invitation should be extended to his college chum, Reely Thurston, whom Middleton described to Mr. Welch as "at once the roundest and squarest fellow" in his class. This was enough for Mr. Welch, and within a few months the two young men were at adjoining desks, professing to practise law, and really practising whatever other young gentlemen of their age and kind are given to doing: a combination of loafing, working, and airing themselves for the benefit of the rest of mankind, particularly of that portion that wears bonnets and petticoats.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Welch were glad to have Middleton with them, for Mrs. Welch was fond of him as a near relation, one who in personal appearance and address was a worthy representative of the old stock from which they both had come. And she had this further reason for wishing to have Middleton near her that she had long observed his tendency to be "affected unduly," as she termed it, by his surroundings, and she meant to counteract this defect of character by her personal influence. "If I can get hold of him," said she, "I can build up a strong character."

It was enough for Mrs. Welch to see a defect of any kind to wish to correct it, and her wish was usually but a step in advance of her action. She was at heart a missionary: one of those intrepid and unbending spirits who have carried their faith through the world by the sheer energy of their convictions. She would no more have bowed in the house of Rimmon than she would have committed theft. If she

had lived in Rome she would have died before taking a pinch of incense for Diana, unless she had been on the other side, when she would have fed the lions with fervor; if she had been in Spain on Torquemada's side she could have sung Te Deums at an *auto-da-fé*. As some one said of her: "she would have burned like a candle." The only difficulty was that she wanted others to burn too, which they were not always so ready to do.

She had great hopes of Lawrence Middleton, and deplored the influence on him of the young man whom he had chosen at college as his especial friend; and she grieved over the effect that his visit South, already described, had had on him. But she did not despair. Mrs. Welch never despaired. It implied weakness, and so sin.

She was urgent to have Larry Middleton accept her husband's proposal to take a place in his office, and though she would have preferred to separate him from Mr. Thurston, yet when Middleton made this condition she yielded, for it brought him where she could influence him, and had this advantage: that it gave her two persons to work on instead of one.

When her daughter Ruth came home from school in her vacations, it was natural that she should be thrown a great deal with her cousin, and the only singular thing was that Mrs. Welch appeared inclined to minimize the importance of the relationship. This, however, made little difference to the gay, fun-loving girl, who, enjoying her emancipation from school, tyrannized over the two young lawyers to her heart's content. She soon reduced Thurston to a position of abject slavery which might well have called forth the intervention of so ardent an emancipator as her mother and did, indeed, excite some anxiety in her breast. Mrs. Welch was beginning to be very solicitous about him, when events suddenly crowding on each other gave her something widely different to think about, and unexpectedly relieved her from this anxiety to give her others far weightier.

The cloud which had been so long gathering above the country suddenly burst.

Middleton and Thurston were sitting in their office one afternoon when there was a scamper outside, the door was flung open, and a paper was thrown in: an extra still wet from the press. Thurston seized it,

his seat being nearest the door, and gave a long whistle as his eye fell on the black headlines:

THE FLAG FIRED ON:

OPEN REBELLION.

THE PRESIDENT'S CALL FOR TROOPS, TO SAVE THE UNION,

Etc., Etc.

He sank into his seat and read rapidly, while Middleton listened with a set face. When he was through, Thurston flung the paper down and sat back in his chair. The next moment he struck his fist on his desk and sprang to his feet, his face white with resolve.

"By God! I'll go."

With a single look at Middleton he turned to the door and walked out. A moment later Middleton followed him. The street below was already filling with people, and the buzz of voices was growing louder.

Within a few hours the two young men were both enrolled in a company of volunteers, Middleton in right of his stature and family connection as a sergeant and little Thurston as a corporal, and were at work getting others enrolled. As they were so engaged, Thurston was struck by a man in the crowd who was especially violent in his denunciations, and who was urging everybody to enlist. His voice had a peculiar penetrating whine. As Thurston could not remember him among those who had signed, he asked him his name. "Leech, Jonadab Leech," he said.

When Thurston looked at the roll it was not on it, and the next time Leech came up in the crowd, the little corporal caught him.

"Here, you have forgotten to put your name down."

To his surprise Leech drew back and actually turned pale.

"What's the matter?" asked the corporal.

"I have a wife."

The little volunteer gave a sniff.

"All right, send her in your place. I guess she'd do as well."

"If he has, he's trying to get rid of her,"

said someone standing by, in an undertone.

"Why—ah—we—My eyes are bad, I'm too near-sighted."

"Your eyes be hanged! You can see well enough to read this paper."

"Who is he?" asked Thurston, as Leech disappeared.

"He is a clerk in old Bolter's commissary."

The crowd was patriotic.

The next time Thurston saw Leech he had on blue spectacles.

There was great excitement in the town all night; bells rang, crowds marched up and down the streets singing; stopping at the houses of those who had been opposed to ultra measures and calling on them to put up flags to show their loyalty. The name of Jonadab Leech appeared in the papers next morning as one of the street orators who made the most bloodthirsty speech.

Next day was Sunday. Sober thought had succeeded the excitement of the previous day, the faces of the people showed it. The churches were overflowing. The preachers all alluded to the crisis that had come, and the tears of the congregations testified how deeply they were moved. After church, by a common impulse, everyone went to the public square to learn the news. The square was packed. Suddenly, on the pole that stood above the old court-house, someone ran up the flag. At the instant that it broke forth the wind caught it and it fluttered out full and straight, pointing to the southward. The effect was electric. A great cheer burst from the crowd below. As it died down a young man's clear voice in the crowd struck up, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the next moment the whole concourse was singing and weeping.

That flag and that song made more soldiers from the old town than all the newspapers and all the speeches; and Larry Middleton for having struck it up found himself suddenly of more note in his own home than he could have been later if he had stormed a battery. Loudest among the shouters was the street-orator of the evening before: Jonadab Leech, the clerk in Bolter's commissary. Within a week the two young men were on their way South.

A little later Mr. Welch, who before

studying law had been educated as an engineer, having taken time to settle up his affairs, went off to join the first corps of engineers from his State, with abundance of tears from Ruth, and a blessing from his wife, whose mouth was never firmer, or her eye clearer than when she kissed him, and bade him God-speed.

She replied to the astonished query of Mrs. Bolter: "You did not cry?" with another question:

"Why should I cry when I knew it was his duty? If I had wept it would have been because I could not go myself to strike a blow for the freedom of the poor African."

"You are an unusually strong woman," said Mrs. Bolter, and indeed Mrs. Welch looked it, for though Bolter as well as Mr. Welch had gone to Washington, he had not gone to the war, but to see about contracts.

The same day that the two young men from Mr. Welch's office were in the street of their town enrolling their names as soldiers to fight for the flag of the Union, the young men, and the elders as well, whom Middleton had met at Red Rock, a thousand miles to the South, were engaged in similar work—enlisting to fight against invasion, to fight for their State.

There had been much discussion—much dissension in the old county and all others like it, during the interim that had elapsed since the night when Middleton and Mr. Welch had appeared unexpectedly at Red Rock among the wedding guests. Some were for radical measures: for secession—for war; others were conservative. Matters more than once had reached a white heat, and it had looked for a long time as though an explosion must come immediately. Yet the cooler heads had controlled, and when the final elections came on, the most conservative men in the country had been selected. Dr. Cary and Mr. Bagby, both strong Union men, had been chosen over Major Legaie and Mr. Gray, both ardent Democrats, and one, the former, a hot Secessionist.

When they arrived at the capital they found, perhaps, the most distinguished body that had sat in the State in fifty years. Both sides had put forward their best men, and the wildest, in face of the nearing peril,

grew conservative. The body declared for peace. Affairs moved rapidly, however; excitement grew; feeling changed.

One morning Dr. Cary, who was recognized as one of the leaders of the Conservatives, received a report of a great public meeting, held at the county-seat, instructing him to vote for secession. Many of his old supporters had signed it. He presented it at the desk, and stated its purport, fully and strongly, amid cheers from the other side.

"Now you will vote with us," said one of the leaders on that side.

"Not if every man in my county instructed me."

"Then you must resign!"

"Not if every man in my county demanded it."

"Are you the only wise man in your county?"

The voice trembled. Feeling was rising.

"If they signed such a paper, I should think so." And there were cheers from his side, and the vote was stayed for that day at least.

Then the spark fell and the explosion came.

A week after this the call for troops by the President, that Middleton and Thurston read in the evening extra, appeared in an extra in the city where the convention sat.

Invasion!

The whole people rose. From the time of Varus down they had done so. The State went out with a rush. The population poured into the streets and public squares in a great demonstration. It was tremendous—a maelstrom—a tornado—a conflagration. Men were caught up and tossed on platforms, that appeared as if by magic from nowhere, to make speeches; bonfires were lighted and bells were rung; but the crowd shouted louder than the ringing of the bells, for it meant War. None could now withstand it. Suddenly, from some public place, a gun which had been found and run out, boomed through the dusk, and the crowd roared louder than before, and made a rush in that direction, cheering as if for a great victory.

Dr. Cary, stalking through the crowd, silent and white, was recognized and lifted unresisting to a platform. After a great

roar, the tumult hushed down for a moment; for he was waiting with close shut mouth and blazing eye, and he had the reputation of being, when he chose to exert himself, an orator. Besides, it was not yet known to them what he would do, and he was a power in his section.

He broke the silence with a calm voice that went everywhere. Without appearing to be strong, his voice was one of those strange instruments that filled every building with its finest tone, and reached over every crowd to its farthest limit. With a gesture that, as men said afterward, seemed to sweep the horizon, he began:

"The time has passed for talking. Go home and prepare for war. For it is on us."

"Oh! there is not going to be any war," cried someone, and a part of the crowd cheered. Dr. Cary turned on them.

"No war! We are at war now—with the greatest power on the earth: the power of universal progress. It is not the North that we shall have to fight, but the world. If we have talked like fools, at least we shall fight like men."

That night Dr. Cary walked into his lodgings alone and seated himself in the dusk. His old body-servant, Tarquin, silent and dark, brought a light and set it conveniently for him. He did not speak a word; but his ministrations were unusually attentive, and every movement expressed adherence and sympathy. Suddenly his master broke the silence:

"Tarquin, do you desire to be free?"

"Lawd Gawd!" exclaimed Tarquin, stopping quite still and gazing at him in amazement, "Me! Free?"

"Because if you do I will set you free, and give you money enough to live in Philadelphia."

"No sir, marster, you know I don't wan' be free," said Tarquin.

"Pack my trunk. I am going home."

"When, sir?"

"I do not know exactly; but shortly."

Within a week Dr. Cary was back, at home, at work, making preparation for equipping the companies that the neighborhood was going to send to the war along with Major Legaie and the other Secessionists.

What a revolution that week had made in the old county! In the face of the

menace of invasion, after but ten days, one would scarcely have known it. All division was ended, all parties were one. It was as if the county had declared war by itself and felt the whole burden of the struggle on its shoulders. It became suddenly a training-ground and a camp. The haze of dust from men galloping by hung over the highways all day long, and the cross-roads and the county-seat where the musters used to meet quarterly and the fourth of July celebrations were held, became scenes of almost metropolitan activity.

Men appeared to spring from the ground as in the days of Cadmus, ready for war. Red Rock and Birdwood became recruiting-stations and depots of supply. From the big estates they came, from the small homesteads amid their orchards, and from the cabins back among the pines; all eager for war and with a new light in their eyes. Everyone was in the movement. Major Legaie was a colonel, and Mr. Gray was a captain; Dr. Cary was surgeon, and even old Mr. Langstaff, under that fire of enthusiasm, had merged his ecclesiastical title of rector into the military one of chaplain.

Miss Thomasia, who was always trying to meet some wants which only the sensitiveness of her own spirit apprehended, enlarged her little academy in the office at Red Rock so as to take in all the children of the men around who had enlisted; made them pick lint between their lessons, and opened her exercises daily with the most martial hymns she could find in the prayer-book, feeling in her simple heart that she could do God no better service than to inculcate an undying patriotism along with undying piety. As for Blair, she had long deserted the anti-war side, horse, foot, and dragoons, and sewed on uniforms and picked lint, wore badges of palmetto, and single-stars on little blue flags sewed somewhat crookedly in the breasts of her frocks, and sang "Dixie," "Maryland," and "The Bonny Blue Flag" all the time.

Steve Allen and Morris Cary left the University on an hour's notice, and with pistols and sabres strapped about their slender waists galloped up to the county-seat together one afternoon in a cloud of dust, having outsped their telegrams, and

amid huzzahs and the waving of handkerchiefs from the carriages lining the roadside, spurred their sweating horses straight to the end of the line that was drilling under Colonel Legaie in the field beside the court-house, and so with radiant faces were enlisted for war. Little Andy Stamper was already there in line at the far end on one of his father's two farm-horses, and Jacquelin on a blooded colt was trying to keep as near in line with him as his excited four-year-old would permit. Even the servants, for whom some on the other side were pledging their blood, were warmly interested, and were acting more like clansmen than slaves.

Hiram Still, Mr. Gray's manager, had had a sudden return of his old enemy, rheumatism, and was so drawn up that he had to go on crutches, but was as enthusiastic as anyone and lent money to help equip the companies—not to the county, it is true, but to Mr. Gray and Dr. Cary on their joint security. He and Andy Stamper were not on good terms, yet he even offered, if the security could be arranged, to lend some to Andy Stamper to buy a horse with; Jacquelin, however, spared Andy this necessity.

The boy, emancipated from school partly because his father was going off so shortly to the war, and partly because Dr. Maule himself had enlisted, and Mr. Eliphabet Bush, his successor, was not considered altogether sound politically, spent his time breaking his colt to stand the excitement of cavalry drill. Hearing that Andy had applied to Hiram Still to borrow money to buy a horse with, Jacquelin asked his father's consent to give him his colt, and was rewarded by the pick of the horses on the place for him—after the carriage horses, his father's own riding-horse and Steve's. It was a proud moment for the boy when he rode the high-mettled bay he had chosen over to the old Stamper-place.

Andy, in a new gray jacket, was sitting on the front steps polishing his scabbard and accoutrements, old Mrs. Stamper was in her low split-bottomed chair behind him, knitting a yarn sock, and Delia Dove, with her plump cheeks glowing under her calico sun-bonnet which she had pushed back from her round face, was seated on the bench in the little porch, toying with the

wisteria vine above her, and looking down on Andy with her black eyes softer than usual.

Andy rose to greet Jacquelin as the boy galloped up to the gate.

"Come in, Jack. What's up? That's the way to set him. Look out or he'll git you off him. Ah!" as Jacquelin swung himself down. The two were great friends.

"Here's a present for you," panted the boy.

"What?"

"This horse."

"What!"

"Yes, he's mine; papa gave him to me this morning and said I might give him to you. I took the pick——"

"Well, by——" Andy was too much dazed to swear. "Jack——? This also ended. "Now let that Hiram Still ast for s'curity. Delia, I'll lick a regiment." He faced his sweetheart, who suddenly turned and caught Jacquelin and kissed him violently, bringing the red blood to the boy's cheeks.

Andy squared himself before the girl.

"If you'll do that to me, I'll give him to you right now. Durned 'f I don't!" And the little recruit looked her in the eyes and gave a shake of his head for emphasis. The girl looked for one moment as if she were going to do it. Then, as Andy opened his arms, she considered, and with a toss of her head turned away.

That moment the latch clicked and Hiram Still's daughter, Virgy, stood beside them, shy and silent, veiled within her sun-bonnet.

"Mr. Stamper, pappy says if you'll come over to see him about that business o'yourn maybe he ken make out to help you out."

She delivered the message automatically, and with a shy glance at Jacquelin and another one somewhat different at Delia Dove, retired once more within the deep recesses of her sun-bonnet.

"Well, you tell your pappy that I say I'm much obliged to him; but I ain't got any business with him that I knows on; 't somebody else's done helped me out." The voice was kind, though the words were sarcastic.

"Yes, sir, good even——" and with another shy glance and nod to each one in turn, the girl went off as noiselessly as a hare.

"That girl always gives me the creeps," said Delia, when Virgy had reached a safe distance.

"How about Washy? Or is it the old man?" asked Andy, at which Delia only sniffed.

Nor was Jacquelin Gray the only one of the youngsters whose fervor was rewarded. The ladies of the neighborhood made a banner for each of the companies that went forth, and Blair Cary was selected to present the banner to the Red Rock Company, which she did from the court-house balcony, with her laughing eyes sobered by excitement, her glowing face growing white and pink by turns, and her little tremulous speech, written by her father and carefully conned by heart for days, much swallowed and almost inaudible in the face of the large crowd assembled filling all the space around, and of the brave company drawn up in the road below her. But she got through it—that part about "emulating the Spartan youth who came back with his shield or on it," and all; and at the close she carried them all away by a natural clasp of her little brown hands over her heart, as she said, "And don't let them take it away from you not ever," outstretching her arms to her father, who sat with moist eyes at one end of the line a little below her, with Jacquelin close beside him, his eyes like saucers for interest in Blair.

"Blair, that's the best speech that ever was made," said the boy, enthusiastically, when he saw her. "And Steve says so too."

The little girl's cheeks glowed with pleasure.

The evening before Jacquelin's father went off, he called Jacquelin into his office and rising shut the door himself. They were alone, and Jacquelin was mystified. He had never been called in before for an interview with his father, unless it were for a lecture, or worse. He hastily ran over his recent acts; but could recall nothing that merited even censure, and curiosity took the place of wonderment. Wonder came back, however, when his father, motioning him to a seat, stood before him and began to address him in an entirely new and unknown tone. He talked to him as if he were a man. Jacquelin suddenly felt all his old timidity of his father vanish, and a new spirit, as it were, rise up in his heart. His father told him that now he was going

away to the war, he might never come back ; but he left, he said, with the assurance that he would be worthily succeeded, and he said that he was proud of him and had the fullest confidence in him. He had never said anything like this to Jacquelin before, in all his life, and the boy felt a new sensation. It was like opening the skies and giving him a glimpse beyond them into a new heaven. The boy suddenly rose and flung his arms around his father's neck, and clung there pouring out his heart to him. Then he sat down again, feeling like a shriven soul, and the father and son understood each other like two school-fellows.

Mr. Gray told him of his will. He had left his mother everything ; but it would be the same thing as if he had left it to him and Rupert. He was to have Red Rock, and Rupert the estate in the South. Jacquelin listened, his mind suddenly sobered and expanded to a man's measure.

"And, Jacquelin," he said, "keep the old place. Make any sacrifice to do that. Landholding is one of the safeguards of a gentry. Our people for six generations have never sold an acre, and I never knew a man who sold land that thrived."

"I will keep it, father," said the boy, earnestly.

There were some debts, Mr. Gray said, but not enough to amount to anything ; the principal one was to Hiram Still. Still wanted him to keep his money and he had done so. It could be paid any time if necessary. Still was a better man than he was given credit for. A bad manner made those who did not know him well suspicious

of him. But he was the best business man he had ever known, and he believed devoted to his interest. His father, old Mr. Still, had been overseer for Jacquelin's grandfather when he, Mr. Gray, was a boy, and he could not forget him, and though Still was at present in poor health, he had contracted the disease in their service while at the South, and he would be glad to have him kept in his position as long as he treated the negroes well and cared to remain. "And Jacquelin, one other thing : be a father to Rupert. See that he gets an education. It is the one patrimony that no accident—not even war—can take away."

Jacquelin promised his father that he would remember his injunctions and try faithfully to keep them every one. And when the two walked out it was arm in arm like two brothers, and the old servants looking at them nodded their heads and talked with pride of Jacquelin's growing resemblance to his grandfather.

Next day the companies raised in the county all started for the war, taking almost every man of serviceable age and strength, and many who were neither.

When they marched away it was like a triumphal procession. The blue haze of spring lay over the woods, softening the landscape, and filling it with peace. Tears were on some cheeks, no doubt, and many eyes were dimmed ; but kerchiefs and scarfs were waved by many who could not see, and fervent prayers went up from many hearts when the lips were too tremulous to speak.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

I

MONG the ravines, lakes, and mountains of Lombardy, on the river Sesia, flowing through the valley of the same name, lies the small Italian town of Varallo-Sesia.

This region of the Lake of Orta, the gorge of the Pellino, the wooded Col di Colma, whence the snow-covered pink summits of the Monte Rosa range appear, is somewhat remote from the ordinary line of travel, or at least American travel.

Through cornfields and across vineyards, and over occasional mountain torrents, where all the while the sunlight streamed down the chestnut-covered mountain-sides, the railway train struggled up the valley of the Sesia with my friends

and myself, who were journeying to Varallo-Sesia.

After we alighted at the station, with the tranquillity so usual in these Italian towns, we sat under a broad arbor formed by a matted covering of green boughs, so impenetrable that not a ray of sunlight could struggle through its cool mass.

We were told that no carriage-road, but only a foot-path, led up the mountain-side to Monte Sacro, above the town, which was our destination; for we heard that beasts of burden were not allowed in its sacred precincts. Meanwhile a crowd of thin and wiry Italians disputed with us and each other how some dozen small handbags and trunks, as well as ourselves, could be conveyed up the height.

To one of the party, accustomed to being borne on the shoulders of Moors in Tangier, the feat seemed by no means diffi-

cult. An Irish lady, whose vigorous frame often refreshed itself by a ten-mile walk across a mountain-pass, found the prospect of this trip a mere bagatelle. I was the sole member of the party used only to the rough, dangerous roads on our mountains in America. To me, therefore, this untrodden way was full of unpleasant surmise.

At length, after much consultation, two heavy chairs, with long horizontal bars, were finally brought, and I was seated in one of these. Two bearers, whose springing veins and muscles marked them as accustomed to such toil, with a strong band across their shoulders and its ends over the bars of the chair, trudged off with me at a swinging pace. For a moment I was alarmed by their unsteady motion, suggesting, as I thought, that some foot or hand might slip and I come down on my head or a leg, but as the two bearers fell into step my apprehensions were dissipated, and by the time we

had threaded the narrow streets of the town and had begun the gentle ascent of a winding path, so regular in its rise, so perfectly paved with the little cobble-stones, which were probably laid here hundreds of years ago, the whole affair seemed like a pleasure-trip.

A wide stone wall on one side flanked the path to the slopes below, on which groves of chestnuts, walnuts, and pines, with their

mossy trunks, were growing, and admitted rays of sunlight which flickered our path.

The black heads of my bearers formed the accents of dark amid this greenery. They occasionally rested, and their shining eyes turned merrily as if to make sport of their toil.

Now some little shrine was passed, and now the full-throbbled note of a bird fell on the ear. An idyllic summer afternoon! And the shadows of the high mountains were gradually creeping into the valley.

One cannot be long in these sylvan regions of Italy without feeling the half-faunlike character of a people as simple and semi-classic as Hawthorne delineates Donatello in his "Transformation." To this class of beings my bearers might readily belong; and later I saw many creatures who seemed half-brothers to men and half to a gentle and merry mythic creation. A young Italian was sitting by me one day on a

Street in Varallo-Sesia.

stone bench, such as are scattered so freely in these woods. His small, light eyes were set wide apart, turning up at the corners; his heavy, projecting nostrils and prominent mouth, and withal his innocent, calf-like expression, made me fancy that if the sandals were removed from his twisting feet the dancing hoofs of some mythological being would appear in this true denizen of the woods. But I did not de-

The Chestnut covered Mountain-sides.

scribe how I was finally brought to Monte Sacro.

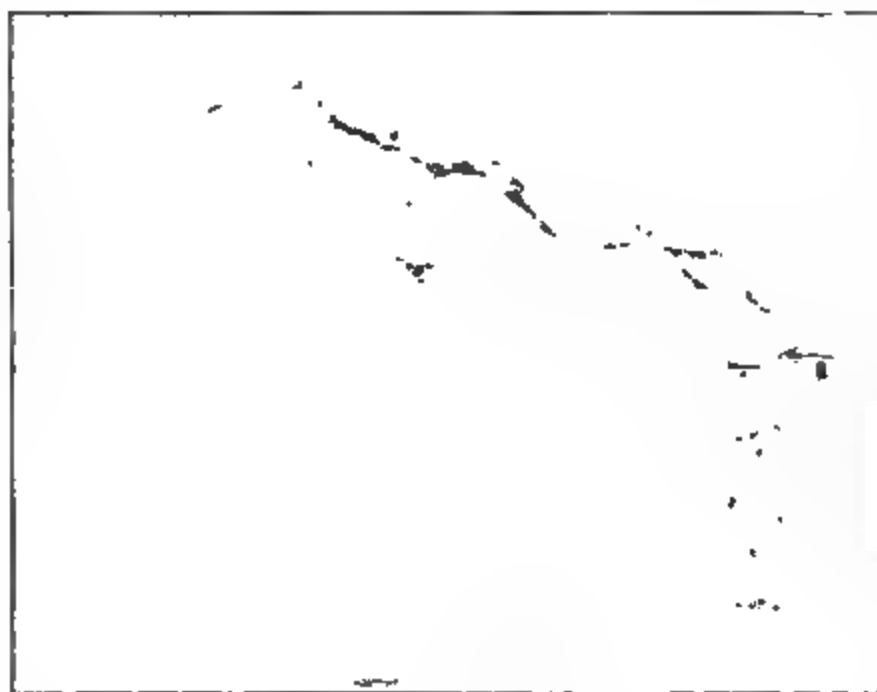
My bearers, whose wooden sandals clicked on the stone pavement like castanets, with close, short steps, pulled vigorously along. A large, old, stuccoed house finally came into view, and its long loggia on one side, with open arches filled with red and pink flowers in big pots, formed an *al fresco* dining-room, where various people were eating at small tables.

I supposed that I should get down from

my perch when I reached the entrance to the loggia; but far from it—my bearers now broke into a sort of canter, and it was not

until they had traversed the entire length of the loggia, shaking their dark faces gayly toward the guests, that they finally deposited me at the farther end of the apartment.

How refreshing, how delightfully cool, was the air in this place, elevated two thousand feet above the sea, and high over the sultry shores of Lake Maggiore, where the steamy air flickered over the red and buff villas on its shores; for the railroad, as I said, had followed up stream the rushing wild mountain tor-



Seen on the Way Up.

rent of the Sesia for miles.

To people whose taste is uncontaminated, there is often something specially sym-

growth only roughly planed down, formed
the solid doors of our pension, while queer
brass handles and wrought-iron locks and
lanterns were a reminder of a remote time

k was slowly ham-
he rude forefathers

e classic suggestion
hern Italy, in whose
or demigods might
Here, amid the vast
groves which hang
les, so gnarled, so
fancied at a turn in
mostly glades some
or dryad might be
isporting with the
denizens of their
in abodes.

en or gods are these?
it maidens loath?
ad pursuit? What
ggle to escape?
ipes and timbrels?
it wild ecstasy?

least one felt the
presence here of
nd moss-covered
; and that a stone
n, overgrown with
uld receive and con-
ie flashing streams
urmured in every
n. It was not, how-
garlanded faun nor
a leaf-fringed urn
which now em-
bodied the genius
of these regions;
for it is in such
spots as this one
that the gentle old
life of classic times
merges into the
tender traditions
of the Roman
Catholic Church,
and the faunlike

and the saintly mingle.


In watching great con-
gregations of swallows,
thought easily goes back
to the generations of birds
whose descendants still
people and renew the old

path
coars
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wine
coo
deep
as we
home
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which
have
know
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had
wine
some
cheer
the
som
coun
tween
linen
it see
tains
ed so
frag
mow
ann
mixe
high
and



the night breeze brought these odors into
my bedroom.

Everything here, too, bespoke the life
and habits of the people, and showed how
little modern innovations had touched
them. The wood of the chestnut-trees, in
great slabs, with the veining and gnarled





now having the adornment of a new white marble façade, constructed in the most florid style of modern Italian Romanesque. Here, in the court of the monastery, I often watched the workmen putting the marble blocks into their places, and felt the suggestive contrast these men presented, with their wiry forms and cramped bodies, clad in dress as gray and faded as the dust about them, to the pomp of a church,

nests. So here, too, among the human offspring of former days, who have the same traditions and bear a similar life to their ancestors, observing these children of toil, I imagined their unbroken chain of work, and thought of habits as continuous as those of the swallows, whose calls and flight hovered about the convent walls of the Monastery of Monte Sacro.

This monastery, with its church and surrounding buildings, stood near our pension, and enclosed a court on the summit of a precipitous spur of one of the high mountains which surround Varallo-Sesia. Old and dilapidated, the monastery is now the home of but few monks. The church, however, with its lovely alabaster and porphyry altars, is

which even here, on this inaccessible height, still preserved its power. The same kind of marble which had been brought here on men's shoulders, when the monastery was first constructed, four hundred years ago, now lay scattered about. Probably it had been carved in some neighboring quarry, and transported here to-day by the same method as formerly served to bring it to this summit.

Once, in Perugia, I saw men hammering brass and copper pots into classic forms such as one sees in antique frescos. Tripods and lamps were wrought in like fashion as on Greek urns, or those found in catacombs or Etruscan tombs. I meditated meanwhile in what way the thoughts and feelings of those who fashioned them differed from those of their ancestors; for the Past and Present appeared identical — a Picturesque Past joining a Picturesque Present!

Here, about the cloisters of the monastery at Monte Sacro, poor Italians were employed in unearthing small paving-stones which lined the paths about the monastery. They were filling in the irregular surface of the gravel, using rude implements, trowels and picks, similar in shape to such as had served in the early days of the monastery — a continuous sequence of demands and willing service reaching down these centuries!

But it was not the monastery chiefly which formed the religious element of this secluded spot. About the year 1500 a pious nobleman from Milan, Bernardino Caimo by name, inspired by a visit to the

Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, conceived the idea of constructing a series of chapels or shrines, which should embody the History of the Creation and the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

Similar shrines were erected in the vicinity of Varallo about this period; those at Orta, with its sixteen chapels, depicting various episodes in the history of St. Francis d'Assisi. But those at Monte Sacro were most important of any.

Forty-six small chapels were built in stone, and of every conceivable form. Some were conical, with peaked roofs; others showed little, pillared façades; while yet others were formed in deep-niched embrasures in the face of the rock.

Those who have been so fortunate as to see the tender manner in which the peasant population of Oberammergau have depicted the life of Christ may form a conception of the depth and sweetness disclosed in the long series of figures of the Saviour and His disciples in the forty-six shrines on Monte Sacro. Pilate, Caiaphas,

and the woman of Samaria, besides the Roman centurions and other personages of the New Testament, appear in these tableaux, life size and of life-like color, made of terra-cotta or wood, with landscape and figure backgrounds painted in fresco. These come down to us from the sixteenth century, and are as fresh as if done recently. While they are primitive in composition and arrangement, the scenes, as one surveys them through the grated windows of the unique chapels, are full of interest. The Christ is

Monte Sacro—The Cappella del Riposo
(On the way up).



everywhere carefully modelled and of artistic feeling; while his meek, drooping form, when he stands before Pilate, has the spiritual sweetness that the peasant conception of him at Oberammergau made so elevating in contrast to the haughty bearing of the Pharisees and chief priests.

The Temptation in the Wilderness is curiously quaint. Beasts of every kind appear. Mother bears grit their teeth, while the little cubs tumble over each other; snakes hiss and lions roar. The story of the Creation and Fall are full of expression.

But the scenes with the Serpent, the Expulsion from Eden, and

others, of archaic conception, recall Albert Dürer, or the plates of some very old story-book.

Stone steps to these shrines are well worn and polished by the knees of the pilgrims who for ages have sought comfort and knowledge from this realized Bible story.

Little glades among the chestnut-trees conduct, by stoned paths, to the shrines. Here, from early morning till the dusk has rendered their forms nearly invisible, come people from the regions all about.

As I sat in the summer afternoon on a stone bench by our pension, my eye was attracted by a couple of peas-

look haggish, but in these fresh, cool regions at the north, the matrons retain much of the bloom of youth. So these two, who might be mother and daughter, advanced with equal elasticity and nearly the same beauty of skin and feature. As I examined their dress and bearing, the pair strode up into the loggia dining-room, and calling for bread and red wine, partook of them freely. I in the meantime had quitted my seat a moment, and when I returned the pair had departed.

Wandering up a curved path from down below, four priests, or brothers, now came in sight, wearing long black cassocks and mitred hats. One was old and white-haired, and another scarcely more than a lad. They strolled along slowly, gesticulating as they advanced. They, too, entered the loggia, and, till late in the evening, their dark forms made a Rembrandt-like effect beneath the solitary lamp suspended over their heads. They spent the night at the hostelry, and in the first dawn I heard a porter knocking at their doors, and soon they stole away in the early light.

I had often wondered, before visiting Switzerland, where our scene-painters at the theatre got their *motif*. Now, amid these glens and groves of upper Italy, with sunlight piercing into a moss-grown ravine, or shadow bringing out into relief the yellow blossoms and green branches of the chestnut-trees which overarched the huge rocks bounding a torrent, I could fancy William Tell, with bow on shoulder, or James Fitz-James, in plumed hat, issuing from these glens, and easily saw the scenes of "Trovatore" or "Lohengrin."

A great deal has been said and felt about the women of the lower classes working in the fields, and of the hard manual labor they are called to perform. In the light of the ideas that women should be delicate and refined physically, doubtless the broad backs, hard muscles, and heavy, knotted frames of peasants we see appear discordant and unseemly. Fisherwomen at Diseppe or Whitby, we know, and along-shore everywhere, hold their own against town councils when they dictate the policy of town governments. In moments of dan-

ger, when the signal-gun summons the populace to scenes of danger, then these women, the wives and mothers of the fishermen, man the lifeboats and breast the waves, going to the rescue of their relatives in distress. Yet these fierce, strong women scarcely fill the modern idea of what womanhood should be.

Now, however, very recently, when it is the fad that women should be athletic, broad-shouldered, and deep-lunged, to say nothing of the wider education of our high-bred and healthy modern girls, the question arises among the observant, *why* working in fields or carrying burdens is, after all, such a hardship and degradation to the peasant woman more than to the peasant man. Too much labor and great toil doubtless break down and age both sexes.

But Disraeli spoke of women as of the gentler, if not the weaker, sex; and when, in Monte Sacro, I saw women swinging the scythe with broad swathes, or cutting the sweet hay on the mountain-sides with their sickles, and then filling up tall, pannier-like straw baskets, which they bore away on their shoulders filled with fragrant grass for the cattle, I asked myself if, after all, in their present civilization, these women of Varallo-Sesia, at least, could be better or more healthily employed. They sang as they worked, and bright and bronzed cheeks spoke of healthy toil.

Numerous children, too, were witnesses of their parents' vitality. In our own pension the padrone, a woman of forty, incessantly at work, told me of her family of eight living little ones, whose father and three *bambini* were dead.

There was a cool, dim room opening off from our loggia dining-room, with a door at the other side through which green gardens appeared. A big fire-place in this apartment was recessed off by a high screen, and showed dark wood settles and large brass pots, lighted by blazing fagots, where the kettle was boiling. Along one side of the room a table was set out with eight plates and eight cups to feed the little children of the padrone—the *Ottos*, as I called them. Gray-eyed, black-eyed, and of all small sizes, their heads profiled like Gerald Dow's against the green light from the open door behind them, as they sat at meals, while the padrone filled up their dishes with well-cooked yellow polenta, or

she ladled out wholesome macaroni soup to feed her healthy, contented brood. We had our dinner in the loggia, with stuffed vegetables and sardines, besides sweets of various sorts; but I often begged for a dish of the food from the *Ottos's* table as more wholesome and relishing than our own.

Though the forty-six chapels formed the most important feature of the edifices of Monte Sacro, yet another set of buildings, I must confess, were for me a familiar and attractive contrast to these pious shrines. Opposite my window, among the chestnuts, arose one of the flat, red-tiled roofs, which are seen so constantly in Italy. On top was a queer chimney, looking like a bird-house, with its small openings and tiny roof. A narrow path led from our pension to this building, covered with stucco; heavy-barred openings were in the basement, an iron balcony around the tall windows of the second floor, and the top story was lighted by open arches, where grain or hay or dried vegetables are often kept. Never till now, however, had I chanced to look within any of these buildings. Examining the interior through the bars of the basement, sights met my eyes which would have done justice to Teniers. Numerous blackened fireplaces, overhung by wide, projecting hooks, were occupied by large copper pots, in which food, perhaps for the cattle as well as men, was prepared. On a wide table stood coarse red and yellow earthen dishes and platters, while on the floor the light caught the green of lettuce-leaves or other vegetables scattered about. Split boughs of trees and knots for firewood lay in dim recesses of these chambers, while ochre colors and brown sienna tints, together with deep umbers and the pale greens and yellows of the vegetables, would be the delight and excitement of the genre painter.

Wandering past this rude edifice, zigzag paths ascended some hundred feet through the looped vines suspended from mulberry-trees; and with my opera-glass I saw the upland meadows, where dwelt the keepers of vineyards in small stone houses, whose stairways, on the outside of these buildings, led to balconies above, in which hung garlics and other dry food, and where the inmates lay about, resting from the noonday heat. Tier above tier amid the green grass of the mountain meadows, till they grew

small in the distance, other houses and barns with their thatched roofs contrasted in the fancy such a bucolic life as this with the bustle and rush of our own mechanical and scientific existence.

I have not attempted to describe in detail the terra-cotta images which compose the tableaux in the shrines at Monte Sacro ; but one artist, who painted many of the frescos which compose the background of these scenes, Gaudenzio Ferrari, deserves a place among the best and most imaginative of the Italian painters. Nowhere is his work more interesting than at Varallo, both in the church and in these sanctuaries at Monte Sacro.

In visiting Europe for the first time the art student is often impressed with the power of painters whose names before he had hardly heard. Of these, Ferrari is a forcible example. Born in Valduggia, in 1484, near Varallo, he was a disciple of Leonardo and Raphael, and resembled these painters in the brilliant composition of simple figures, shown in their foreshortening in difficult poses, as well as in the elegant grace of their outlines.

In the church at Varallo-Sesia is an immense screen, representing the Crucifixion and various other scenes in the life of Christ, done on separate panels by Ferrari. This is, perhaps, the most famous of any of his pictures, where the powerful expression of the figure dominates an artistic technique most masterly. Each panel is divided from the others ; yet so excellent is the decorative effect of color that dark shades of green or brown or purple, which are still very clear and pure after so long an interval since they were painted, make as fascinating a relief to pale forms and garbs in the various panels as a Botticelli. It would seem that the same hand might have wrought this painting as delineated Botticelli's "Madonna in the Garden," with the little St. John, and holding the infant Saviour against the dark background of roses and rose-trees, in his picture in the Louvre.

The decorative sense now attributed so largely and almost exclusively to Japanese art had its full expression, also, among such early painters as Cimabue, Carpaccio, or Cima. Raphael and Titian appear to have felt this quality less than the older men, but the imagination of Ferrari was impressed by it, and the screen in the Varallo

church, in its massed colors and flat tints, might easily belong to a stained glass window or the illuminated page of a missal. Single figures here, too, with bent forms and limbs in wonderful foreshortening, relieved one against the other, are as forcibly depicted as the figures in the foreground of Raphael's "Transfiguration" or Leonardo's "Last Supper."

The visitor to the cathedral at Como has still another experience of the splendor of coloring of Ferrari, where the fresh tints of stately women, with flowing yellow hair and green and crimson draperies, untouched by time, afford delightful memories of this artist of many-sided excellence.

II

THE three lakes — of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore — which form such an important feature of the physical geography of northern Italy, leave, perhaps, the most vivid impression on the minds of travellers of any spots in that romantic region.

Sailing over these lovely lakes, and looking on the villas and gardens which line them, one observes the streams coursing down from the summits above, and the imagination often dwells on those remote heights, where only some chance bell-tower appears ; it may be with a lonely hamlet skirted near it ; or that a little cottage of a cowherd gleams far up on a mountain meadow, and suggests the strange or beautiful or simple life such regions may conceal.

Between Lake Lugano and Lake Como a precipitous ridge forms the spine of a mountain range, which, whether it be a part of the Apennines or of the Alps it seems difficult to determine. At any rate it constitutes a portion of the border-line between the two. Here is Monte Generoso, the tallest summit ; and, looking northward, steep cliffs are divided by abrupt ravines.

It was a warm, quiet evening when I arrived at the town of Lugano, and the after-glow from the sunset flickered the still waters of the lake, whose turquoise tints were broken by light ripples. Small boats, with their round-ribbed framework for awnings by day, lay moored near the shores.

Not a sound broke the quiet, except where the silver-toned bell of a church was

heard from some distant spot. A deep purple shadow had settled on the hills opposite the town, and here and there some peak yet caught the fading daylight.

In one shadow, even more dense than the others, far up and entirely solitary, a faint light now appeared. It was as small as a star, and seemed nearly as remote. My companion, a native of Lugano, pointed out the light to me, saying: "That is Lanzo d' Intelvi, where you are going, and where you will find your friends."

I had been alone and among strangers, and now the thought of the warm hearts and the warm life up there amid the dark shadows of the mountains brought a moisture to my eyes. "How far that little candle throws its beams," I repeated to myself.

The next morning, seated in the small steamer which was to convey me a few miles up the lake to Osteno, the village whence I was to take a carriage to Lanzo, my eyes sought the spot where I had observed the light the evening before. There, to be sure, out full in view, but looking very tiny from its great distance, stood the house my friends occupied, with not an object to obscure it.

Turning round some low headlands and going to and fro across the now narrowing lake, to drop a passenger at one of the villages or to pick up freight for a more distant town, we slowly neared Osteno.

Here Italy and Switzerland nearly touch, and a cannon-ball might easily be fired across the lake. The custom of smuggling here is so difficult of repression that flash-lights are thrown from one country to the defiles along the shore of the other. Many a night their penetrating rays slipped along the hillsides to descry a covert boat or some gang of smugglers creeping up the defiles with their booty. These flash-lights render illicit trade a difficult one, and serve the cause of good order by dispersing wild bands of men, who otherwise would render this region insecure.

As we all know, Italians have a peculiar faculty for making a noise under excitement. When I arrived at the little village of Osteno, with its old stucco houses, its faded signs and frescos on the houses, no carriage was there to meet me, as I had expected. One man seized my trunk, another my valise, and another conducted me to the office of the *douane* near by, where a

stout and good-natured Italian showed no alacrity to examine my luggage, but a general kindly interest to make me easy in my mind. His office was surrounded by a crowd of Italians, old and young, who all assured me that no *vetture* had been sent from Lanzo, offering at the same time to take the long road to get one for me.

At a small beer-garden close by I sought some refreshment while considering my position and what I had best decide on. When the woman who kept this simple restaurant brought me out a little bottle of *Asti* and some bread, she contrived, in broken French and Italian, to assure me "*de rester tranquille*." Boys were now running hither and thither, the officer from the *douane* was talking to me, and finally I despatched a lad up the mountain-road to see if my *vetture* was anywhere in sight.

It was Sunday morning, and it seemed as if all the men and boys of the place were idle. In times of difficulty, fortunately for myself, I generally feel composed in my mind. So now, as I surveyed what seemed like kindly people, I looked at the rude restaurant-hotel and determined that if I should be obliged to remain here for awhile, I could bear the delay with equanimity. Time went along, and I, as well as my companions, had my ears open for any sound which might betoken the approach of a carriage or horses. At the end of an hour, exclamations and little shouts mingled with decidedly the rumble of wagon wheels. The young courier I had sent to investigate came running toward me to say that the *vetture* was come, and that he had met it two miles up the glen. To put the luggage on the back of the vehicle, to tie it there with a rope, to pay my messenger a couple of francs amid the vociferations of his companions, and to find myself in a low, heavy, four-seated carriage behind a couple of steady horses and their driver, was the event of the next few moments. Bidding good-by to the woman who had persuaded me *de rester tranquille*, I began the ascent of the mountain and to thread the narrow way which led to Lanzo.

Important pieces of engineering in Italy are the wonder and admiration of thoughtful travellers. Among the most interesting of these is the railroad which leads through the St. Gothard Pass, from Milan to Lucerne, evincing the skill both of the Swiss

and Italians. Even after the traveller has been over this road more than once, when again he sees the various levels at which the train enters and emerges from the interior of the mountain he is filled with astonishment.

It will be recalled how in one place the engineering has been so closely defined that a cork-screw tunnel, carried in and out of the mountain four times, finds the traveller just below a little church with its white spire before he first enters the tunnel; then the train emerges on a level with this church. Again the railroad plunges into the black mouth of the earth, to come out again above the top of the church-spire, till at length it finally arrives on the heights above, where, far down in the ravine among the trees and torrents, he again beholds this little church. At the same time he can view the various lines of the railroad, where they appear hundreds of feet below each other.

From the time of the Romans the Italians, we know, have had a genius for road-making and engineering. Though they have been poor, with their handwork in cutting and matching stone, they have built a system of walls and tunnels and firm pavement, which we in America, with all our machinery and appliances, may well imitate.

Though the great highways of Italy are so well reputed, it might be imagined that when we traversed such a lonely and unfrequented region as that which led up the height from a little village like Osteno among the farms and forests above it, the smooth roadway, with its fine escalade or substantial bridges, might give place to a rocky and broken path. I spoke before of the pavement up the mountain-spur from Varallo-Sesia to Monte Sacro. Now, when my *vettura* at Osteno turned in amid gardens of myrtles and pears, cherries and peaches, enclosed by stone walls, the smooth white ribbon of the road was as firm and even as the streets of Florence or the *stradas* of Rome. It was a narrow valley, which led between the mountain ridges from the level of Lake Lugano to Lanzo d'Intelvi, and zigzag lines and turns brought the traveller first to one class of scenery, then to another. From gardens filled with fruit-trees and flowers, beside villas and across mountain-streams, one came to a group of farm-houses, with open-arched

barns and high-piled hay. Then at a loop in the road it entered a grove of mulberries, cut and trimmed and budded to look like skeleton trees just sprouting at the tips of the branches. An arched bridge was spanned across a water-fall, where a mill-wheel, sometimes old and broken, and at others grinding corn or cutting timber into boards, was seen. Then the *vettura* plunged into a magnificent chestnut and walnut grove, now in full blossom, its trees covered with yellow stars, through whose gnarled branches the sunlight flickered the roadway.

Up, up! now across the ravine to the other side! and then back again, till broad upland meadows were gained.

On one height was seen a crenellated castle; at another point some ruined tower appeared; and in the distance sunshine and shadow chased each other over lowering hills or flitted over a small group of the houses of some village.

The most beautiful thing of all this drive was when it passed across the many wide, smiling fields which lined the path. Here were flowers so varied and so lovely as to be the joy and the despair of the traveller. As the horses jogged slowly along in some places, one might try to count the varieties of pink and crimson and yellow lupine flowers, or the many-hued cyclamen, or the deep blue and light blue harebells and forget-me-nots, and yellow asters and buttercups, not to speak of tufted and plume-like grass of every delicate tint. As fast as thought could travel or the eye could discriminate, thirty, forty, fifty kinds of flowers were counted in this bed of variegated vegetation. Then the mind grew weary, and the flowery mass blurred and mingled in a brilliant maze. There seemed no spot where there was not a flower growing and dancing in the bright sunshine. This garden-land of northern Italy! But how few people know these lovely regions, and the flowers come and go unseen!

After about ten miles of such variety an old stucco arch was entered, and then signs and arrows pointed the avenue to the house I had seen from Lugano, and in five minutes more its light façade appeared.

A pleasant surprise all about Europe is to come on such civilized places as this one, after climbing mountain-passes or scaling dreary heights by torrent or by glacier.

Here, indeed, all seemed home-like and elegant. Verandas led to the open doors and French windows of the hotel; while a *piazza* in front was dotted with flowering oleanders, and short, thick trees formed shade to many benches beneath them. Before the house was spread out the wide panorama of Swiss mountains, and the Monte Rosa range, with its pink snow-covered summits, lay along the horizon, while the town of Lugano, whence I had first seen this spot the night before, lay at our feet, with its blue lake winding in and out between the buttresses of the near mountain spurs.

A gay though a small circle of people represented many nationalities at this pension, brought hither by its seclusion and its fresh country life. Here were Italians with gray eyes and *bizarre* dress, who played and sang to the violin or

the joy of early married life. And when she appeared laden with flowers she had gathered either for their colors or beauty. Now she told the botanical name of some specimen, which she diligently compared with her text-book; then it was various small pinks or flowering grass she arranged in bell-shaped glasses the length of the dinner-table; again, in thin black gauze, her own garments were ornamented by yellow and brown and terra-cotta-hued blossoms.

These cultivated English seem to have a peculiar genius to systematize, to adorn, and to bring into intelligent completeness their conditions, wherever they may be. With tin box to collect their botany, straps on legs, and knickerbockers, with the neat sailor hat, one meets them everywhere, strong, cheerful, and occupied to get what they can from their environment.

Grass for the Cattle.

SKY-LINE - AND - ROOFS -

casion had only to occur when the dull faces of these ladies lighted with intelligence, and they narrated where they had met some special posy, and told how they had painted pictures of all the vegetation they had found from Algiers to Norway, reminding one of Miss North with her wonderful pictures at Kew—the flowers of the whole world; or Miss Bird, in her adventures from Japan to the Rocky Mountains. Perhaps, from the necessity of their conditions in being so often without men as husbands or companions, nowhere does the unmarried woman seem so pleasantly intelligent or full of agreeable life as these natives of Great Britain. Reading, travelling, and occupied in deeds of goodness and charity, one almost envies the contented life these women of moderate condition lead, with some sister or niece as their companion.

While at Monte Sacro the classical spirit of Italy blended so gently with the devotional, so here it again recurred, to mingle with the modern life of England or America; and botany and

tique sculpture

among the mulberry and chestnut groves, or it appeared in the habitations of the peasants, of the same sylvan description as are painted on their frescos or carved on an urn or a façade.

Very near to our dwelling, on a slope among the hills, stood a little group of stucco buildings, which composed a *Lateria*. Here lived a large family of Italians—men, women, and children—and here, of a summer afternoon, visitors at Lanzo d'Intelvi liked to stray, to sit in the cool shadows of the arbors, and watch the brown-faced men working among their vines or vegetables, and tending their mild-eyed, dove-colored cattle. They clattered about in wooden sandals, and when a little, gray-eyed maiden came shyly in answer to a summons, she asked if "fresh milk," "cold milk," or "cream" was what she was desired to bring the guest. Soon a glass was pro-

duced, in which foamed warm milk just from the cow, or a glass or half-glass of yellow cream was given to the tired or heated visitor.

-AT- LANZO - d'INTELVI -

On a Sunday afternoon the whole family were resting at the *Laiteria*. Old men and lads were stretched out, lying on rude benches and tables beneath the flat green roof of heavy leaves, under which appeared supports for the arbor made of tall poles, whose bark still shone dark and knotted. One old man, as dun as a shepherd by Titian, with gray hair and beard clustered about his bare neck and forehead, was taking his sleep, lying on his face, prone on a broad table of the *Laiteria*. Not a muscle moved as he reposed in the cool shadow, while his deep breathing raised his back and shoulders. He looked very aged, and I thought of him as feeble. But presently he awoke with a shiver, and, stretching out legs and arms and shaking himself, he got up as strong and full of vigor as a Hercules, or one of his sons or grandsons. The cows were heard lowing in the pastures, and the hens and chickens which fluttered about came to gather up crumbs or to jump up and down on benches or tables.

One of the women, with her fine black hair, shading blue in the sunshine, and braids close to the back of her head, was attending more or less to this family. She gathered up a child, called to a boy lower down in the meadow, gave out milk or cream as it was ordered, and then she, too, entered into the general rest and Sunday

resqueness, with dim shadows, purple distance, and the yellow stucco of the buildings. Then, too, the rustic bowers, with the black accents of hair and deep-red cheeks of women and boys, besides brown pots and pails, formed pictures of many descriptions. Such groups brought into fine contrast genre scenes of interiors which could be seen in kitchens of the villages one visited on these hillsides. Always dusky, with some ray of pale gray light penetrating brown walls and resting on rude settles or chimneys; here a baby, a goat, or dog, or more often a gray-haired old man or woman, made a subject for an Israels or Neuhaus, except that the virility which in Italy still clings to age gives a major note in place of a minor note, such as one observes in the hard, cramped climate of the North. The necks of these Italians continue hard and firm and knotted, while the full-veined temples form a significant contrast to the hollow and shrunken foreheads, such as Israels depicts.

These remote regions, as I said before, are the common meeting-place for people from many lands. Wandering about the narrow paths which lie at a short distance from the hotel at Lanzo, an old Welshman of more than ninety years might often be seen, in a long black robe and close-fitting alpaca cap, leaning on the arm of his Russian nurse. Under the shade the two often stopped for loud reading, and the London

Times, or some German book of philosophy, fixed the attention of this old man, who even in his advanced life talked well and with effect on British policy or American affairs.

There was a little stone-arched loggia on the hill slope, through whose openings the best views in this neighborhood appeared. The opaline colors of the neighboring Alps, with Lake Lugano nestled at their feet, in all blues and purples and rosy tints, lay against each other with cloud effects passing over them; or clouds and peaks mixed in an indistinguishable maze. A dozen white villages at every height, from where the bell-towers of Lugano cut the

mountain-side or reflected in the lake to tiny hamlets half hid on the heights, appeared from this little loggia. Here of a

morning some straggling artist might be seen, with oil or water colors, making a souvenir of surroundings, which, though it might be a faint impression here on the spot, in remote countries or different and rougher scenes would make the memory blossom as the rose with the lovely vistas of Lanzo d'Intelvi.

For these pictures in northern Italy come back before the mind's eye continually: a monk so serious, a costumed peasant bright as the figures in Botticelli's "Spring" and as fantastic, faunlike Italian boys skipping about in the sunshine, beside grave visitors from distant lands—all mix and mingle

beneath the chestnut-trees which lend both light and shadow to these sylvan groves.

A Head-dress.

PHAEDRA

By Edith Wharton

Nor that on me the Cyprian fury fell,
 Last martyr of my love-ensanguined race;
 Not that my children drop the averted face
 When my name shames the silence; not that hell
 Holds me where nevermore his glance shall dwell
 Nightlong between my lids, my pulses race
 Through flying pines the tempest of the chase,
 Nor my heart rest with him beside the well.

Not that he hates me; not, O baffled gods—
 Not that I slew him!—yet, because your goal
 Is always reached, nor your rejoicing rods
 Fell ever yet upon insensate clods,
 Know, the one pang that makes your triumph whole
 Is, that he knows the baseness of my soul.

THE QUEEN VERSUS BILLY

By Lloyd Osbourne



It was the Sandfly, Captain Toombs, that brought the news to Sydney and intercepted Her Majesty's third-class cruiser Stingaree, as she lay in Man-of-War Cove, with her boats hoisted in and a deck-load of coal as high as her bulwarks, on the eve of a long trip into the western Pacific. It was the same old story; another white man sent to his last account in the inhospitable Solomons, where if the climate does not kill you the black man soon will: "Thomas Hysslop Biggar, commonly known as 'Captain Tom'; aged forty-six; British subject; occupation, trader in coprah; place of residence, Sunflower Bay, Island of Guadalcanaar; murdered by the natives in September, 1888, between the 7th and the 24th, and his station looted and burned." There was trouble in store for Sunflower Bay; they had killed Collins in 1884, and Casseroles the Frenchman in 1887, and had drawn upon themselves an ominous attention by firing into the Meg Merrilies in the course of the same year. Murder was becoming too frequent in Sunflower Bay, and Captain Casement, while policing those sweltering seas, was asked to "conduct an inquiry into the alleged murder of T. H. Biggar, and take what punitive measures he judged to be necessary."

It was not everybody who would have liked such a job; in dealing with savages the innocent are too often lumped with the guilty; and while you are scattering death and canister among the evil-doers, you are often mangling their wives and children in a way horrible to think of. Captain Casement had seen such things in the course of his eventful service, and though no stickler where his duty was concerned, he was neither a brute nor a coward. He was a simple gentleman of character, parts, and conscience; with refined tastes, and a horror of shedding innocent blood. Under his command were five officers: Facey, acting first-lieutenant; Burder, acting second; Assistant Pay-

master Pickthorn, Engineer Sennett, Dr. Roche, and a crew of eighty-eight men.

After a roundabout cruise through the pleasant groups of Fiji, Tongataboo, and Samoa, with little to occupy him save official dinners, tennis-parties and an occasional dance ashore, Captain Casement headed his ship for the wild western islands and pricked out a course for Sunflower Bay. One hot morning, when the damp, moist air made everything sticky to the touch and the whole ship sweated like a palm-house from stem to stern, and everybody went about his duty limp and tired in that atmosphere of shaving-water, the Stingaree ran past the towering cliffs and roaring breakers of Guadalcanaar, and let go her anchor off the blow-hole in Sunflower Bay. It was a most melancholy spot to look at, though beautiful in a gloomy and savage fashion, and the only sign of man's occupancy was the blackened ruin of the trader's house, a small mountain of coal half covered with creepers, and a flag-staff surmounted by a human skull. There was no visible beach, for the mangroves ran to the water's edge, save where it had been partially cleared away by the man whose murder they had come to avenge; nor did the closest scrutiny with the glass betray any tell-tale smoke or the least sign of habitation. The interminable forest, stretching from the mangroves to the mist-swept mountains, sheltered safe within its dim recesses the squalid, pot-bellied savages who had roused the anger of the British Queen. Captain Casement surveyed the place with his keen, practiced eyes, and the longer he looked the less he liked it. The desolation jarred upon his nerves, and his heart fell a little as the blow-hole burst hoarsely under the ship's quarter, and the everlasting breakers on the outer reef droned their note of menace and alarm.

"Goodness gracious," he said, in his abrupt, impatient fashion, as he stood beside Facey on the bridge and superintended the laying of the kedje. "I don't half like the look of it, Facey; it's a

damned nasty looking place. They could pot a whole boat's crew and we'd be none the wiser."

The first lieutenant nodded. He was a burly, inarticulate man, to whom speech was always a very serious matter.

"And see here, Facey," went on the Captain, "guns don't matter much; none of the devils shoot fit to speak of; but their poisoned arrows are the very dickens—you know that was the way Goode-nough was killed. You'd better wear a couple of undershirts and drawers and a pair of gloves."

"Won't the gloves look bad before the men, sir," said Facey.

"Oh, you'll find wool mitts for them in the package Charles has," went on Casement. "I made it up in Sydney before starting; jewsharps, strike-lights, negro-head and some tinselly things to strike the nigger fancy. If you go about it in the right way a few presents of this sort often save a fight and help to put things on a friendly footing."

"Am I to go, sir?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes," said Casement. "You must take Pickthorn and twenty-five men in the first cutter. Send Burder in the second with twenty more to cover your landing. And for God's sake, Facey, keep cool, and neither get flustered nor over-friendly! Don't shoot unless you have to. These are the most treacherous savages in all the world, though they are just sophisticated enough to fear a navy uniform. Be gentle and firm, and do everything with as little fuss and as great a show of confidence as you can."

"All right, sir," said Facey.

Half an hour later, Facey, with twenty-five well-armed men, had vanished into the mangroves, while Burder and his crew lay forty yards off the shore in the second cutter, the officer devouring "Under Two Flags," and the men smoking and yarning in the bottom of the boat. On the Stingaree two light guns were cast loose and made ready to open fire at a moment's notice, and a look-out man was stationed in the main-top. The doctor busied himself in dismal preparation, and the Captain paced the bridge with quick and anxious steps, fretting for the safety of his party ashore.

Hour after hour passed and brought

never a token from the melancholy woods. The fierce sun mounted to the zenith and sank again into the western sky. Casement was beside himself with suspense; a cup of tea served him for lunch, and he smoked one cigar after another. A deep foreboding brooded over the ship; the men sat or walked uneasily about the waist; the main-top was clustered with anxious blue-jackets; and old Quinn, the gunner, a half-crazy zealot whose religious convictions were of the extremest order, pattered off prayers beside the shotted guns. Toward five o'clock, when things were looking desperate and all began to fear the very worst, a sudden shout roused the ship, and the shore party, noisy and triumphant, were seen streaming down to the beach. A few moments later the two boats pulled slowly off to the ship, Facey's company the richer by a black man, whose costume consisted of little more than the ropes with which he was bound. A thundering cheer hailed them as they swept under the stern and drew up at the star-board gangway, and Facey was soon wringing his captain's hand.

"My goodness, Facey," he said, "I wouldn't pass another such day for a thousand pounds! I know you're dead beat, old man, but I'm on fire to hear your news."

Facey was dog-tired, and his tattered clothes and scratched face gave evidence of a toilsome march. But he was in a boisterous good-humor; he had acquitted himself with marked success; and was thankful to have brought back his party and himself safe and sound, every man of them.

The Captain drew him eagerly into his cabin and dosed the young hero with a tall whiskey-and-soda.

"Now spit it out," he said.

"We landed at the trader's house," began Facey, "followed a path that led inland, and reached some kanaka huts. Not a soul in 'em; clean gone every man-jack. Followed along a well-beaten path which led us into the next bay, bearing north-north-east half-east, keeping the liveliest look-out all the time. Three miles along we ran into another village, chock-a-block with niggers. It looked a nasty go; lots of guns and spears lying handy, and the folks pretty skittish, kind of they would

and they wouldn't ! I recollected all you'd said and went slow ; you know what I mean ; worked off the presents and smoked my pipe leisurely like a man with a dock-yard berth. By and by they came round, tricky as Sydney bookies, on to make friends or to eat us alive, whichever seemed the more promising. I let out what I wanted, and bit by bit found out that all the Sunflower Bay crowd were there, even to old Jibberik, the chief—him Toombs said was the biggest scoundrel of the lot. He looked pretty sick and knew mighty well what we were after. I talked broadsides to that old man, and put it to him that he had better give up the chaps who had killed the trader than waltz back to the ship and be shot instanter himself. For somebody had to go, I said ; and just as soon as I got the old codger alongside of me I gave him to understand that he was my bird, and kept my cocked pistol pointed at his belly. After no end of a fuss and lots of frothing and loud talking, with things looking precious ugly for yours truly now and again, we ended by coming out on top. Then they yanked along a young nigger named Billy, a returned labor-boy from the Queensland plantations, they said, and handed him over to me as the murderer. I thought it was more than likely they'd give us some cheap nigger they had no use for, or some worn-out old customer, same as they did in Pentecost to Dewar of the Royalist ; but I think this Billy was all right. A lot of niggers—Billy's own push, I suppose—looked as black as fits and wouldn't come round for a long time. Then I lashed the prisoner's hands and tied him to one of our men, and talked to Jib like a brother. I made him promise he'd bring his people back at once and be down on the beach, himself and two others, to-morrow morning, to give evidence against Billy. I wanted the people back so we could shoot the nigger before them all and bury him on the place where the trader's house used to stand."

"You've done well, Facey," said Casement, as his lieutenant drew to a close, "and I tell you the story sha'n't lose when I report it to the Admiral. You've done credit to the ship, and have every right to feel jolly well satisfied with yourself. You can run along now and get your clothes off," he added.

Facey jumped to his feet. "I am sure I am awfully obliged to you, sir," he said.

"Ugh, that's all right," said Casement, in his testy way. "What have you done with the prisoner ?"

"Turned him over to the sergeant for safe-keeping, sir," returned the officer.

"Leg-irons ?" asked Casement.

"Leg-irons, handcuffs, and a dog-chain," returned Facey, with a grin. "He's cost too much to take any chances of his getting off."

"Right you are," said the Captain, and bowed out his subordinate.

The first thing next morning old Jibberick was brought aboard with his two companions. He was a disgusting old gorilla of a man, with a hairy chest and a cold, leering eye ; a vicious-looking scarecrow of humanity, of a type incredibly cruel and debased. He had worked up enough courage over night to beg for everything within sight, and he fingered the clothes and accoutrements of the seamen like a greedy child. His two friends were not a whit behind him, either in manners or appearance. They clicked and chattered like monkeys, and showed extraordinary fearlessness in that armed ship amid the swarming whites ; the only man they seemed to dread was old Jib himself ; and they wilted under his piercing glance, like flowers in the sun, whenever his baleful attention fell their way.

Four bells was the time set for the court-martial ; and at nine o'clock Casement sent for Facey and told him he must prepare to defend the prisoner.

"Burder will prosecute for the Queen," he said. "Pickthorn will act as clerk. Sennett, Roche, and I will compose the court."

The first lieutenant was overcome. "I don't think I can, sir," he said, feebly. "I never did such a thing in my life before ; I wouldn't know where to begin or to leave off for that matter."

"You can leave off when we hang your prisoner," Casement returned, with his bull-doggish air. "Of course, it's all a damned farce," he went on. "Somebody's got to act for the nigger ; it's printed that way in the book."

"I'll move for an adjournment," said Facey.

"I'll be hanged if you will," said the

Captain. "It's a beastly business and we must put it through in short order."

"I'd rather fight Bob Fitzsimmons," groaned Facey.

"You can do that later," said Casement, with a grin.

The Lieutenant saluted and walked away to find his prisoner.

Billy was clanking his chains in a canvas hutch alongside the sick-bay, where a man lay dying. He looked up as Facey approached, and his face brightened as he recognized his captor. He was a good-looking young negro, and the symmetry of his limbs, and his air of intelligence and capacity, stood out in pleasant contrast with the rest of his comrades in Sunflower Bay.

"Billy," said Facey, "they are going to make judge and jury for you by and by; and I am to talky-talky for you."

"All same Queensland," returned Billy. "May the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

Facey was stupefied. "Where in thunder did you learn that?" he demanded.

"Oh, me savvy too much," said Billy.

"Now, see here," said the Lieutenant. "You didn't kill that trader?"

"Yes, I kill him," said Billy, cheerfully.

"You did?" cried the other.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," said the prisoner, bluntly.

"If you tell that to the Captain he'll shoot you for sure," said Facey. If the prisoner was to be defended he was going to give him all the help he could.

The black boy looked distressed and nodded a forlorn assent.

"You'll be a big fool to say that," said Facey.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," repeated Billy, with sullen defiance.

"You unmitigated idiot, you'll do for yourself," cried the Lieutenant, angrily. "What's the good of my talking for you if you can't stand up for yourself?"

Billy began to whimper; the other's loud voice and threatening demeanor seemed to overwhelm him. Facey was struck with contrition.

"Now shut up that snivelling," he said, more kindly. "Tell me true, Bill. Isn't this some humbuggery of old Jib's—a regular plant—to shield somebody else at the cost of your hide?"

Billy rolled his eyes, and wiped away the tears with a grimy paw.

"White fellow no good. I kill——"

"You be damned!" cried his legal adviser.

At ten o'clock the court-martial was assembled on the quarter-deck. The Captain, with his brawny shoulders thrown forward, and his hands deep in his trouser pockets, had all the air of a man in the throes of indigestion. On either side of him were Sennett and Roche, neither particularly at their ease; and in front, beside a table covered with a flag, was Pickthorn, with a clerkly outfit and a Bible. Billy stood in chains beside a couple of marines, looking very sad and done-for. The old gorillas, with their filthy kilts bulging with what they had begged or pilfered, were in charge of the sergeant, who had all he could do to prevent them spitting on the deck.

Facey was the first one sworn. He deposed as to the capture and identity of the prisoner. Then Billy was led up to the table and told to plead.

"Kiss the book and say whether you murdered the trader or not," said the Captain.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," quavered the prisoner.

"Pleads guilty," said Casement, to the clerk.

"What did you do it for?" demanded the court.

Billy reiterated his stock phrase.

"Take him away," said the Captain.

Jibberik was the next witness. He kissed the book as though it were his long-lost brother, and looked almost unabashed enough to beg it of Pickthorn. I shall not weary the reader with his labored English, that lingua Franca of the Isles, which in the westward is known as Beach da Mar. He told a pretty plain story: Billy and the trader had always been on bad terms. One night, crazy with palm-toddy, Billy had sneaked down to Captain Tom's house and shot him through the body as he was reading a book at supper. As to the subsequent burning and looting of the station the old savage was none so clear, and sheltered himself in the unintelligibility of which he was a master. His two companions followed suit, and drew the noose a little tighter around Billy's throat.

Then rose Burder for the Queen. He was a cheeky youngster, with pink cheeks, a glib tongue, and no end of assurance.

"I don't propose to waste the time of the honorable court," he began; "but if ever there was a flat-footed, self-confessed murderer it is the dusky gentleman in the dock. The blood of Biggar cries aloud for vengeance," he said. "He would point to that dreary ruin of which the defunct had been the manly ornament, radiating civilization around him like a candle in the dark, and then to that black monster, who had felled him down with one cruel swoop. This kind of thing had got to stop in the Solomon Islands; the natives were losing all respect for whites, and he put it to the court whether they would not jeopardize the life of the new trader if they acquitted the murderer of the old. Now that they had got their hand in, he would go even farther and hang up with Billy the three witnesses for the prosecution, old Jib and the other brace of jossers, who had villain and cut-throat stamped——"

"Stick to the prisoner," cried the court.

"I bow to correction," went on Burder; "anyway, I'm about through. I say again, this is no time for half-measures; and I say that Sunflower Bay will be a better place to live in without Mr. Billy. I leave it to the honorable court, with every confidence, to vindicate justice in these beastly islands by slinging up the prisoner without further loss of time. The case for the Queen is closed, gentlemen."

"I believe you appear for the defence, Mr. Facey?" said Casement, as the Queen's prosecutor took his seat.

"I do, sir," returned the first lieutenant, nervously.

"I should like to say, first of all," he began, "that I will not cross-examine these dirty old savages who have given evidence against my client. I quite agree with everything my honorable friend has said regarding them, and I should be ashamed to shoot a yellow dog on the word of such cut-throats. We've been told that the Kanakas are losing all respect for whites, and that if we don't take some extreme measures there will be the deuce to pay in these islands. Perhaps there will be; but is that the British justice we're so

proud of, or is it fair-play, gentlemen, to the unfortunate wretch who is trembling before you! From what I've seen of the whites in this group, I'm in a line with the Kanakas. Now, as to this Billy: What on earth is there against him but his own confession? and that, I beg leave to point out to the honorable court, may be all fudge. As like as not he is the scape-goat for the whole bay, and has been coached up to tell this story under the screw. Just look one moment at old Jib there, and see how his pals wither when his eyes fall their way. For all we know to the contrary his gibberish and click-click may be to the tune of 'Billy, you son of a gun, I'll cut you into forty pieces or flay you alive if you don't stick to what I've told you.' After all, what have we learned of Billy? Nothing more than this: 'White fellow no good; I kill him.' Is that what anybody would call a full confession? Does it give any clew or details as to the motive or the carrying out of this murder? I tell you, gentlemen, it was the whole blooming bay that killed Biggar, and that Billy was just as guilty or just as innocent as the rest. And there is one thing I feel mortal sure about: that if we took the prisoner outside the heads we will soon get the gag off his mouth, and learn a good deal more about this ugly business. Under old Jib's searchlight he's got to keep a close lip on him; but take him out to sea and I answer for it he won't be so reticent. In conclusion, gentlemen, I say again that the evidence in this case is inconclusive; that the honorable gentleman who has appeared for the Queen appealed to the passions and prejudices of the court rather than to their consciences and sense of fair-play; that Billy's confession is perfect rot; and that we should be slinging up an innocent man if we hang the prisoner at the bar."

A dead silence fell upon the court when Facey drew his case to a close and resumed his seat. Nothing could be heard but the scratching of Pickthorn's pen and the reverberating growl of the blow-hole as it fretted and fumed within for the screaming blast which was soon to follow. Casement rammed his hands deeper into his pockets, gnawed his tawny mustache, and protruded his chin in the bulldoggish

way characteristic of the man. At last, with a start, he awoke from his reverie, and barked out :

"Mr. Sennett, as the youngest member, it is for you to speak first."

"I think he's guilty, sir," said Sennett.

Casement turned his quick glance on Roche.

"Same here," said the doctor.

"The finding of the court," said the Captain, "is that the prisoner Billy is guilty of the murder of T. H. what's his name—Biggar—at Sunflower Bay, on the blank day of September, 1888, and is to be shot as an example to the island. Sentence to be deferred until I get the ship back from New Ireland, where I've to look into that Carbutt business and the outrage at MacCarthy's Inlet, on the chance of the prisoner making a further confession and implicating others in his crime. The court is dismissed."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Pickthorn, looking up from his writing as the others rose to their feet. "What am I to call the case : the Queen versus Billy what?"

"Billy nothing, you idiot," said the Captain. "Call him William Pickthorn if you think it sounds better."

The verdict of the court was explained to Jibberik, and the old rogue and his brace of friends were landed in the cove, the boat returning to find the ship with anchor weighed and the loosened sails flapping on the yards. She was out of the bay in no time, and everyone grew confident that Billy's tongue would soon wag as he saw Sunflower Bay dwindle behind him. But the dogged savage stuck to his tale ; he had but one reply to all inquiries, to all probing and pumping for further particulars of the murder. On his side the conversation began and ended with : "White fellow no good ; I kill him." On other topics he could be drawn out at will, and proved himself a most tractable, sweet-tempered, and far from unintelligent fellow. The men got to like him immensely, keeping him in perpetual cigars and providing him with more grog than was quite good for Billy. In the fo'castle it was rank heresy to call him a murderer or to express any doubts regarding his innocence. He became at once the pet and the mystery of the ship, and his canvas cell the rallying-point for all the little

gayeties on board. He played cards well ; was an apt pupil on the accordion, and at checkers he could beat the world. Nobody ever played checkers as well as Billy—at least, such was the universal opinion of the Stingarees, who had played in every corner of the globe—for perhaps no one before had ever spent so much of his life at the game. And he not only beat you, but he beat you handsomely, shaking hands before and after the event, like a prize-fighter in the ring.

Casement felt very uneasy about the boy ; he grew more and more uncomfortable at heart, and it was the talk of the ship that the problem of Billy was weighing on the "old man" like a hundred-weight of bricks. The whole business preyed upon him horribly, and he dreaded each passing day that brought the execution ever nearer. Billy kept him sleepless in the steaming nights ; Billy faced him like a spectre at his solitary board ; Billy's face blurred the pages of the books and magazines he had laid up for these weariful days in the Solomons. Casement visited his Frankenstein twice a day, against the better judgment that bade him keep away and try to forget him. He never said much after his first two ineffectual attempts to wrestle with Billy's stereotyped phrase and to extort further information. But with his hands in his pockets, and chewing a cigar, he would stare the black creature out of countenance for ten minutes at a time, with a look of the strongest annoyance and disfavor, as though his patience could not much longer withstand the strain.

The officers were not a whit behind their captain. Billy's artless ways and boundless good-humor had won the whole mess to his side ; and his grim determination to die, at once bewildered and exasperated every soul in the ward-room. The strange spectacle offered of a hundred men at work to persuade their prisoner to recall his damning confession, and on pins and needles to save him from a fate he himself seemed not to fear. The Captain as good as told Facey that if the boy would stoutly assert his innocence he would scarcely venture to shoot him, and this intelligence Facey handed on to his client, and, incidentally, to the whole ship's company. Never was a criminal so beset. Every man

on board tried in his turn to shake Billy's obstinacy, and to paint, in no uncertain colors, the dreadful fate the future held in store for him. One and all they retired discomfited; some with curses, others on the verge of tears. They swore at him for a fool; they cajoled him as they would a child; they acted out his last end with all fidelity to detail, even to a firing-platoon saying "Bang, bang," in dreadful unison, while a couple of seamen made Billy roll the deck in agony. The black-boy would shudder and wipe his frightened eyes. But his fortitude was unshaken:

"White fellow no good; I kill him."

Then old Quinn got after him; wild-eyed, tangle-haired old Quinn the gunner, who was half-cracked on religion, and whose convictions were none of the pale-hued kind in general vogue. He prayed and blubbered beside the wretched boy, and overwhelmed him with his red-hot appeals and perfervid oratory. Billy became an instant convert and got to love old Quinn as a dog his master. There was no more card-playing in Billy's cell; no more rum or tobacco; even checkers fell under the iron ban of old Quinn, to whom every enjoyment was hateful and smacking of the devil. Billy learned hymns instead, and would beguile the weary sentry on the watch with his sweet rendering of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," or "Go Bury Thy Sorrow." He was possessed, too, of a Bible that Quinn gave him, which was incalculably dear to him, and from which the old gunner would read, in his strident, overbearing voice, the sweet gospel of charity and good-will. But if old Quinn accomplished much, he ran, as they all ran at last, into that stone-wall of words which Billy raised against the world. Contrition for the murder which had doomed him to die, was what Billy would not show, or profess in any way to feel. Rant though old Quinn might, and beseech on bended knees, with his eyes burning and his great frame shaking with agitation, he could extort from his convert no other answer than the one which all knew so well. Billy's eyes would snap and his mouth harden.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," he would say.

As the days passed and the ship made her way from bay to bay, from island to island, in the course of her policing cruise

amongst those lawless whites and more than savage blacks, the Captain grew desperate with the problem of Billy. They all said that Casement looked ten years older, and that something would soon happen to the "old man" if Billy did not soon skip out; and the "old man" showed all the desire in the world to bring about so desirable a consummation. Billy was accorded every liberty; his chains had long been things of the past, and no sentinel now guarded him in his cell or watched him periodically in his sleep. Billy was free to go where he would; and it was the fervent hope of all that he would lose no time in making his way ashore. But though Casement stopped at half a hundred villages and laid the ship as close ashore as he dared to risk her, still, for the life of him, Billy would not budge. Then they thought him afraid of sharks, which are plentiful in those seas, and kept the dingy at the gangway in defiance of every regulation, in the hope that the prisoner would deign to use it. But Billy showed no more desire to quit the ship than Casement himself, or old Quinn. He did the honors of the man-of-war to visiting chiefs, and took no end of pride in his assured position on board. Go ashore? Escape? Not for worlds. Wasn't he a "Stingaree," the pet of the ship, and a "good, good Christian boy, sir?" Billy showed plainly that he had no such intention, whatever there might be in store for him when they returned to Sunflower Bay. The Captain determined upon new measures. He passed a hint to Facey, and Facey passed it to the mess, and the mess to the blue-jackets, that they were a-making things too comfortable for their Frankenstein. For awhile Billy's easy life came to an abrupt conclusion. His best friends began to kick and cuff him without mercy. He was rope's-ended by the bo'sun's mate, and the cook threw boiling water over his naked hide. The boy's heart almost broke at this, and he went about dejected and unhappy for the first time since he had come aboard. But no harsh usage, no foul words could drive him to desert the ship. He stuck to it like a barnacle for all the Captain spun out the cruise to an unconscionable length and stopped at all sorts of places that offered a favorable landing for the prisoner. But if Billy

grew sad and moody under the stress of whippings and bad words, it was as nothing to the change in Casement himself, who turned daily grayer and more haggard as he pricked a course back to Sunflower Bay. Of course, he maintained a decent reserve right along, and betrayed, in words at least, not a sign of his consuming anxiety to rid himself of Billy. But at last even his iron front broke down. It was on the bridge to Facey, when the ship had just dropped anchor in Port McGuire on the homeward stretch to Sunflower Bay not forty miles beyond.

"Facey," he said, "send Burder ashore with an armed party; tell him just to show himself a bit and come off again."

"Yes, sir," said Facey.

"I am thinking they might take Billy to translate for them," he went on, shamefacedly.

The first lieutenant turned to go.

"Hold on, old man," said the Captain, suddenly lowering his voice and drawing his subordinate close to him. "Just you pass it on to Burder that I wouldn't skin him alive—you know what I mean—if—well, suppose that black fellow cut his lucky altogether——"

Facey smiled.

"Of course," rasped out the Captain, "I can't tolerate any dereliction of duty. But if the young devil made a break for it——"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the first lieutenant, and darted down the brass steps three at a time. He called aside Burder and gave his instructions to that discreet youngster, who was sharp to see the point without the need for awkward explanations, and more than eager to carry out the job. A broad grin ran round the boat when Billy was made to descend and take his place beside Burder in the stern; and so palpable and open was the whole business that some aboard even shook the negro by the hand and bade him god speed.

A couple of hours later Burder embarked again and headed for the ship in a tearing hurry. A chuckle ran along the decks as not a sign of Billy could be made out, and the nearing boat soon put the last doubter at rest. There was no black-boy amongst the blue-jackets.

Burder skipped up the steps and saluted the Captain on the bridge.

"I have to report the escape of Billy, sir," he said, with inimitable gravity and assurance. "I scarcely know how it came to happen, sir, but he managed to bolt as he was walking between Miller and Cracroft."

"This is a very serious matter," said the Captain, with ill-concealed cheerfulness. "I don't know but what it is my duty to reprimand you very severely for this matter. However, if he's gone he's gone, I suppose. I hope you took measures to recapture him?"

"Yes, sir," returned Burder. "Looked for him high and low, sir."

"Poor Billy," said the Captain, with a smile that spoke volumes. "We'll say no more about it, Burder; it may be all for the best; but remember, sir, it mustn't happen again."

"No, sir," said Burder.

"How did you manage it, old man?" was the eager question that met the youngster as he took shelter in the ward-room and ordered "a beer." All his messmates were around him, save Facey, who was officer of the deck and couldn't do more than hang in the doorway.

"I tell you it wasn't easy," said the boy. "We promenaded all round the place and I tried like fun to shake him off. I sent him errands and hid behind trees and talked how we were going to shoot him to-morrow—but it was all no blooming good! I was at my wit's end at last and had almost made up my mind to tie him to a tree and run for it, when I got a bright idea. I pretended I had dropped my canteen under a banyan a mile behind the town, a kind of cemetery banyan, full of dead mens' bones—a rummy place, I can tell you. Wish Doc had been there with his snapograph—and when we got down near the boat I took the nigger on one side and bade him go and fetch it. 'And don't you come back without it, Billy,' said I. 'I'll be dismissed the service if I can't account for that canteen!' Then he asked how long I was going to stay, and I said a week; and Billy went off like a lamb while we squared away for the ship. Didn't you see the jossers pull?"

It had been the merest pretence that had taken the war-ship into Port McGuire, and now that her merciful errand had been so successfully accomplished, and Billy re-

luctantly torn at last from those who had to kill him, Captain Casement lost no time in ordering the ship to sea. But as the winch tugged and toiled and panted at the ten-ton anchor, and the great hull crept up inch by inch to the tautened chain, adrip with slime and mud, a sudden yell roused the Captain on the bridge and struck him as cruelly as one of those poisoned arrows he feared so much.

"Billy, on the starboard bow!"

Sure enough, a black poll protruded above the rippling bosom of the bay, and two glistening arms were seen driving a familiar dark countenance on a frantic course toward the vessel. It was Billy indeed, with his honest face marked with anguish and despair as he fought his way to regain his prison.

Casement groaned. And for this he had been holding Her Majesty's ship two long weeks in those God-forsaken islands and had invented one excuse upon another to delay his return to Sunflower Bay! Billy had been given a hundred chances to escape, and now, like a bad penny, here he was again, ready to precipitate the catastrophe which could no longer be postponed.

"Burder," barked the Captain over the monkey-rail, "there's your prisoner; you'd better yank him in."

A great laugh went up when Billy presented himself on deck, exhausted, dripping like a spaniel dog, and sorely hurt in spirit. He began at once to blurt out the story of the canteen and made a bee-line for Burder; but that intrepid youngster could afford to listen to no explanations, and in self-defence had to order Billy into the hands of the marines, who led him away protesting.

Casement's patience was now quite at an end. He headed the ship for Sunflower Bay and spared no coal to bring her there in short order. Three hours after they had passed out of the heads of Port McGuire the Stingaree was at anchor off the blow-hole in Sunflower Bay.

Facey was drinking a whiskey-and-soda, and preparing himself, as best he could, for the ordeal he knew to be before him, when the Captain's servant entered the ward-room and requested his presence in the cabin.

"Facey," said the Captain, without asking him to sit down, "take the Doctor

and the Pay and forty men well-armed from the ship, and when you've assembled the village take that Billy and shoot him."

"It's like killing a pet dog!" groaned the Lieutenant.

"Worse," rasped Casement, with a writhen smile. "It's like making away with a poor relation; scragging your deceased wife's sister's only son! Faugh, it makes me sick. Damn the boy, why couldn't he cut! Well, be off with you, old man, and be quick about it. Kill him as decently as you know how."

Billy did not at first realize how seriously he was involved in the plans of the shore party that was making ready. He dropped into one of the boats light-heartedly enough and took his place cheerfully between two marines with loaded rifles. But the mournful hush of all about him; the eyes that turned and would not meet his own; the tenderness and sorrow which was expressed in every movement, in every furtive look of his whilom comrades, all stirred and shook him with consternation. No one laughed at his little antics; he tickled the man next him, and nudged him, his friend Tommy, who could whistle like a blackbird and do amazing tricks with cards; but instead of an answering grin or a covert pinch, Tommy's eyes filled with tears and he stared straight in front of him. Billy was whimpering before they were half ashore, and some understanding of the fate in store for him began to struggle through his thick head.

There was no need to assemble the village. It was there to meet them, old Jib and all, silent, funereal, and expectant. The men were marched up to the charred remains of the trader's house and formed up on three sides of a square, leaving the fourth open to the sea. To this space Billy was led by Facey and old Quinn, the gunner. The negro looked about him like a frightened child and clung to the old man.

"Will you give the prisoner a minute to make his peace with God?" asked old Quinn.

Facey nodded.

Quinn plunged down on his knees, Billy beside him. For a brief space the gunner pattered prayers, thick and fast, like a man with no time to lose.

"Billy," he said at last, "as you stand

on the brink of that river we all must cross ; as the few seconds run out that you have still to live and breathe and make your final and everlasting peace with the God you have so grievously offended, let me implore you to show some sorrow, some contrition for the awful act that has brought you to this ! Billy, tell God you are sorry that you killed Biggar."

For a moment Billy made no answer. At last, in a husky voice, he said :

"You mean Cappen Tom, who live here before?"

"Him you hurled into eternity with all his sins smoking on him. Yes, Captain Tom, the trader."

"No !" cried Billy, with a strangled cry.

"Me no sorry. White fellow no good ; I kill him."

"Quinn," cried Facey, "your time's up." The first lieutenant's face was livid, and his hands trembled as he bound Billy's eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Stand right there, Billy," said the officer, turning the prisoner round to face the firing party that was already drawn up.

"Good-by, Missy Facey and gennelmen all," whimpered the boy.

"Good-by, Billy," returned the other. "Now, men," he added, as he ran his eye along the faltering faces, "no damned squeamishness ; if you want to help the nigger, you'll shoot straight. For God's sake don't mangle him. Fire !"

SOME TENDENCIES OF MODERN OPERA

By Reginald de Koven



It is difficult to predicate of the unknown, or to draw a conclusion which shall be unassailable from premises however correct, when one is ignorant of the future conditions which may affect the trend and scope of such premises ; but the condition of opera at the present time is so peculiar, and the attitude of the public toward it so curious, that, in spite of the vastness and complexity of the subject, one is tempted to forecast a little what its possible future may be, or at least to indicate some existing tendencies which may materially affect its future development.

It is a canon of art, a truth so fundamental as to be axiomatic, that in Art there is no standing still ; that Art to remain vital must be progressive ; but it should not be forgotten in this connection that there may be progress backward as well as forward. Before attempting to discuss what the future or possible tendencies of any given subject may be, it is certainly necessary to differentiate clearly, or at least come to a definite understanding in regard to the meaning of the term employed to describe the subject under discussion.

What, then, is meant to-day by the term "Opera?" what in the minds of the present generation is its meaning, purpose, and scope?

According to the technical definition, an opera is "a drama either tragic or comic, sung throughout, with appropriate scenery and acting, to the accompaniment of a full orchestra." This definition is certainly broad and elastic enough to include everything from "Tristan" to "The Barber of Seville," so that we should, if possible, attempt a more precise and specific definition of a term which might to-day be variously understood when measured by different standards and from divergent points of view.

In a century which has witnessed greater and more radical changes in human thought than any previous period in the world's history, no branch of art has undergone a greater change than that which we to-day speak of as "Opera." The very form and essence of what our forefathers were accustomed to look upon as Opera is to-day totally altered. Once the exclusive field of the musician, who, recognizing the limitations of his art as he understood them, aimed to make of Opera an exhibition of the capabilities of purely

vocal art in its highest expression, Opera, to-day, has become the domain of the poet. Not of the mere rhymester, but of the poet in the broadest sense; the maker, the creator, who, realizing the broad modern interpretation of Art, must draw for the expression of his ideas not merely on words alone, but on words, music, and the plastic arts to make of Opera a vehicle for the highest possibilities of emotional expression and dramatic truth.

What, indeed, do we understand nowadays by the term "Opera?" Had the question been asked a dozen years ago—in this country, at any rate—the answer would have been much more simple, for then it could have been said that Wagner alone had written Opera, and that the works written by other composers and designated by the same name were not Opera at all. But during the last few years, and especially since the Metropolitan Opera House was reopened by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, with the splendid ensemble of artists which carried Opera at that institution to a point of artistic and financial success never previously known in operatic annals, there has been a change. The public, while still accepting Wagner, seem to be unwilling to ignore the operatic works of other composers as being, as the ultra-Wagnerian disciples would have us believe, inartistic, unmodern, and out of date. Although it has been said, and said with emphasis, that the operas which might be included under the generic term "Italian Opera" were, to all intents and purposes, and so far as any influence they might have on the future of operatic art, dead and buried, the course of events at the Metropolitan during late years has shown that they were not even moribund, and that they were able to attract and retain a very large, if not the largest share, of popular interest, appreciation, and support.

The condition of musical art at the present time has been reached by progressive stages of logical and continuous development; but the progression has not been continuously upward. Like the tides of the ocean, the march of progress in art, as in other matters, has its ebb and flow. Each step onward and upward is generally followed by a reaction; and this has been notably true of the onward march of op-

eratic art since the time when, a little less than three centuries ago, the bases of modern opera were practically established by Jacopo Peri and the Bardi coterie, who formulated their theories and principles after the models of early Greek tragedy as the highest available authority on the subject. Small wonder that, when the possibilities of orchestral coloring were so limited, and the dry style of recitative then adopted as being dramatically truthful and significant was found capable of so little variety and contrast, composers subsequent to Peri weakened the true power of the drama by the introduction of measured melody and formally constructed movements. Then came Gluck, the Wagner of his time, and brought back, if only for the time being, to the music-drama the undying principles of dramatic truth and sincerity in musical expression.

Again there was a step backward, and in the palmy days of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti melody reigned supreme, and dramatic truth for the moment was to a great extent lost sight of; as melody was considered with regard to the possibility it afforded the singer of showing off his vocal powers and his control over them, rather than because of its appropriateness to the dramatic situation, or its capacity for reproducing the emotional mood, or the dramatic significance of the various characters. Rossini, in "William Tell," and Von Weber, in "Der Freischütz," made the next step upward and onward in the direction of dramatic truth, and then came Wagner, who called our attention not—as his ardent votaries contend—to a new creation and a new art form, but to a necessary reform. And yet a reformation which, so far as Recitative, Declamation, and Melody were concerned, was nothing more than a return to the first principles of true dramatic art, as applied to Opera, laid down at the reunions of the Bardi coterie. It must not be thought, however, that, while Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti—and Verdi in his first manner—declined to illustrate dramatic action in music beyond the limitations prescribed by a strict attention to the capacity of the human voice and the art of singing, they disregarded entirely dramatic truth and sincerity. There are passages in "Favorita," "Norma," and notably in "Lucia,"

which are evidently artistically true and sincere, even if the expression of this artistic truth is not carried beyond the limits of operatic Art as they were then recognized.

This fact would tend to show that the way to Wagner was opened slowly and by degrees. Beginning with Donizetti, a marked tendency is shown toward that individualism which is the dominant characteristic of the present age, and which by degrees broke the power of the Schools, and rendered Wagner an artistic possibility. Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Weber's "Der Freischütz," in particular, show that intellectual independence of thought which led directly to the successful promulgation of the Wagnerian ideas and theories. In "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," Wagner wrote what were perhaps the first examples of operas written on the lines on which apparently the present generation seems to be more or less agreed that operas should be written.

But almost as great a distance of musical development separates "Lohengrin" and the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring" as divides, let us say, "Norma" and "Lohengrin." Had "Lohengrin" marked the supreme expression of Wagner's theories the future of Opera would have been much less difficult to forecast than it now is. But the logical development of his theories for the regeneration of Opera, which involved changes far more significant than the mere adoption of a new style of writing, changes which could only be met and justified by the creation of an ideal so entirely new and strange that all past experience and theory were valueless, led Wagner, in after years, to almost deny "Lohengrin" as an exemplification of his theories at all. There can be no question that the dominating influence in music to-day is that exercised by the Wagnerian works and theories, and it is, therefore, only fair to suppose that this influence, more than any other, will affect the future of Opera as we now understand it. But if this is to be so, what will be the result?

The value of a work of art depends on the amount of natural truth it embodies; its longevity may be pretty accurately measured by the nobility of its conception, and that work in which the greatest effect

is produced by the least expenditure of means will generally prove the noblest. Bearing these principles in mind, what is the reasonable hope that a work like the "Niebelungen Ring," which represents the supreme expression of the Wagnerian method and theory, to fitly represent which it was necessary to build a new theatre, construct an orchestra on new and untried principles, fill it with a matchless and unrivalled body of instrumentalists collected from all over Europe, and order a stage production on a scale of magnificent realism almost unattainable except under special conditions, will live and endure, and form a basis and starting-point for future operatic construction? Has not the experience taught us by the work of operatic composers since Wagner shown that the "Niebelungen Ring," while a magnificent expression of intellectual genius, is an impossible and impracticable working basis of operatic construction?

More than a dozen years ago an eminent English critic, commenting on the signs of that imitation, that plagiarism of the Wagner manner already then evident among composers, pointed out the danger that would exist if Wagner's most enthusiastic supporters should attempt—as they certainly have done—to carry his views and theories even farther than he carried them himself. He says: "This warns us of serious danger, danger that the free course of Art may be paralyzed by a soulless mannerism worthy only of the meanest copyist; danger, on the other hand, of a reaction which will be all the more violent and unreasoning in proportion to the amount of provocation needed to excite it." He remarks further, and with truth: "It would take us a long day to tire of Wagner, but we cannot take him at second hand. 'Wagnerism,' nor gods nor men can tolerate."

Does not this warning seem almost prophetic? Are not the operatic composers of the day imitators almost to the extent of plagiarism? Are we not, indeed, getting "Wagnerism" Wagner at second hand *usque ad nauseam*? Are there not two perils, stagnation and reaction, which lie in wait for us? and does it not appear more than probable that between the two Opera is likely to come to a considerable amount of grief? There is certainly stag-

nation in opera at the present day. Operatic managers all over the world are looking for operatic novelties and find none. Within the last decade the operas written which have any artistic significance, or even the slightest element of enduring merit and lasting popularity, might be counted on the fingers of one hand, and as a result of this undoubted stagnation are we not more than likely to get a reaction which may well be in the direction of simpler forms, and a more euphonious, less pedantic and involved expression of musical thought? As the future that lies before us, whatever it may be, must be prepared by a careful and unremitting study of the past, so the leader of the new period of operatic writing, who is certainly yet to appear, must look to the past for the model and the basis of his future work, just as Wagner looked back to Jacopo Peri. But how far is he to look back? In what mould will his work be cast? After what model shall he build? On the lines of the dramas of the "Nibelungen Ring" or of an earlier work?

The world's history and development has been always carried along by great men, but it is quite possible, and history has shown, that sometimes the greatness of a man may be so intense, so overpowering, as to impede and even arrest the development which he himself inaugurated. It may seem both heretical and paradoxical to say so, but, while exalting Opera as an art-form to a position that it had never held before, Wagner, for the time being at least, practically killed Opera as a form of Art.

With all his genius, with all his overwhelming individuality and influence, Wagner did not succeed in founding a school. He left followers and imitators, but no successor; and this fact, more than any other, points and emphasizes the extraordinary tendency to individualism in modern art. A successor to Wagner, who would follow strictly along the lines he laid down, is improbable, if not impossible, because composers are not often equally great as poets and musicians, and it was the intensely close co-relation between text and music which was the great feature, the great novelty, the great power and strength of Wagner's work. If we admit this fact, if we allow that a Wagner, like a

Napoleon, occurs once within a cycle of centuries, and also admit—as obviously we must—that the composers of the present day are hopelessly, almost servilely, under his influence (another Wagner is hardly immediately possible), are we not forced to the conclusion that this influence of an overwhelming personality is responsible for the present undoubted stagnation in operatic production, and has, therefore, been subversive and hurtful both to Opera in particular and to the best interests of musical art in general?

Can we indeed say that we are richer in genius and promise in Opera since Wagner destroyed our operatic theories and, in pushing his own theories to an extreme of development, set up an impossible and impracticable standard of operatic construction? It is not at all inconceivable that had Wagner lived he himself would have recognized that he had indeed pushed his theories to an impracticable extreme, and evidences are not wanting in "Parsifal" that he had arrived at this conclusion.

No one can deny that Wagner was right in his view of the necessity of a logical reform in existing operatic methods as he found them. A restoration of dramatic truth and sincerity to musical art was an obvious and imperative necessity; and in that modern composers have learned—as they certainly have from him—to impart additional interest and charm to dramatic action by the help of music, to no longer make that action subservient to the exigencies of mere musical effect, but to weld poem and music into one indivisible, organic whole, they have learned much and have learned well. Any method, or theory, however admirable in itself, may be ruined and nullified in its effect by exaggeration, and this is what happened to the Wagnerian theories in the dramas of the "Nibelungen Ring." They are great works of art beyond peradventure, but they are not operas; and the experience of the past few years has shown that operas are what the public want. It has been shown also, that this same public are willing to follow Wagner in his reforms and accept them as valuable and necessary so long as they do not change, past recognition, Opera as they have known it, but that they will not permit the Music Drama, however they may admire it as a piece of magnificent

enthusiasm, as a monumental musical accident, to supersede that variety of musical art which, in one form or another, in more or less complete development, has been the principal delight of the musical world for two centuries and a half.

In other words, while Wagner's theories of the regeneration of Opera have been accepted at their full value, his attempt to found a new art-form in the Music Drama and force the public to accept it in lieu of the previous form has been a failure.

It is not difficult to understand how composers should be so dazzled by the effulgent brilliancy of the light of this new and wonderful musical gospel as to mistake the form for the substance, to miss the inner meaning and application of these great theories, and end by becoming imitators in manner and matter of an overpowering individuality rather than apostles, who, having realized the inner meaning and spirit of this new gospel, should preach it in all its purity and truth. It is impossible to deny that composers of the present day have largely mistaken the message of the master, and have as mere imitators tried to out-Wagner Wagner. One is almost inclined to state positively that there can be no future for Opera until we shall once for all have done with Wagnerism, and relegated the cacophonous monstrosities which now are frequent in the works of composers like Bruneau, Richard Strauss, Humperdinck, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Goldmark, Reyer, and even Massenet, to the limbo of soulless imitators and wilful distorters of musical truth, where they belong.

Although it may be said with justice that there is not at the present time before the public one pre-eminently great composer whose name is in everyone's mouth, yet it can hardly be urged on this account that there is any deficiency of musical talent or genius among the composers of the present generation. The present condition of musical unproductiveness and stagnation in operatic matters is due, one would think, rather to the fact that this talent has been misapplied. Neither must it be lost sight of that it is far more difficult at the present day for any composer to rise pre-eminently above his fellows, because the ideal of perfection to be reached is set so high that those who would realize it must now soar into the empyrean, where fifty years ago a

far less lofty flight would have compassed it. If we could eliminate Wagnerism from among the composers we now have, and free their thought from the influence of that mighty master-mind, which has led the whole musical world in bondage to his will, we might then have hopes of a reasonable, rational, and logical development and progress in Opera, as well as in other branches of the art. In a very thoughtful and valuable paper on some tendencies of the operatic stage, read by Mr. Albert Visetti, the principal of the vocal department of the Royal College of Music before the London Musical Association, this pertinent question was asked: "Will the generations of the twentieth century accept the balance of the arts in the musical drama as determined by Wagner? It is very doubtful. Preposterous as it may seem, yet everything points to the possibility that the definite form of expression of a dramatic action which shall answer the feeling of a fresh and unbiased generation will come out from the form of the modern English drama where, however roughly, the words represent the material part and the music the emotional part of the action." Mr. Visetti also says further: "We shall now for the future acknowledge the mind and genius of an operatic composer no longer by the degree of freshness and prettiness of his melodies, no more by the charm of his orchestration, or the cleverness of his counterpoint, but by the degree of truth he can give us, freed from the ties of earth earthy." To this Mr. Visetti might well have added, freed from the trammels of the overwhelming influence of the thought of a single man.

All this is undoubtedly very true, but just as the dramas of Wagner were the logical and systematic development of the ideas enunciated and carried on by Peri, Gluck, Beethoven and Weber, so the opera of the twentieth century will be the logical outcome of the results of the knowledge and experience which we have at present.

But where, again, will be the starting-point? If we allow that the dramas of the "Niebelungen Ring" were magnificent examples of an impossible and impracticable theory, and admit that in them Wagner said the last word possible in a musical form of which he was the originator; if we allow, as I think we must, that both "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Meistersinger,"

were incidental if great expressions of genius, and therefore useless as a basis, foundation, or starting-point for future operatic construction, it brings us to "Lohengrin," in the opinion of many the greatest operatic work, in the generally accepted sense of the term, written in the last hundred years. Had Wagner gone no farther than "Lohengrin" he would still have accomplished the revolution in operatic art which he intended, and have left a work on which future composers might model to advantage. The criticisms which eminent contemporary critics passed on "Lohengrin" when first produced, which now seem ridiculous enough, are still fresh in the minds of many of the present generation. It has taken nearly half a century for the theories and ideas enunciated by Wagner in this opera to mean to the public what he intended they should mean; but if, after the present stagnation, the reaction which is bound to come is to be more violent and more radical than it would seem likely to be from present indications, may not future composers well turn for inspiration and instruction to those three or four remarkable works written during the period between the time that "Lohengrin" was first produced and the time that the public accepted it as an example of what modern opera might and should be?

Gounod's "Faust," Thomas's "Mignon," Bizet's "Carmen," and Massenet's "Manon," are each and all of them models of their kind in a different way and from a different stand-point. The Wagnerian influence is hardly discernible in any of them, unless it be to a certain extent in "Carmen," and yet all these works have not suffered and do not suffer by comparison with the works of the master at Bayreuth, and are as fresh and acceptable to the public to-day as when they were first written. And this fact is evidence enough that they possess the requisite dramatic sincerity and truth to nature which any work of art must possess to live. Is there anything inimical to the Wagnerian theories of dramatic truth in "Faust?" Can any attempted portrayal of character by means of that snare and stumbling-block of free and untrammelled expression, the *leitmotiv*, exceed the local color and musical characterization which causes the mind to realize the personalities of *Escamillo*, *Michaela*, and *Car-*

men, in Bizet's masterpiece? It is Mascagni's success in vividly expressing in music the human passion of Santuzza which has made "Cavalleria" what it is, and must we not regret and bewail the Wagnerism which has given us since from his pen works like "Radcliffe," and "I Rantzau," which certainly belie the brilliant promise of his earlier work?

"Manon" again has succeeded where other works of Massenet have failed, because in "Manon" the composer has given us a musical portrayal of character and caught the very spirit of his light-headed and light-hearted heroine. Must we not here again regret the imitative process which made such a piece of turgid froth as "La Navarraise" a possibility from his pen? The attribute which has characterized all the operatic successes of the last thirty years is a marked personal characterization, and further development in the future will, undoubtedly, be made along these lines.

Individualism is, as has been said above, certainly the prevailing tendency of the age, and, granting this, the success of an opera must depend upon the forcibleness with which the characters are developed. The *leitmotiv* which Wagner invented as a means for the definite expression of a particular emotion or character is, one would think, a stumbling-block rather than an aid to composers in this direction. Granting that a drama of emotion is the fittest subject for operatic treatment in view of modern ideas and theories, one must also allow that the characters and emotions of the drama should progress and develop with the action. But when a character is expressed or delineated by a single *leitmotiv* or unvarying musical symbol, which should constantly recur whenever that character appears or is alluded to, is not the composer bound by a hard, fixed, and unyielding means of expression, hardly pliable enough to admit of continued and progressive development in accord with the movement of the action? The *leitmotiv* has always struck the writer as materially pictorial rather than emotionally suggestive, and it is emotional suggestiveness which is at the base of all modern musical thought.

What can be done in the way of such emotional suggestiveness, of portrayal of

character in music, of absolutely faithful expression of emotion, incident, and situation without the use of that much over-rated invention, the *leitmotiv*, has been conclusively proved by Verdi in his opera, "*Falstaff*," one of the most significant operatic works which has been written since Wagner, and one which, at the present time, is as little appreciated and understood as regards its possible bearing on future operatic development, by the public of the present day, as "*Lohengrin*" was when first produced. By discarding the *leitmotiv* entirely Verdi has attained a facility and diversity of musical expression, a power of faithful musical characterization, pictorial effect, and dramatic truth which has not been excelled, if equalled, by Wagner in his most transcendent flights. Here is a work which future operatic composers can study page by page, almost note by note, with advantage, for it contains the germ, at any rate, of a suggestion for a union of text and music quite other than that which Wagner outlined, and none the less admirable, which may well prove a guide and *vade mecum* to the opera-builders of the twentieth century.

The conclusion is, therefore, forced upon one that the great stumbling-block in the way of operatic development at the present time, if not Wagner, is certainly Wagnerism. Future writers of Opera, while not neglecting the orchestral lesson which Wagner taught, will inevitably recur to a saner use of the human voice; for no musical sound that can be produced can vie with it in the intensity of its power over the nervous system or in its possibilities of varied musical expression. We shall also, one would think, in future operas, when

we have more thoroughly assimilated the great lessons that Wagner taught, and shaken out the chaff from the grain, come back to a more simple, a more lucid, a less complex and turgid manner of expression. If we allow, and now that classicism is banished from the stage and the power of the Schools broken, we must allow it, that we should no longer be bound by formalism, tradition, or convention, we must admit that everything that sounds well is right, and, *per contra*, everything that does not sound well is wrong; and while the human ear may be trained to accept as agreeable, combinations of sound from which, in its untrained state, it would recoil, there must be surely a limit to the possibilities of such aural development, or we should, in time, recur to savage noise and barbaric discord.

It looks very much as if, at the present time, operatic art were halting between two extremes. Which way will the pendulum swing? But this is not the first crisis by any means through which art has passed, and the history of Opera during the last three centuries has shown that the most dangerous crises have been followed by the most brilliant triumphs. Let us, therefore, not look forward with despondency to the future, which, it must be said, at the present juncture, looks gloomy enough, but await in confidence that new leader who must arise to restore to operatic art the vitality and possibilities of future development which it now seems to have lost, a leader who, having learned the lesson of the past, will be able to point out a road by which Opera may reach a still higher and more extended development and new, and perhaps now undreamed of, triumphs and glories.

TIZZARD CASTLE

By Wolcott LeClair Beard

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEHIST

ALONG the Old Government Road the Yuma mail plodded at a shuffling trot. There had been rain the day before; one of those rare showers that once or twice in the course of a year come to moisten the parched surface of the Arizona desert, across which the trail ran like a white ribbon laid over its desolate, brown expanse. Ordinarily, the desert, also, was white, but the rain had darkened it to a coffee color, dotted with disease-like blotches of a still deeper hue where the water lay in shallow depressions of the clay-mixed sand.

The trail had dried quickly; the powdery dust with which it was covered rose in thick clouds from under the hoofs of the horses. It drifted through the windows and settled on the roof of the stage, covering the unhappy passengers with a thick,

gritty coating that turned to mud on their faces, moistened by the stifling heat.

Beside the sleepy driver the express-messenger nodded. From time to time he would swear gaspingly, because, as it was yet early morning, the heat would grow worse as the sun rose higher. The Capitalist, who sat behind him, at these times would second him with oaths made in Chicago, while the other passengers, a gambler and two prospectors, would murmur a feeble chorus of profane assent. Conversation languished. When the express messenger had temporarily exhausted his oburgatory powers there would be an interval of silence broken only by the faint, rhythmical creak of the thorough-brace and the low rattle of harness, all keeping time to the muffled pad of the sixteen unshod hoofs.

A little farther along a clump of greenish gray mesquit swallowed up the trail, and disgorged it on the farther side. The driver languidly straightened himself in his seat.

"You was talkin' awhile back 'bout that ther hold-up, two year ago," he said to the express messenger. "That's the place where it was—right in the middle er that ther clump er mesquit, yander. 'Twas jus' before I come on this run—Jim Marlin he was a-drivin' that day. Billy Wheeler he was on as messenger; 'twas his firs' trip as messenger, same as this is yourn. They done him. Cold." The driver glanced at his companion to note the effect of his announcement. Both the messenger and the passengers were looking at the clump of gnarled and distorted trees with a species of mild interest, but that was all. The driver was disappointed, and with a grunt he settled into himself, as before.

As they entered the thicket the horses were moved to a trot of a more decided character by the flies, which, disturbed from their rest in the shade, rose in swarms from the surrounding growth. It was not a large thicket. Beyond, in the open, lay

the trail stretching away in the glaring sunlight.

Suddenly there was a sound of horses crashing through the undergrowth. One of the stage leaders reared and swung against his mate as a man sprang from the undergrowth and caught at his head. Instinctively the driver raised his great whip and laid its stinging thong over the quarters of the forward span. The messenger, startled into sudden life, caught up the Wells-Fargo that lay at his feet. As the horses sprang forward, the man who had caught at their heads was brushed aside, and staggered to the side of the road. His mask was displaced, and as the stage rolled by, his face was upturned. Into the face the messenger fired one barrel of his Wells-Fargo, and then it was a face no longer. More men appeared. Two of them caught the lead horses and forced them back, nearly on to their haunches. Catching his whip in his left hand, the driver snatched a pistol from under the seat cushion, and fired. There was another roar from the messenger's sawed-off shotgun and the Gambler's derringers barked malignantly. A rattling crash came from the

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thicket in answer. The two miners, who had thrown up their hands, lowered them, and when they were raised again they held pistols that flashed at short but regular intervals, without either haste or delay. The driver fired again, and vainly tried to raise his pistol for a third shot ; then he swayed in his seat and fell in a huddled heap on the footboard.

Leaning forward, the Capitalist grasped the reins and whip, plying them with a skill that spoke of practice as the frightened horses broke into a run. A few scattering

shots followed the flying stage. One of the miners turned in his seat, raised his pistol, and fired. An oath that was two-thirds a scream told of the success of his shot, and with a satisfied smile he recharged the six-shooter and returned it to the holster on his hip.

For a few moments the stage spun on in silence. Looking back, its passengers could see that some of their late assailants had mounted and were urging their horses over the open desert in a course nearly parallel to that taken by the stage. Others

were gathered in a group, bending over something that lay on the ground; a fact which made the miner's smile grow broader and more satisfied as he gazed.

"Reckon them road agents 'll try 'n cut in on us roun' by that arroyo, three mile farther on," said he at last to the other miner. "I don't reckon we got much use fer another scrap—not jus' now, anyhow. Better pull off'n this yer road an' make fer the river settlements. Some er them won't be none so fur fum this. Don't yer reckon we'd best fall off some, Tuspon?"

"Reykon," replied Tuspon, slowly, after taking some time to consider his reply. "P'raps we'd bettah go to Tizzahd place—Tizzahd's Castle, they calls it—that lies a mile aw two ovah beyon' by the rivah, theah. Then we kin sen' an' scaiah up a gang to roun' up them chromos what done up the drivah." He spoke in the long, soft drawl that the natives of southern Texas acquire from the combined influence of the Mexican and the negro.

"That's what I say. Yer right if yer did take all day t' say it," croaked Macklin. "Pull t' the right off here," he went on, addressing the Capitalist. "There's a

trail that way that 'll lead us t' somebody's joint. Pull off, hear?"

Without looking around; the Capitalist swung the horses sharply to the right, and for an instant the stage hung on two wheels as it turned. The Messenger feebly tried to counterbalance the swing. He was about to fall, but the Gambler reached forward and caught him, saying, "You hurt, too? I didn't see that." Tuspon climbed laboriously over the seat, and between them he and the Gambler carefully lowered the messenger until he lay on the footboard beside the driver.

"Look a yeah, Macklin," drawled Tuspon, as he straightened himself from the task. "Reykon that we——"

"Reckon we might as well pull up and kinder take account er stock, like. Yes. Yer right," interrupted his mate. "Why can't yuh talk fast ernough so 's a man 'll have time ter stop an' hear yer? Better pull in them horses."

"Wasn' gon tah say nothin' laike that," observed Tuspon, leisurely. "I was tellin' that Tizzahd's was jus' theah. See, yondah?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to a ridge of

sand, over which appeared the top of a gray adobe building. It was utterly unlike the ordinary adobe house, even the roof showed that, for it was castellated and at one end it was raised some feet above the rest. At this end a pole was planted, from which floated a flag—a white flag—bearing a strange, half heraldic device, apparently cut from red flannel and sewed on.

Then the stage mounted a rise, and the rest of the house came into view. It was surrounded by a ditch, four or five feet deep, and rather wider than it was deep. Narrow slits took the place of windows in the outer walls; and the one door that pierced them, apparently leading into a patio or inner court, was closed by a heavy sliding gateway, made of rough-hewn timbers. In front of the door three or four planks, spiked together, lay across the ditch. At the end nearest the house these planks were hinged; at the other end ropes were fastened that led through holes in the adobe walls.

"Good Lord, this takes me!" said the Gambler, as he saw these mediæval preparations for defence. "What sort of a place is this, anyhow? There's a portcullis—drawbridge, too."

"Yeahs," said Tuspon, "they draws it up with them theah ropes. Don' savvy no portcullisses, 'thout you mean that theah windah-sash gate. That piece ah red shu't on the sheet what hangs on the pole up theah, that means that Frawg Tizzahd he's in the place. When he's away she hauls it down—Lady Tizzahd, she hauls it down. Theah she is, now, stan'in' by the pole on the roof, see?"

"She's gone," said Macklin. "Didn't go ter s'pose she's gonter wait there 'till you got done tellin' it, did yer?" As he spoke the drawbridge slowly ascended and the portcullis slid down. When the stage reached the strange structure it was silent and apparently deserted.

"What's gone wrong with the locos what run this yer joint?" Macklin went on impatiently as they pulled up by the ditch. "Have we got ter break inter the ol' ken?" By way of an answer Tuspon pointed to a tin horn that hung, tied to a post, near the drawbridge.

"What in blazes is that for?" growled the Capitalist, but the Gambler said, "They've got the whole thing up to date, or

back to date—that's all. Let me get out, and then just watch me while I blow a blast that will call the seneschal to the outer walls. Lord, what a lot of lunatics we must have run against!" He descended, and going to the post, lifted the horn and blew a loud, discordant blast. Instantly a head appeared over the top of the wall. It was a peculiar head. Its eyes were rather large and stood out from the short face. Chin there was none; the mouth was enormously wide, and was edged with the thinnest of lips—lips that curved downward. Evidently the person to whom the head belonged was climbing a ladder planted against the wall, for the head appeared by degrees, and by degrees the body followed it. It was a round body, but without much corpulence. The arms were short and the legs were long.

"Theah's Frawg Tizzahd—that's him," remarked Tuspon.

"Frog?" said the Gambler. "Looks it, don't he?"

In his appearance the man certainly suggested a frog. Even the Capitalist recognized that, and stopped his swearing long enough to emit a hysterical chuckle. Then he took up his profanity where he had left it off. The queer figure reached the top of the wall and stood gazing at the stage and its passengers with a comprehensive smile.

"Are you the warden of this keep?" asked the Gambler. The man on the wall, if he heard, made no sign of having done so.

"I say, you man on the battlements, are you the chief of this domain?" again queried the Gambler; "because if you are we want to get in."

"Who is it that demands the right of entrance here?" suddenly came, in a feminine voice, shrill but deliberate, from behind the wall.

Macklin and the Capitalist raised their voices in urgent profanity. Each sought to explain the plight in which they found themselves, and each sought to demand admittance. Now and then one would show signs of easing off his flow of words in favor of the other, but as the other would always be moved by a similar impulse at the same moment, they would start together and talk at the same time as before. Finally, vanquished by his more

voluble companion, Macklin ceased, and the Capitalist talked rapidly on.

"I fail to comprehend," said the voice at length, as the Capitalist paused for an instant. "You are strangers, and of strangers we are wary, for the times are parlous. Also you bear the marks of a fray."

"Fray!" roared Macklin. "Wasn' I jus' tellin' you that we runned agains' a gang er road agents what done up two on us an'——"

"Hold on," interrupted the Gambler, in a low tone. "I'll speak to them. Just wait." He stopped and thought for a moment, smiled and went on; raising his voice and addressing the unseen woman. "Indeed, lady, we demand nothing; only do we crave sanctuary here for a time. We have been sore beset by outlaws who essayed to rob us, and in the *mêlée* that followed two of our comrades were wounded, as you may see. Therefore do we seek an asylum where we can dress their wounds. We cannot go farther as we are, and without succor the men will die, for truly they are in evil case."

"Didn't start out seekin' no asylum, but we found one all right enough," growled Macklin.

There was no reply from inside the wall, but the drawbridge fell with a whistling of running ropes and a final bang on the wooden sill set in the ground to receive it. The horses started at the noise, jolting the two bodies cruelly. Gathering in his team, the Capitalist began to swear, but the Gambler stopped him.

"Shut up. It's a woman, don't you see? Besides, we want to get in." As he spoke he pointed to the portcullis, now fully revealed by the fall of the drawbridge. Behind the heavy grating a woman stood, gazing at the people on the stage outside. The Gambler ran quickly across the drawbridge, lifted his hat and bowed low.

"Fortune has befriended us in finding for us a refuge such as this—and with so fair a *châtelaine*," he said. "Command, I pray you, that the portcullis be raised and that we be admitted."

"In faith, fair sir, your speech is courteous," replied the woman. "It shall be even as you wish." Immediately there was the click of blocks and the creak of straining tackle. The portcullis lazily rose, showing more fully the form of the woman who stood in the gateway.

"Punkin an' milk, hair an' skim milk, eyes an'—Good Lord! what sort er rig's that she's got on 'er?" ejaculated Macklin, softly.

The costume of the woman was peculiar. Her gown, of some heavily hanging stuff, was made in one piece from head to heels. Around her waist it was girt to her body by a thick cord, which, after taking several turns, fell low, in a loop, through which a fold of the gown was pulled. At the ends of the cord hung a wallet, from which protruded a pamphlet, worn and yellow covered.

"Say, we better not go inter that ther cage," whispered Macklin, hurriedly. "'Nough sight better jolly 'em inter lettin' it down again, an' then we c'n peg it somehow, so's they can't h'ist it no more. They're nothin' on top er this worl' but locos, an' like as not they'll try an' cut our throats at night, or do s'mother thing like that. I don't min' road agents—not in moderation, that is—but I can't go locos, nohow. Hadn't we better skip out an' chance it? Say, whatjer think?"

No one answered him. Tuspon and the Gambler already were lifting the wounded men from the footboard, and seeing that his appeal was ineffectual, Macklin stepped forward to help. From the road and its blinding sunlight they carried first the driver and then the messenger into a broad, shadowy passage, where a cloth-swathed olla hung, dripping ceaselessly on to the floor of hard-trodden clay. A door opened from the passage, leading to an inner room where stood their hostess, motioning for them to enter. They carried the two men inside and laid them on piles of cattle hides, several of which were placed at intervals along the sides of the room.

"I'll see what this man needs, as well as I can," said Macklin to the Gambler. "You do what you can fer t'other." The Gambler already was stooping over the express-messenger's senseless form. Cutting away the clothing that covered the wounds, he probed them skilfully with his white, slender fingers; while close beside him Tuspon waited, anxious to help, and the Capitalist paced restlessly up and down. When at last the Gambler lifted his eyes, he saw that Macklin was standing beside him.

"He's gone—the driver, he's gone," said Macklin, sadly, in reply to the Gam-

bler's questioning look. "Once through the ongbongpwang he got it, an' once higher up. Either one er them holes would er done the business, all right enough. Hadn't no sense in tryin' ter put up er fight. He wouldn't er tried, I reckon, only fer his savin's that he was a-sendin' to his wife, that was in that ther express safe. He paid fer it kinder high, he did, but he had sand—always had. How's Charley?"

"The messenger? He'll do, I think—hope, anyhow. But he's got it bad. He wants a doctor. You'd better take one of the horses and ride back after one. Bring a sheriff, too, and a posse to round up those road agents if they can. Anyhow, bring the posse. Get the safe off the stage and in here, where we can keep an eye on it; Tuspon and I can attend to it then, as well as to this man, here. You might take that Chicago man with you."

"You're not going to take me with you, I'll tell you those," remarked the Capitalist. "I'm going to stay right here. You'll have to ride bareback, and I'm not going to be split by the ridge-pole of one of those horses. I'll stay here."

Macklin made no protest against the decision of the Capitalist.

"Reckon you'll have ter come, then, Tuspon," said he. "We'll have ter ride bareback, I think myself—don't see no saddles nowhere about. Come out first an' get the safe in here." He turned and went out, followed by Tuspon and the Gambler.

The stage stood where they had left it, and under its box-seat the canvas-covered safe could plainly be seen, with red stains here and there on its white front. Macklin reached for the safe, while Tuspon climbed on the wheel on the opposite side.

"Give 'er a push this way, Tuspon," called Macklin—then to the Gambler, "Stand by to back me up, so's the weight won't throw me." The Gambler moved forward as desired. Macklin, assisted by Tuspon's push, heaved lustily. The chest yielded with an ease that was out of all proportion to the force brought against it. It flew toward Macklin, who, overbalanced by his pull, fell backward before the Gambler could reach him. Macklin reached the ground first; the chest arrived immediately afterward and landed on his body, then rolled on to the sand and lay there, the white canvas gleaming in the sun.

"Where are you hurt—can you stand?" asked the Gambler, as he ran to the prostrate man. Macklin could stand. He ran to the safe and kicked it; it flew from him as a foot-ball might fly. He caught it up in his hands and dashed it on the corner of the drawbridge sill. It bounded off, and then he jumped on it. From beneath the canvas cover there came the sound of splitting wood.

"That's the treasure we was all a-fightin' fer," exclaimed Macklin, as he drew a knife and ripped off the canvas, disclosing a shattered box, made of thin pine boards. "That's a thing fer two sensible men ter get killed about, ain't it? What yer gawpin' at, you fool?" This last was addressed to Tuspon, who had strolled around the stage and stood looking at the sham safe. Tuspon glanced up with a gentle smile.

"Looks kindah like we got sucked in, don't it?" he drawled.

"Sucked in!" roared Macklin. "We ben robbed, you chump! Robbed before that there gang er road agents got ever a chance at us. Get that through yer thick head?"

"How sold them fellahs would a been, if we'd only knowed about it, an' let 'em take the safe," observed Tuspon, still smiling. "An' then it——"

"Say what yer gonter say before ter-morrer, if yer can," called Macklin, impatiently.

"An' then it ain't no skin off'n you if that theah chest is rawbed, is it?" Tuspon went on, undismayed. "You ain't gawt nahthin' in it."

"Don't make any difference whether he had or not," growled the Capitalist. "We're all in the scrape, just as much as the driver and his mate, and it served them right for being on the old hearse, that's good for nothing but a double-barrelled funeral like this, any way."

"Likely it'll be a three bah'led fune'h'l, if you keep awn talkin' like that," observed Tuspon, in his softest voice. "I nevah did have no use foh that man—not the leas' in the worl'," he went on, addressing the Gambler, as though the man of whom he spoke were not present. "Mos' prawb'ly I'll huht him, one ah these times, if he keeps so plentiful."

While Tuspon was speaking, both he

and Macklin were rapidly unharnessing the lead team of the stage. Having thrown off the gear, for an instant they threw themselves limply over the backbones of their mounts, then each threw a leg across and sat up. Beating the sides of their horses with their unspurred heels, they urged the animals to a gallop and disappeared down the trail.

"Well," said the Gambler, as he turned toward the house, "I suppose we'd better go inside, out of this sun. We can only wait, now."

The Capitalist stood, looking down the trail.

"I don't know," he replied, absently. He stood for a moment longer, then walked quickly toward the stage. "I guess I don't want the job of waiting that you're telling about," he said, as he began to unbuckle the harness of one of the wheel horses. 'Anyhow, there's only one man's work, here.' He flung off the harness, and unbuckled the hames. The collar did not come off easily, so he let it remain, and mounting by means of a wheel he started in the direction taken by the others. The Gambler re-entered the house.

The wounded man was tossing from side to side on the pile of skins. Beside him stood the woman. She had a cup in her hand, from which she had been giving him water.

"The fever is on him now," she said, as the Gambler entered. "In a little while it should spend itself. He is young and strong and will live." She bent over the messenger, examining the dressing of his wounds. Then she deftly eased a bandage. "These are over-strait, they give him pain. I know something of leechcraft," she explained.

The Gambler offered to help her, but she waved him aside. "It is meet that I should do this," she said. "The place of the women is here. At present there are none here but myself, and my husband is the only man. He stands guard on the battlements until some of our retainers shall return. No harm will befall those who claim our protection. It is enough that we take toll of the others who pass. That is our right as lords of the soil. All that you can see from the towers is of our domain." As she talked she was attending to the wounded man, moistening his bandages and fanning him,

while the Gambler watched her. That she was mildly insane, he had not the least doubt. Still, this talk of taking toll, couched though it was in mediæval terms, fell in too closely with the experience of the morning to be altogether reassuring. It was said in a matter-of-course way that gave it an air of truth which was puzzling, to say the least. Still, she had also said that guests would be respected, and certainly she seemed to mean it as far as the Messenger was concerned.

The Gambler thought it all over carefully, and he felt uneasy. He looked to the cartridges in his two stubby little double-barrelled derringers. They were poor weapons, however, these derringers, for any range but the very shortest. He took up the Messenger's cartridge-belt, which lay on the floor, and buckled it, with the pistol in the holster, around his waist.

The Gambler strolled out into the passage. One end of it was closed by the portcullis, which was lowered, and through its heavy bars he could see that the drawbridge was raised, darkening the passage at that end save for two gleams of light that found their way in at the sides where the drawbridge did not quite cover the opening. The other end of the passage gave on to a species of courtyard, made by the wall on three sides and the house itself on the fourth. The top of the wall was so broad as to make a pathway inside its parapet, and along this pathway Frog Tizzard was slowly pacing. When he reached a corner he would lower his rifle from his shoulder and lean on it while he gazed earnestly over the desert. Then he would pick up his weapon again and pass on to the next corner, and after another pause to the next, and so on for round after round. The Gambler watched until he was tired. There was something so utterly useless in such precautions against surprise in this dismal emptiness of sand that they seemed to place the watcher among those whose senses had gone astray, yet there was no other evidence of such unsoundness unless it lay in the house itself, or the way in which the household was carried on.

Impatient and hot, the Gambler returned to the house. The big, dusky room was deliciously cool after the heat and glare outside. For the moment the Messenger was lying quiet, either asleep or in a stupor.

The woman was beside him. She was seated in a chair, made with arms but without a back, of heavy planks crossed saltire-wise. Like the other fittings of this strange room it had a mediæval look, as well as a suggestion of great discomfort, but its occupant seemed to find no fault with it. In one hand she held a fan made of feathers; in the other, a limply bound book which she was reading. Evidently she was much interested in the book, for from time to time the fan would stop as it was gently waved to and fro over the face of the unconscious Messenger, and gradually the arm that held it would lower until the fan touched his face; then, with a little start, she would raise the fan and wave it to and fro as before.

The Messenger was breathing lightly, almost imperceptibly, and the Gambler bent over him to listen. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of the pamphlet that the woman was reading. It was a narrative of some kind, and was largely made up of conversation. Exclamation points, like little balloons, were sprinkled plentifully over the page.

There was nothing to be done for the Messenger. The Gambler could only wait for the return of his friends with the help they were to bring. He paced up and down the room like a caged animal. Around the walls there hung the skulls and horns of cattle or deer. The Gambler examined them carefully, one by one. On a shelf, made of a box pegged to the adobe wall, lay piles of printed matter; pamphlets and cheap books; all of them romances of the Middle Ages. The Gambler selected one and tried to read, but the tale could not hold his interest, and he threw the book down.

At noon the woman gave him food—thick slabs of cold beef, ship biscuit, and pulque with which to wash them down.

"The trestles will not be brought forth nor the board laid," she said, apologetically, to the Gambler. "Our household is too small, at present, to enable us to do as we would for our guests."

The Gambler wanted nothing to eat. He watched her as she arranged a portion of food on a wooden trencher, evidently for her husband. As she passed out the door, he followed her, "to see the animals fed" as he told himself, in a despairing effort to be facetious. His hostess disappeared on the roof, and reappeared on the wall. As she

came toward him, Tizzard stopped in his walk, looked at her and smiled. He leaned his rifle against the parapet and taking the disengaged hand of his wife, he raised it to his lips. She set down the trencher and gently patted the hand that held hers; then she presented her cheek, he kissed it and she left him, passing out of the Gambler's sight on to the roof. Tizzard stood looking after her as she went, then began eating his food, keeping a look-out over the desert as he did so. This did not seem like the conduct of criminals or malignant lunatics. The Gambler was puzzled as he went into the house, but more suspicious, even, than before.

The long afternoon wore itself slowly away. The Gambler strolled aimlessly from the room where the wounded man lay out into the court-yard and back again. Tizzard was plainly to be seen from the court-yard, his ungainly body standing in sharp relief against the bright sky, as he walked his unending round of the walls and roof.

Toward evening Macklin's voice hailed from the road.

"Hi, thar!" he called. "Anybody left alive in that ther asylum?" The Gambler cast loose the ropes that held the draw-bridge, and made the clumsy windlass creak dismally as he raised the portcullis.

"Say, it ain't no fool of a ride, down to that ther camp," said Macklin, as he slid from his horse and crossed the little draw-bridge. "I reckon that Chicago man he thinks so, anyhow. He likes ter stan' up, now. He got the poores' horse in the four—the one that had the sharpes' ridgpole, as he calls it. He's comin' back in a buggy, split mos' up ter the collar-bone."

"Where's the rest?" asked the Gambler. "Didn't you bring anyone back with you?"

"Sure. Six men an' a doctor. I pushed on ahead; I didn't wanten leave you alone here any longer'n I had ter. Tuspon, he wanted ter come back, too, but they rounded him up with ther gang what's out after them thieves. The boys up there they lent me this pony an' saddle, an' I pulled my freight fer here without stoppin' none. The doctor an' the other six 'll be along none so long behin'. How's the Messenger?"

As the Gambler answered the question, Macklin began to wink in a significant

manner and to edge toward the door. Still talking, the Gambler followed him.

"I didn't want'er say nothin', not in there, with that loony woman standin' by," said Macklin, as soon as they reached the courtyard. "But I want'er give yer the straight word. This place here is dead shady. Down ter the camp all the boys says so. The gang et pirates what hangs 'roun' here, makin' out that they're punchers, is as tough an outfit as ther is in the Ter'tory. The boys has suspicioned 'em doin' a lot er things, but they ain't proved nothin', so fur. Likely they'll be back, now, mos' any time. We c'n hol' 'em outer here, all right enough, if so be we shoots Frog Tizzard fir'st, so's he can't help 'em from th' inside. That's the reason I come back. Say, don't you reckon I'd better do him now, an' make sure? We can't leave here, not with that ther wounded man—no place ter go. Say, shall I do him?" As he spoke he made a movement toward the heavy pistol that hung on his hip. The Gambler caught his hand.

"Hold on, you fool!" he cried. "What are you going to do? Think, if you're able to. You've got nothing to go on but a suspicion—camp talk. All that these people have done to us so far is to give us the best they've got after takin' us in."

"We got taken in all right enough—you did, anyhow," growled Macklin, glancing at Tizzard, who was still pacing the walls. "But I do' want'er shoot no man like that—kinder in the back. Nobody ain't gonter get in what we don't want in. I'll fix that right now." He went into the passage, and began to pull at the lines that raised the drawbridge. He had not fully hoisted it when there was the muffled sound of horses' hoofs on the soft sand of the trail, and the creaking of saddles and the click of spur-chains. Then someone called.

"Here they come, now," shouted Macklin, with a relieved laugh, as he let the bridge fall once more.

The doctor was the first to climb stiffly from his horse. He detached an instrument-case from his saddle, and, without speaking, entered the door of the room pointed out to him by Macklin, where lay the wounded man.

The sun was going down. The shadows of the men, as they unsaddled and cared for their horses, stretched farther and

farther across the plain, until they came to the wall of the castle and commenced to creep up its face. Before the men had finished, the shadows had vanished—merged into the blue darkness. By the edge of the ditch, outside the walls, supper was cooked and eaten, while the firelight showed the seated forms of the men as crisp silhouettes, and then passed on to redden the gray adobe walls.

The men who sat around the fire were thoroughly contented with themselves. They were chasing a gang of outlaws, and at the end of the chase there would probably be a fight; therefore, the occasion was a joyous one. They had fallen into that state of genial silence which accompanies well-fed contentment. The conversation was confined chiefly to monosyllabic grunts, with long intervals between them.

"What's wrong with the people of this place?" asked the Gambler of the deputy sheriff, who headed the men from the camp. "Macklin told me that you were suspicious of them. Is it because they're—well—queer, you know?"

"No, I reckon not," replied the person addressed, removing his pipe from the thick beard that concealed his mouth. "She's sure locoed an' he's more'r less of er fool, but that don't interfere nohow with him keepin' an awful bad lot er men hangin' 'roun' the joint. Ther's ben hold-ups—little ones, mos'ly, that didn't make much talk—that comes back pretty close to them men, an' ther ain't much doubt but what Tizzard stan's in with the thieves, if he ain't the boss er the gang. They're sure the men what held you fellers up to-day."

As the officer was speaking there was a soft movement in the entrance to the castle. Then the windlass screamed as it unwound and let the portcullis fall. The ropes of the drawbridge strained and tightened, but before it could rise the Gambler jumped on it. Macklin and the deputy sheriff followed, and then the rest of the men.

"Lift this here gate!" roared the deputy. As many men as could stand on the sill caught hold of the lower bar. "Heave!" Every man put forth all the strength that lay in the muscles of his back. Through the grating the Gambler caught sight of Lady Tizzard. She was

reaching high above her head in an effort to thrust home a pin that fastened down the sliding gate. The men tugged with all their might, but it was back-breaking work. The portcullis grated in its grooves, then slowly raised in little jerks. The Gambler and Macklin threw themselves flat on their faces, and wriggled under. Then the overstrained backs could stand the effort no longer and the portcullis fell.

The Gambler ran to the windlass, but the woman was there before him. She drew a knife from her bosom and, as he came within reach, struck at him savagely. Macklin pinioned her arms, and lifted her aside as though she were a child. The Gambler raised the gate slowly from its sill. As soon as it had risen a foot or two, the other men, stooping low, ran under it and caught hold of the windlass crank.

"Bring in them horses, you fellers," commanded the deputy sheriff. "Then come in yourselves an' let down the gate an' h'ist them there planks. Nobody ain't gonter get in here to-night 'ithout we know who he is. What was you tryin' ter do, marm, anyhow?" he added, turning to the woman. She had been struggling silently in Macklin's arms, trying to reach him with her knife. Finally the knife fell from her hand. She gave a little scream, and became passive. Macklin stepped on the frail blade as it lay at his feet, and snapped it close to the haft. With a side jerk of his foot, he sent it through the open gate, and then set the woman at liberty.

"What was you tryin' ter do?" asked the deputy sheriff again. The woman arranged her ruffled draperies, straightened herself up, and glanced haughtily around her.

"You have violated the rules of hospitality," she said. "You were plotting treachery against your host, speaking with slanderous tongues against him, and accusing him of monstrous deeds. You were preparing to undo him who took you in when you were sore beset on yonder plain. Had I once secured the gate, you would have remained without, methinks, for you would have found it difficult to effect an entrance against the will of those who were within. But now you are here. Work your will with us, for we have no means of resistance, and, therefore, we submit."

As she finished speaking, she turned and left them, retiring to a room on the opposite side of the passage from that in which the Messenger had been laid. Ten minutes later, as the Gambler was passing the window of this room, he glanced inside. A fire burned on the hearth, throwing wavering shadows on the clay floor. On one side of the fire Frog Tizzard was huddled in a motionless heap. On the other side his wife sat reading one of her well-thumbed pamphlets. Now and then she would wave her hand in unconscious gesticulation. Every trace of her recent annoyance had vanished; the only expression on her nervous face was one of intense interest in what she saw on the printed page before her.

As the Gambler turned away from the window, the men had closed the entrance to the castle and were attending to their horses. Some of them were already lying, their heads pillowed on their saddles, in the deep shadow of the walls.

"Reckon you'd better turn in, now, an' get some sleep," said the deputy sheriff, crossing the courtyard. "There ain't nothin' you c'n do. The doctor, he's had his supper, an' he says that the man what's hurt is sure doin' as well as he knows how. Got sunth'n more'n an even chance, the doc says, an' do' want nothin' fer now but ter be kep' still. Some er the boys, here, are goin' to keep watch an' let in the rest er the gang what's out after them thieves. They'll bring 'em here if they ketch 'em alive, an' if they don't ketch 'em they'll come themselves, so's ter get a start by sun-up in the mornin'. You go ter roost." The advice was good. The Gambler was surprised at the degree of fatigue brought by the anxious day that he had passed. He threw himself down on one of the piles of skins in the room where the wounded Messenger lay, and in three minutes was sleeping the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

Once during the night he was partially awakened by the creak of the windlass as it raised the portcullis, and the bang of the drawbridge as it fell. Then followed the tramp of hoofs and the sound of men's voices that blended themselves together in a sort of meaningless dream, as the Gambler slept once more.

Then, in a few minutes it seemed to him,

someone was shaking him by the shoulder.

"It's me," whispered Macklin's voice. "Come up onto the wall. Tuspon he's up there, an' the Depitty. The Depitty wants you. There's sunth'n go'n on." The Gambler followed him out of the room. By the light of a smoky lantern that hung on the wall, he could see that the wounded man was resting quietly. The doctor was sleeping on the floor beside him.

Followed by the Gambler, Macklin led the way up the ladder on to the wall, and then ran along the top, stooping low so that the parapet would conceal them from anyone outside. The Gambler almost stumbled over the legs of a man who knelt against the parapet. It was the Deputy.

"See?" he whispered, pointing through one of the openings in the top of the castellated parapet. The Gambler peered through. A lantern was standing on the ground a few yards from the wall, and in the circle of light that it shed, Frog Tizzard was busily digging into the loose sand of the desert.

"He's been at that ten minutes er more," whispered the Deputy. "He lowered another ladder outside the wall an' got down on that. I was a-watchin' up here myself, under the shadder, where he couldn't see me. I got him covered all right. He can't get away, nohow."

"What's he doing, anyway?" inquired the Gambler.

"I d'no, but he's sure doin' sunth'n—he's there, ain't he?" returned Macklin.

"Sh-h!" said the Deputy. Tizzard had finished his excavation. Sticking his spade in the pile of sand by the side of the hole, he turned and came toward the wall. Macklin made a movement as though he would start in pursuit, but the Deputy stopped him, saying: "He's left the lantern—he'll go back. Hol' on." Leaning over the wall, the three men looked down. Though the east was brightening with the coming sunrise, there was still so little light that Tizzard's figure showed only as a blot somewhat darker than the shadow of the walls. From the sounds they could tell that he was trying to drag something toward the hole he had made; something that was heavy and that yielded slowly. Little by little it moved, until one could see that it was a chest of

some kind. As he dragged the chest, Tizzard was between it and the lantern, so that it was not until he stood aside that the light gleamed on the black frame and dark green panels of an express safe.

The deputy sheriff and the Gambler ran around the wall toward the ladder by which Tizzard had descended, while Macklin and Tuspon rose to their feet and levelled their rifles. Tizzard looked up and saw them. Throwing the lantern against the iron chest, smashing the globe, and extinguishing the light, he started to run, but the breaking day made his movements visible, though dimly so.

"Stop!" roared Macklin. Tizzard gave no sign of having heard the command. A rifle shot followed it. The man ran still faster, and for a time the Winchesters crackled fiercely from the top of the wall. At the foot of the ladder the shadow of the wall was streaked with red by the flashes from the Deputy's pistol. From where he stood, on the rung of the ladder, the Gambler leaped over the officer's head, staggered as he struck the sand, recovered himself and started in swift pursuit of Tizzard's retreating form. He rapidly overhauled his man. Tizzard's heavy footsteps were becoming irregular, and the Gambler could hear that his breath was drawn in the short gasps of one unaccustomed to running. A couple of men, roused by the shots, had hastily mounted their unsaddled horses and were riding in a circuit in an attempt to intercept the fugitive. Suddenly Tizzard doubled, returning to his starting-point as a coursed rabbit returns, and ran into the arms of a party just coming to join in the chase.

He made no resistance. Walking between two men, with others preceding and following, they brought him to the place where the abandoned stage stood, near the drawbridge. The Deputy was there to receive them.

A dozen voices inquired as to the cause of the chase. Macklin and three others brought the safe by way of answer, and laid it at the Deputy's feet. What followed was of the nature of a trial. It was very brief. There was but one conclusion to which the men could come, and one penalty to which they could sentence the accused. In a few minutes, therefore, the proceedings were finished as they had

been carried on ; finished with shouts and oaths and reference to the wounded Messenger and the driver, whose unburied body still lay in the house of the man they believed to be instrumental in causing his death.

Taking the hair neck-ropes from one of the horses, they bound Tizzard's hands with it. A lariat was reeved through the lead-ring on the tongue of the stage, after which the tongue was lifted and propped with the doubletree.

The loop of the lariat was placed around Tizzard's neck, and several men grasped the loose end. For the moment there was a hush of expectation, then the Deputy stepped forward.

"Is ther anythin' ye'd like ter say before yer go?" he asked. "Any little thing that wants ter be 'tended to? I'll do what I can, but ye'd best speak up. You likely won't have no other chance." Tizzard looked down at his feet and made no reply, but there was a moment during which they all waited for one. Suddenly there was a swish of draperies, and the voice of Lady Tizzard broke the pause.

"What now, ye hounds!" she exclaimed. "Which of you has dared lay violent hands on your host? And you so many, he but one." The men turned and saw the woman crossing the drawbridge. She was walking slowly, with long strides and a pause between each stride. There was an expression of grave displeasure on her face, but it was self-satisfied displeasure, as though she rejoiced in the opportunity of showing it. The men shifted their positions and looked uncomfortable. Catching the woman's arm, the Gambler tried to lead her away, but she waved him imperiously aside. Tizzard glanced at her once, then dropped his eyes.

"Would ye condemn him to the death of a dog?" she went on. "Surely ye could mete to him some end more fitting our rank—he is lord of all the land ye see. If it is ransom that you require, it shall be yours—the ransom of a prince—all our treasure and my jewels."

Once more the Gambler tried to lead her away. The Deputy also approached, saying: "Ther ain't no sort er use in you bein' here, marm, not the leas' in the worl'. Ye see its outer my han's, its outen the han's of all of us, an' no money ain't gon-

ter do no good. You better go with that ther gentleman."

A little murmur of sympathy came from the men, and one of them said, aloud: "He'd orte a ben took off f'm here somers. It's no ways her fault, she ain't jus' right, and hadn't nothin' ter do with it all—not knowin'ly, anyhow—it's a dead shame."

Tizzard, who had been standing with his eyes turned toward the ground, suddenly raised his head. He stood more firmly, and the drooping corners of his mouth straightened themselves. His protruding eyes glanced around the circle of men that surrounded him, resting on one face after another. He gulped down something that was apparently sticking in his throat, and with an effort that was almost painful, he spoke.

"Look-a-yer," he said, and his voice was harsh, as though rusted from disuse. "One er you fellers was askin' me if I wanted ter say anythin', an' I didn't then, but now I do." He paused and gulped again, looking down at his hands as they were tied in front of him, and opening and closing them once or twice in a helpless sort of way, and then went on.

"It ain't no good fer me ter say that you got me where I don't belong, not this time anyhow, fer you wouldn't believe me. I know I got ter hang, an' the sooner the quicker. It's her, there, I wanten say my piece about, so you ducks let me alone till I get through, an' then yer can hang me and be damned.

"She ain't done nothin', an' she's a woman what wants somebody ter look out fer her. She ain't no fool, but her kinder brains ain't the sort what goes roun' here; not in the little things, that is. Other ways she's all right. The way the house is fixed up, so's no one can't get in, that's her doin'; an' ther couldn't no one have got in, not one er you, if she hadn't made me pull up that ther portcullis thing."

He spoke more rapidly, now, eager, apparently, to see that full justice was done to the mental powers of the woman he was trying to defend. The men were silent except where someone said, in an undertone, "Firs' time he ever said three words together when I was 'roun'." "Sh-h-," said some one else, and then the pause was unbroken until Tizzard resumed his speech.

"Say, here's this: she's been dead white all she knowed, alwuz. It don't hurt no one, does it, if she wants er flag flyin' when I'm in the shebang an' wants ter pull it down when I go out? Never min' what I done; that don't cut no figger, now, an' I'm gonter pay up fer what you think I done—pay up all I got, an' no man can't do no more than that.

"I heard some er you a-sayin' that ther was a tough gang what hangs 'roun' here. Let it go at that. What I wanter say is that she ain't got nothin' ter do with none of 'em. She calls 'em all retainers er mine; thinks they're a little private army, like, what I keep for to see that things don't go wrong 'roun' this yer manor, or domain—that's the land what I got 'roun' here, an' most er the desert what she thinks I got. She ain't locoed, like what you think, not er little bit. She's edjercated, that's all. All the time she's readin' them books what I sen' for down to Tucson. All the time she's readin' 'em, an' nights, when I ain't got nothin' else ter ten' to, she'll read 'em ter me, so's I'll know how ter do like the men in them books, they did. But I ain't much on their lay—never was—an' I reckon no one couldn't wear iron clo'es, not in this climate.

"She's lots too good for to be in this country, here, along er me, an' she's too good ter be left along er you-all, but I can't help myself. So I want one er you men, if so be ther is one square an' decent enough, ter say that she'll be treated white an' right till she c'n be got away f'm here back East, where she come from. I want one er you ter write to them people back East an' tell 'em she's comin'; an' then see that she's put on the cars an' started—ther's money enough fer that. Then I want this here place an' the cattle sold, an' the money sent ter them folks in the East. Is ther someone what'll do this?" Tizzard looked eagerly, first at the Deputy, then at the Gambler.

"I know she struck at you with a knife, las' night," he went on, addressing the Gambler directly. "That was when she tried ter shut you-all out, an' she tried ter do that becuz she thought you was a-sayin' things erbout me. She's stuck by me through all hell, an' that's all the harm she ever done. Will you do them things

what I spoke of? I can't do no more for 'er now, an' you c'n pay yerself fer the job." Tizzard stopped speaking, and raising his pinioned arms, wiped his forehead on his shirt-sleeve. Apparently the speech had exhausted him even more than had the near prospect of death, for his face was as white as its weather-beaten skin would allow. He dropped his arms and once more looked at the Gambler.

"I dor't want any pay," said the Gambler. "I'll do all I can."

"So'll I, dead straight," added the Deputy. Tizzard looked relieved.

"Go inter the house, now, honey," he said, speaking to his wife for the first time. "Take 'er in!" he added to the Gambler. "Take 'er in an'—an' get it over, will you?"

Both the Gambler and the Deputy turned to the woman, who stood between them. She dropped a book that she had carried with her from the house; it lay at her feet, and a little breeze was fluttering its pages. She was bending forward; her hands worked convulsively, one into the other.

"I fail to understand," she said, hesitatingly. "I fail to understand."

"Ther ain't no call that you should understand, not right now," said the Deputy, soothingly, as one might speak to a child. "Come on inter the house, here, like he tol' yer to. Here's yer little book." He picked it up and handed it to her, but she did not seem to see or hear him.

"Surely you would not murder a man!" she cried. "Release him! Let him go—let him come with me. There is ransom. You can have all there is—I ask only for his life."

Once more the Gambler tried to lead her into the house, but she broke away from him and ran forward, leaving all trace of her feudalism behind.

"Let me have him, oh, let me have him! He's done you no harm—he hasn't harmed anybody. That box has always been here. It belonged to us—I thought it belonged to us. I sent him out there last night to bury it—I was afraid someone would find it and my things that are in it. Let him come with me. He'll go away—far away, and I'll go with him. I'll go with him anyway, and then you'll have killed two. Let me have him—he's all I've—" With an unsteady step or two,

she fell unconscious on the sand. The Gambler sprang forward to raise her.

"Take 'er inter the house, quick," said Tizzard, hoarsely. "Now, before she comes to—an' then get it over." He turned away from his wife and stood facing the open desert. Lifting the woman in his arms, the Gambler carried her into the house. There was another sympathetic murmur from some of the men. Macklin stepped quickly forward.

"Look-a-yere," he said to Tizzard, roughly, "what was that 'bout that ther box—'bout you findin' it out her on the desert, somwers—that yer woman jus' said. Was it straight?"

"Yep. On the desert I found it, busted an' empty, after the stage was held up, two year ago. Give it to her to put stuff in. Open it."

There was no trouble in opening the safe. The hasp was broken, and it was fastened only with a stick. The lid was thrown back and the contents were revealed. There was money in the safe; money in halves and quarters, gold pieces and a few stray bills. There was jewelry as well, crowns and tiaras of cheap gilt, pins and rings and bracelets of the same kind, all of them set with sham gems that glittered bravely as they were thrown in a heap on the sand. They were most obvious theatrical jewels; even the men recognized this as they crowded around the safe.

"Why didn't yer tell us first off that this here wasn't the box what we was after?" asked the Deputy, indignantly.

"Called me a liar if I had," returned Tizzard.

"That's so," admitted the Deputy.

"That money's mine—an' hern. It's what we saved," Tizzard volunteered after a pause. "She wanted ter keep it there along with them—them other things er hern. Them jewelry things belongs to her. I got 'em fer her an' she likes 'em. She ain't much of er judge er jewelry. She's got er notion that they're things what her gran'daddies had f'om away back," he went on with a pitiful smile of deprecation at the weakness he was revealing. "It's jus' her way, count er that ther edjerca-tion er hern. It don't hurt nobody," he hastened to add.

There was a dead silence after he had finished. The men looked uneasily at each

other, shifting their positions or suddenly becoming engrossed in nothing at all. Each one was waiting for someone else to make the first move. Finally the Deputy spoke.

"Say, boys, are you so dead sure we want this here man so bad?" he asked, in a shamefaced sort of way. "Ther don't seem ter be so much proved on him—now. S'pose you take his word that he'll pull his freight an' turn 'im loose."

"You can see that he keeps his words easily enough," added the Gambler, who had returned from the house. "All the people that were on the stage are willing to let it go that way, and we're the sufferers by the hold-up to-day. There's nothing proved against this man—you've got nothing against him, more than you've had for years past. Surely it's hardly a square deal to go on and hang a man just because you've begun the job and don't want to leave it unfinished. Think of his wife. She showed us nothing but kindness—she did the best she could. You'd better let him go."

This proposition did not meet with universal approval, many of the men were in favor of carrying out the sentence. Each faction held obstinately to its opinion. From arguments more or less orderly, the debate grew warmer and louder, until the air was torn with strident voices. Suddenly the doctor appeared in the draw-bridge.

"Shut up that noise, can't you," he called, raising his hand to attract attention. "Do you want to kill the man in there—the Messenger?"

There was silence instantly, and the doctor went on in a lower tone:

"This noise will be the death of him if you keep it up. What are you doing with that man?" he asked, looking at Tizzard.

"Hangin' him," answered someone.

"What for?"

"You know. Robbin' the stage an' shootin' the Messenger an' the driver," growled the man who had spoken before.

"He didn't rob the stage—there was no robbery."

"Where's the express safe, then?"

"In a trunk on the boot. I thought you knew. The Messenger put it there, He talked about it when he was out of

his head, awhile back. The other package was a decoy, I suppose. I had just got the man quieted when you roused him with the cursed howling out here. I don't know anything about who did the shooting, but if you're going to hang anyone for it I wish you'd do it somewhere else or do it more quietly, that's all." Turning back, the doctor re-entered the house.

There were but two trunks on the boot. One was indented as the property of the Capitalist, the other was so heavy that four men could hardly lift it down. Someone brought an axe and split off the lid. Inside there was a something wrapped in canvas. Drawing a knife Tuspon slit the canvas, revealing the missing safe that lay beneath.

"I reckon that settles it," said Macklin, briskly, as he began to untie the knots that bound Tizzard's arms.

"But I reckon you better not stay 'roun' here," added the Deputy.

Some of the men looked at each other rather foolishly; some of them growled among themselves, but no one offered to interfere with Macklin as he struggled with the knots in the hair rope. He untied them at last, and tossed the rope to its owner. Tizzard threw the loop from his neck. He stretched his cramped arms and chafed his wrists as he looked stupidly around him.

"Stay here?" he said. "Stay here—with her? Not while I c'n walk an' pack her with me. Sun-down 'll see me thirty mile f'om here." Turning toward the

house, Tizzard lunged across the drawbridge, and disappeared in the direction in which his wife had been carried. The Gambler watched him until he was out of sight.

"I don't see that there's anything for us to stay for, now. The Messenger's in good hands, and there are men enough to do—all there is—for the driver," he said, turning to the Deputy. "You'll come along with the treasure I suppose and see that we aren't held up again. Perhaps some of the men can ride along, too."

By way of an answer the Deputy pulled away the doubletree that had been propping the tongue of the stage. Horses were quickly harnessed. The Deputy mounted the box; the others climbed to their places and the stage moved away, straining up the little rise down which it had come the day before. It reached the top and began to descend on the other side.

"Theah's the wind-up, I reckon," said Tuspon, pointing backward down the road. The others looked. Over the top of the sand-dune, only the castle tower with its battlements and flag-staff, was visible; and as they looked the flag fluttered down. The men faced ahead again, and for a time no one spoke.

"I bet that Tizzard chap was in that gang, just the same, and knew all about those hold-ups," remarked the Capitalist, at last. The Gambler and the Deputy nodded. Tuspon looked at the Capitalist in mild amazement.

"Why, suah," he said.

"Is ther anythin' ye'd like ter say before yer go?" he asked.—Page 97.

A FRENCH LITERARY CIRCLE

By Aline Gorren

Jules de Goncourt.

From an engraving by Varin.

THERE are few persons interested in things literary who, being in Paris within the last ten or fifteen years, can have failed to hear of the Garret of M. de Goncourt. M. de Goncourt himself would, perhaps, have preferred people to say the Garret of "the brothers Goncourt," although, as is well known, the institution was originated and flourished only after the death of the younger brother. The "Garret," specifically, was a charming room, half hall, half library, on the third floor of the little Louis XVI. hôtel at Auteuil which M. Edmond de Goncourt occupied during the whole latter part of his life; generically, it was the meeting together of kindred spirits, of disciples and admirers and friends of the old *maître*; the germ of the Academy which it was Edmond de Goncourt's dream to establish in opposition to the Academy of the Forty Immortals; and the nursery, as it were, where talents were grown to ripeness for the honor of admission to that same especial Academy.

In casting about for a convenient generalization that will help to make clear to one's mind those peculiar characteristics

of the French literary life that cause it to be so distinct from the literary life of any other country one hits at last, in an attempt to simplify the infinitely complex, on the conception that it is a family. Oh! a large family, with many different branches, with minor ramifications sprouting from the main shoots. A family, too, in whose midst dissensions may rage, where cousins are not always on speaking terms. A family whose members do not hesitate to bandy, when supervene disagreements of opinion, or standard, or procedure, epithets marked by that extreme of opprobrious frankness of which the family relationship everywhere appears to have the specialty. But, all the same, a family; which means a unit, something homogeneous and coherent, something that you can think of as a totality. There are numberless literary groups in Paris. There are literary men who have leanings toward the social world, and prefer to study their types in that *milieu*, as did Guy de Maupassant, as does M. Bourget now. There are others who are "serious," whose centre of gravity is the University. There are aestheticians, like the followers of MM. de Goncourt. There are—but there is no need to prolong the list. There are as many notions in literature as there are in art; and yet, somehow, the whole hangs together. Certain features that you meet in one group you meet in all.

The two constantly recurring features are the abundance and the freedom of the talk, and the interest which men of letters have in each other's undertakings. As to the talk, it is often disconcerting to the English or American outsider who has been admitted to a Parisian literary circle on some occasion when the number of people present is small enough to make perfect ease of attitude and expression possible. "*Ah, ça!*" Compromise yourself next time, if you please. We all compromise ourselves here," said the poet

52. In the library of Edmond de Goncourt were many books, commonly presentation copies, in which, on a fly-leaf, a portrait of the author or donor had been drawn by one of the artists of the circle or by some friend. In 1896 SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE secured the privilege of having copies made of many of these drawings, and the portraits marked "Library" in the present article are from this collection.

Edmond de Goncourt

Drawn by Carrière. (Library.)

Théophile Gautier, to Edmond Scherer, one evening in the sixties, at a Magny dinner—one of those famous Magny dinners which take a so prominent place in the pages of the "Journal" of MM. de Goncourt. The conversation had been floating along on a tide of what is most radically, aboriginally *gaulois*, and Edmond Scherer, who, with Taine and Renan, represented at these fortnightly meetings the Celtic or Frankish, in any case the anti-Gallic, constituents of the French genius, had seemed to listen with critical aloofness. The Anglo-Saxon reader of the "Journal" has the conviction that the members of the Magny Dinner Club certainly did compromise themselves, even as the elder brother

compromised himself by publishing the record of the sayings and doings of the celebrated personages there assembled. Further than that, one may say that the non-French reader conceives the French man of letters to be largely engaged in compromising himself much of the time—in one way or another. That is evidently something to be judged according to the stand-point of what is considered compromising; and that stand point, as it is held by the French man of letters and by our own, is not one and the same. What is positive is that the first needs to expand, and insists upon expanding, more than his English speaking fellow finds necessary. Hence the centres of expansion, of intellectual expansion, which he

Alphonse Daudet

By Carrière. (Library.)

makes for himself. Hence those same dinners that punctuate the literary history of France for forty years back. Dinners at the Café Riche, at Magny's, at Brébant's. Dinners now at the little house of Sainte-Beuve, in the rue Montparnasse, now with Gustave Flaubert, at Croisset, now in the rue de Courcelles, or at Saint-Gratien, with the Princess Mathilde. Dinners of the "Cinq," the five "hissed authors." Hence those "Sundays" of the one, "Wednesdays" of the other. Hence, more lately, the literary gatherings of the Goncourt *gremier*, the literary gatherings at Médan, M. Zola's *propreté*, those at Champrosay, the country-home of Alphonse Daudet. Each is a safety-valve. At each the nervous irritabilities accumulated by too much work too long protracted

—for the typical French man of letters is a tremendous, indefatigable worker—relieve themselves in paradoxes often gigantic, in statements often astounding, and in ironies always caustic. The Anglo-Saxon whose mental attitude is rarely pitched at the point of sympathy where he can gauge what meets his ears at its exact value, is generally far from his reckonings when he ventures to put forth an estimate of what he may have heard upon such an occasion. His trouble is that he takes everything too literally, and does not enough "make the share" of the elbow-room the talkers permit themselves. A certain exaggeration is the "note" of literary talks in Paris. You must not expect the text to mean just what it reads to mean. The talkers do not intend that it shall be expected.



Madame Alphonse Daudet.

By J. TISSOT. (Library.)

They are "moving ideas" for the pleasure, hygiene, solace, of the act, and doing so before an audience whom every intellectual audacity finds prepared, and besides prepared, tolerant. All this talk ends by making a density in the air which is almost to be felt, almost, you might say, visible and palpable; a real literary atmosphere, which envelopes both the "arrived" and the strugglers in a common medium, and has the effect of making other literary atmospheres seem, in comparison, of a rather chilly insubstantiality.

We said that another feature common

to French literary circles was mutual interest among workers as to what they were striving for. There is a great deal of this interest, and it is impossible that there should not be in a community for whom the intellectual performance has always such immense reality. No one would claim, of course, that its presence was invariable. It is typical, but there are departures from the type. The circle of M. de Goncourt was precisely one of those exceptions, one of those instances of departure. But then Edmond and Jules de Goncourt had, from the beginning, been

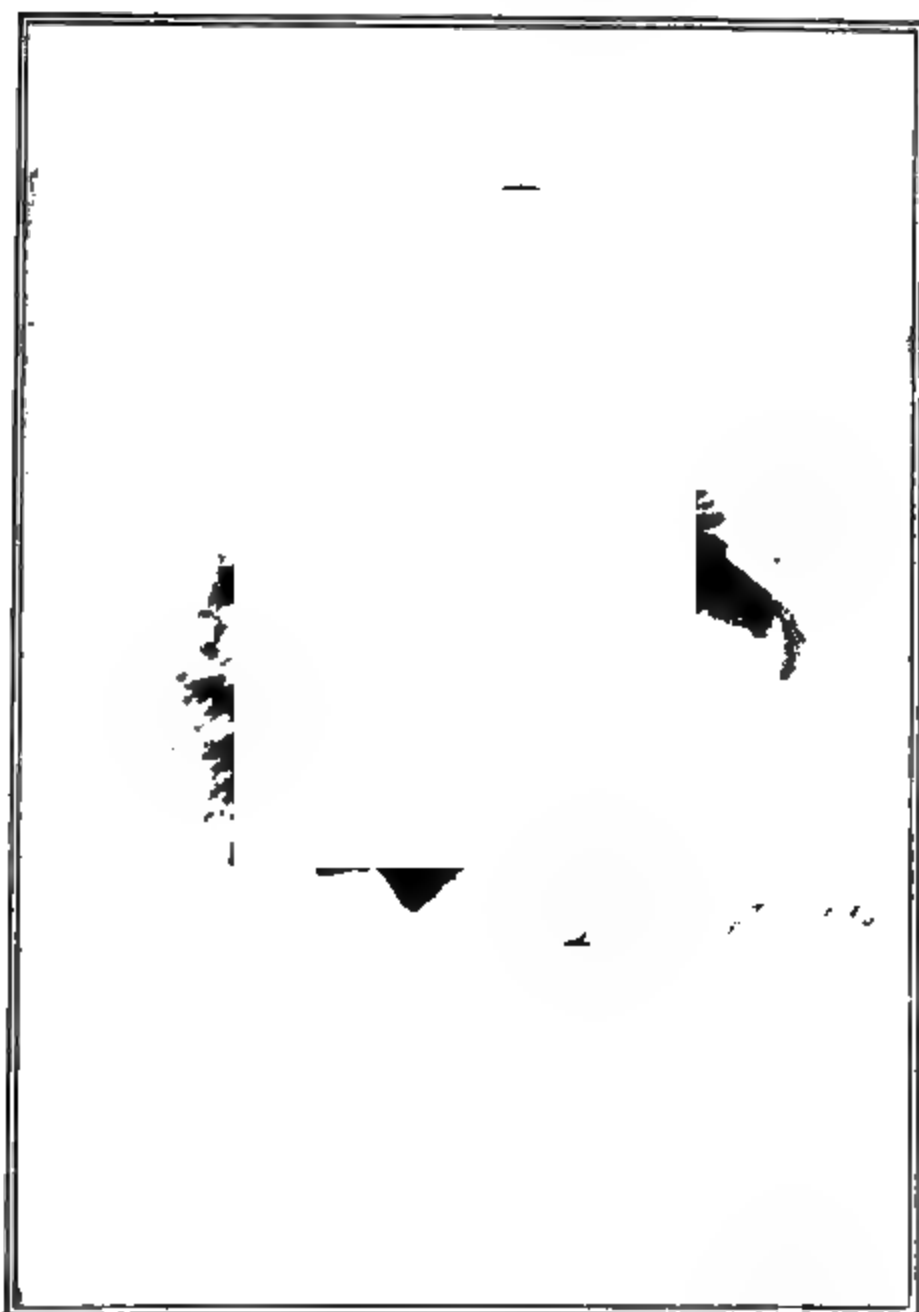
Octave Mirbeau.

From a pen-drawing by Rodin. (Library).

littérateurs of an extremely effective, but a rigidly circumscribed order. They can be justly reproached with having been narrow and deficient in intelligence beyond the boundaries of their own chosen field of perception. Their eminent success within that field was, in a way, a justification of their exclusiveness; but it does not alter the fact that their indifference to what lay outside was barbarous. With age, the limitations of M. de Goncourt tended to increase. Even those of his intimates who were most in sympathy with his ideas could not always deny that he bore down a little heavily toward the last on the rôle, as of the high priest of an esoteric cult,

into which he had been led by circumstances; nor that he became somewhat too aggressively disinclined to suffer opinions that differed from his own. His circle appears, in the main, however, to have taken this rather overbearing pose in good part. And the whole situation is so illustrative of certain phases of the intellectual life of Paris that it becomes an interesting matter of consideration.

If M. de Goncourt did *pontifier* a little—or much—in the latter part of his career, that was perhaps excusable when one reflects how trying must have been the long stretch of years, in the first part of it, when his literary authority, and that



The Princess Mathilde

By L. Doucet. (Library.)

of his brother, were contested or ignored. They published their first book in 1851, and although Sainte-Beuve at once appreciated the originality of their peculiar form of cleverness, and opened the way for them by one of his illuminating criticisms—even as he had done, awhile before, for Gustave Flaubert, whom they resembled in so many ways—they were not thought of seriously, at first, either by the public (which, of course, was not to be expected) or by the mass of their literary confrères. They happened to belong to a family which was noble, though of recent nobility, and to have some means; and this, added to their precocity, their horror of the banal and the commonplace, their contempt for people who sacrificed a tittle of their artistic conviction to money or the vulgar approval of the multitude, caused literary workers

for whom fate had not prepared the way so agreeably, and who were obliged to take life more as they found it, to look upon them rather as elegant dilettanti than as men of letters with a mission. This was a bitter disappointment to the brothers, who toiled at their work-tables like galley-slaves day after day, only going out for a walk at eleven o'clock at night, and whose intense earnestness about their art was, whatever other criticism may be made of them, unquestionable from the start, and splendid in its integrity. Convinced as they were that they *had* a mission (which was to show, among other things, that modern life, with its increased complexities and feverish intensity, needed to be expressed in literature by a style quite different from all those hitherto employed, a style that would bite out the aspects of things as with an acid and make them

monument, when Fouquier, among his French friends, talked in his most inimitable fashion ;

Gustave Geffroy.
By E. Cartière. (Library.)

Émile Zola.

By Raffaëlli. (Library.)

friend of Sainte-Beuve, the friend of Edmond de Goncourt till his death, the woman whose passion for the things of the mind will always honor her, whose personality was so genially dominating, and whose faults were at least destitute of pettiness and drawn in large lines—as she, physically, was herself!—presided over her literary and artistic Wednesdays at the height of her feminine influence and beauty; beauty, that is, such as it is understood among her countrymen: an affair of presence and expression even more than of color and line.

Wherever they went the brothers Goncourt found themselves, during all those years, more or less out of their element. They were in sympathy with Gustave Flaubert, as has been already hinted, and

they had two intimate friends in Gavarni, the caricaturist, and in Théophile Gautier, the poet, who had a great affection for the *précieux* also, and really indicated the possibilities of the *écriture artiste* before the brothers worked it up into the extraordinarily vibrant, sensation-giving vehicle of expression they were eventually to make it. But of other sympathies they had none. Science, which was beginning to take, in every department of the intellectual life, so large a place, and which was finding such votaries, in different directions, as Taine, Berthelot, and Renan, was for them non-existent. It was something which they never regarded very seriously; and the elder brother, if we are to believe all accounts, maintained this rather ingenious stand to the end—or exaggerated it.

"What is science?" he is quoted as saying at one of the Sunday afternoons of the Garret. And an eye-witness describes the parallel drawn by the old man—he had a military head, and his glance, which Turguénieff, in a letter to Flaubert, speaks of as *dur et luisant*, gave pith and point both to the head and its air in saying things—between science and a balloon. A balloon, could it ascend high enough, would pass the starry region, and enter into the great dark, the blackness of space. This blackness was the *néant* in which science also would lose itself. One can fancy the image being developed effectively enough

by the old *causeur*, holding forth amid his circle of attentive disciples.

Those disciples began to gather after the German War, the year of which was likewise that of the death of the younger Goncourt; the more cynical, perhaps, but also probably the more originally gifted, Jules. The *écriture artiste* and naturalism had made their way, and the Deux Goncourt had become banner-bearers for a younger generation of writers and artists. It is not the place here to speak at any length of the connection between the impressionist school of modern painting and the literary impressionism of the brothers Goncourt.

Tourguénieff

From a photograph by Nadar Paris.

and of those who have "goncourized" in their wake. But many painters belonging, nearly or remotely, to that school, owe much of their inspiration to the artistic creed of MM. de Goncourt—a fact realized by such artists as Raffaelli and Carnère, who were habitués of the house at Auteuil.

As a temple of naturalism—naturalism being supposed to be most genuine when most concerned with the uglinesses and sordidnesses of life—the little hotel of the boulevard Montmorency lacked character. But M. de Goncourt was a *raffiné* as well as a naturalist, and in the former capacity he had composed for himself a dwelling which suited him well. He had gathered about him specimens of eighteenth-cen-

tury art—crayon and water-color drawings of Watteau and Fragonard, of Lawrence, and Moreau, the younger, and odd pieces of furniture and bric-à-brac—forming a collection to-day considered almost unique, and the nucleus of which dated from the early years when he and his brother had ransacked curiosity-shops in search of unpublished documents, autograph letters, and rare *bibelots*, of that period, which would enable them to reconstruct the mental and material environment of its painters and its pretty women in those historical studies which form one of the important parts of their literary output. M. de Goncourt was all his life long a passionate collector. A fine old engraving, the possession of the beautiful eighteenth-century

Gustave Flaubert.

From a photograph by Nadar, said to be the only one taken from life.

bed in which Madame de Lamballe had slept while she lived under the roof of her father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre, or (when he had become an exponent of Japanese art) a colored print of Hokousai or Outamaro, consoled him for all those daily irritations of existence which he felt so furiously. He said for all, but it did not go quite so far as that. M. de Goncourt never reached that entirely abstracted serenity that one associates with the typical lover of beautiful things.

Such was the setting, then, of those famous Sunday afternoons. M. and Mme. Alphonse Daudet, who were M. de Goncourt's nearest and dearest friends for a long time before his death—it will be remembered that his death occurred at Champrosay, where he had gone in ill-health to spend a few weeks—were the unfailing guests of the "*parlote littéraire*." Émile Zola, who was one of the five

"hissed writers" that, in the seventies, had been wont to dine together—the four others being Edmond de Goncourt himself, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Flaubert, and Tourguénieff—was another of the intimates, though in recent years his attendance had been less assiduous. Flaubert, on the occasions when he tore himself away from his work-room at Croisset to come up to Paris, had often shown his big Norse presence there; and one might have seen likewise the nephew whose literary beginnings he had guided so austere-ly, and who well repaid the pains—Guy de Maupassant. More lately there had been such men as Rodenbach, the Belgian poet, whose delicate, dreamy talent has so many affinities with that of his countryman, Maeterlinck; as Octave Mirbeau (the French discoverer, precisely, of Maeterlinck), a clever writer whom the Socialists have begun in recent days to claim

for their own (one imagines the views M. de Goncourt must have held on *that* subject); as Gustave Geffroy, the art-critic; and *feuilletonists* known of the Tout-Paris, like Jean Ajalbert, like Paul Alexis. J. K. Huysmans gravitated naturally toward the author of "La Faustin;" and along with the tormented author of those two amazing books, "À Rebours," and "Là-Bas," there would appear—to lounge among drawings of Gavarni, *éditions de luxe* of contemporary authors, bound according to M. de Goncourt's especial designs, and illustrated, in flying leaves, in black and white, or color, by his artist-friends—the two brothers Rosny, the novelists whose collaboration has been modelled on that of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, and Paul Margueritte, another of the master's particular followers who will likewise, it is understood, collaborate hereafter with a literary brother in the same fashion and partnership. Curious instances, both of these, by the way, of an attempt to produce, by analogous technical methods, results akin to those which the brothers Goncourt achieved through the peculiarities of their extraordinary temperament. Then, with all these *jeunes* of literature (so-called, at least, until quite lately, when men of a very different school from that of M. de Goncourt, men like MM. de Vogué, Lavis, and Wagner discovered a group of new *jeunes*, more authentic ones in point of age, whose ideas, as we have been apprised, are far removed from those of the aestheticians and naturalists), there were a crowd of painters, young men seeking their formula, men with individualistic art-theories, and so forth.

Desertions from the inner circle of the faithful would occasionally occur which touched the master of the house keenly. Such a defection as that of M. Pierre Loti, for instance, was calculated to seem to him an act of tragic disloyalty. How could any person, elected to be a member of the future Goncourt Academy, forswear his ideal artistic independence to truckle to the mediocre standard of excellence adored of the *bourgeois*, the standard illustrated by the academicians that sit under the classical cupola on the left bank of the Seine? These were the days, probably, when a disappointment of some such nat-

ure had stirred in him nervous reactions uncommonly acute, in which the *maître* did not willingly abide a word of opposition in his *cénacle*, in which it was better to be of his way of thinking than against it. The aristocrat—he always appeared in that character, more or less, to the imagination of his literary friends, who, like all Frenchmen, prefer to invest people with some definite rôle—the *intime* of the salon of the Princesse Mathilde, where he was surnamed "Délicat," could then take privileges, if the legend be trustworthy, that might have been discomposing to the looker-on were it not the fruit of experience to expect in the artistic nature the unexpected.

However this may be, the inner ring seems, we repeat, to have been proof against alienation. What with hasty words and brusquerie and sensitiveness, one may allow one's self to surmise that M. Alphonse Daudet, whose ideas were at so many points opposed to those of his friend, that Mme. Daudet, whose relations with the old man appear to have been so pretty and charming, so daughterly, motherly, womanly, friendly, may have passed through moments requiring much expenditure of the *finesse* of affection. To be the younger friend, the half-monitor, half-pupil of a *gloire* that is passing away—not a really great *gloire*, of course; M. de Goncourt made, perhaps, some illusions to himself on that score; but a celebrity, a large intellectual figure—is a situation that must offer some difficulties. It makes the happier impression to note the successful manner in which such difficulties are in France surmounted. There are surely few positions in which the Gallic nature shows to better advantage. The measure maintained in these relations is very satisfying to the sense of balance and proportion. That drop of acid that goes with the terrible objective lucidity of the national perception preserves the Frenchman admirably from the debauch of excess of veneration. Of those grotesque sentimentalities whose very hair can, you would say, be heard to *schwärmen*, and of which Germany and England have produced at given hours their share, the supply is small in France. But of real reverence for the *grand homme* there is much. And this reverence has, as a general thing, a fine

catholicity. We have already noticed that the lack of catholicity among M. de Goncourt's friends was an exception. Of this willingness to pay respect to a man simply considered as an intellectual manifestation, and even an intellectual manifestation along lines opposed to the current of one's sympathies, there was a memorable illustration in the case of Paul Verlaine. We do not picture to ourselves our own minor poets making pilgrimages to Camden, N. J., there to show respect for what was great in Walt Whitman in spite of what there was in him that they did not approve of. At least, we do not picture those doing so habitually who had a care for their place in the social whole, and who did not wish to be considered to be wandering eccentrically afar off from the centre.

The centre among the French has always such drawing power that even the most centrifugal forces never get entirely away from its area of gravitation. It is the supreme triumph of the country that, more than any other, knows how to utilize all its elements, that it does not allow its most individualistic talents to drift so far from the common associations that they dry up in a rarefied isolation of their own, or exaggerate their individualism until it becomes impossible to convert it, in any shape, to the common account. Edmond de Goncourt and his brother, for example, were exactly the sort of men who in any other surroundings—if they can be fancied in any other surroundings—would have become social aliens, hermits. They had most of the gifts and all the defects which make recluses. But Paris managed to assimilate them; and the elder brother, who had begun by being an object of curiosity (sympathetic, in the case of Michelet, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, and a few others; ironical, in the case of the majority), ended by being an authority and a power, and by impressing his exceedingly personal vision of art and existence on the work and ideals of a whole generation. The reason is that there is a validity in this vision which the brothers Goncourt had. Although they only saw a fraction of what life is, and art can do, they saw that fraction with *justesse* and intensity, and worked themselves beyond the bounds of health and strength to impose what they

did see. The vogue of impressionistic and naturalistic writing is passing. One may say that M. de Goncourt died just in time. But it has left its trace, and something of it will remain, not only in French literature, but in every other. Paris, in short, took up what was vital in "Goncourism" and turned it to lasting and general use, which shows adaptability and aliveness to the idea. The surplus and dross are easily washed away.

It is this trick that Paris has which prevents its literary and artistic circles from being the really small affairs that they seem to the ordinarily intelligent observer. Especially was the circle of M. de Goncourt undoubtedly small. It was as contracted in many ways as it well could be. An observer not ordinarily, but extraordinarily, intelligent, Mr. Henry James, notes, with the discomfort that a close room gives to lovers of fresh air, that all Frenchmen of letters revolve in a very little space. M. de Goncourt certainly never travelled. Few *littérateurs* in France travel. They have, even in Paris, a little world of their own. They seem, in more directions than one, riveted to the spot. But if you move about a great deal, and have a variety of interests, and yet do not convert the acquisitions thus gained into methods or materials that give a fresh impetus to literary undertakings, you are not, as *littérateurs*, so much in the larger world of letters after all. Even if M. de Goncourt's soliloquies in the *grenier*, surrounded by his little court of worshippers—the *maître* in Paris tends naturally to soliloquize, whether he be a Victor Hugo or M. Stéphane Mallarmé—were chiefly amplifications of the notions and theories to be found in the "Journal" (and no one would call those broad or philosophical), he did belong to that larger world of letters, because he showed it a distinctly new way of getting at certain results. That much will hardly be denied, as time goes on, and the fact dignifies the group of which he was the central figure. One perceives that it had legitimacy.

It was, besides, a group of men, interesting and honorable for its singleness of devotion to work. Other literary men live more, it will not be contested, as men. M. de Goncourt, and those *jeunes* who thought as he did, lived, as *littérateurs*, with an intensity and absorption difficult to rival.

One may criticize the temper of the exclusive craftsman as conducive to one-sidedness. One best describes it, nevertheless, by paraphrasing the famous sentence of Théophile Gautier in the "Journal : " Those who have it are men "for whom the invisible world of literary representation *exists*."



THE CHILD ALONE

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THEY say the night has fallen chill—
But I know naught of mist or rain,
Only of two small hands that still
Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
Down the long valleys to the sea ;
But I can only hear the Child,
Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
Above the voices of the bay,
I hear the sound of little feet,
Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the autumn wind makes moan,
The desolate wind about my door,
And a little child goes all alone
Who never was alone before.



THE UNQUIET SEX

THIRD PAPER—WOMEN AND REFORMS

By Helen Watterson Moody

T long ago, a man, a busy and successful editor, who has an unusual way of ruminating facts until he gets all the significance possible out of them, said to me, "Have you ever thought of this?—there are in this country at the present time an unusual number of capable and conspicuous women, at the head of distinguished political or educational movements and reforms, or administering unpaid public offices with great tact and charm, and with some helpfulness. Now, if one were fully to inform himself as to the station in life of these busy persons, he would find, I think, that they are, almost without exception, either women of great wealth, having, consequently, abundant leisure and the power to destroy it, childless or unmarried women, or self-supporting women whose business interests are supposed in some way to be forwarded by publicity."

Yes, I had thought about it in a desultory and unproductive fashion.

"Well, go on thinking about it and you will find conclusions ahead of you somewhere, if I am not mistaken."

I did go on thinking about it, and he was not mistaken, but the first conclusions I arrived at (by the pleasant Hibernian process) were questions. Which is cause and which effect? Is it public service for public service's sake or for publicity's sake? Is it not possible with leisure and the consciousness of money-power to develop a kind of epicureanism in reforms as in the other pleasures of life? Are we in danger of making a fad of what must be really a very solemn undertaking, when one considers that a reform is necessarily a readjustment of creation, and that if it comes to anything more than an experiment in reform, it must be about as serious a matter as creation itself? I have not yet answered any of these questions satisfactorily

to myself. Can anybody give me a ray of light?

So much for the first conclusions, which, as you see, were no conclusions at all, and perhaps the second were like unto them, for the one serious matter I settled with myself was that I did not agree with my friend as to the limitation of this taste among women for public affairs. So far as my own observation goes, most women have it, to-day, to a greater or less degree, and have had it, with different manifestations, ever since the days when their Puritan fathers and husbands pushed into reforms, having not yet taken the time to push out of the wilderness. Those early days of transcendentalism in New England must have been glorious times for the reforming instinct, when, as Mr. Lowell says, there was "no brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes," and in which it is evident that women were deeply involved, from the very nature of the reforms themselves.

These dealt not only with the establishment of communities, where, as one chronicler has it, "everything was to be common, except common sense," and with a reversion to labor upon land, which was declared to be only work in which men could lawfully engage, but there were those who wished to do away with yeast, and eat unleavened bread, fermentation being considered an unholy and unwholesome process; there were persons who attacked buttons as allies of the devil, and other means of locomotion than legs, and marriages, and miracles, and the ordinary courtesies of expression—from all of which it is indubitably to be inferred that many of the prophets, even then, were of the unquiet sex.

Now, the desire for reform is by no means to be decried, since it must make an essential part of the working capital of every earnest man or woman. Heaven

forbid that any word of mine should be interpreted as remotely casting levity (which is worse than casting discredit) upon any attempt on the part of anybody toward that strenuous reach to "exceed one's grasp" which is "what a heaven's for." Only since we women (I see no derogation in acknowledging it) are by that entire physical and mental organization generally known as temperament, more inclined to extremes in all things than men are, it appears wise to me that we should suspect the desire for reform whenever we can see that it has passed onward from that latent quickening heat which warms the ovum of thought to life, into the open excitement which will hopelessly addle it. To be able to sit down beforehand, to a cool and impartial scrutiny both of the animating spirit of our reforms and their objective and subjective results, seems to me wholly necessary, before we can be sure that we are not undertaking reform for reform's sake alone, or that in the high and unselfish purpose which is prompting us, we are not losing some adornments of character which seem to me greatly worth keeping.

It may or may not be worth comment that during the early days of reforms in this country there were more men reformers than women, but that later on, dating, perhaps, from the Civil War, the number of reforms instituted by women is the greater. Perhaps this bears out my editor's suspicion that leisure and wealth and the power it buys are at the bottom of half our reforms, as well as of half our mischiefs. At any rate, the number of public affairs we poor women have to look after nowadays must be either exceedingly gratifying or exceedingly disheartening, according to one's point of view. We seem to have the health of the country wholly in our hands (at least, one is inclined so to fear, contrary to what one has been taught to believe about microbes and bacteria, to say nothing of an all-wise Creator whom we used to credit with some sense of responsibility for the world He has made); we have kindergartens, and the Alaska Indians, and sanitary plumbing, and doing away with distinctions of sex in work, and the introduction of patriotic teaching in the public schools, and the higher education of parents, and dress reform, and

many more things of like gravity, which, like the apostle, I have not time to speak of now.

Now, very likely all these things are good to do, and to be—and to suffer, too, if one is able to "drink fair" in the matter of reforms and to take as well as offer an appropriate opportunity for improvement. But it seems to me most essential that we should not lose what the Germans call *Uebersicht*, in our zeal, and that we should remember, however necessary it may be to the world alone that a social or political reform should be instituted, it is surely of much more importance both to the world and the reform—to say nothing of ourselves—that the reformer herself should be sane and pleasing—particularly pleasing. For here, my friends, I stoop to plead the cause of unreformed feminine nature. I have never been able to see why any one of us should be ashamed of a desire to please—even to please men. Could woman's desire go farther, on the whole, even in post-mortem vanity than the epitaph Mr. Lowell was so fond of recalling, "She was so pleasant?" For myself, in honest confession, I would rather be pleasant than be President, and St. Paul defend me if I imitate his humble example and speak these words as a fool!

One of the regrettable things about the reformatory instinct is its persistence. If one could only be occasionally a reformer and anon come back to one's quiet and passive provincialism, the case for the reformers would be proved at once. But a taste for reform is like a taste for the luxuries of life—one seldom gets over it. This in the case of women is particularly to be deplored, because there is likely to result a habit of mind and behavior more or less egoistic, downright, declaratory, and dead-in-earnest, while most of us still like our women as Sairey Gamp liked her porter—"drawed mild." Why not? Is there any advantage, in the nature of things, in severity and strenuousness over mildness and serenity? Can we be certain that the latter have not a surer vitality of their own? It is to the meek and not to the strenuous that the inheritance of the earth was promised, and at least it is to be conceded that in mildness and serenity is to be found the antidote to the strain and tension which the acceleration of the age

puts upon us all. Possibly here is still another mission for women—or will be, when we get the composure to consider it: that of ranging ourselves with the calm and leisurely forces of nature which the hurry of modern life has not yet been able to alter, and which even the American must accept until he finds some way to change his constitution, or to do away with it altogether and live on the by-laws, as one American statesman used to say he did. The American may have discovered how to digest badly, but he has found no way to digest both well and quickly.

All this misbehavior on the part of men is bad enough, but it seems to me infinitely worse when it comes to women, for I do not see how it is possible to evade the conclusion, as indicated by the supreme functions and most imperative duties of women, that they were meant to live closer to nature than men were, to be a very part of its great orderly processes, and to have the inestimable privilege of sharing, if they will, in its simplicity, its largeness, its tranquillity, its unconscious patience. If this be true, and I like to believe that it is, it seems to me most essential that in our desire to perform one set of duties, we should not lose sight of another still more important set, that we should keep our sense of perspective, and not mistake, even in reforms, the false need for the real one; that we should be able to discriminate between the righteous necessity for fundamental adjustment and a mere desire to relieve our feelings.

"Is reform needed?" asks Walt Whitman. "Is it through you? The greater the reform needed the greater personality you need to accomplish it." Let us see. Is reform needed? Not always. A number of men and women, all good and wise, may meet together and, discovering a great evil or a real abuse, may decide that something ought to be done, and set about doing it at once. Yet it by no means follows that because things are out of joint no duty remains but to set them right. It is not quite enough that a reform should be desirable or even necessary; it must also be inevitable. And when it is inevitable it "hath a way" of its own. It seems then to be set in motion by an inner spiritual vitality rather than from any mechanical and outside force. And when

the reform is accomplished, it is usually to be observed that it seems to have moved with a curious—almost a human—perversity, never in the obvious or direct line toward its end, but, bringing up its reinforcements from unexpected quarters, its march has been through a series of zigzags, leading sidewise, backward, anywhere, but along the simple straight line upon which our convictions have settled as the one practicable method of approach. The genius of reform, like the genius of the German sentence, seems to be for "yawing and backing, for getting stern foremost and for not minding the helm." Nothing better betrays this delightful sense of humor in the spirit of reforms than that reform, at once the most complicated, the simplest, the most long-suffering, most endeared to the hearts of women—dress-reform.

It is hardly to be supposed that the dress-reforming spirit is a product of modern times, since we find the necessity of it enjoined upon women as far back as Bible times, but for present purposes it is sufficient to go back to forty years ago, when the women of this country began to look timidly and tentatively (much as the little fish in the fable looked at the fly on the hook) toward the mere possibility of such changes in the garments they wore as should conform them, in some degree at least, to the demands of beauty or health or convenience or adequate bodily protection. A few women, looking at the matter quite simply and directly, and conceiving, therefore, that dress-reform was a matter solely of individual and private concern, shut themselves into the privacy of their homes, snipped and sheared and stitched industriously, coming forth at last to shock the gaze of a waiting world with a curious hybrid garment, neither male nor female, lacking the stern practicability of the masculine garb, lacking also all the sweet appeal of the flowing feminine line, lacking even that long "petty-coat," without which, as the acute Mr. Pepys observed, "nobody could take them for women." It is not strange that the reform received a blow, then and there, from which it staggered along unsteadily, upheld only by the occasional enthusiasm of a business-like prophet, or a Rainy Day Club, or a Woman's Congress (where it

crept in with other more popular and less necessary reforms) until about three years ago. Then, without any seeming movement, without declaring itself at all, suddenly, like light at the creative fiat, it *was*. And it *was*, not through any tempest of organization, or any whirlwind of enthusiasm, but through the still, small wheels of the bicycle, bringing forth the one thing that was necessary and had been lacking all the time—reason enough. What a regard for health or beauty, or convenience, or individuality, or comfort had never accomplished, the desire for pleasure brought at once. To-day the short skirt, the comfortable blouse, the well-protected ankle, make up a costume as respected and as non-committal on the streets of a great city as on the golf-links of the most remote hills. Dress-reform need go no farther in accomplishing its own ends, though it is certain to carry with it half a dozen linked reforms, more or less desirable. Given reason enough, you see—specific and immediate need—and any reform is inevitable, but in the absence of sufficient reason it is as impossible to accomplish a reform as it is physically impossible (to use one of Mr. Mallock's illustrations) to knock a man down unless he gives you a sufficient motive for doing so. There is no doubting that reforms are sometimes necessary; that the world is full of affairs which are not righteous, and that many of them should be set straight; just as there is a restful certainty that these surely will be set straight in their own ripe time. But it by no means follows that you and I are necessary to their reformatory conduct. I have sometimes wondered whether we women, conscientiously anxious as we are not to play the shirk in all questions of serious import, have not come to overrate the responsibility of the individual in the simple possession of convictions and powers. For it is not always inevitable, even in the stern deductions of the moral world, that because one has the ability to do fine things, nothing remains but to be constantly about their discharge. To be always living "at the top of one's voice" does away both with the logic and the distinction of the performance. I like to think that each one of us has a right, if she wishes it, to a sense of unexpended power and to the ample self-possession that comes with it, just for their

own sweet sake, if she happens to prefer these to a more ostentatious and ambitious self-expression. And as for convictions, perhaps an advance in ethics may some day lead us to suspect that convictions were meant to be serviceable mainly as springs of action, and to govern us in our relations with others, rather than for promiscuous circulation among our friends—who may also happen to have convictions of their own. Possibly, too, we have been over-advised as to the peculiar responsibility for morals which is generally supposed to attend upon the possession of petticoats. Whatever the Turveydrops of the moral world may have to say about the necessity for elevating moral deportment on the part of "wooman, bewitching woman," I have never been able to see any indubitable intent in nature herself toward binding them over to any higher moral standards than she does men. Both men and women seem to me to be compounded of the same average morality, though with certain unlike manifestations, largely the result of circumstances and opportunities. I see no special cause for believing that the average woman under like temptation would do very differently from the average man—a belief which is not lessened by Bishop Potter's recent accusation before the Women's Auxiliary of the Civil Service Reform Association, that they put their relatives into office whenever they get the chance, "without any evidence that they are fitted to fill the places they applied for." Possibly women were intended by their Creator to stand for the reformatory interests of life, but I think there is not, as yet, sufficient evidence thereto either in the nature of things or of women to warrant any special abrogation of other distinct and more familiar duties in favor of interests mainly moral.

And even if we had as a sex displayed that special aptitude for managing public affairs which has distinguished a few of us, we are still, most of us, as the division of labor adjusts things at present, either too busy or too tired to undertake them. It must be quite clear to those who are watching the trend of modern life with any interest as to its results, that we women are taxing ourselves to the point of physical distress and mental superficiality. We are carrying the heavy end of creation. We seem to desire to im-

press ourselves and the world at large with the great virtue that consists in getting tired. I wish, instead, we might arise to such an appreciation of our physical worth and dignity as would make us as ashamed of exhaustion (except under extremest provocation) as we should be of any other equally grave physical immorality. And as for the extreme busy-ness in which we rather glory to-day, what is to be said of it except that it is no more worthy of respect than any other departure from nature, and that it argues not so much for general ability as for the specific inability to exercise a wise and proper selection in the affairs of life? Somewhat, also, does it indicate a lessened sense of personal dignity, in that we permit ourselves to be whipped like slaves through each day with the scourge of many duties.

I suppose the end of reform is the betterment of the world at large, and with that in view it has always been surprising to me that so little attention has been given to the part played in this general betterment of creation by mere happiness. I believe it is Mr. Stevenson who says that the duty of being happy is the most underrated duty in the world. And in spite of all we may wish or assert to the contrary, there is indubitable evidence that happiness, up to date, at least, has a basis in physical well-being. I suppose one of the reasons why the reformers of the earth have not been notably delightful persons to live with is because they were either too busy or too tired to be happy. And yet a happy man, and especially a happy woman, is a radiating focus of reform, for such a person possesses that gentle and diffused persuasiveness which leads us into willing good endeavor, simply because it displays to us the good taste of enjoying fine behavior.

But however true this may be, there will still be some of us whose taste is for the purple of heroic action; who would rather give themselves to public benefaction than to private happiness, as also there will be some whose splendid abil-

ities will give them to command both. For these there may be a not unfriendly suggestion in occasionally recalling the remark of the sage Mr. Birrell, that there is "a great deal of relativity about a dress-suit." There is also a great deal of relativity about reform, and it is the failure upon the part of many reformers to understand this which makes the pathos and the humor and the satire of so many reforming movements, in themselves noble and uplifting. The social structure being not a thing of mechanical parts, but a living growth, it is impossible even to lop off an excrescence without drawing blood from the whole body. It is with reforms as with everything else in the world that is an evolution and not a manufacture—you cannot get one end, which you may want, without getting the other end, which you will probably not find so desirable. It was, as Mr. Lowell says, the inability of Don Quixote to discover for himself what the Nature of Things really was, or of accommodating himself to it if he had discovered it, which makes the work of Cervantes an immortal commentary on "all attempts to re-make the world by the means and methods of the past and on the humanity of impulse which looks on each fact that arouses its pity or its sense of wrong as if it was or could be complete in itself, and were not indissolubly bound up with myriads of other facts both in the past and the present. . . . Don Quixote's quarrel is with the structure of society, and it is only by degrees, through much mistake and consequent suffering, that he finds out how strong that structure is, nay, how strong it must be, in order that the world may go smoothly and the course of events not be broken by a series of cataclysms. . . . 'Do right though the heavens fall,' is an admirable precept so long as the heavens don't take you at your word and come down about your ears—still worse, about those of your neighbors. It is a rule rather of private than public application, for, indeed, it is the doing of right that keeps the heavens from falling."

THE POINT OF VIEW

Education and Travel. THERE is general concurrence as to the value of education, but wide diversity of opinion as to what education consists in and by what processes it may best be obtained. President Eliot, a high authority, in the essay in which he sets forth "Wherein Modern Education has Failed," finds so much that is amiss in contemporary schooling as to make his reader wonder at the persistence of the American intelligence in developing as well as it does. Mr. Grant Allen, whose views, though less authoritative, are at least interesting, in a recent essay finds abundance of fault with present methods and proclaims, for one thing, that the study of languages, dead and living, has been enormously overvalued as a means of mental training, and that a boy may much better spend two years of his youth in travel than three in a university. The usefulness of travel for rightly trained and constituted lads is so generally recognized that it is not at all unusual for parents who wish to give their sons every chance possible to increase in wisdom to offer them the choice between spending several years in Europe or going to college at home. Each of us knows one or two men who have pursued education in this way, and we are used to compare them with their college-bred coevals and pass opinions as to which method of intellectual development resulted best. Every year there are lads who were fitted for college and, perhaps, entered, but went abroad. To compare them six or eight, or ten or twenty, years later with their schoolmates who went on and took their college degree is, perhaps, the most available test of the respective efficiency of the two methods; and it seems safe to say that, according to that test, the educational fruits of travel and study abroad compare very well with the products of the domestic tree of knowledge.

If, then, in the opinion of educators and as judged by its results travel is so useful a means of true education, how comes it that it is not more generally and systematically cultivated as a means of intellectual training and enlargement for American youth? If

there is one thing for which more than for another American dollars are obtainable it is for purposes of education. Rich men who want to do something for posterity and the America of the future feel that the thing of the first importance is that the coming American shall be wise; and though they cannot bequeath wisdom to him they do what seems the next best thing by providing, in so far as they may, that he shall have the appliances and the opportunity to learn. Besides the annual expenditure for the common-school system in this country, the income of endowment funds valued at one hundred million dollars at least is annually expended for colleges and universities. The lad who wants to go to college has the way made smooth for him by the benevolence of the friends and patrons of education. The lad who is impressed by the educational advantages of travel and foreign study, must, if he seeks education by that method, pursue it at his own cost. If travel is so instructive and so useful in developing mental power, is it not strange that it has not occurred more generally to liberal promoters of true education to try to bring it within the reach of youths to whom it is not available? There are, it is true, a few funds which provide incomes for American youth who wish to pursue abroad some special line of investigation; but nothing has ever been done on a large scale to send young men to Europe or elsewhere, to see the world and learn from it what will make them more useful Americans when they get back. It is possible that this is a development of liberality that will come in time. If it seems a fantastic plan, is not that because we are not used to it? The Japanese have been doing something of the sort for the last thirty years, and no nation on earth has made progress as they have.

MY friend Alanson, whose liking to do things his own way extends even to his choice of opinions, tried college education for a year or two and has also travelled very much more widely than the average American. When I asked him whether travel or university instruction paid better he de-

Processes and Results. clined to express a preference for either, but declared that the way men really got education was by trying to do something. Men who did things, he thought, developed their powers and learned to distinguish fact from theory. There was nothing, he felt, so instructive as to make something work; to make a plan and carry it out; to make a machine that would go, to carry on a business and exact a profit from it; to hunt a wild creature and get it; to hunt a star, or a microbe, or what you will, and find it. Alanson did not seem to care for the sort of education, however obtained, that enabled its possessors to disapprove of the universe and its workings without being able or perhaps willing to do the first practical thing to make it work better. The man who does something, he felt, is the man who really learns how. He did not disparage preliminary education, nor at all suggest that children had better be put to grow cabbages than to learn to read; but he did seem to feel that persons who assumed to be educated ought to be able to prove that they knew something worth knowing by doing something worth doing, or at least by being something worth being. He did not care for an imaginary capacity that could only find its expression in an imaginary world. If a man assumed to have learned how a ward ought to be carried, or a city governed, he wanted him to demonstrate the worth of his theories by at least attempting to carry a ward or govern a city in his way. The man who has a theory according to which a silk purse can be made out of a sow's ear, may seem to be an ingenious person as long as he keeps from putting his notion into practice. But he would not do for Alanson, who would never admit that his scheme was a good scheme unless the purse was forthcoming.

Such sentiments as Alanson's have their weight with us all in our attitude toward education. We are not satisfied with processes. More and more we want results. If the colleges profess to teach the humanities and make gentlemen we insist that the instructed shall demonstrate that they *are* gentlemen. We don't like slugging in football games or trickery in racing, or professionalism or sharp practices in any kind of sport. The great educators of the country are quite of our mind in these matters (or it may be that we are of their mind). They want results, too. At one college, where there is a strong

sentiment that a college graduate should write good English, the practice of late years has been to make students write and keep them at it until they learn how. So in teaching various sciences there is an increasing tendency toward laboratory practice and field practice. To tell after a fashion how something ought to be done isn't enough; it is necessary to do it. If a man does something we shall all admit he knows how.

Year by year we see in politics the same impatience of theories and the same demand for actualities. The theoretical politicians are no longer content to call names at the practical politicians. They go to school to them and learn their methods, and if they cannot adopt them, try to overcome them by means which they can use. They are learning; they improve. The plan of the practical politician has seemed to be, in the cities especially, to give the people the worst and most corrupt government they would tolerate. The plan of the theoretical politician has been to give absolutely good and non-partisan government. Perhaps that is too much to hope for; for the sort of education that has results teaches that almost every product bears an inalienable relation to its materials. But at last we are justified in believing that we shall ultimately get the best government possible, and our justification lies in this, that the theorists have gone to work and are finding out what will wash and what will wear, and what will not. When that sort of investigation begins something comes of it.

FEW people ever get beyond a weather-bureau point of view toward Nature; to the majority, a day or night is either rainy or clear, dry or damp, hot or cold, and the seasons as they come and pass are empty-sounding names. The wonder of a morning when the leafless trees, all wan, seem groping through the mist to undimmed day, is lost to them; they bolt the door and wait for the fog to lift. In a complacently filled corner of such people's minds, weather, with its synonym, Nature, is tucked away with other equally original interpretations, and as bad weather is disagreeable, it follows that Nature must be equally intolerable during a fog. Yet from the fogs and storms and mists of an Iceland fishing-season Pierre Loti has made a story, beautiful, fantastic, like frost-lace on a window-pane.

The Weather-
Bureau Frame of
Mind.

I know a little stream whose waters run to the horizon and drain the sky of half its color. Golden-rod, wild sunflowers, and purple thistles bank the stream on either side; and when the flowered fields give back the sunset's glow, this little stream runs liquid golden-rod, fringed with reflected purple. But who in all the country round cares if the flowered fields are vying with a summer sunset? It isn't raining, a breeze engenders thoughts of a cool night for sleeping, and there's an end of it. That cloth-of-gold, the fallen leaves quilting the grass, the turquoise sky and all the tarnished brightness of an autumn day move them to profoundly observe that "it's awfully warm for this time of the year." Winter's silver silence turns their thoughts more completely to material affairs, and when it rains or snows or blows or fogs, the women, triumphant champions of the eternal occupation of the fingers and the ultimate deadening of the imagination, produce superfluous linen things and fill them with unnecessary stitches.

However, when a literal-minded individual does admire any object in the world—on a clear day, of course, or that person wouldn't be looking out of doors—you may count upon that individual's taste running to a cherry-tree in blossom or a full-foliaged maple. Now, the delight of a cherry-tree, really, is when in early spring little pale-red shivers run over every branch, or later when the snow of blossoms flies and blurs the outline of the tree at every wind-gust, and not, as the literal-minded individual thinks, when it is covered with masses of white like a Christmas-tree strung with pop-corn. This same individual sighs for leaves on a naked maple when every branch ensnares the stars—the cool, pale-golden stars which make one's heart ache for longing to possess them by the handsful and feel their soothing golden drip between one's feverish fingers.

It is a sorry fact that riding the bicycle is responsible for other afflictions than "the bicycle-hump" and "the bicycle-face;" it encourages the weather-bureau mind to an alarming extent. When the sky turns gray on an autumn day and a mist transforms a common elm into a fluted-mouthed, slender-stemmed Venetian glass vase, the disappointed cyclist scorches home, grumbling for commonplace sunshine, and little dreaming what a marvellous change of scene he has lost in his frantic endeavor to keep a little dampness from falling on the handle-bar. But where's

the good of talking when most people in this highly civilized world enjoy only the few glaring days of summer weather, when lawn dresses are in vogue and it is "the thing" to go to the country to show them off? One sighs for the sympathetic companionship of a little South Sea savage, like the one Charles Warren Stoddard tells of, who was enthralled every evening by "watching a particular cliff in a peculiar light and at a certain hour;" or exclaims once more with Wordsworth,

Great God! I'd rather be

A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

"THE Golden Age," Kenneth Grahame calls childhood, looking back at it through the vista of intervening years. It *is* a golden age, albeit more golden in the remembrance than in the actual enjoyment, as it may be the best joys always are. But perhaps the *Recollection* of Childhood is the real golden age, the age at which men most nearly approach the pure gold of indestructible joy. I call it second childhood, this season of life when the spirit of youth lives in men, kept alive by the glorified *Second Childhood* memories of childhood days and hood in Literature. The yearning to "be a boy again." ture.

The phrase ought to be divorced forever from connection with the lean and slippered pantaloon, and kept for this mood of the strong man. First childhood, let us say, is like Eden; but man was not man in Paradise. Not until he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the angel with the flaming sword had taken up his guard before the gate of the garden of ignorant happiness, did the retrospect have anything of spurring regret or the prospect anything of yearning and allurements. Not until he has known what sin is and what is shame do the other days take hold on man's remembrance, and bring back the spirit of eternal boyhood by which man must enter the Kingdom. The world has been nineteen centuries in interpreting the scene where the Saviour took a little child and pointed to him as the key. Men have spent themselves in searches after every other; they have been stoics and epicures, they have counted life all and counted it naught; they have looked to Alexander and to Diogenes alternately for the secret of happiness, and found it in neither.

To-day it seems as if we were beginning to understand. Perhaps it has been in part due to the evolutionists that the boy has been taken from the status of an underdone man and put at the root of all human potentialities and possibilities. Froebel's philosophy of child-gardening, too, has done as much for parents as for offspring; until it has become a common thing to hear mothers of the hard-working classes discussing the traits and beauties and tendencies of childhood in a way which was unthought of by the learned of fifty years ago. Little by little this widespread awakening of intelligent interest in childhood is finding expression in literature. In the wastes of tawdry "realism," iconoclasm, cynicism, and shamelessness, men have lifted up voices of regret for the epic age, and cried aloud for the times when life was simpler. A great living writer has paid his tribute to one of the greatest of writers recently dead by saying of him, in loving tenderness: "He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play." Certainly Stevenson deserved this word of Barrie's; and to many he will seem as fine an incarnation of the second childhood as the world has seen.

Since Lamb, who perhaps was the first great boy in literature, there had been few enough before Stevenson to know this spirit; but now we have all at once "Sentimental Tommy," "The Golden Age," "The One I Knew the Best of All," "The Child-World," and Mrs. Meynall's essays on the child, and others—books whose grasp and increasing hold upon the public taste go far to indicate that some of the finest and delicatest possibilities in literature are opening up to the vision of the second childhood. One has need only to compare Wordsworth's sentimental poetizing about childhood with Riley's "Child-World," for instance, to measure the difference be-

tween the old insight and the new. The one looks upon a child with nicely summoned sentiment as a type of what he used to be before manhood's wisdom came to sit in state upon his brow; the other sees in childhood not only what he used to be, but what he hopes again to become. It is the apotheosis of ingenuousness; the triumph of instinct over logic, of faith over reason, of intuitive judgments, which are the kindest, of strong and simple likes and dislikes, unswerving loyalty, unquestioning love, ungrudging tribute and all unconventionality.

In the attempt to escape convention recent literature has already been driven to the soil for the elemental life which really appeals to men, and in which it is possible to depict things worth depicting. Of the men who have succeeded, this has been true to an extent often laughable; and the children of the soil have not been able to sustain the reputation for all the primitive strength and potentiality which their historians have given them. Neither, in all probability, will childhood be able to sustain the burden of adult literature for long. Violence will undoubtedly be done as soon as the tyro begins with clumsy fingers to meddle with the exquisite essence of what we call second childhood. It is not far from the maudlin and the mawkish, this newest phase in literature. One trembles to think of the fools who will rush in while angels stand hesitatingly without, fearful of ground so delicate. There are sad possibilities ahead if the ideal of second childhood takes hold as firmly as it promises to do; yet in spite of them the child hero or heroine is welcome, aside from the actual joys which have come with Tommy and the rest, because of the spirit which will survive the special type. It is one of the broad and simple forces by which alone new life comes into literature.

THE FIELD OF ART

TWO RECENT WORKS OF RODIN

RODIN has been in poor health for two or three years past, and his important works, with the notable exception of the Victor Hugo monument, have remained nearly untouched. The public can afford to wait for such sculpture as the Dante portal, however. Meantime the leisure of such an absorbed worker has been comparative leisure only, and is to be gratefully credited with not a little production of (also comparatively) minor rank. Two examples of it are given herewith. They have a value of their own, an interest that attests specifically the spontaneity and persistence of artistic impulse to which they are due, and that atones for the enforced interruption of some of the sculptor's more arduous and complicated undertakings.

Each is an extremely characteristic Rodin — sculpturally, in the first place. Where is modelling quite like this to be found elsewhere? In nature, and, at a still farther remove, perhaps, from current art, in the antique. As in all Rodin's work, the physical basis is as uncompromisingly insisted upon as it is thoroughly understood. It is obviously seized as an opportunity rather than accepted as a limitation. The sculptor's art and feeling have taken cordial and

complete possession of it. The modelling is inherent, not merely skin deep, and follows the structure and its movement with intimate interpretation, so that it seems to issue finally in surface and quality—as if the process were one of growth more than manipulation. Notice the back of the male figure, for example. It is very beautiful in surface

and quality, in texture and variety, but this beauty is not so much enhanced by as it absolutely inheres in the structure. And though we see of course but the envelope, we delight in what we divine beneath it. A section would show a beautiful silhouette. And similarly in the female head, it is the form felt and expressed so fundamentally that constitutes the central source of one's interest and pleasure.

Interest and pleasure are awakened by the superficies, too, it is needless to point out. Any sensorium to which this makes no quick appeal is plainly lethargic. Modelling expressive of heroic qualities, however, is

perhaps generally associated with Rodin's work, and for that reason, no doubt, his work is not yet as popular as it will, of course, become when it becomes generally known how popular it already is. It is singular but certainly true that power and force often escape recognition in minds that readily apprehend sweetness and charm. One would say that

"The Artist and the Ideal."

one element was as appreciable æsthetically as the other. But force is doubtless more easily confounded with eccentricity, with brutality, than charm is with insipidity, by just the degree of intelligence that occupies itself voluntarily but not very vitally with the unfamiliar in art. Anyone can see how soft and sensitive, how smooth and suave are the contours and surfaces of these two pieces, and to find these qualities in Rodin's work must be piquantly agreeable to the sense of contrast aroused in those ignorant of how eminent in much of his work these qualities are. Then, too, the modelling shows a high degree of finish, and finish is very dear to the crude. It is probably the most popular quality in the round world.

Indeed, it is the lack of finish in the rough-hewn and scarcely shaped marble in which these sculptures are engaged that will most stand in the way of their appreciation. The female head is very beautiful, but why did Rodin not complete the figure? The youthful form embedded in the background is charming, but why is it not more completely realized? are questions that will obsess the traditional observer. At all events the reason is not that the difficulty was so great as to be avoided by the sculptor of the "Age of Bronze" and the "Dante Portal." Well, then, it will be said the trouble is in his point of view. In his point of view there is an alloy of pose; he is concerned to astonish, to antagonize, to do the unexpected. There is, of course, no answer to this objection except in so far as it is a moral one. And morally it has no value, for Rodin's is an absolutely simple and sincere nature. Æsthetically it is as useless to discuss the question whether or no pose is shown in the independence of precedent and neglect of tradition characteristic of Rodin's work—in the personality of its point of view—as it is to discuss *à priori* the whole question of classicism *vs.* romanticism.

After all, in works of the first class one admits the point of view. The real question is *its* value. If these sculptures are fragmentary, they are intentionally so, and they are conceived in sincerity. It is their significance that gives them their chief claim on our interest. They are beautifully composed and modelled, but it is the ideas they illustrate and the way in which they illustrate them, what is called their "literary" side—to use the stigmatizing epithet of the trades-union technicians who see no difference between a

joke in *genre* and "The School of Athens"—the appeal they make to the mind, in a word, that places them for us. And it places them, I think, in a very high niche. "*C'est simplement une idée, la pensée et la matière*—Thought and Matter," explained Rodin to an inquirer about the female head emerging from, yet trammelled by, the block on which it rests. The other is, I think, called "The Artist and the Ideal;" submissive and reverent absorption reaching a real union of spirit with the beauty that can never be grossly realized, it certainly expresses. And to express such ideas as these and express them so poetically and so sculpturally, with such a union of power and charm, using forms of such beauty to convey adequately conceptions of such spiritual significance is, one would think, to earn immunity from the criticism that inquires why the artist did not do something else, or do this in some other way.

W. C. B.

To another inquirer, an artist, an admirer of his, who had said to him, of the head emerging from the rock, "Well, did you mean anything?" Rodin answered, "*Enfin, c'est une fleur sur un rocher*." Then, in the loose, conversational manner of artists, the great sculptor spoke of having made a study from nature, therein most carefully observed, and nothing more. And his admirer demurred, saying, "That is impossible; you must have done something with the nature that you copied, or I could not have that contradictory impression of this being a work of art, and curiously, of its reminding me of Greek work," and there the explanation ceased. But Rodin, years before, had explained to this same inquirer what in a certain way separated Greek art from our modern work, more completely even than their respective canons of proportion and their ideals of beauty, and that was extreme sense of life; the expression of movement by a position of repose. Life was what he sought for and he obtained his expression by complications of excessive finish, or by want of detail, as the case might be. To anyone who knows his work, or has even seen nothing more than such photographs as are here given, there can be no doubt about the artist's tremendous capacity for rendering facts—visual facts. But the manner in which life has been given to his work is that of some change in what the commonplace mind would see as

the real form. The writer remembers a wonderfully realistic figure of Rodin's—a woman meant to be flying—which was modelled quite nude, with the most marvellous rendering of those parts of the body which he intended to drape, later. In this case, Rodin explained how, after obtaining the actual form of the arm moving near the breast and side, he had thickened it and made it apparently more fleshy, meeting the roundness of the body so as to represent the colored reflection that belongs to living flesh—a reflection which increases its appearance of size, and which the painter can give in color without changing the proportions to a great extent, but which in the cold white marble could only be brought to the eye by presenting a larger surface for glitter and reflection. The sculptor smiled in all the simplicity of triumph, hardly admitting that the idea was worth dwelling upon, so much more certain he was of having copied the thing from nature. With his interviewer he was shy of references to Greek art; and he might not have taken with pleasure any expression of analogies to Michelangelo. Barye he expressed great admiration for, intimating that he was the sculptor of the century. He himself had been a scholar of Barye's long ago, and a scholar who did not understand the value of his master. The master, a quiet old gentleman entirely absorbed in his art, who studied and re-studied it every day, having no pretence, no æsthetic appearance, no outside, as it were, to use the French expression: the scholar, young and anxious and exposed to that storm of bad taste which has enveloped the latter part of this century.

"Thought and Matter."

Around him in Paris there were plenty of tall young men with more or less red beards, and with red cravats, who could drink beer late at night and "talk art," so that the youngster could get a full sense of satisfaction without wasting his time in dry measurements and all the weary training which underlies the easy poetic expression of feeling in art. And Barye was forgotten; until one day the scholar, become then almost a master, recognized in some little bronze of Barye's the idea for which in reality he had been striving; that idea of movement and life in what physically is a single immobilized position.

These statements came in answer to the admiration expressed by his interviewer, who thought he had discerned in the sculptor's work certain accuracies of movement in life which the average excellent sculptor passes over. These traits of life in motion the admirer had not been able to obtain in his own work, which, however, was of a different kind. No man walks the street or the room as a man walks the stage. Every part of his body

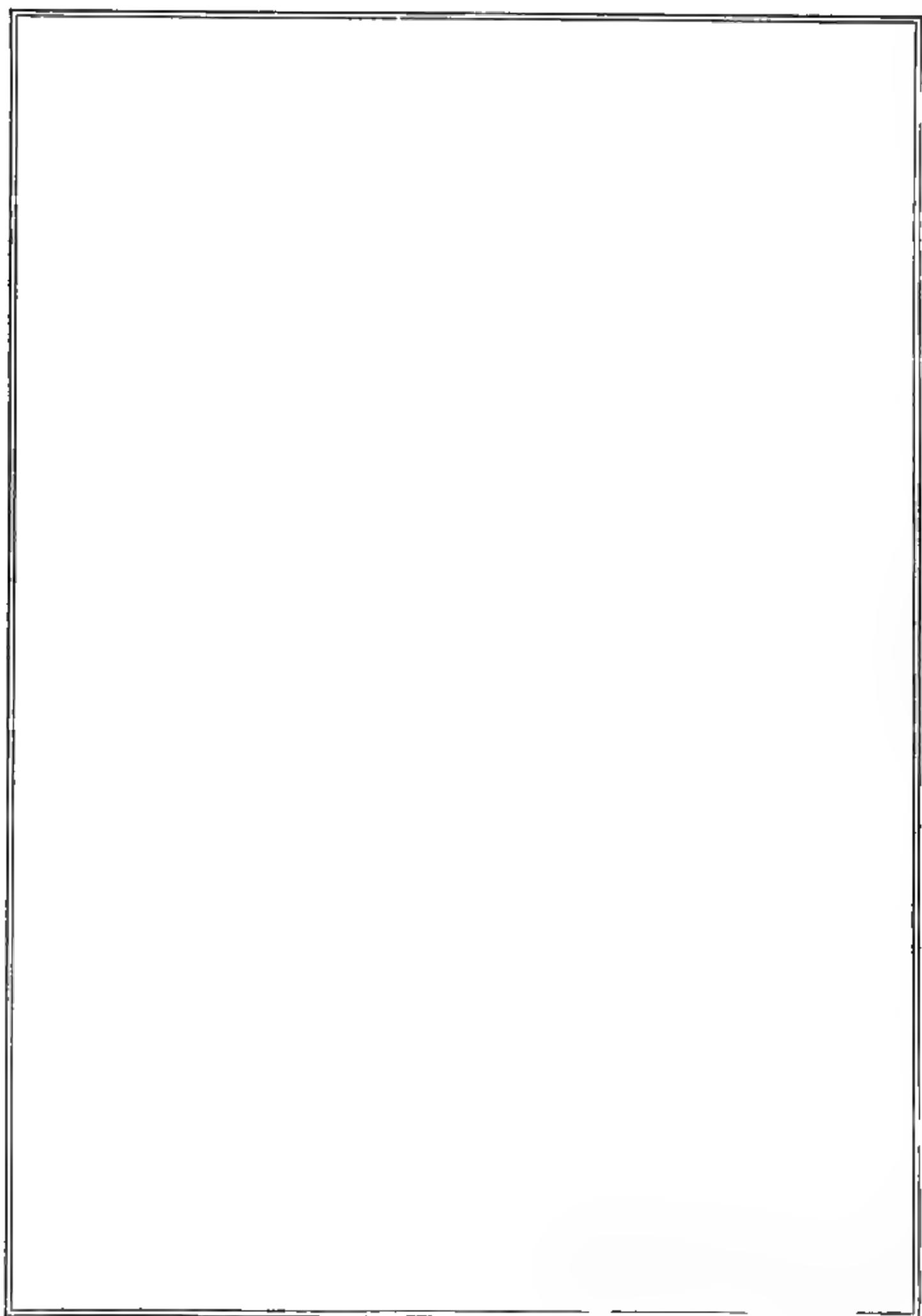
meets the fact of slight changes of level, of possible arrest and sudden halt, of having to yield and make place and allow for the passage of other people, and that must extend over every part of the complicated mechanism of the body and of the clothes. Thus the animal groups of Barye play together as a whole, every part of which is dependent upon every other part. On the contrary, the modern sculptor too often represents his figures as if they moved in free space; and even when they are grouped, no part of them has yielded to that fear of contact, or that necessity of contact, which in companionship with anybody else becomes a guide of all motion. Now, that sense of fact this other artist recognized in Rodin as he had in Barye, and the great sculptor was pleased at being so far understood.

With the possession of this secret; with an enormous experience, an artist like Rodin, a man with a hidden source of emotion and thought and feeling, will be led to the highest use of form; form as a language, as rhythm and metre and words are the manners of expression of the poet who writes. The images made in clay or marble or paint will, in reality, be the words of a language, an attempt at saying things which are too complicated, too subtle and too involved for the forms of literature. Something of this we all feel in the work of Michelangelo after he has passed from his beautiful youthful stage of realism and has begun to think in terms of the human figure. We all know that; he has told us so, and we also know that wisely he has told us very little. His training in literary expression may have made him wise and led him to perceive that he could not explain except by the things themselves. So profoundly true, however, is this explanation of all his later work that no one doubts that even the merest ornamental and academic pose, of the painted figures in the Sistine Chapel, is connected in some subtle way with his spiritual life. Quite as much as the figures that represent the stories of the Old Testament do the figures supporting architectural forms give the impression of some mental struggle, of some view of life, of some memories of a moral state of mind, obscure perhaps even to himself, but coexistent with, and lasting through, the carrying out of their mechanical execution. So, in another way, the arrangements of color made

by the great colorists have represented, as music represents by its arrangements of notes, either peace or struggle or triumph or passion or some state of the human soul: those states of the human soul which the great Italian was tired of and broken down with when he said that he had known them all. If we realize this we can see how dangerous it is to label them with any but some such title as goes to a piece of music or to the heading of a poem. Perhaps, after all, Rodin may have had both of the ideas which are noted above, and many others also, while he worked on that little head emerging from the rough stone. The artist in plastic art—as perhaps the musician—often gives to those outside of himself too definite an explanation in words. In proportion to the fulness of his life, the meaning will be more complex and more impossible to put into the language of the dictionary. Often, for the artistic mind untrained in analysis, the momentary feelings which have waked up other older feelings and memories of execution by the hand will be supposed by him to have created the impulse. Very often they have been nothing but the favorable wind, the breeze that has carried him on. I have known of a painter who could remember how certain modellings of his figures, especially in the touches indicating their expression, had been executed while a sonata of Beethoven was being played to him. Each touch was influenced and apparently brought down to the canvas by the rhythm of the notes; afterward there was nothing to show that the forms had depended upon the state of mind of a man long since dead, who had expressed in the notes he put together sentiments different from those that animated the painter, though connected perhaps in their being deeply felt, and their being extremely serious, and their being brought to rhythm and to law. Had that painter claimed that the painting of a certain cheek represented such a passage of the “*Adelaide*” we should laugh. In terms of words he would be entirely in the wrong, and yet, if his mind were uncritical, like that of a child, he might certainly believe that the meaning of that music was translated into those pigments; and I have known artists who might have said so. This is the difficulty of putting old words to a new service for which they were never meant.

J. L. F.

24 JUL 1963



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The scene represents the second attack and is taken from the right wing of the Fifty-second Regiment with a company of grenadiers in the foreground. The left wing of the regiment, under command of the major, has halted, and is firing a volley, the right wing is just marching past to take its position for firing. The ship-of-war firing from the middle distance is the *Lively*; in the remote distance is the smoke from the battery on Copp's Hill. The black smoke to the right is from the burning houses of Charlestown.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

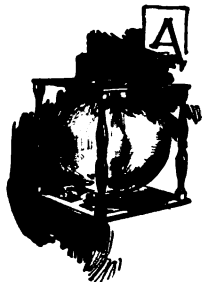
VOL. XXIII

FEBRUARY, 1898

NO. 2

THE POLICE CONTROL OF A GREAT ELECTION

By Avery D. Andrews



An Old-fashioned Ballot-box, a Souvenir of the Tweed Régime—now used for gold-fish.

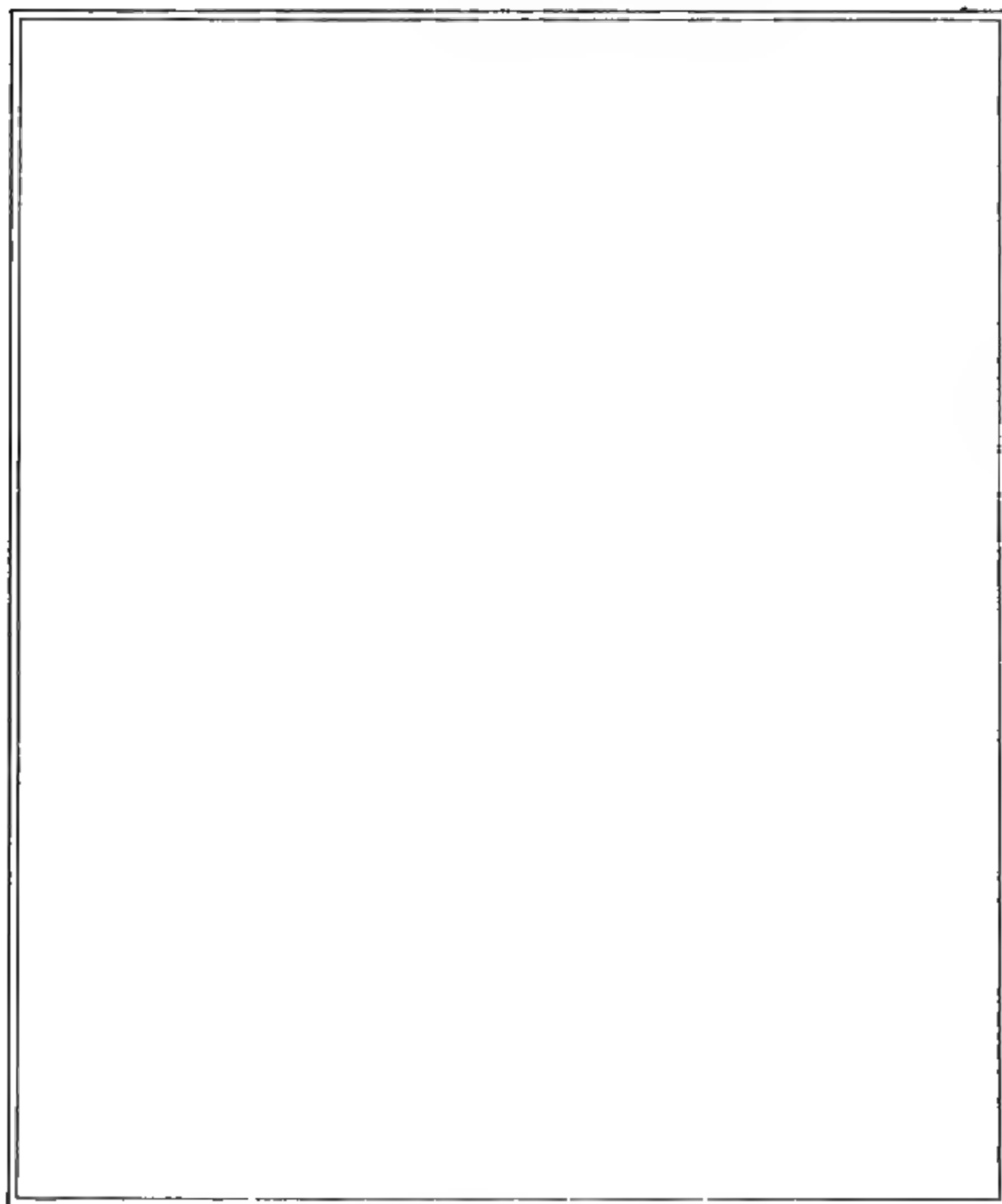
QUIET election, an honest count, and quick returns have become so common in New York in the last few years that few realize the magnitude of our election machinery, or the accuracy, celerity, and perfection of its workings in detail. At the first election for Mayor of Greater New York, held in 1897, over 500,000 votes were cast. This exceeds the total vote for President in 1896 in the States of Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Montana, North Dakota, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada. These States constitute in number one-fourth of the United States, and have a representation of twenty-two in the Senate; yet their combined voting strength is less than that of a single municipality contained wholly within the limits of the Empire State.

The election of 1897 was necessarily held in advance of the actual consolidation of the several municipalities comprising the Greater City, and in the absence of any organized election machinery covering the whole of the new territory, the Police Board of the then city of New York was designated by law to supervise the election for officers of the future city. This work

was done under the immediate supervision of the Election Bureau of the Police Department, supplemented at times by a very large part, or the whole of the uniformed police force.

The Election Bureau was established as a part of the Police Department in substantially its present form in 1872. It consists of a Chief, a Chief Clerk, and from six to fifteen assistants, the latter of whom are all chosen from the uniformed force, the number varying with the amount and importance of the work during the year. Here, in a quiet corner at Police Headquarters, away from the bustle and rush of the every-day police work of a great city, the work of preparation for election-day goes on. A year of work is necessary to give to the people of New York one day of voting.

After closing up the records of one election, the first step in preparing for the next is the division of the city into election districts. For this purpose the lists of registered voters for the preceding year are examined, and the number of voters residing in each separate block in the city carefully computed. Then, upon a map of the city, each block is marked with its population of registered voters. The law declares that the boundary lines of the Congressional, Senatorial, Municipal Court, and Assembly Districts shall not cross or divide any election district. This involves, in the crowded parts of the city, the most careful computations, and sometimes some



Interior of a Portable Iron Voting House.
(In an uptown district.)

very small election districts. In the 21st Assembly District, for instance, the Congressional line runs down Seventh Avenue to Central Park, thence west along One Hundred and Tenth Street, and thence south along Central Park West. The Assembly line runs down Seventh Avenue also, but turns east at One Hundred and Tenth Street, thence south along Fifth Avenue, and west by transverse road through Central Park at Ninety-seventh Street. This leaves that portion of Central Park north of Ninety-seventh Street entirely bounded by Assembly and Congressional

lines, and consequently it must be made an election district by itself. In 1897 four votes were registered and cast in this district by the proprietor of McGowan's Pass Tavern, his gardener, and two waiters. To register, receive, and count these four votes the full machinery of an election district was required, consisting of four inspectors of election, two poll-clerks, two ballot-clerks, and two police officers. A reference to the appropriation for the Election Bureau for 1897 shows that these four votes cost the city not less than \$100 each.

In 1896 the number of voters to each

Voting for Mayor of Greater New York.

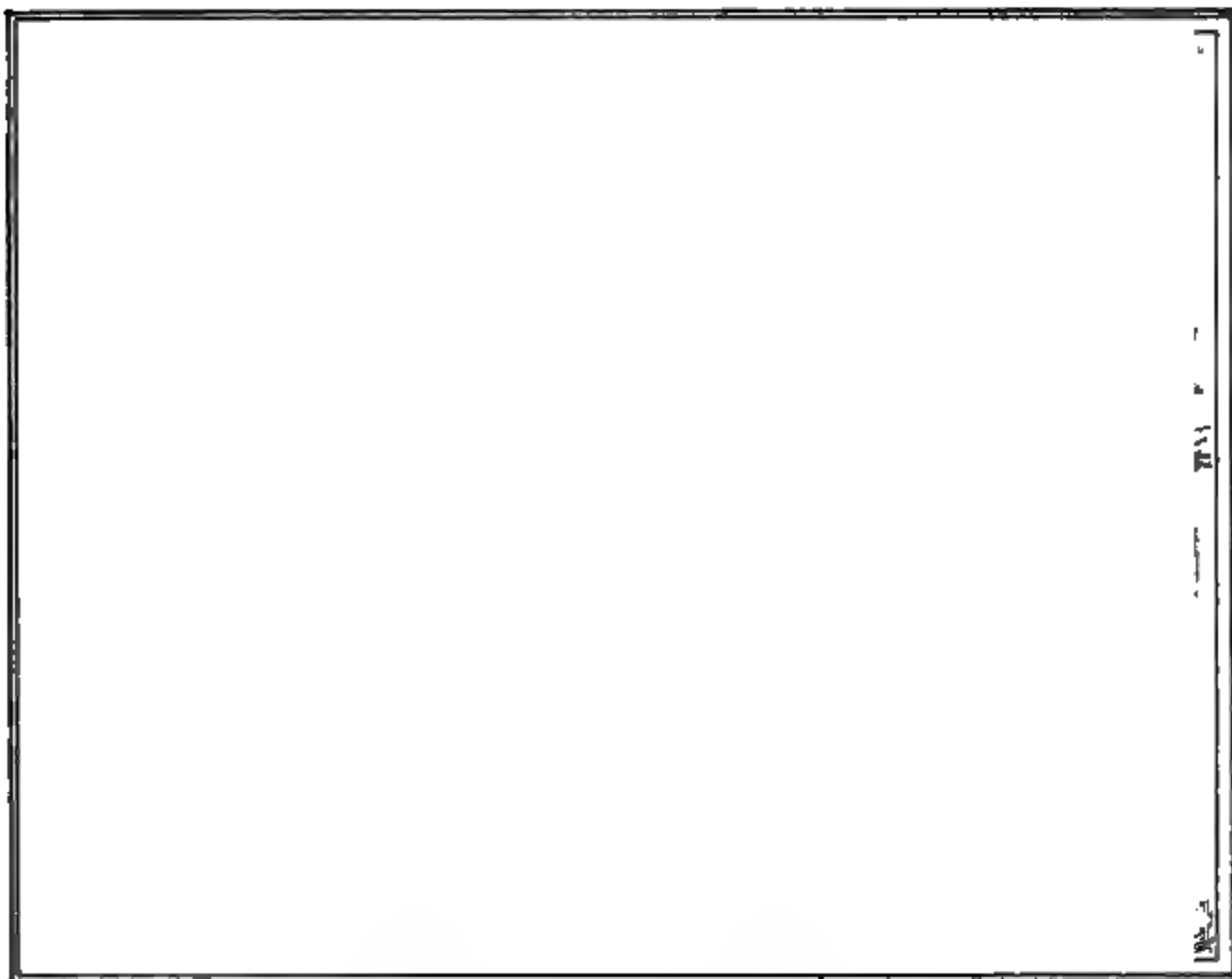
Farm implements store on the outskirts of Queens County, about fifteen miles from the City Hall.

district was required by law to be as near 250 as practicable. This necessitated 1,392 districts in what is now the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In 1897 the law was changed, and the number of voters to each district increased from 250 to as near 400 as practicable, resulting in a reduction in the number of election districts to 883 in the Manhattan and Bronx, and 1,522 in the entire Greater City.

As soon as the election districts are established, the two leading political organizations are called upon to submit nominations for election officers. Each party is entitled to nominate two election inspectors, one ballot-clerk and one poll-clerk for each election district, making a total in 1897 of 12,176 election officers in the entire city. Prior to 1895 these candidates were examined as to character and penmanship in a more or less perfunctory way, and if satisfactory to the authorities were accepted and appointed. In 1895 the Police Board commenced a system of

written examinations, designed to test their knowledge of election laws with a view of determining their fitness for the responsible duties to which they were to be assigned. Copies of the election manual were sent to each candidate several weeks in advance, with the notice that he would be required to pass an examination thereon before he could be appointed. It was, in brief, a very simple and practical civil service examination, authorized by law and fairly and impartially administered. All questions related to their duties as election officers, and a man who could not answer all or nearly all of them intelligently could not possibly perform his duties properly.

Of course the scheme aroused the most intense opposition of the party hacks, who for years, whether fit or unfit, had been holding these very important positions. It was denounced as the height of "civil service" folly, red-tape, and nonsense. The examinations took place nevertheless, and the vastly improved character of the elec-



Voting on the East Side, in a Clothing Store.

tion returns in that and subsequent years has abundantly justified the examination system, and it has been continued ever since. Out of a total of 16,118 candidates for election officers in 1895, 1,643 of them were so disgusted with the proposed reform that they declined to qualify. This was of itself a distinct gain, 383 more resigned, 122 were removed for cause, and 1,724 failed to pass the written examination, leaving only 12,246 who finally qualified.

After the selection of election officers, the next important work is the selection of polling-places, one for every election district. The city pays a rental of \$5 for each of the four registration days, and \$30 for election-day. In many parts of the city there is a fierce competition among the small shop-keepers to secure these assignments. Barber shops and undertakers' offices seem to be the most popular, with cigar stores a close third. Each police captain is called upon to submit a list of suitable places in his precinct. Political organizations anxious to help their adherents send in other names and places, and from various sources, hundreds of still other offers are received. Every sugges-

tion is considered; every place carefully inspected, and a report made as to its size, light, and cleanliness. The largest, lightest, and cleanest place is invariably selected, wholly without regard to its political or other endorsements.

In the wealthy districts it frequently happens that no one cares to lease his house or office for the rental offered by the city, and it then becomes necessary to provide the portable iron houses, which, standing near the curb on some quiet corner, are familiar to many New Yorkers.

There still remains to be provided stationery in large quantities before an election is possible. Election manuals, registers of voters, tally sheets, instructions to voters, and scores of different blanks and forms are required by the thousands and tens of thousands, but the important item is that of the official ballots. Not many years ago individual ballots were used for each office voted for, each party or organization furnishing its own ballots. The system was finally abolished because of its manifest deficiencies, and the ease with which the most glaring frauds were committed. Thanks to an advance not

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

The Crowd Waiting for Returns in Printing House Square and City Hall Park.

only in the kind of ballot used, but in our general methods of conducting elections, the open and notorious purchase and sale of votes is no longer possible. Then it was not an unusual spectacle to see fifteen or twenty men, plainly of the type known to the police as "floaters," lined up in a near-by saloon, generously supplied with food and drink, particularly the latter, and marched in column, votes tightly grasped in hand, from the saloon to the polls, all under the watchful eye of their purchaser.

Many will still remember the curious old-fashioned ballot-boxes in use at that time. One is still carefully preserved in the Election Bureau, a souvenir of the Tweed régime. It consists of a very heavy glass bowl, set in a heavy and somewhat ornate iron frame. The bowl has a large round opening at the top, through which the ballots were dropped. The survivor at Police Headquarters now contains a number of gold-fish, a use for which it is admirably adapted. One of the oldest and most trusted officials of the Election Bureau recalls having seen, when a boy, a use, or rather an abuse, of one of these boxes not wholly authorized even at that time. During an election in this city a political leader and all-around tough character placed himself in a position so that as he leaned upon a table in the polling-place, his hand fell carelessly across the edge of the opening in the glass bowl. From his closed hand slowly descended into the ballot-box a stream of ballots of the small tightly folded kind then in use. An exclamation from the boy resulted in his being pitched head-first into the street, a sadder and wiser lad, but with his confi-

dence in the purity of the ballot considerably shaken. Possibly that lesson in some degree shaped his subsequent career, and accounts in a measure for the integrity and zeal with which he has since served the city in the Election Bureau for more than twenty years.

The preparation of the blanket ballot for a general election in a great city like New York is one of the most important and delicate tasks ever intrusted to a public official.

In 1897 there were over six hundred nominations for the various offices in New York City, each of which had to appear in its proper place on the ballot. The copy cannot be prepared until the time for making and withdrawing nominations has expired, nor can it go to the printer until substitutions are made and the last protest decided. The Police Board holds daily sessions to dispose of accumulated protests. These generally result from each of two or more wings of the same party or independent body claiming

the same party name and emblem with different candidates. In cases of importance an appeal to the courts from the decision of the Board is almost always taken, and the work of printing is sometimes delayed until the Court of Appeals has settled the controversy. Eight hundred and eighty-three thousand official ballots, and 221,000 sample ballots were used in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone, no two of the official ballots being exactly alike, for the numbers at least are different. The presses work night and day, always under the scrutiny of a large force of central office detectives, whose duty it is to watch the work from the time the copy is received until the ballots are de-

A Mounted Policeman in the Borough of the Bronx.
About to start for the station-house with returns from a rural district.

Officer Delivering Returns to Captain and Operator at a Precinct Station-house.

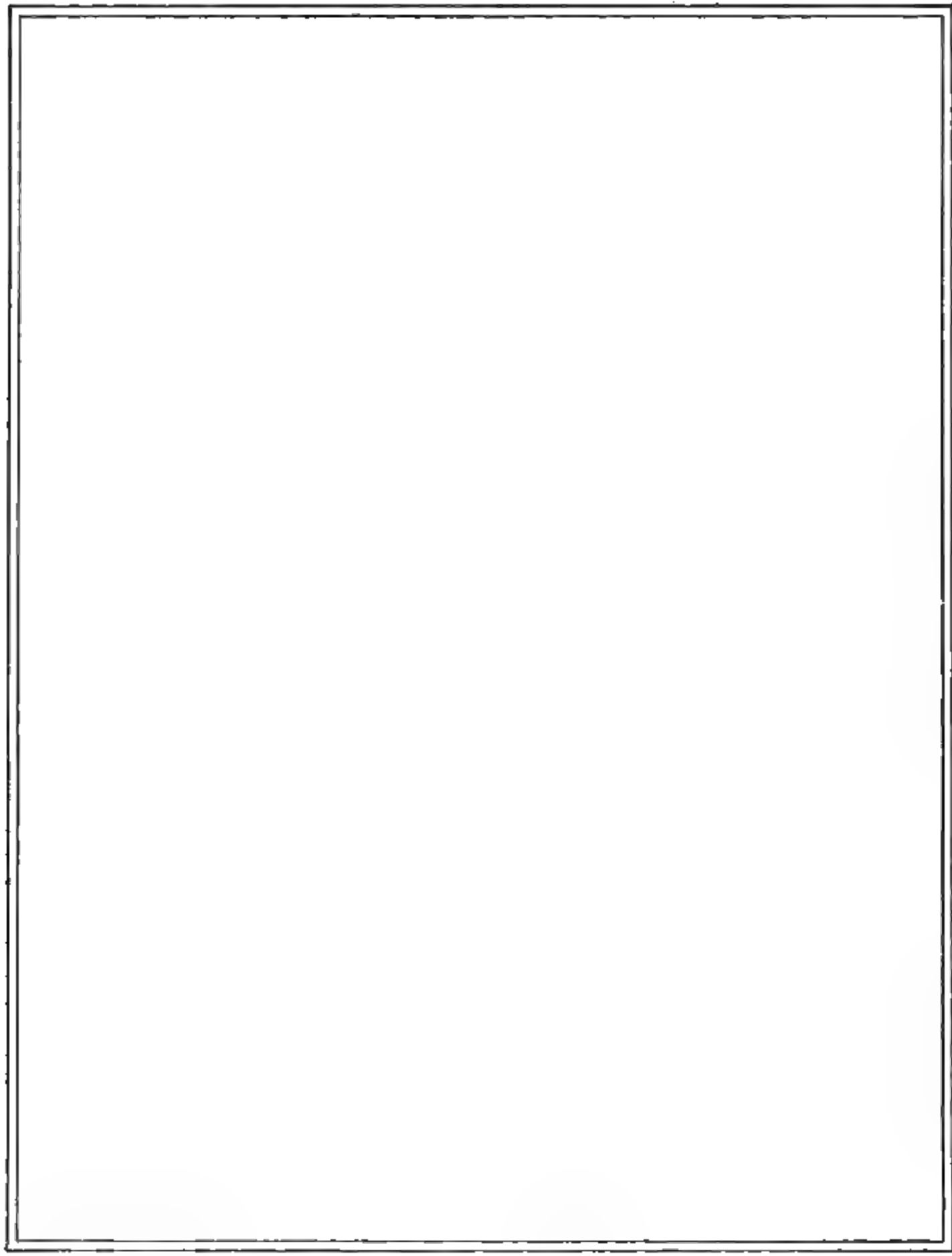
livered at the station-house the day before election. Thirty tons of paper were used to print the ballots, which spread out would pave from curb to curb more than twenty miles of average city streets.

With the election officers appointed, polling-places selected, registration complete, election-booths and supplies in order and distributed, and the ballots printed, the Election Bureau is about ready to rest from its labors and turn over the election to the care of the police and the will of the people. But at the last moment a candidate may die, involving the hurried preparation and distribution of hundreds of thousands of pasters with detailed instructions for their use.

Election-day dawns, and it is a busy one for the police. To the average citizen of New York, and to every small boy who can help build a bonfire, an election means a holiday; but the policeman rejoices that it comes but once a year. For weeks previous to election, they too have been busy in preparatory work. Every registration has been verified by a personal visit, and in cases where fraud seems to have been committed, the evidence has been carefully prepared and warrants issued. The lodging-houses, cheap hotels, and like places have been under the most rigid surveil-

lance for weeks in order to detect and prevent colonization. No person can vote from one of these places unless he is known to have been registered there at least thirty days prior to election-day, and to have lived in the county at least four months. When it is remembered that 12,126 men were registered in licensed lodging-houses of New York on October 2, 1897, and 14,395 more in the cheap hotels and unlicensed lodging-houses, an idea can be obtained of the amount of this kind of work which falls upon the police. It is interesting to note that of this total of 26,521 floating male population, only 10,665 registered to vote, and of these only 9,193 actually voted on election-day.

The turning-point in the policeman's daily life is the midnight roll-call. At that hour one platoon in each station-house, constituting one-half of the entire force, is relieved from duty after having patrolled from six in the evening, and the other platoon goes on patrol until six in the morning. On election-day, the platoon which went on patrol at midnight is ordered to return to the station-house at 2.30 A.M. to enable the men to get a little rest and a light breakfast before commencing the day's work. At 4.15 the other platoon is called; the entire force paraded at 4.30,



Drawn by Clifford Carleton.

The Telegraph Bureau at Police Headquarters.

The nerve-centre of the city on election-night. Operators receiving returns which are in turn forwarded by the "human chain" upstairs to the chief clerk's office.

The Police Control of a Great Election

and the work of election-day begins. Two patrolmen are assigned by the Captain to each polling-place, taking with them the ballots and official stationery. Those not needed for this purpose are kept in reserve and assigned to various kinds of special duty during the day. At Police Headquarters a large force is kept in reserve all day, with a number of patrol wagons to move them at once in case of any disturbance. At 5.30 A.M. the voting-booths, guard-rails, and other paraphernalia must be in place, election officers on hand, and everything in readiness to receive votes at six o'clock. Voting is generally brisk in the early morning hours. Many are anxious to get off for a day's outing, while others wish to get to their work. During the middle of the day it lags somewhat, but later the workers of each party are busy checking up the lists of their henchmen, and hustling around after the slow, the indifferent, or the voter who needs other and more substantial encouragement to do his duty to his party and to his country.

The first election for Mayor of Greater New York brought forth as many different kinds and classes of voters as any election for Governor in any State in the Union could possibly produce, and in numbers more than any State excepting only nine. Uptown the millionaire and his butler vote in the same booth, and possibly with successively numbered ballots for opposing candidates. Down on the East Side, where the population is more dense than any other place in the world, the Russian, the Pole, the Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian, and occasionally a Turk, Armenian, or Greek may be seen struggling with the mysteries and difficulties of the blanket ballot. Possibly they are trying to vote a split ticket, a task which many native born and educated Americans do not yet understand. Over in the nearby towns of Queens County, and down on Staten Island, the voting for Mayor is also going on. Farms and

gardens beyond the limits of even a vi government are suddenly brought into the second greatest city in the world, and the owners asked to vote for its first Mayor. Surely if old New York was cosmopolitan the new city is far more so!

The polls close at five o'clock and the rush to count the votes, tabulate the returns, and announce the result commences. Many foolish and some amusing mistakes in voting appear as soon as the ballots are unfolded. In spite of the repeat-

New York's Crack Bicycle Policemen.

Arriving at the Flushing Town Hall with returns from outlying districts.

ed warning that any mark on the ballot other than the cross in its proper circle or square will invalidate the ballot and cause the voter to lose his vote, many such defective ballots are found every year. It frequently happens that a particular candidate's name appears in several different columns, due to a nomination or endorsement by various organizations. Some voters, over-anxious for their candidate's success, think they must mark a cross before

Politicians and Visitors in the Corridors at Police Headquarters.

his name wherever it appears. Of course the ballot is rejected. A ballot was recently found with the following inscription plainly written across the top: "I want to vote the entire Tammany ticket." It is unnecessary to say that Tammany lost a vote.

As soon as the count for the first office on the ballot is completed, the result is announced by an election officer, and duplicate returns given to one of the police officers present for transmission to the nearest police station. This he does with all possible haste, using any means of conveyance at hand. Arriving at the station-house one return is handed to the Captain, who reads the result from the desk, while the other is passed instantly to an operator for transmission by telephone to Police Headquarters. The returns from all the election districts in the precinct, including frequently parts of several Assembly districts, are thus collected at the station-house, announced, telephoned to headquarters and tabulated statements prepared showing the total vote in the

precinct for each office. The scene in a police station-house on election night is a busy one. A crowd of local politicians, candidates and their friends, newspaper representatives, and more than the usual number of loungers and small boys assemble to hear the returns as they are announced from the desk. The general result in the city or State is frequently of but little consequence here, but the interest in local candidates for Assembly or Alderman is intense.

Up in the Borough of the Bronx, where the precincts are large and the polling-places widely scattered, the returns are brought to the station-houses by mounted officers at full gallop. Only a few years ago these uptown stations did not even have telephonic connection with Police Headquarters. Now every police-station in the Borough of Manhattan and the Bronx is connected with Headquarters and with each other by a perfect system of underground cables owned by the Department; and it is largely due to this perfected system of communication, independent of any

Drawn by Edwin H. Child.

Chief Clerk's Office where Returns are Tabulated.

The first scenes of jollification or depression over the result are here manifest

In the Private Office of One of the Police Commissioners.

possible interruption, that election returns are now so quickly collected and made public.

The city election of 1897 imposed upon the New York Police Department the duty of collecting and tabulating returns, not merely from its own territory, but in addition from the Boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond. These returns are not official. They are collected by the police upon election night simply for the purpose of supplying the public with prompt and accurate news of a semi-official nature,

and as a means of checking fraud by publicity. With the hearty co-operation of the local authorities in these Boroughs, the problem was comparatively a simple one, except as to the several large towns and villages in Queens not included within the limits of Long Island City. Direct cable connections were established with the several Police Headquarters in Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Long Island City. Returns in these places were collected by the local police, in much the same way as they were collected in New York, and then trans-

The Court-room at Police Headquarters where the Results in the Different Districts are made Public.

Election Inspectors and Poll Clerks Filing Official Records at the Election Bureau,
Police Headquarters, on the Morning following the Election.

mitted direct to be consolidated with the returns from the rest of the greater city. But in the Queens County towns of Flushing, Newtown, Jamaica, and Hempstead, there was no local police, and furthermore the area was so large and distances between polling places so great that even a large force of foot officers would have been of little service in collecting returns. The wheel was therefore brought into requisition, and thirty-four of New York's crack bicycle policemen, every one an athlete with a record of scores of overtaken and captured scorchers, were assigned to the task, along with sixteen foot officers for work in the villages, and a complement of roundsmen and sergeants to direct the work. The officers were sent to their posts early in the day and carefully went over their routes several times, studying every rise and fall, every turn and corner, so that at night they could make the trip speedily and safely.

The work of the squad assigned to the town of Newtown fairly illustrates the work of all. Newtown, by the way, has an area about as large as Manhattan Island, but is divided into only 18 election districts. The village of Newtown was se-

lected as headquarters for police work, and was connected by telephone direct with Police Headquarters in New York. A roundsman was placed in charge at this point, with two foot officers to collect returns from the village polling-places. Three bicycle officers were assigned to the three polling-places at Maspeth, two miles away, one each at Middle Village, Winfield, and Laurel Hill; two each at Ridgewood, Metropolitan, and Glendale, and three more at Corona. These wiry and athletic representatives of the New York police force, as they wheeled at racing speed over the country roads of Queens, excited no little admiration and wonder among the inhabitants of the rural villages. Many looked forward with satisfaction to the time when, along with the other advantages of consolidation, they too could claim the protection of some of New York's army of blue-coat defenders.

The scene now changes to the Telegraph Bureau at Police Headquarters, the nerve-centre of the city upon election-night. Here the returns from all parts of the greater city are received and quickly transmitted to the Chief Clerk's office upstairs,

where they are tabulated and the result announced. This bureau, with its chief, staff of operators, and hundred or more telephones connecting every precinct and bureau of the Department, and the prisons, courts, hospitals, and other institutions of the city with each other and with the public, ordinarily transmits current orders and reports, and records throughout the year the crimes, accidents, and fires, the lost, strayed, and stolen persons and property, and all the sombre happenings of a great city which come to the knowledge of the police. Upon election night there are added to the regular force thirty extra operators and as many extra clerks and messengers, all carefully selected from the police force. Many of them were in the service of some of the large telegraph companies before getting "on the force," and all have been carefully instructed and drilled in their duties. The orders are for all possible speed, but first and above all there must be absolute accuracy.

Each operator is seated at a telephone desk, the receiver suspended from above and fastened at his ears, and an assortment of blank election returns within easy reach. At half past six the returns have commenced to come in from the precincts, and from that time until seven o'clock the next morning there is little rest for anyone here. Each operator has one or more precincts connected with his desk, and is expected to handle the returns from thirty or forty election districts. The operator at the station-house calls the conventional "Hello," as a slip is handed to him by the messenger from the polling place. Then quickly, "Mayor," or the name of some other officer voted for. Without losing an instant or sending an answer, the operator at Headquarters grasps a blank return marked "Mayor" and quickly fills in the figures which come over the wire in the following order, as for instance: 38th Election District, 21st Assembly District, Tracy, 115; Van Wyck, 132; Low, 142; George, 14. Good-by." As soon as completed, the return is torn from the pad, pushed on one side, and the operator is ready to record another return from a different district or a return for another office in the same district. The telephone desks are in rows and placed close together. Standing just

behind each group of three desks is an officer whose sole duty is to gather the returns as they are completed by the three operators immediately in front of him. Without moving from his place he passes them quickly to another officer near by, and by him they are passed to a third, until the returns reach a group of five officers working at a large table at the end of the room. These officers separate the returns into classes according to the name of the office voted for, and if necessary into divisions by boroughs; then quickly distribute them into glass boxes open at both ends. At the other side of the table are five other officers engaged in taking the assorted returns from the glass boxes, placing them in large envelopes suitably marked and passing them quickly through a window into the hands of an officer waiting to start them upon their final journey up two flights of stairs to the office of the Chief Clerk. Ten officers about six feet apart make another human chain, and after passing the envelope from hand to hand, the last one gives it to the Chief Clerk for tabulation. Not a word has been uttered; scarcely a sound heard, save the occasional shuffling of a foot; even the jingle of the telephone-bell and the buzz of the electric button have been suppressed. For hours the work goes on thus under the watchful eye of the Chief of the Bureau, silently, rapidly, yet with perfect discipline and almost absolute accuracy.

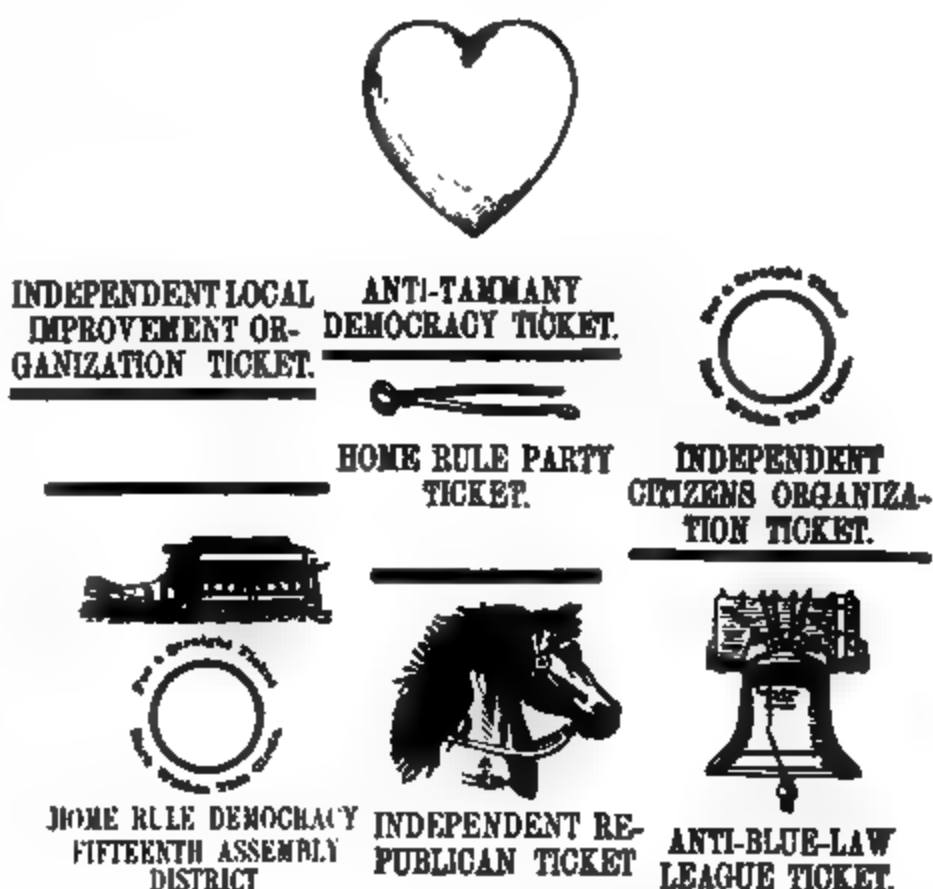
In the Chief Clerk's office, the scene changes. Here all is noise, bustle, and seeming confusion. A central aisle crowded with reporters, messengers, telegraph operators, politicians, candidates, and visitors, divides the force of sixty or more clerks who are engaged in tabulating the returns. Telegraph instruments and stock tickers, specially connected for the occasion, are rattling away, and the first scenes of jollification or depression over the result of the election are here manifested.

Each envelope, as it is received from the telegraph bureau, is passed quickly to the clerk having charge of the particular office returned. The vote of each election district is entered, and as soon as ten districts have been recorded, the sheet is passed to another clerk who makes the footings. This

is transferred to another sheet known as the "total sheet" and the result is announced, giving the total vote for each office in blocks of ten election districts. Instantly the tickers are at work, and in a few seconds the news is being read by waiting thousands everywhere.

From the instant the count is completed at the polling-place by the election inspectors until the result is announced at Police Headquarters, the election return has been under the immediate charge of a police officer whose identity can at any time thereafter be determined. The only appreciable delay occurs in getting the returns from the polling-place to the station-house. This may not require more than one minute in many cases and seldom more than five, except in the rural districts. Allowing two minutes for this work, a time within which many are received, one minute for the work of the Telegraph Bureau, and two minutes for tabulation and announcement, we have a total of five minutes. Within that time returns have been collected from the polling-places in Harlem, transmitted to Mulberry Street, added to returns collected at the same moment from Yorkville, or the Battery, the result tabulated, verified, and announced to the world; candidates and managers are estimating pluralities, and crowds of waiting thousands in the streets are cheering or groaning at the news as it appears from the numerous bulletins and stereopticons.

Assembled in the private offices of each Police Commissioner are a few friends intently watching the ticker as it records the returns from the Chief Clerk's office only a few yards away. In the corridors all is excitement and activity; candidates are inquiring for returns from their doubtful districts; messengers are running to and fro; visitors are coming and going, while uniformed police officials gaze curiously at the motley crowd which once a year invades and captures the headquarters of the largest police force in America, and one of the largest in the world.



Some of the Unusual Party Emblems Filed by Minor Organizations.

The only office apparently having nothing to do on election-night is the Election Bureau. The labors of a year have been devoted to preparation, and with canvassing the result it has little to do. At midnight a supper is served to the clerks and officers, and the work is continued for many hours more until the last return is received from the last election district. As the returns at each station-house are completed for that precinct, the regular order of police work is resumed. Some of the officers who have been continuously on duty for twenty-four hours or more are sent out on patrol, while others catch a few hours of sleep. Every blue-coat, from chief to doorman, has worked long and hard; but the election has been quiet, order has been preserved, colonization and fraud have been prevented, and once more we owe our security to the courage and fidelity of our uniformed police.

Election is over. An army of voters, eight times as large as the glorious veteran Army of the Potomac, which for ten and one-half hours tramped triumphantly in solid masses up Pennsylvania Avenue on May 23, 1865, has been organized, divided into battalions, marched to the polls, its ballots counted and the result announced. The people have spoken, and their verdict is law.

THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1776 ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN *

By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN AND HARRY FENN



THE military transactions which resulted in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, in October, 1777, have been classed among the "Decisive Battles of the World." They were so in the sense that a conspicuous event, one which arrests the attention of mankind, is accepted, inevitably and not wholly unjustly, as a turning-point, when in fact it is at most only representative of a series of incidents, the decisive one of which may lie far back, often obscure, and seemingly trivial until the relations of cause and effect are analyzed. Burgoyne's surrender merited the epithet decisive, because, and only because, it decided the intervention of France. It may be affirmed, with little hesitation, that it was itself the result of naval force timely exerted, and also the cause that other naval force, entering further into the contest, transformed it from a local to a universal war, and assured the independence of the colonies. That the Americans were strong enough to impose the capitulation of Saratoga was due to the invaluable year of delay, secured to them in 1776 by their little navy on Lake Champlain, created by the indomitable energy, and handled with the indomitable courage, of the traitor, Benedict Arnold. That the war spread from America to Europe, from the English Channel to the Baltic, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean, from the West Indies to the Mississippi, and ultimately involved the waters of the remote peninsula of Hindostan, is traceable, through Saratoga, to the rude flotilla, which in 1776 anticipated the enemy in the possession of Lake Champlain. The events which thus culminated

merit, therefore, a clearer understanding, and a fuller treatment, than their intrinsic importance and petty scale would justify otherwise.

In 1775, only fifteen years had elapsed since the French were expelled from the North American continent. The concentration of their power, during its continuance, in the valley of the St. Lawrence had given direction to the local conflict, and had impressed upon men's minds the importance of Lake Champlain, of its tributary, Lake George, and of the Hudson River, as forming a consecutive, though not continuous, water line of communications, from the St. Lawrence to New York. The strength of Canada against attack by land lay in its remoteness, in the wilderness to be traversed before it was reached, and in the strength of the line of the St. Lawrence, with the fortified posts of Montreal and Quebec on its northern bank. The wilderness, it is true, interposed its passive resistance to attacks from Canada, as well as to attacks upon it; but, when that had been traversed, there were to the southward no such strong natural positions confronting the assailant. Attacks from the south fell upon the front, or at best upon the flank, of the line of the St. Lawrence. Attacks from Canada took New York and its dependencies in the rear.

These elements of natural strength, in the military conditions of the north, had been impressed upon the minds of the Americans by the prolonged resistance of Canada to the greatly superior numbers of the British colonists in the old French wars. Regarded, therefore, as a base for attacks, of a kind with which they were painfully familiar, but to be undergone now under disadvantages of numbers and power never before experienced, it was desirable to gain possession of the St. Lawrence and its posts before they were strengthened and garrisoned. At this outset of hostilities, the

* From a chapter written by Captain Mahan for the "History of the Royal Navy of Great Britain," to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, and Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. Copyrighted in the United States.

American insurgents, knowing clearly their own minds, possessed the advantage of the initiative over the British Government, which still hesitated to use against those whom it styled rebels the preventive measures it would have taken at once against a recognized enemy.

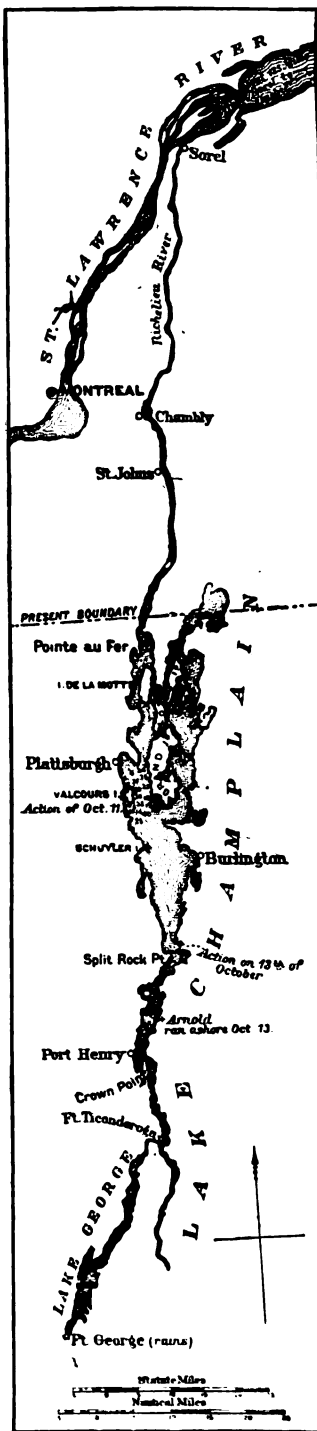
Under these circumstances, in May, 1775, a body of two hundred and seventy Americans, led by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, seized the posts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, which were inadequately garrisoned. These are on the upper waters of Lake Champlain, where it is less than a third of a mile wide; Ticonderoga being on a peninsula formed by the lake and the inlet from Lake George, Crown Point on a promontory twelve miles lower down. They were recognized positions of importance, and advanced posts of the British in previous wars. A schooner being found there, Arnold, who had been a seaman, embarked in her and hurried to the foot of the lake. The wind failed him when still thirty miles from St. John's, another fortified post on the lower narrows, where the lake gradually tapers down to the Richelieu River, its outlet to the St. Lawrence. Unable to advance otherwise, Arnold took to his boats with thirty men, rowed throughout the night, and at six the following morning surprised the fort, in which were only a sergeant and a dozen men. He reaped the rewards of celerity. The prisoners informed him that a considerable body of troops was expected from Canada, on its way to Ticonderoga, and this force in fact reached St. John's the next day. When it arrived, Arnold was gone, having carried off a sloop he found there and destroyed everything else that could float. By such trifling means two active officers had secured the temporary control of the lake and of its southern approaches. There being no roads, the British, debarred from the water line, were unable to advance. Sir Guy Carleton, Governor and Commander-in-chief in Canada, strengthened the works at St. John's, and built a schooner; but his force was inadequate to meet that of the Americans.

The seizure of the two posts, being an act of offensive war, was not at once pleasing to the American Congress, which still clung to the hope of reconciliation; but events were marching rapidly, and ere

summer was over the invasion of Canada was ordered. On September 4th, General Montgomery, appointed to that enterprise, embarked at Crown Point, with two thousand men, and soon after appeared before St. John's, which, after prolonged operations, capitulated on November 3d. On the 13th, Montgomery entered Montreal, and thence pressed down the St. Lawrence to Pointe aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec. Here he joined Arnold, who in the month of October had crossed the northern wilderness, between the head waters of the Kennebec River and the St. Lawrence. On the way he had endured immense privations, losing five hundred men of the twelve hundred with whom he started; and upon arriving opposite Quebec, on November 10th, three days had been spent unavoidably in collecting boats to pass the river. Crossing on the night of the 13th, this adventurous soldier and his little command climbed the Heights of Abraham by the same path that had served Wolfe so well sixteen years before. With characteristic audacity he summoned the place. The demand was refused of course; but that Carleton did not fall at once upon the little band that bearded him, shows by how narrow a margin Great Britain then held Canada. Immediately after the junction Montgomery advanced upon Quebec, where he appeared on December 5th. Winter having already begun, and neither his numbers nor his equipments being adequate to regular siege operations, he very properly decided to try the desperate chance of an assault upon the strongest fortress in America. This was made on the night of December 31, 1775. Whatever possibility of success there may have been, vanished with the death of Montgomery, who fell at the head of his men.

The American army retired three miles up the river, went into winter quarters, and established a land blockade of Quebec, which was cut off from the sea by the ice. "For five months," wrote Carleton to the Secretary for War, on May 14, 1776, "this town has been closely invested by the rebels." From this unpleasant position it was relieved on May 6th, when signals were exchanged between it and the Surprise, the advance ship of a squadron under Captain Charles Douglas, which had sailed from England on March 11th. Ar-

riving off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, on the morning of April 12th, Douglas found ice extending nearly twenty miles to sea, packed too closely to admit of working through it by dexterous steering. The urgency of the case not admitting delay, he ran his ship, the *Isis*, of fifty guns, with a speed of five knots, against a large piece of ice about ten or twelve feet thick, to test the effect. The ice, probably softened by salt water and salt air, went to pieces. "Encouraged by this experiment," continues Douglas, somewhat magnificently, "we thought it an enterprise worthy an English ship-of-the-line in our king and country's sacred cause, and an effort due to the gallant defenders of Quebec, to make the attempt of pressing her by force of sail through the thick, broad, and closely connected fields of ice, to which we saw no bounds toward the western part of our horizon. Before night (when blowing a snow-storm we brought-to, or rather stopped) we had penetrated about eight leagues into it, describing our path all the way, with bits of the sheathing of the ship's bottom, and sometimes pieces of the cut-water, but none of the oak plank; and it was pleasant enough at times, when we stuck fast, to see Lord Petersham exercising his troops on the crusted surface of that fluid through which the ship had so recently sailed." It took nine days of this work to reach Anticosti Island,



after which the ice seems to have given no more trouble; but further delay was occasioned by fogs, calms, and head winds.

Upon the arrival of the ships-of-war the Americans at once retreated. During the winter, though reinforcements must have been received from time to time, they had wasted from exposure, and from small-pox, which ravaged the camp. On May 1st, the returns showed 1,900 men present, of whom only 1,000 were fit for duty. There were then on hand but three days' provisions, and none other nearer than St. John's. The inhabitants would, of course, render no further assistance after the ships arrived. The navy had decided again the fate of Canada, and was soon also to determine that of Lake Champlain.

When two hundred troops had landed from the ships Carleton marched out, "to see," he said, "what these mighty boasters were about." The sneer was unworthy a man of his generous character, for the boasters had endured much for faint chances of success; and the smallness of the reinforcement which encouraged him to act shows either an extreme prudence on his part, or the narrow margin by which Quebec escaped. He found the enemy busy with preparations for retreat, and upon his appearance they abandoned the camp. Their forces on the two sides of the St. Lawrence being now separated by the hostile shipping, the

Americans retired first to Sorel, where the Richelieu enters the St. Lawrence, and thence continued to fall back upon Lake Champlain by gradual stages. It was not until June 15th that Arnold quitted Montreal, and at the end of June the united force was still on the Canadian side of the present border line. On July 3d it reached Crown Point, in a pitiable state from small-pox and destitution.

Both parties began at once to prepare for a contest upon Lake Champlain. The Americans, small as their flotilla was, still kept the superiority obtained for them by Arnold's promptitude a year before. On June 25th General Schuyler, commanding the northern department, wrote: "We have happily such a naval superiority on Lake Champlain, that I have a confident hope the enemy will not appear upon it this campaign, especially as our force is increasing by the addition of gondolas, two nearly finished. Arnold, however,"—whose technical knowledge caused him to be entrusted with the naval preparations—"says that three hundred carpenters should be employed and a large number of gondolas, row-galleys, etc., be built, twenty or thirty at least. There is great difficulty in getting the carpenters needed." Arnold's ideas were indeed on a scale worthy of the momentous issues at stake. "To augment our navy on the lake appears to me of the utmost importance. There is water between Crown Point and Pointe au Fer for vessels of the largest size. I am of opinion that row-galleys are the best construction and cheapest for this lake. Perhaps it may be well to have one frigate of thirty-six guns. She may carry eighteen-pounders on the lake, and be superior to any vessel that can be built or floated from St. John's."

Unfortunately for the Americans, their resources in men and means were far inferior to those of their opponents, who were able eventually to carry out, though on a somewhat smaller scale, Arnold's idea of a sailing ship, strictly so called, of force as yet unknown in inland waters. Such a ship, aided as she was with two consorts of somewhat similar character, dominated the lake as soon as she was afloat, reversing all the conditions. To place and equip her, however, required time, invaluable time, during which Arnold's two schooner-

ers exercised control. "If we could have begun our expedition four weeks earlier," wrote Baron Riedesel, the commander of the German contingent with Carleton, after examining the American position at Ticonderoga, "I am satisfied that everything would have been ended this year (1776); but, not having shelter nor other necessary things we were unable to remain at the other (southern) end of Champlain." So delay favors the defence and changes issues. What would have been the effect upon the American cause if, simultaneously with the loss of New York (August 20th to September 15th) had come the news that Ticonderoga, whose repute for strength stood high, had fallen also? Nor was this all; for, in that event, the plan which was wrecked in 1777 by Sir William Howe's ill-conceived expedition to the Chesapeake would doubtless have been carried out in 1776. In a contemporary English paper occurs the following significant item: "London, September 26, 1776. Advices have been received here from Canada dated August 12th, that General Burgoyne's army had found it impracticable to get across the lakes this season. The naval force of the Provincials is too great for them to contend with at present. They must build larger vessels for this purpose, and these cannot be ready before next summer. The design *was** that the two armies commanded by Generals Howe and Burgoyne should co-operate; that they should both be on the Hudson River at the same time; that they should join about Albany, and thereby cut off all communication between the northern and southern Colonies."†

As Arnold's more ambitious scheme could not be realized, he had to content himself with gondolas and galleys, for the force he was to command as well as to build. The precise difference between the two kinds of rowing-vessels thus distinguished by name, the writer has not been able to ascertain. The gondola was a flat-bottomed boat, and inferior in nautical qualities—speed, handling, and seaworthiness—to the galleys, which probably were keeled. The latter certainly carried sails, and may have been capable of beating to windward. Arnold preferred them, and stopped the building of gondolas. "The

* Author's italics.

† Remembrancer, vol. iv., p. 291.

galleys," he wrote, "are quick moving, which will give us a great advantage in the open lake." The complements of the galleys were eighty men, of the gondolas forty-five; from which, and from their batteries, it may be inferred that the latter were between one-third and one-half the size of the former. The armaments of the two were alike in character, but those of the gondolas much lighter. American accounts agree with Captain Douglas's report of one galley captured by the British. In the bows, an eighteen and a twelve-pounder; in the stern, 2 nines; in broadside, from 4 to 6 sixes. There is in this a somewhat droll reminder of the disputed merits of bow, stern, and broadside fire, in a modern iron-clad; and the practical conclusion is much the same. The gondolas had 1 twelve-pounder, and 2 sixes. All the vessels of both parties carried a number of light swivel guns.

Amid the many difficulties which lack of resources imposed upon all American undertakings, Arnold succeeded in getting afloat with three schooners, a sloop, and five gondolas, on the 20th of August. He cruised at the upper end of Champlain till the 1st of September, when he moved rapidly north, and on the 3d, anchored in the lower narrows, twenty-five miles above St. John's, stretching his line from shore to shore. Scouts had kept him informed of the progress of the British naval preparations, so that he knew there was no immediate danger; while an advanced position, maintained with a bold front, would certainly prevent reconnaissances by water, and possibly might impose somewhat upon the enemy. The latter, however, erected batteries on either side of the anchorage, compelling Arnold to fall back to the broader lake. He then had soundings taken about Valcour Island, and between it and the western shore; that being the position in which he intended to make a stand. He retired thither on the 23d of September.

The British on their side had contended with no less obstacles than their adversaries, though of a somewhat different character. To get carpenters and materials to build, and seamen to man, were the chief difficulties of the Americans, the necessities of the seaboard conceding but partially the demands made upon it; but

their vessels were built upon the shores of the lake, and launched into navigable waters. A large fleet of transports and ships-of-war in the St. Lawrence supplied the British with adequate resources, which were utilized judiciously and energetically by Captain Douglas; but to get these to the lake was a long and arduous task. A great part of the Richelieu River was shoal, and obstructed by rapids. The point where lake navigation began was St. John's, to which the nearest approach by a hundred-ton schooner, from the St. Lawrence, was Chambly, ten miles below. Flat boats and long boats could be dragged upstream, but vessels of any size had to be transported by land; and the engineers found the road-bed too soft in places to bear the weight of a hundred tons. Under Douglas's directions, the planking and frames of two schooners were taken down at Chambly, and carried round by road to St. John's, where they were again put together. At Quebec, he found building a new hull, of one hundred and eighty tons. This he took apart nearly to the keel, shipping the frames in thirty long-boats, which the transport-captains consented to surrender, together with their carpenters, for service on the lake. Drafts from the ships-of-war, and volunteers from the transports, furnished a body of seven hundred seamen for the same employment, a force to which the Americans could oppose nothing equal, commanded as it was by regular naval officers. The largest vessel was ship-rigged, and had a battery of eighteen twelve-pounders; she was called the *Inflexible*. The two schooners, *Maria* and *Carleton*, carried respectively fourteen and twelve six-pounders. These were the backbone of the British flotilla. There were also a radeau, and a large gondola, heavily armed; but, being equally heavy of movement, they do not appear to have played any important part. Besides these, when the expedition started, there were twenty gun-boats, each carrying one field piece, from twenty-fours to nine-pounders; or, in some cases, howitzers.*

"By all these means," wrote Douglas on July 21st, "our acquiring an absolute dominion over Lake Champlain is not

* The radeau had six twenty-four-pounders, six twelves, and two howitzers; the gondola seven nine-pounders. The particulars of armament are from Douglas's letters.

doubted of." The expectation was perfectly sound ; with a working breeze, the *Inflexible* alone could sweep the lake clear of all that floated on it. But the element of time remained. From the day of this writing till that on which he saw the *Inflexible* leave St. John's, October 4th, was over ten weeks, and it was not until the 9th that Carleton was ready to advance with the squadron. By that time the American troops at the head of the lake had increased to eight or ten thousand. The British land force is reported* as thirteen thousand, of which six thousand were in garrison at St. John's and elsewhere.

Arnold's last reinforcements reached him at Valcour, on October 6th. On this day, and in the action of the 11th, he had with him all the American vessels on the lake, except one schooner and one galley. His force, thus, was two schooners and a sloop, broadside vessels, besides four galleys and eight gondolas, which may safely be assumed to have depended on their bow guns ; there, at least, was their heaviest fire. Thus reckoned, his flotilla, disposed to the best advantage, could bring into action at one time, 2 eighteens, 13 twelves, 1 nine, 2 sixes, 12 fours, and 2 two-pounders, independent of swivels ; total, 32 guns, out of 84 that were mounted in 15 vessels. To this the British had to oppose, in three broadside vessels, 9 twelves and 13 sixes, and in twenty gunboats, 20 other brass guns, " from twenty-fours to nines, some with howitzers ; " † total, 42 guns. In this statement the radeau and the gondola have not been included because of their unmanageableness. Included, as broadside vessels, they would raise the British armament—by 3 twenty-fours, 3 twelves, 4 nines, and a howitzer—to a total of 53 guns. Actually they could be brought into action only under exceptional circumstances, and are more properly omitted.

These minutiae are necessary for the proper appreciation of what Captain Douglas justly called " a momentous event." It was a strife of pygmies for the prize of a continent, and the leaders are entitled to full credit, both for their antecedent energy and for their dispositions in the con-

test ; not least the unhappy man who, having done so much to save his country, afterward blasted his name by a treason unsurpassed in modern war. Energy and audacity had preserved so far the lake to the Americans ; Arnold determined to have one more try of the chances. He did not know the full force of the enemy, but he expected that " it would be very formidable, if not equal to ours." The season, however, was so near its end, that a severe check would equal a defeat and postpone Carleton's further advance to the next spring. Besides, what was the worth of such a force as the American, such a flotilla, under the guns of Ticonderoga ; the lake being lost ? It was eminently a case for taking chances, even if the detachment were sacrificed, as it was.

Arnold's original purpose had been to fight under way, and it was from this point of view that he valued the galleys, because of their mobility. It is uncertain when he first learned the rig and battery of the *Inflexible* ; ‡ but a good lookout was kept, and the British fleet was sighted from Valcour when it quitted the narrows. It may have been seen even earlier, for Carleton had been informed, erroneously, that the Americans were near Grand Island, which led him to incline to that side, and so open out Valcour sooner. The British anchored for the night of October 10th between Grand and Long § Islands. Getting under way next morning, they stood up the lake with a strong northeast wind, keeping along Grand Island, upon which their attention doubtless was fastened by the intelligence they had received ; but it was a singular negligence thus to run to leeward with a fair wind, without thorough scouting on both hands. The consequence was that the American flotilla was not discovered until Valcour Island, which is from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty feet high throughout its two miles of length, was so far passed, that the attack had to be made from the south—from to leeward.

When the British were first made out, Arnold's second in command, Waterbury,

* By American reports. Beatson gives the force sent out, in the spring of 1776, as 13,357 (" Military and Naval Memoirs," vol. vi., p. 44).

† Douglas's letters.

‡ Douglas thought that the appearance of the *Inflexible* was a complete surprise ; but Arnold had been informed that a third vessel, larger than the schooners, was being set up. With a man of his character, it is impossible to be sure, from his letters to his superior, how much he knew, or what he withheld.

§ Now called North Hero.

The Royal Savage Ashore.

Three shots from the ship's (Inflexible) twelve pounders struck the Savage, which then ran ashore on the southern point of the island (Valcour).—Page 154.

urged that in view of the enemy's superiority the flotilla should get under way at once, and fight them "on a retreat in the main lake;" the harbor being disadvantageous "to fight a number so much superior, and the enemy being able to surround us on every side, we lying between an island and the main." With sounder judgment Arnold decided to hold on. A retreat before square-rigged sailing vessels having a fair wind, by a heterogeneous force like his own, of unequal speeds and batteries, could result only in disaster. Concerted fire and successful escape were alike improbable; and besides, escape, if feasible, was but throwing up the game. Better trust to a steady, well-ordered position, developing the utmost fire. If the enemy discovered him, and came in by the northern entrance, there was a five-foot knoll in mid channel which might fetch the biggest of them up; if, as proved, the island was passed, and the attack was made from to leeward, it would probably be partial and in disorder, as also happened. The correctness of Arnold's decision not to chance a flight was shown in the retreat of two days later.

Valcour is on the west side of the lake, about three-quarters of a mile from the main; but a peninsula projecting from the island at mid-length narrows this interval to a half-mile. From the accounts, it is clear that the American flotilla lay south of this peninsula. Arnold had, therefore, a reasonable hope that it might be passed undetected. Writing to Gates, the Commander-in-chief at Ticonderoga, he said: "There is a good harbor, and if the enemy venture up the lake it will be impossible for them to take advantage of our situation. If we succeed in our attack upon them, it will be impossible for any to escape. If we are worsted, our retreat is open and free. In case of wind, which generally blows fresh at this season, our craft will make good weather, while theirs cannot keep the lake." It is apparent from this, written three weeks before the battle, that he then was not expecting a force materially different from his own. Later on, he describes his position as being "in a small bay on the west side of the island, as near together as possible, and in such a form that few vessels can attack us at the

same time, and those will be exposed to the fire of the whole fleet." Though he unfortunately gives no details, he evidently had sound tactical ideas. The formation of the anchored vessels is described by the British officers as a half moon.

When the British discovered the enemy they hauled up for them. Arnold ordered one of his schooners, the *Royal Savage*, and the four galleys, to get under way; the two other schooners and the eight gondolas remaining at their anchors. The *Royal Savage* dropping to leeward—by bad management, Arnold says—came, apparently unsupported, under the distant fire of the *Inflexible*, as the latter drew under the lee of *Valcour* at 11 A.M., followed by the *Carleton*, and at a greater distance by the *Maria* and the gunboats. Three shots from the ship's twelve-pounders struck the *Savage*, which then ran ashore on the southern point of the island. The *Inflexible*, still followed closely by the *Carleton*, continued on, but fired only occasionally; showing that Arnold was keeping his galleys in hand, at long bowls—as small vessels with one eighteen should be kept when confronted with a broadside of nine guns. Between the island and the main the northeast wind doubtless drew more northerly, adverse to the ships' approach, but a flaw off the cliffs taking the fore and aft sails of the *Carleton*, she fetched "nearly into the middle of the rebel half moon, where Lieutenant Dacres intrepidly anchored with a spring on her cable." The *Maria*, on board which was General Carleton, together with Captain Pringle, commanding the flotilla, was to leeward when the chase began, and could not get into close action that day.

By this time, seventeen of the twenty gun-boats had come up, and, after silencing the *Royal Savage*, pulled up to within point-blank range of the American flotilla. "The cannonade was tremendous," wrote Baron Riedesel. Lieutenant Longcroft, of the radeau, not being able to get his raft into action, went with a boat's crew on board the *Savage*, and for a time turned her guns upon her former friends; but the fire of the latter forced him again to abandon her, and it seemed so likely that she might be retaken, that she was set on fire by Lieutenant Starke of the *Maria*, when already "two rebel boats were very near

her. She soon after blew up." Her timbers are still visible when the water of the lake is low. The American guns converging on the *Carleton* in her central position, she suffered severely. Her commander, Dacres, was knocked senseless; another officer lost an arm; only Pellew, afterward Lord Exmouth, remained fit for duty. The spring being shot away, she swung bows on to the enemy, and her fire was thus silenced. Captain Pringle signalled to her to withdraw; but she was unable to obey. To pay her head off the right way, Pellew himself had to get out on the bowsprit under a heavy fire of musketry, to bear the jib over to windward; but to make sail seems to have been impossible. Two artillery boats were sent to her assistance, "which towed her off through a very thick fire, until out of farther reach, much to the honor of Mr. John Curling and Mr. Patrick Carnegy, master's mate and midshipman of the *Isis*, who conducted them; and of Mr. Edward Pellew, mate of the *Blonde*, who threw the tow rope from the *Carleton*'s bowsprit."* This service on board the *Carleton* started Pellew on his road to fortune; but singularly enough the lieutenancy promised him in consequence, by both the First Lord and Lord Howe, was delayed by the fact that he stayed to the front, instead of going to the rear, where he would be "within their jurisdiction."† The *Carleton* had two feet of water in the hold, and had lost eight killed and six wounded—about half her crew—when she anchored out of fire. In this small but stirring business, the Americans, in addition to the *Royal Savage*, had lost one gondola. Besides the injuries to the *Carleton*, a British artillery boat, commanded by a German lieutenant, was sunk. Toward evening the *Inflexible* got within point-blank shot of the Americans, "when five broadsides," wrote Douglas, "silenced their whole line." One fresh ship, with scantling for sea-going, and a concentrated battery, has an unquestioned advantage over a dozen light-built craft, carrying one or two guns each, and already several hours engaged.

At nightfall the *Inflexible* dropped out of range, and the British squadron anchored in line of battle across the southern end of

* Douglas's letter.

† Sandwich to Pellew.

Indigene: Maria.

Washington. Congress.
 Edited by Carlton T. Chapman

'The Engagement of October 14th-- The American Guns Converging on the Carleton.

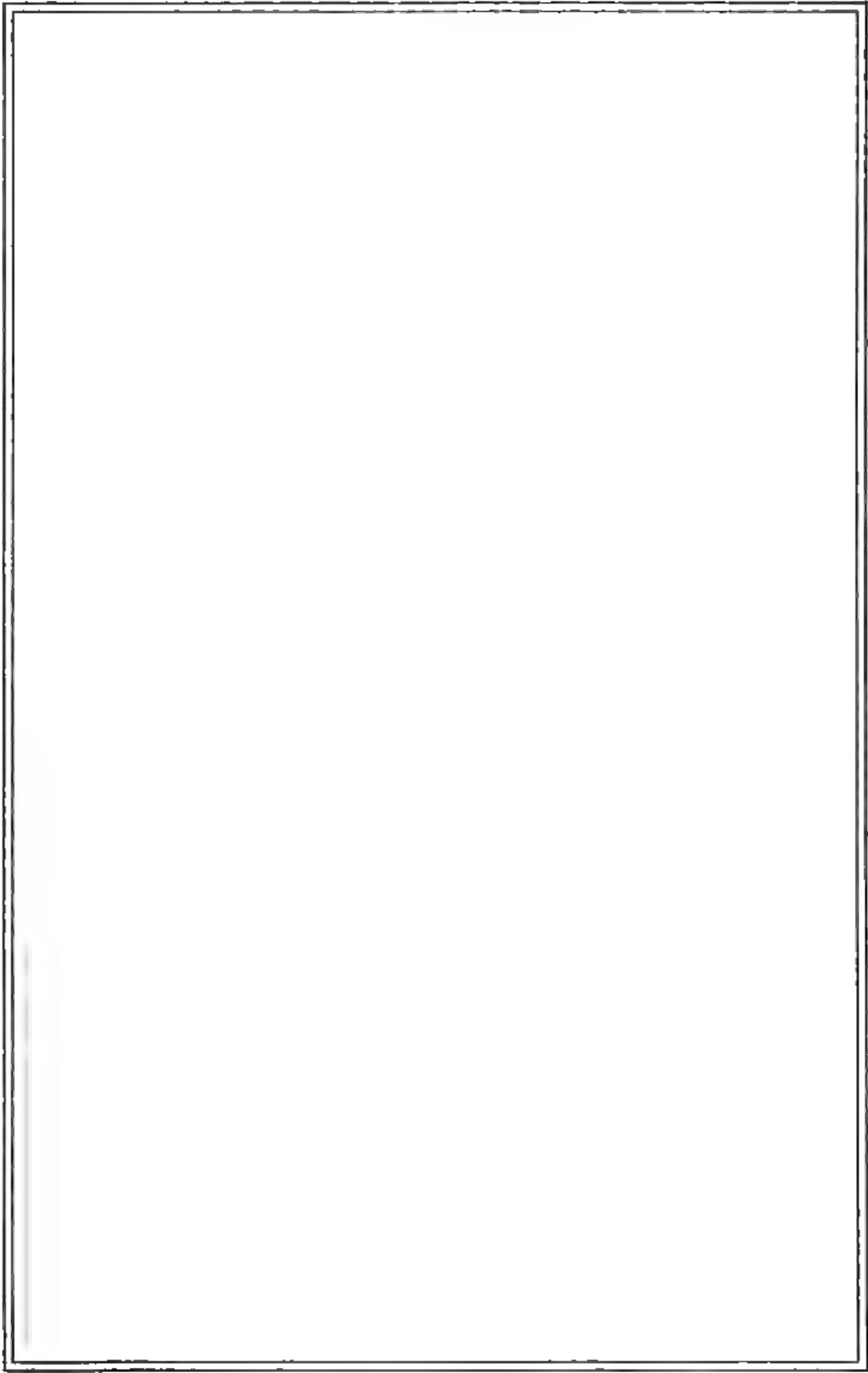
the passage between the island and the main; some vessels were extended also to the eastward, into the open lake. "The best part of my intelligence," wrote Burgoyne next day from St. John's, to Douglas at Quebec, "is that our whole fleet was formed in line above the enemy, and consequently, they must have surrendered this morning, or given us battle on our own terms. The Indians and light troops are abreast with the fleet; they cannot, therefore, escape by land." The British squadron sharing this confidence, a proper lookout was not kept. The American leader immediately held a conference with his officers, and decided to attempt a retreat, "which was done with such secrecy," writes Waterbury, "that we went through them entirely undiscovered." The movement began at 7 P.M., the galley Trumbull, commanded by Colonel Wigglesworth, of Massachusetts, leading the column, with just sail enough for steerage way; her stern lantern so masked as to be visible only to vessels immediately in her wake. The gondolas and schooners followed cautiously, observing the strictest silence, Arnold and his second bringing up the rear in the two heaviest galleys. This delicate operation was favored by a heavy fog, which did not clear till the next morning at eight o'clock; as the Americans crept by, they could see none of the hostile squadron. By daylight they were out of sight of the British. Riedesel, speaking of this event, says: "The ships anchored, secure of the enemy, who stole off during the night, and sailing round the left wing, aided by a favorable wind, escaped under darkness." The astonishment next morning, he continues, was great, as was Carleton's rage. The latter started to pursue in such a hurry that he forgot to leave orders for the troops which had been landed; but, failing to discover the fugitives, he returned and remained at Valcour till nightfall, when scouts brought word that the enemy were at Schuyler's Island, eight miles above.

The retreat of the Americans had been embarrassed by their injuries, and by the wind coming out ahead. They had to anchor on the 12th, to repair damages, both hulls and sails having suffered severely. Arnold took the precaution also to write to Crown Point for bateaux, to tow in case of a southerly wind, but time was not allowed

for these to arrive. Two gondolas were now sunk on account of their injuries, making three of that class so far lost. The retreat was resumed at 2 P.M., but the breeze was fresh from the southward, and the gondolas made very little way. At evening the British chased again. That night the wind moderated, and at daybreak the American flotilla was twenty-eight miles from Crown Point—fourteen from Valcour—having still five miles' start. Later, however, by Arnold's report, "the wind again breezed up to the southward, so that we gained very little either by beating or rowing. At the same time the enemy took a fresh breeze from northeast, and by the time we had reached Split Rock were alongside of us." The galleys of Arnold and Waterbury, the Congress and the Washington, had kept in the rear throughout, and now received the brunt of the attack, made by the Inflexible and the two schooners, which had entirely distanced their sluggish consorts. This fight was in the upper narrows, where the lake is from one to three miles wide, and lasted, by Arnold's report, for five glasses (two hours and a half),* the Americans continually retreating, until about ten miles from Crown Point. There, the Washington having struck, some time before, and final escape being impossible, Arnold ran his own galley and four gondolas ashore in a small creek on the east side; pulling to windward, with the cool judgment that had marked all his conduct, so that the enemy could not follow him—except in small boats with which he could deal. There he set his vessels on fire, and stood by them until assured that they would blow up with their flags flying. He then retreated to Crown Point through the woods, "despite the savages;" a phrase which concludes this singular aquatic contest with a quaint touch of local color.

In three days of fighting and retreating the Americans lost one schooner, two galleys, and seven gondolas—in all, ten vessels out of fifteen. The killed and wounded amounted to over eighty, twenty-odd of which were in Arnold's galley. The original force, numbering seven hundred, had been decimated. Considering its raw material and the recency of its organization, words can scarcely exaggerate the heroism of this resistance, which undoubtedly de-

* Beatson, "Naval and Military Memoirs," says two hours.



Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The Running Fight.
The American flotilla of gondolas and galleys retreating.

pendent chiefly upon the personal military qualities of the leader. The British loss in killed and wounded did not exceed forty.

The little American navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or small, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously ; for it had saved the lake for that year. Whatever deductions may be made for blunders, and for circumstances of every character, which made the British campaign of 1777 abortive and disastrous, and so led directly to the American alliance with France in 1778, the delay, with

all that it involved, was obtained by the lake campaign of 1776. On October 15th, two days after Arnold's final defeat, Carleton dated a letter to Douglas from before Crown Point, whence the American garrison was withdrawn. A week later Riedesel arrived, and wrote that, "were our whole army here it would be an easy matter to drive the enemy from their entrenchments," at Ticonderoga, and, as has been quoted already, four weeks sooner would have insured its fall. It is but a coincidence that just four weeks were required to set up the

Inflexible at St. John's ; but it typifies the whole story. Save for Arnold's flotilla, the two British schooners would have settled the business. "Upon the whole, sir," wrote Douglas in his final letter from Quebec before sailing for England, "I scruple not to say, that had not General Carleton authorized me to take the extraordinary measure of sending up the Inflexible from Quebec, things could not this year have been brought to so glorious a conclusion on Lake Champlain." Douglas further showed the importance attached to this success by men of that day, by sending a special message to the British ambassador at Madrid, "presuming that the early knowledge of this great event in the southern parts of Europe may be of advantage to His Majesty's service." That the opinion of the government was

Arnold's Galley and Four Gondolas Ashore.

Arnold set his vessels on fire, and stood by them until assured that they would blow up with their flags flying.—Page 156.

Split Rock Point. (At the Present Day.)

Scene of the action of October 13, 1776.

similar may be inferred from the numerous rewards bestowed. Carleton was made a knight of the Bath, and Douglas a baronet.

In no case where the British and the Americans have met upon the water, has a serious charge of personal misconduct been proved against any individual; and the gallantry shown upon occasion by both sides upon Lake Champlain in 1776 is evident from the foregoing narrative. With regard to the direction of movements—the skill of the two leaders—the same equal credit cannot be assigned. It was a very serious blunder on October 11th, to run to leeward, passing a concealed enemy, undetected, upon waters so perfectly well known as Champlain was; it having been the scene of frequent British operations in recent wars. Owing to this, “the Maria, because of her distant situation (from which the *Inflexible* and Carleton had chased by signal) when the rebels were first discovered, and baffling winds could not get into close action.”* For the same

reason the *Inflexible* could not support the Carleton. The Americans, in the aggregate distinctly inferior, were thus permitted a concentration of superior force upon the part of their enemies. It is needless to enlarge upon the mortifying incident of Arnold’s escape that evening. To liken small things to great—always profitable in military analysis—it resembled Hood’s slipping away from DeGrasse at St. Kitts.

In conduct and courage, Arnold’s behavior was excellent throughout. Without enlarging upon the energy which created the flotilla, and the breadth of view which suggested preparations that he could not enforce, admiration is due to his recognition of the fact implicit in deed, if unexpressed in word—that the one use of the navy was to contest the control of the water; to impose delay, even if it could not secure ultimate victory. No words could say more clearly than do his actions that, under the existing conditions, the navy was useless, except as it contributed to this

* Douglas’s letters. The sentence is awkward, but carefully compared with the copy in the author’s hands. Doug-

las says, of the details he gives, that “they have been collected with the most scrupulous circumspection.”



The Green Mountains from Plattsburg, Lake Champlain. (At the Present Day.)

Scene of the action of October 11, 1776.

end ; valueless, if buried in port. Upon this rests the merit of his bold advance into the lower narrows ; upon this his choice of the strong defensive position at Valcour ; upon this his refusal to retreat as urged by Waterbury, when the full force of the enemy was disclosed - a decision justified, or, rather, illustrated, by the advantages which the accidents of the day threw into his hands. His personal gallantry was conspicuous there as at all times of his life. " His countrymen," said a generous enemy of that day, " chiefly gloried in the dangerous attention which he paid to a nice point of honor, in keeping his flag flying and not quitting his galley till she was in flames, lest the enemy should have boarded, and struck it." It is not the least of the injuries done to his nation in after years, that he should have silenced this boast and effaced this glorious record by so black an infamy.

With the destruction of the flotilla ends the naval story of the lakes during the war of the American Revolution. Satisfied that it was too late to proceed against Ticonderoga that year, Carleton withdrew

to St. John's and went into winter quarters. The following year the enterprise was resumed under General Burgoyne ; but Sir William Howe, instead of co-operating by an advance up the Hudson, which was the plan of 1776, carried his army to Chesapeake Bay, to act thence against Philadelphia. Burgoyne took Ticonderoga and forced his way as far as Saratoga, sixty miles from Ticonderoga and thirty from Albany, where Howe should have met him. Here he was brought to a stand by the army which the Americans had collected, found himself unable to advance or to retreat, and was forced to lay down his arms, October 17, 1777. The garrisons left by him at Ticonderoga and Crown Point retired to Canada, and the posts were reoccupied by the Americans. No further contest took place on the lake, though the British vessels remained in control of it, and showed themselves from time to time up to 1781. With the British declaration of war against France, March 13, 1778, the scene of interest shifted to salt water, and there remained till the end.

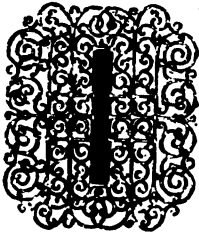
RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER IV



It is not proposed to attempt any relation of that part of the lives of the persons in this record which was covered by the four years of war. That period was too tremendous to be made a mere fragment of any history. "After that the deluge."

What pen could properly tell the story of those four years ; what fittingly record the glory of that struggle, hopeless from the beginning, yet ever appearing to pluck success from the very abyss of impossibility, and by the sheer power of valor to reverse the laws of nature and create the consummation it desired in the face of insuperable force.

It was a great formative force in every life that participated in it. It stamped itself on every face. The whole county emptied itself into it. They went into it boys and came out of it men, striplings and came out of it heroes. But the eye once fastened on that flaming fire would be blinded for any lesser light.

If the part that the men played in the war must be passed over in silence as too large for this history, how much more impossible would it be to describe the part that the women performed. It was a harder part to fill, yet they filled it, good measure, overflowing. Wherever a Southern woman stood during those four years, there in her small person was a garrison of the South, impregnable.

Year after year the mills of war ground steadily array after array, and crushed province after province, and still the ranks filled and poured with intrepid daring into the abyss of destruction, to be ground like

their predecessors to dust ; until at the end there was none left to grind. Some day the historian—annalist or novelist—may arise to tell this mighty story ; but meantime this pen must pass it by as too great a theme and deal with the times that come after.

Colonel Gray, who had been early promoted, fell at the head of his regiment on one of the great days which are the milestones of history. His body was brought home and buried in the old graveyard at Red Rock among generations of Grays, of whom, as old Mr. Langstaff, who had been bodily hauled back to his parish by his congregation, said to the neighbors and servants about the grave, not one was a better or braver man, or a truer gentleman.

When it was all over, and the neighbors had gone home, and the servants had retired to their quarters, hushed to that vague quietude that follows the last putting away in the earth of those who have been near to us, Jacquelin came out of the old office where he had held that last interview with his father, and walked into his mother's room. His shoulders were square, and his figure erect. She rose from her knees as he entered, and stood before him in her black dress, her face deadly white, her eyes full of fear fastened on his face.

"Mamma——" He stopped as if that were all he had to say, and perhaps it was, for Mrs. Gray seated herself calmly.

"Yes, my son." The fine sad eyes grew wistful. How like he was to his father!

"——Because, you know, there ought to be one of us in the old company, mamma," he said, quite as if he had spoken the other sentence.

"Yes, my son, I know ;" and the mother sighed, her heart breaking in spite of her resolve to be brave.

"And I am the only man of the name

now—and I am fifteen, and a whole head taller than Andy Stamper.”

“Yes, I know, my son.” She had noticed it that day, and had known this would come.

“And he is one of the best soldiers in the army. *He* said so. And if—if anything happens you have Rupert.” He went on arguing as if his mother had not agreed with him.

“Yes, my son, I know.” And Mrs. Gray rose suddenly and flung herself into his arms and hugged him and clung to him, and wept on his shoulder, as if he were his father.

So the change comes: the boy in little trousers suddenly stands before the mother a man, a soldier; the little girl who was in her pinafores yesterday, to-day has stepped into full-blown womanhood.

General Legaie offered to make a place on his staff for Jacquelin; but Jacquelin declined it. He wished to go into the Red Rock troop, of which Steve Allen was now a lieutenant.

“Because, mamma, all the men are in it, and there must be one of the Grays in the old company,” he said.

Doan, of course, expected to go with his master, but Mrs. Gray vetoed it. She was afraid Doan might be killed, young men were so rash. She remembered that Doan was his mother's only son. So by a compromise old Waverley was sent.

The year after Jacquelin went away the tide of war rolled nearer to the old county, and the next year—that which had been deemed impossible befell—it swept over it.

When the invading army had passed, the county was scarcely recognizable.

Jacquelin's career in the army was only that of many others—indeed, of many thousands of others; he went in a boy, but a boy who could ride any horse and all day and night, sleep on stones or in mud; and if he was told to go anywhere would go as firmly and as surely if it were among bayonets or belching guns as if it were a garden of roses.

Being the youngest man in his company, he naturally might have been a favorite in any case; but when he was always ready to shoe a horse or to stand an extra tour of guard-duty, or to do anything else for a comrade, it placed his popularity beyond question. They used to call him “the

baby,” but after a sharp cavalry fight on a hill-top one afternoon they stopped this. Legaie's brigade charged, and finding infantry entrenched, were retiring amid smoke and dust and bullets, when Jacquelin missing Morris Cary, who had been near him but a moment before, suddenly turned and galloped back through the smoke. Two or three men shouted and stopped, and Steve suddenly wheeled and dashed back after the boy, followed by Andy Stamper and the whole company. There was a rally with the whole Red Rock troop in the lead, Steve Allen and little Andy Stamper shouting and sabring like mad, which changed the fortune of the day.

Poor Morris was found under his horse past help; but they brought his body out of the fray, and Jacquelin sent him home, with a letter which was harder to write than any charge he had ever made, or was to make—harder even than to tell Dr. Cary, who was at the field hospital. And after that Andy Stamper “allowed that Jacquelin's cradle was big enough for him” (Andy), which it certainly was, by linear measurement, at least.

Blair's letter to Jacquelin, in reply, was more than General Legaie's mention of his name in his report.

Blair was growing up to be almost a woman now—women as well as men age rapidly amid battles—and nearly every letter Jacquelin received from home had something about her.

“What a pretty girl Blair has grown to be. You have no idea how we all lean on her,” his mother wrote. Or Miss Thomasia would say:

“I wish you could have heard Blair sing in church last Sunday. Her voice has developed unspeakable sweetness. It reminded me of her grandmother, when I can first remember her.”

It was not a great while after this that Jacquelin himself went down one day, and had to be fought over, and though he fared better than poor Morris Cary, in that the bullet which brought him down only smashed his leg instead of finding his heart, it resulted in Steve getting both himself and his horse shot, and Jacquelin being left in the enemy's hands, along with Andy Stamper, who had fought over him like the game little bantam that he was, until a big Irish sergeant knocked him in

the head with a carbine-barrel, and came near ending the line of the Stammers then and there. Happily Andy came to after awhile, and was taken along with Jacquelin and sent to Point Lookout.

Jacquelin and Andy stayed a long time in prison, Andy because he was a hardy and untamed little warrior, of the kind which was drawn last for exchange, and Jacquelin partly because he was unable to travel on account of his wound and partly because he would not apply for an exchange to leave Andy.

One day, however, Andy got a letter which seriously affected him. It told him that Delia Dove was said to be going to marry Washy Still. Within a week little Andy, whose constitution had hitherto appeared of iron, was in the hospital. The doctor told Jacquelin that he thought he was going to die.

That night Jacquelin scribbled a line to Andy, and got a nurse, Miss Bush, a small, thin woman with a sharp nose and a complaining voice, but a kind heart, to take it to him.

It ran: "Hold on for Delia's sake. I am going to get an exchange, and you will, too."

"Who is Delia?" asked the nurse, who was doubtful. It was against orders.

"His sweetheart."

The nurse took the note. In a week Andy was ready to be out of the hospital.

The next morning Jacquelin and the doctor had a long talk, and later on Jacquelin and the nurse; and when the next draft for exchange came the name of Jacquelin Gray was on it, but Andy Stamper's was not. So the nurse told him. But that afternoon when the line of prisoners for exchange marched out of the prison yard Andy Stamper was in it, leaning on a crutch and with his blanket pulled up around his face, and Jacquelin was watching from a corner of the hospital window. As the last guard filed out behind the line and the big gate swung to, Jacquelin hobbled back to his cot and lay with his face to the wall. The nurse came by presently, and stopping, looked down at him.

"Now you've gone and ruined your chance forever," she said, presently, in the querulous tone habitual with her.

Jacquelin shut his eyes tightly, then opened them and without a word gazed

straight at the wall not a foot before him. Suddenly the woman bent close down over him and kissed him.

"You are a dear boy." The next instant she went back to her duty.

An effort was made to get an exchange for Jacquelin, the principal agents being a nurse in the prison hospital and a philanthropical friend of hers, a Mrs. Welch, through whom the nurse had secured her position; but the answer was conclusive:

"He has already been exchanged."

As for Andy, when he reached home, he found the report about Miss Delia Dove to be at least premature. It was not only Mr. Washington Still, but Hiram as well, who was unpleasantly attentive to her; and Miss Delia, after the first burst of genuine delight at Andy's unexpected appearance, proceeded to use the prerogative of her sex and wring her lover's heart by pretending an acceptance of his new rival's attentions. Andy, accordingly, did not stay long at home; but, accepting the renewed proffer of a loan from Hiram Still to buy a horse, was soon back with the boys of the old company, sadly wasted by this time, and only kept up by the new recruits, on whom Andy looked with disdain.

When Wash Still was drafted from the dispensary department of the hospital service, it was some consolation that he was at least banished from dangerous proximity to Miss Delia, but it was hard to have to accept him as a comrade, and Andy's nose was always turned up when he was around.

"Washy Still in place of Jacquelin Gray," he sniffed; "a dinged little 'pothecary—shop-sweeper for a boy as didn't mind bullets no mo' than flies. I bet he's got pills in that pistol now! And he to be a-settin' up to Delia Dove!"

However, a few months later he had his reward.

So it happened that when the end came, Andy was back with the old company, and Jacquelin was still in prison.

CHAPTER V

THE home-coming of the men who had gone to the war was about the same time of the year in which most of them went

forth. They came home singly or in squads from northward and westward, wherever their commands happened to be when the final collapse came. And, but for certain physical landmarks, they would scarcely have known the old country. The Blue Mountains still stretched across the sky-line, with the nearer spurs nestled at their feet; the streams still ran through the little valleys between the hills, under their willows and sycamores, as they ran when Steve Allen and Jacquelin and the other boys fished and swam in them; but the bridges were gone, and the fishing-holes were dammed with fallen trees, some of them cut down during the battles that had been fought on their banks. And the roads made by the army-wagons often turned out through the unfenced fields and the pillaged and fire-scorched forests.

Dr. Cary, now known as Major Cary from his title as surgeon in General Legaie's brigade, and Captain Allen and Sergeant Stamper came home together as they had ridden away together through the April haze four years before. They had started out from the place of their surrender with a considerable company, who had dropped off from time to time as they had arrived at the roads which took them their several ways, and they were the last to separate. When they parted, it was at the fork where the old brick church had stood when they last passed that way. The church had gone down in the track of war. Nothing remained of it now except fragments of the walls, and even these were already half hidden by the thicket which had grown up around it. It brought the whole situation very close home to them; for they all had memories of it. Dr. Cary had buried his father and mother there, and Stamper and Delia Dove had been married in it not a year before, and they did not have a great many words to speak—perhaps none at all at the very last—only a "Well—Well!" with a rising inflection, and something like a sigh, and then, after a long pause, from the older officer a sudden, "Well, good-by, Steve; good-by, Sergeant. We'll have to begin over again—God bless you—come over and see me; good-by." And from each of the other two, "Good-by, Major—I will—Good-by, Tarquin," to the Major's body-servant; then a couple of hard hand-

grips and silence, and the horses went splashing off in the mud, slow and sullen, reluctant to leave each other. All turned once to look back, caught each other's glances, and waved their hands, and then rode on through the mud, their heads sunk, and the two body-servants, old Tarquin and Jerry, following silently behind their masters.

The meeting at home was in the dusk. The little group waiting on the hill-top at Dr. Cary's for the small cavalcade as they rode up through the waning light had been waiting and watching for days; but there were no words spoken at the meeting. Only Mrs. Cary walked out from the others and met her husband a part of the way down the hill, and Blair followed her a moment after.

When the Doctor reached his door, walking between his wife and daughter, an arm around each, he turned to his body-servant, who was holding the horses:

"Tarquin, you are free. I present you the horse you rode home. Take the saddles off and turn them out." And he walked into the house, speaking by name to the servants clustered about the door.

It was only when he was inside, facing the portrait of a young boy with handsome dark eyes that he gave way.

The very next day Dr. Cary, to use a commercial phrase, began to "take stock."

"Taking stock" is always a serious thing to do, and it must come often into every thoughtful man's life. So Dr. Cary felt that soft spring morning as he stood on the front porch of the roomy and rambling old mansion where the Carys had made the Birdwood hospitality celebrated for a hundred years, and looked across the wide lawn, once well trimmed and filled with shrubbery and flowers, now ragged and torn. His eye took in the whole scene. The wide fields once teeming with life, stretched before him empty and silent, the fences were broken down or had disappeared altogether, and yet the grass was fresh and green, the trees and bushes were just bursting from bud to leaf; the far-off mountains rose blue and tender across the newly washed sky, the birds were flitting and singing, and somewhere around the house a young girl's voice was singing sweeter than any of the birds. The look on the Doctor's face was for

a moment one of deep gravity if not of dejection, but it passed away the next instant as Blair's song reached him and as a step sounded behind him, and a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, followed by an even softer touch on his arm, as his wife's face rested for a moment against it. At the caressing touch his expression changed, and when he spoke it was with a new light in his eyes and a new tone in his voice.

"Well, Bess, we'll begin all over again. We've got each other, and we have Blair, and we have—the land—at least—I think we have the land—I don't suppose they'll take that away—if they do—why, we have each other and Blair, anyhow. If we only had the boy." He turned his face away. "I was just thinking of him."

"He died for his country," said the mother, proudly.

"He died like a soldier." He looked down into his wife's eyes.

"Yes." And she sighed deeply.

"We have to take care of what's left. Where is Jim Sherwood? I have not seen him."

"He has gone."

"What!" The Doctor gave a whistle of amazement. "I'd almost as soon have expected Mammy Krenda and Tarquin to leave."

Jim was one of the most trusted men about the place, a sort of preacher and leader, and had married, as his third wife, Mammy Krenda's daughter Jane, who was Mrs. Cary's own maid.

"Jim has gone. He went two weeks ago, and I was rather glad he went," said Mrs. Cary. "He had never been quite the same since the Yankees came through; had changed more than almost anyone of them who remained. He had been preaching a good deal lately, and seemed to be stirring the others up more than I liked. There seemed to have been some influence at work among them that I could not understand; it was said that Mr. Still, Helen's manager—But I don't know—I heard them one night, at the house, and went out to the church where they were, and found them in a great state of excitement. They quieted down when I appeared. That repulsive creature, Mr. Gray's Moses, was there, and I ordered him home, and gave them a talk, and the next morning

Jim Sherwood was missing too, and a few days later Jane said she had to go also. I told them they were free, but if they remained here they must observe my regulations. I put Gideon in charge, and told him you would look to him to keep order till you came, and he has done so to the best of his ability, I believe. I hear that he gave Jim Sherwood to understand that he would have no more of his preaching here for the present, and that if he wanted to preach for Hiram Still he could go to Red Rock and do it, not here. And now you are here, this is the end of my stewardship, and I surrender it into your hands."

She made her husband, half-mockingly, a profound courtesy—perhaps to turn off the serious thoughts which her words called up. But the Doctor declared that at least one of her slaves recognized too well the blessing of servitude to such a mistress to wish for freedom, and that he declined to assume control.

"Why, Bess, we men fought a quarter of the war and you women fought three-quarters. Do you imagine we want to depose you?"

Just then a young girl came around the corner of the house, her dark eyes full of light, her hair blown back from her forehead by the morning breeze, and her hands full of jonquils and other early flowers. Her face was glowing with the exercise she had been taking, and her whole person was radiant with youth.

"The morn is breaking. Here comes Aurora," said her father, at which Miss Blair's cheeks glowed only the more.

It was proposed by the Doctor that they should invite such of their friends as had arrived at home and could be reached, to a dinner.

Mrs. Cary, smiling, began to give what she called her menu, in which corn-bread, dried fruit, black-eyed peas and welcome figured as the principal dishes. She laughed heartily at her husband's dumb amazement.

"Bess," said the Doctor, humbly, "I retract what I said a little while ago about our having fought a fourth of the war, it was the speech of a braggart," and having followed her with his eyes as she went into the house, he walked around to have a talk with his negroes.

He found a number of them congregated and evidently expecting something of the kind.

"Gideon, tell the men I wish to speak to them."

In fifteen minutes they had collected. He called them all up, and standing on the portico of the office where he had been accustomed to speak to them, addressed a few words to them.

He went over the past for a moment. They had been faithful servants, he said, and he was glad to be able to say so to them. Now there were to be new relations between them. He told them they were free (on which there was an audible murmur of acquiescence) and could leave if they pleased—there was another murmur of gratification—but "if they remained, they would have to work and be subject to his authority."

Upon this some of the older ones signified their assent, while most of the others turned, and looking back called to someone in the rear of the crowd:

"Come, Brer Sherrod, you done heah de noration, now come and gi' de 'sponse."

A low, stout negro, of middle age, whom the Doctor had not before noticed, came forward somewhat sheepishly, but with a certain swagger in his gait. It was evidently concerted. The Doctor's mind acted quickly. At his first word he cut him short.

"I decline to allow Jim Sherwood to be the spokesman," he said. "He does not belong here. I left him in a position of trust and he has failed in it. Fall to the rear, I make no terms with outsiders."

Taken by surprise, at the tone of authority, the exhorter fell or was moved back, in sudden confusion, while the Doctor went on:

"Gideon, I appoint you; you have proved trustworthy. This place has supported two hundred souls in the past and we can make it do so again. Tell them that all those who remain here and work under you shall be supported and treated fairly, and paid what is proper, if it takes every acre I have to do it; the others can go and find homes elsewhere." He turned on his heel and walked into the house.

The next day there was a fairly good force at work in the fields.

Some of those he had addressed had

gone off in the night; but most of them remained, and the Doctor told Mrs. Cary he thought things would work all right; he was ready to accept present conditions, and matters would adjust themselves.

"Time is the adjuster," he said.

CHAPTER VI

IT was a little over two weeks, or, perhaps, three, after the armies had laid down their arms and disbanded and the rest of the men from the county had turned their faces homeward, with or without their paroles in their pockets, that a train which had been crawling all night over the shaky track, stopped in the early morning near the little station, or what remained of it, on the edge of the county, where persons bound for nearly all that region got off, and a passenger was helped down by the conductor and brakeman and laid with his crutch and blanket as gently as might be on a bank a little way from the track.

"Are you all right now? Do you think you can get on? You are sure someone will come for you?"

"Oh, yes; I feel better already," and the young fellow stretched out his hands in the gray dawn and felt the moist earth on either side of him almost tenderly.

As the railroad men climbed back into the car they were conversing together in low tones.

"Unless his friends come before many hours they won't find him. I don't know but what we ought to 'a' brought him along, anyway."

But Jacquelin Gray had more staying power than they gave him credit for, and the very touch of the soil he loved did him good. He dragged himself a little way up, stretched out under a tree on the grass near where they had laid him, and went to sleep like a baby. The sun came up over the dewy trees and warmed him, and he only turned and slept on, dreaming that he had escaped from prison and reached the old county, too weary to go any farther, and so lay down on a bank and waited for someone to come for him. How often he had dreamed that and had awaked to find himself in his old cot in the hospital or in his old bunk in the prison, maybe, with the

guard peering down at him with his lantern. Suddenly a shadow fell across his face, and he woke and looked up. Yes, there was the guard, three or four of them, gazing down on him in their blue uniform.

"Jacquelin Gray, No. —, Ward Ten," he muttered wearily, as he used to do in the hospital, and was closing his eyes again when he awaked fully. Two or three Federal soldiers, one of them an officer, a little fellow with blue eyes, were leaning over him, and a cavalry company was yonder at rest in the road below him. He was free after all, back in the old county.

The lieutenant asked him his name and how he came there, and he told him. Where was he going?

"Home"—with a little flash in his eye.

"Where is that?"

"Above here, across the country in the Red Rock neighborhood—beyond Brusville."

"Why, we are going that way ourselves; we were going to give you a decent burial; but, maybe, we can do you a better turn if you are not ready for immortality. We've an ambulance along, and here's the best substitute for the honor we offered you."

The little lieutenant was so cheery as he pressed his canteen to Jacquelin's lips, that the latter could not help feeling better.

The captain, who had remained with the company, came over on his handsome horse, picking his way through the débris lying about.

"So he is alive, after all?"

"Alive? Well, if you'd seen the way he took this." The lieutenant shook his canteen up beside his ear, as if to gauge its remaining contents; then held it to Jacquelin again.

"Have another pull? No? All right—when you want it. You aren't the first reb's had a swig at it."

He repeated what Jacquelin had told him, as to his name and destination. In an instant the captain, a tall, handsome fellow, had sprung from his horse.

"Jacquelin Gray! Red Rock!—By Jove! It can't be!" He stared down at the man on the ground.

"Do you mean to say that you live at a place called Red Rock—a great plantation with a big rock by a burial ground, and a red stain on it said to be an Indian's blood?"

Jacquelin nodded.

"Well by—! What's the matter with you? Where have you been! What are you dressed this way for?—I mean an old plantation where there was a wedding or a wedding-party about five years ago——?" he broke out as if it were impossible to believe it, "and a little girl named Blair Something sang?"

Jacquelin nodded.

"Yes, that's the place—Miss Blair Cary—But who are—? What do you know about——?"

"Well, I'm—Here, Reely, call Sergeant O'Meara; tell him to send the ambulance here directly," interrupted the captain.

"Don't you remember me? I'm Middleton, Lawrence Middleton. Don't you remember? I happened in that night with Mr. Welch, and you took care of us. I've never forgotten it."

"I remember it—you painted the horse red," said Jacquelin.

"Yes—it really was this fellow, Reely Thurston. He is the one that got me into all that trouble. And he has gotten me into a lot more since. But where have you been that you look like this?"

Jacquelin told him.

By this time several of the people from the houses in the neighborhood of the station, who had at first kept aloof from the troop of soldiers, gazing at them from a distance, had come up, seeing that they had a Confederate with them. They recognized Jacquelin and began to talk about his appearance and to make cutting speeches about the treatment he had undergone.

"We ain't forgot your Pa," some of them said.

"Nor you neither," said one of the women, who added that she was Andy Stamper's cousin.

They wanted him to stay with them and let them take care of him until his mother could send for him. Captain Allen had been down to see about him and Andy Stamper had been several times, and had said the last time, that if he didn't hear anything from him next time he was going North to see about him if he had to ride his old horse there.

Jacquelin, however, was so anxious to get home that notwithstanding their pressing invitations he accepted the offer of the

Federal officers, and after getting a cup of coffee from Andy's cousin, who said it was the first she had had in three years, he was helped up into the ambulance and driven off. The company, it seemed, had come up from the city the day before and had encamped a little below the station and were marching to Brutusville, where they were to be posted.

Late that evening, Jacquelin's ambulance was toiling up the hill to Red Rock, while the troop of cavalry sent to keep order in that section, with its tents pitched in the Court-house yard under the big trees were taking a survey of the place they had come to govern. Little Thurston, who as they rode in had caught sight of a plump young girl gazing at them from the open door of the old clerk's office with mingled curiosity and defiance, declared that it was not half as bad as some places he had been in in the South. At that moment, as it happened, Miss Elizabeth Dockett, the young lady in question, daughter of Mr. Dockett, the old County Clerk, was describing to her mother the plump lieutenant as the most ridiculous and odious looking little person in the world.

CHAPTER VII

THE meeting at Birdwood was a notable occasion. It was, in a way, the outward and visible sign of the return of peace. All of the old set in the neighborhood who were left and who could get there were present, with old Mr. Langstaff, much bowed and broken by the years of anguish, to ask a blessing on his returned sheep. Some one said it looked like the old St. Ann's congregation risen from the dead, to which Miss Thomasia added that the gentlemen at least now were all immortal, and the General gallantly responded that the ladies had been so always. The speech, however, left some faces grave; for there were a number of vacant places that could not be forgotten.

Jacquelin, under the excitement of his arrival, felt himself sufficiently restored and stimulated to join his mother and Aunt Thomasia and be driven over to Birdwood by old Waverley, who of late had been promoted to the place of carriage-driver,

and though he suffered a good deal from the condition of the roads, yet when Blair ran forward and offered her shoulder for "his other crutch," he felt as if a bad wound might after all have some compensations. Steve Allen was the life of the company. He had ridden over on his black horse, Hotspur, that like himself had been wounded several times in the last campaigns, though never seriously. He spent his time teasing Blair.

Jack had meant to kiss Blair on his arrival, yet when they met he was seized with a sudden panic, and could hardly look into her eyes. She appeared to have grown taller and older since yesterday, as well as prettier, and when Steve on arriving insolently caught and kissed her, on the plea of cousinship, before them all, Jacquelin was conscious of a pang of consuming jealousy, and for the first time in his life would gladly have thrashed Steve.

There was one thing that marred the occasion somewhat, or might have done so under other circumstances. The entire negro population who could travel, moved by some idea that the arrival of the Federal soldiers concerned them, were flocking to the county seat, leaving the fields deserted and the cabins empty.

The visitors had found the roads lined with them as they came along. They were all civil, but what could it mean? Some of the young men, like Steve and Jacquelin and Chestnut Garden, were much stirred up about it, and talked of organizing quietly so as to be ready if need should arise. Dr. Cary, however, and the older ones, opposed anything of the kind. Any organization whatever would be viewed with great suspicion by the authorities, and might be regarded as a breach of their parole, and it was not needed. They were already organized simply by being what they were.

It was a lovely day. The early flowers were peeping out as if to be sure before they came too far that winter had gone for good. The soft haze of spring was over the landscape.

The one person who was wanting to make the company complete was the little General. They were just discussing him, and Steve was teasing Miss Thomasia about him, declaring that in his opinion it was a pretty widow whose husband had been in the General's brigade and had been

shot, that the General had gone South after, when a horseman was seen riding rapidly across the open field far below, taking the ditches as he came to them. When he drew nearer he was recognized to be none other than the gallant little General himself. As he came trotting across the lawn among the great trees he presented a martial figure, and handkerchiefs were waved to him and many cheers were given, so that he was quite overcome when he dismounted and found himself literally taken in the arms of both the men and the ladies.

He had reached home, he explained, only the evening before, and having received his invitation from Julius, together with one from some gentlemen at the Court-house, he had decided to accept this, and had ridden up that morning to Red Rock to pay his respects to the ladies—here he bowed to Miss Thomasia; but finding them gone, had followed them over to Birdwood. And the old soldier beamed as he gazed around with a look that showed that he thought life might still be worth living if only he could meet occasionally such a reception as he had just had given him. Others smiled, too; for it was known that the General had been an almost life-long lover and suitor of Miss Thomasia Gray, whose twenty years' failure to smile on him had in no way damped his ardor or dimmed his hope. In fact, the soldier in his faded gray, with his bronzed, worn face, was nearer achieving the object of his life at that moment than he had ever been in the whole twenty-five years of his pursuit, and had the occasion come fifteen, or even ten, years earlier he might have done so; but Miss Thomasia had reached the point when to marry appeared to her ridiculous, and the only successful rival of the shaft of Cupid is the shaft of ridicule.

At such a meeting as this there were necessarily many serious things to be considered. One could not look around on the wide, deserted fields and fail to take in this. Everything like civil government had disappeared. There was not a civil officer left in the State. From governor to justices of the peace, every office had been vacated. There was no law left in force, and no officer left to execute it even had it been left. The Birdwood meeting was the first in the county at which any discussion of

a plan for the preservation of order was had. Even this was informal and unpremeditated; but when it reached the ears of Colonel Krafton, the commander of that district, who had just arrived in the city, it had taken on quite another complexion, and the "Cary Conference," as it came to be called, was productive of some very far-reaching consequences to certain of those who participated in it, and to the county itself.

So Peace spread her white wings, extending her serenity and shedding her sweetness even in those regions where war had passed along.

General Legaie and Dr. Cary, like many others, set to work without delay to try and raise funds with which to restock and equip their places. Mr. Ledger, who had been the agent and commission merchant of all the Red Rock section, had written them, offering them aid as soon as he could complete his arrangements.

Dr. Cary determined to use every effort to restore at once the old state of affairs, and to this end to offer homes and employment to all of his old servants. Accordingly he rode down to the county-seat a few days later to have an interview with the officers there. He went alone, because he did not know precisely how he would be received, and there was by no means general approval of his course.

He found the ranking officer, Captain Middleton, absent, he having been summoned that morning to the city by the provost in command there, Colonel Krafton, upon some business relating to the status of the negroes. The next in command, however, Lieutenant Thurston, was very civil and obliging to the Doctor, and on learning of his plans took immediate steps to further them. He was indeed, the Doctor admitted afterward, a very decent little fellow. The Doctor did not know that the two young officers in charge were at their wits' end to know how to get rid of the crowds of negroes who were hanging around the village.

The lieutenant summoned all the negroes to assemble on the court green, told them of the Doctor's offer, and after a short talk to them ordered all the Doctor's old servants who were present, and had not secured employment elsewhere, to re-

turn home and go to work at the wages he had agreed to pay. For, as he said to Middleton when he returned :

"By Gad! Larry, I was not sure whether I was talking to Don Quixote or old Doctor Filgrave—I know he is cousin to them both, for he told me so: he is cousin to everybody in the United States—And besides I was so bored with those niggers hanging around, looking pitiful, that I would have ordered every nigger in the country to go with the old gentleman if he had wanted them. By the way, he is the father of the girl they say is so devilishly pretty, and he asked after you most particularly. Ah, Larry, I am a diplomat. I have missed my calling." And the little lieutenant's eyes twinkled above the bowl of his pipe, which was much the shape of himself, as he looked at his tall, handsome superior.

The engagement about furnishing his negroes rations Dr. Cary was enabled to make, because on his arrival he had fallen in with Hiram Still, who had offered to lend him a sum of money which he said he happened to have by him. Hiram had been down to take the oath of allegiance, he told the Doctor.

"I been wondering to myself what I was to do with that money—and what I turned all them Confed notes into gold and greenbacks for. Fact is, I thought myself a plum fool for doin' it, but I says, Well, gold's gold, whichever way it goes—so I either bought land or gold. But 't does look's if Providence had somethin' to do with it, sure 'nough. I ain't got a bit o' use for it—you can take it and pay me just when it's convenient."

Still had never been a favorite with Dr. Cary, though the latter confessed that he could cite no positive ground for his dislike of him.

As the Doctor and Hiram rode back together toward their homes, Still was so bitter in his denunciation of the Federals and of their action touching the negroes that the Doctor actually felt it his duty to lecture him. They were all one country now, he said, and they had to accept the result as determined. But Still said, "Never!" He had only taken the oath of allegiance, he declared, because he had heard he would be arrested unless he did. But he had taken it with a mental reservation. This

shocked the Doctor so much that he rebuked him with sternness, on which Still explained that he did not mean exactly that, but that he had heard that if a man took an oath under threats he was absolved from it.

"There was some such legal quibble," the Doctor admitted, "but he was very sure that no brave man would ever take an oath for such a reason, and no honest one would ever break it."

When Still reached home that evening he was in unusually good spirits, and he was even pleasant to his daughter, who appeared the plainer because of the contrast that her shabby clothes presented to the showy new suit which her brother wore. It was to his son, however, that Still showed his particular good-humor. Wash had just come home for a little visit from the city, where he had been ever since his return from the army, and where he was now studying medicine. He was a tall, slim fellow, very much like his father in appearance, though in place of the rather good-tempered expression which usually sat on the latter's face, Wash's look was usually sullen, sour, and ill-natured.

"Ah, Wash, my son, I did a good stroke of business for you to-day," said his father, at supper, that evening.

"What was it? Did you buy another farm? You'll break, buying so much land," replied his son, pleasantly.

Still put aside the ungraciousness of the reply. He was accustomed to his son's slurs.

"Yes, and no." He winked at Virgy, to whom he had already confided something of his stroke of business. He glanced at the door to see that no one was listening and dropped his voice to his confidential pitch. "I lent the Doctor a leetle money."

Wash became interested, but the next instant attempted to appear indifferent.

"How much? What security did he give?"

"More than he'll be able to pay for some time. And the security's all right. Aha! I thought that would wake you up. I'll lend him some more one of these days and then we'll get the pay—with interest." He winked at his son knowingly. "When you're tryin' to ketch a shy horse don't show him the bridle—When you've got him, then!—" He made a gesture of

slipping on a halter. This piece of philosophy appeared to satisfy the young man and to atone for the apparent unwisdom of his father's action. He got into such a good-humor that he began to talk quite pleasantly with his sister and to ask her about the young men in the neighborhood.

It was striking to see how she changed at the notice her brother took of her. The listless, unhappy look disappeared, and her eyes brightened and made her face appear really interesting.

Presently the young man said :

"How's Lord Jacquelin?" At the question the blood mounted to the girl's face, and after an appealing look she dropped her eyes quickly.

When the end of the month came Dr. Cary summoned his hands and paid them off one by one, according to contract with Thurston, checking each name as he paid them on a pay-roll he had prepared. Their reception of the payment was curious, and varied with the spirit of the man, some being gay and facetious, and others taking it with exaggerated gravity. It was the first time they had ever received stipulated wages for their services, and it was an event.

The Doctor was well satisfied with the result, and went in to make the same settlement with the house-servants. The first one he met was Mammy Krenda and he handed her the amount he had agreed on with Thurston as a woman's wages. The old woman took it quietly. This was a relief. Mrs. Cary had been opposed to his paying her anything, she had felt sure that the mammy would feel offended. "Why, she is a member of the family," she said. The Doctor, however, thought differently. He had said he would pay all wages and he would do so. So when Mammy took the money with her usual courtesy, in one way the Doctor's spirits rose, though he was conscious of a little tug at his heart, as if the old ties had somehow been loosened. He rallied, however, at the reflection that he could satisfy his wife at last that he knew human nature more profoundly than she did—a doctrine he had never been entirely successful in establishing.

In this satisfactory state of mind, not wishing to sever entirely the tie with mam-

my, as the old woman still stood waiting, he after a moment said kindly and, as he was conscious, with great dignity :

"Those are your wages, mammy."

"My what ! sir?" The Doctor felt a certain chilling of the atmosphere. He looked out of the window.

"Your wages—I—ah—have determined—I—think it better from this time to—ah—" He had no idea it was so difficult. Why had he not gotten Mrs. Cary to attend to this? Why had he not, indeed, taken her advice? Pshaw—he had to face the fact, so he would do it. He turned and looked at the old woman. She was in the act of putting the money on the corner of the table by her, and if the Doctor had difficulty in meeting her gaze she had none in looking at him. Her eyes were fastened on him like two little shining beads, and stuck him like pins. He had to assert himself.

"You see, I promised the Federal officer at the Court-house to pay every one wages," he began with an effort, looking at the old woman.

"How much does you pay Miss Bes-sie?"

"How much what?"

"Wages!" He had no idea one word could convey so much contempt.

"Why, nothing—of course—"

"I'm gwine 'way."

"What!"

"I'm feared you'll charge me bode! I ken git a little house somewhar', I reckon—or I ken go to th' city and nuss—chil-lun."

"Mammy—you don't understand—" The Doctor was never in such a dilemma. If his wife would only come in! What a fool he was not to have known she knew more about it than he did.

"Won't you accept the money as a gift from me?" he said at last, desperately.

"No!—I ain't gwine tetch it!" The gesture was even more final than the tone. With a sniff she turned and walked out, leaving the Doctor feeling like a schoolboy.

He rose after a few minutes and went to his wife's room to find her and get her to make his peace. The door was shut, but he opened it. The scene within was one that remained with him through life.

His wife was weeping, and the mammy and Blair were in each other's arms. The only words he heard were from the mammy :

"Ef jest my ole marster could come back. He'd know I didn' do it for no wages."

"Oh ! mammy, he knows it, too !"

The Doctor was never conscious of being so much alone in his life, and it took some time to make his peace.

In the same way that the old planters and land-owners set in to restore the old places, the younger men went to work. Necessity is a good spur, and pride is another.

Stamper, with Delia Dove "for overseer," as he said, was already beginning to make an impression on his little place. As he had "kept her from having an overseer," he said the best thing he could do was to "let her be one."

"Talk about the slaves bein' free, Mr. Jack ! They won't all be free long's Delia Dove's got me on her place." The little sergeant's chuckle showed how truly he enjoyed that servitude. "She owns me, but she treats me well," he chuckled.

The Stamper place, amid its locusts and apple-trees, with its hipped roof and dormer-windows, small as it was, was as old as Red Rock—at least as the new mansion, with its imposing porticos and extended wings built around the big fireplace of the old house—and little Andy, though he never said anything about it, being somewhat taciturn, was as proud of it as he was of being himself rather than Hiram Still. He had gotten an old army wagon from somewhere, and was now beginning his farming operations in earnest. It had had U. S. on it, but though Andy insisted that the letters stood for *US*, not for the United States, Delia Dove had declined to ride in it as long as it had such characters stamped on it. As Delia Dove was obdurate, he finally had to save her sensibilities, which he did by substituting D for U, and making it D. S., which he said would stand either for Delia Stamper or D——d States.

Steve Allen intended to practise law as soon as matters settled themselves and he should be allowed to do so. Just then, however, he could not engage in any profession. He had not yet determined

to take the oath of allegiance, and without this nothing could be done. Meantime, to the great happiness of his cousins, especially of Miss Thomasia, who never attempted to conceal her partiality for Steve, he deferred this step, and, moved by the grassy appearance of the once beautifully cultivated fields of Red Rock, pitched into farming. It was very pleasant when his day's work was done to don his old gray jacket, play gentleman once more, and ride across the river of an evening, lounge on the grass under the big trees, and tease Blair Cary about Jacquelin until her eyes flashed and she let out at him, as he used to say, "like a newly bridled filly." So he hitched his war-horses, "Hotspur" and "Kate," to ploughs, and ploughed day by day, while he made his boy Jerry plough furrow for furrow near him, under promise of half of his share of the crop if he kept up and of the worst "lambling" he had ever had in his life if he did not. Jerry was a long, slim young negro, as black as tar and as "smart as light," Steve said, though to most people he appeared a fool. He was the grandson of old Peggy, Steve's mammy, and had come from the South. Where Steve had gotten him no one knew except Steve and Jerry themselves. Steve had picked him up somewhere during the war. Steve said he found him hanging to a tree and cut him down ; but that if he had known Jerry as well then as he did afterward he would have left him hanging. At which explanation Jerry always grinned, exhibiting two rows of white teeth which looked like rows of corn from a full ear. Very little experience with Jerry served to show those who came to know him even casually that he was a drunkard, a liar, and a thief. But one thing was certain—he adored Steve, who in return for that virtue bore with delinquencies which no one else in the world would have stood. Jerry had one other trait which recommended him to his master—he was as brave as a lion ; he would not have been afraid of the devil himself, unless he had taken on the shape of Mr. Stevenson Allen, of whom alone he stood in wholesome awe.

Steve's bucolic operations came somewhat suddenly to an end. One evening, he had met Wash Still dressed up and

driving a new buggy near Dr. Cary's gate, and next morning as Steve was working in the field he saw him driving down the hill from his father's house with the same well-appointed rig. Steve stopped and looked at him as he drove down the hill. Just then Jerry came up. His eye followed his master's and his face took on an expression of scorn.

"Umph!" he grunted; "things is tunned sort o' upside down, ain't dey? Overseer's son drivin' buggy and gentmens in de fiel'." Steve laughed at Jerry's use of the plural.

Just after Jerry told Steve this Hiram Still rode by.

"He sutney don' like you, Cun'l," said Jerry, "an' ee don' like the Cap'n neider," by which last he designated Jacquelin. Jerry always gave military titles to those he liked—the highest to Steve, of course. "He say it do him good to see you wuck-in' in de fiel' like a nigger, and some day he hope to set in de gret-house and see you doin' it."

Still passed quite close to Captain Allen, and as he did so he reined in his horse and sat looking down at Steve as he came to the end of his row.

"We all have to come to it at last, Captain," he said.

Whether it was his words or whether Steve had intended anyhow to do what he did, he straightened up and shot a glance at him.

"You think so? Well, you are mistaken." He raised his hoe and stuck it in the ground up to the eye.

"There," he said to Still in a tone of command, "take that home. That's the last time I'll ever touch a hoe as long as I live. I've brains enough to make my living by them, and if I haven't I mean to starve." He walked past the overseer with his head so straight that Still began to explain that he had meant no offence. But Steve took no further notice of him.

"Jerry, you can keep on; I'll see that you get your part of the crop."

"Nor—I ain't gwine to hit anurr lick, nurr—I'll starve wid yer." And Jerry lifted his hoe and drove it into the ground, looked at Still, and followed his master with as near an imitation of his manner as he could achieve.

It was only when Steve was out of hear-

ing that Still's look changed, and he clenched his fist and shook it after the young man.

"I'll bring you to it yet," he growled.

That evening Steve announced his intention of beginning the practice of his profession.

CHAPTER VIII

THE young officers at the Court-house meantime had fared very well. It is true that most of the residents treated them coldly if civilly, and that the girls of the place, of whom there were quite a number, turned aside, whenever they met them, and passed by with their heads held high and their eyes straight to the front flashing daggers. But this they were from experience more or less used to.

Brutusville, where they were posted, was a pretty little straggling country village of old-fashioned houses amid groves of fine old trees lying along the main road, where it wound among shady slopes, with the blue mountain range in the distance far over beyond Red Rock.

The county-seat had suffered like the rest of the county during the war; but as it happened, the main body of the enemy had been kept out of the place by high water, and the great trees did much to conceal the scars that were left.

The old brick Court-house in the middle of the green, peeping out from among the trees, with its great classical portico was quite impressive-looking and was esteemed by the residents of the village to be perhaps the most imposing structure in the world. Old Mr. Dockett, the clerk, who had filled this position for nearly forty years, with the exception of the brief period when, fired by martial enthusiasm, he had gone off with Captain Gray's company, told one of the officers of the new troop, Lieutenant Thurston, a day or two after the latter's arrival, that while he had never been to Greece or, indeed, out of the State, he was informed by those who had been there that the Court-house was perhaps in some respects more perfect than any building in Athens. Lieutenant Thurston said he had never been there either, but he was quite sure it was so. He also added that he considered Mr. Dockett's own house a very beautiful one, and thought that it

showed evidences in its embellishments of that same classical taste that Mr. Dockett admired so much. To which Mr. Dockett, while accepting the compliment with due modesty answered that if he wished to see a beautiful house he should see Red Rock.

From this it will be seen that the little lieutenant was already laying his mines, and preparing to make good his promise to Middleton that if he would trust to him he would engineer him through the campaign, and before it was over would be "warbling ditties" with all the pretty girls in the county in a way to make his cousin Ruth Welch green with envy.

The compliment to the Dockett mansion was not without its effect on the genius who presided in that classic and comfortable abode, and at length Mrs. Dockett, a plump and energetic woman, had with some prevision, though in a manner to make them sensible of her condescension, acceded to the young men's request to take them as boarders and allow them to occupy a wing-room in her house.

Thus Middleton and Thurston were able to write Ruth Welch a glowing account of their "headquarters in an old Colonial mansion," and of the "beautiful maiden who sang them the songs of the South."

The songs, however, that Miss Dockett sang, though, as Thurston said truly, they were in one sense sung for them, were not sung thus in the sense Lieutenant Thurston implied. They were hardly just the sort that Miss Ruth Welch would have approved of, and were certainly not what Mrs. Welch would have tolerated. For they were all of the most ultra-Southern spirit and tendency, and breathed the deadliest defiance to every one and everything Northern. Miss Dockett was not pretty, except as youth and wholesomeness give beauty; but she was a plump, cheery maiden, with blue eyes, a mouth full of white teeth, rosy cheeks, and a profusion of hair; and though she had no training, she had a pleasant voice, and sang like most country girls, naturally and agreeably, at least for one who like Thurston had not much ear for music. Thurston once had the temerity to ask for a song—for which he received a merited rebuff. "Of course she would not sing for a Yankee," she said, with a toss of her head and an increased elevation of her

little nose, and immediately left the room. When the young officers were in their rooms, however, she sang all the Southern songs she knew. One in particular she fired off with great spirit. It had just been written. It began:

Oh! I'm a good old rebel,
Now, that's just what I am;
For this "Fair land of freedom,"
I do not care a—t all.

Another verse ran:

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Lay dead in Southern dust,
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever,
Of Southern steel and shot—
I wish they were three million,
Instead of what we got.

The continued reiteration of this sanguinary melody floating in at the open window once induced the little lieutenant in his own room to raise in opposition his own voice, which was none of the most melodious, in the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner;" but he had got no farther than the second invocation to "the land of the free and the home of the brave," when there was a pounding on his door, and on his opening it Mrs. Dockett bore down on him with so much fire in her eye that little Reely was quite overwhelmed, and when she gave him notice that she "would have no Yankee songs sung in her house, and that he must either quit the house or quit howling," little Thurston, partly amused and partly daunted, and with the wide difference between Mrs. Dockett's fried chicken and beat-biscuit and the mess-table truck before his eyes, promised to adopt the latter course—generally.

The peace and comfort of the young officers, however, were suddenly much threatened by the arrival of a new officer not under their jurisdiction, though under Colonel Krafton, who had sent him up, and specially charged with all matters relating to the negroes.

He arrived one afternoon, and as if already familiar with the ground, immediately applied to Mrs. Dockett for quarters in her house. Even had he preferred his application as a request it might have

been rejected; but he demanded it quite as a right. The note which he sent up by a negro servant was rather in the nature of an order to Mrs. Dockett to prepare the best room in her house for him as his headquarters. It was signed "Jonadab Leech, Provost Marshal, Commanding," etc., etc. But the new-comer did not know Mrs. Dockett. The order which she received raised a breeze which came near blowing the two young officers whom she had accepted and domiciled in her house, out of the quarters she had vouchsafed them. She sailed down upon them with the letter in her hand—with colors flying and guns ready for action. But fortunately little Thurston was equal to the emergency, as he was to almost any that could arise. He glanced at the paper the enraged lady showed him, and requested to be allowed possession of it for a moment. When he had apparently studied it attentively, he looked up.

"I do not know that I quite comprehend. Do I understand you to insist on taking this man in?" He was never so innocent looking. Mrs. Dockett gasped.

"What! Take in the man that wrote *that!*" She visibly expanded.

"Because if you do, Captain Middleton and I shall have to move our quarters. I happen to know this man personally—*slightly*—that is, I once had a transaction with him as an officer which resulted unpleasantly. His functions are entirely different from ours, he being charged with matters relating to the freedmen, their care and support, while ours are military and relate to the government of the county and maintenance of peace. While we shall uphold him in all proper exercise of his power, and recognize his authority as an officer within his own jurisdiction, I must say that for personal reasons his presence would be distasteful to me, and I think I can speak for Captain Middleton (here he looked over at his friend inquiringly), and if you wish to take him, I should prefer to remove my own quarters back to camp."

Mrs. Dockett discovered the wind taken completely out of her sails, and found herself actually forced into the position of making a tack and having rather to offer an apology to the ruffled little officer.

She had never dreamed of preferring

this new-comer to them—she could not but say that they had always acted in a most gentlemanly way, so far as she was concerned. She had been most agreeably surprised indeed. She had never for a moment dreamed of permitting this impudent upstart, whoever he was, to come into her house. Let him go to some of his colored friends. Of course, if they wished to leave her house, they must do so.

Little Thurston hastened to interpose: Not at all—they were most charmed, etc. Only he didn't know but she might not care to have them remain—and they could not do so if this man came.

"He's not coming. Let him try it," and the irate lady sailed out to deliver her broadside to the new enemy that had borne down on her.

She had no sooner disappeared than the lieutenant's face fell.

"By Gad! Larry, we are undone. It's that Leech who used to live with old Bolter, and about whom they told the story of his persuading his wife to let him get a divorce, and who shirked at the time we enlisted. I never could see why Mrs. Welch took a liking to him. Unless we can get rid of him it's all up. We're ruined."

"Freeze him out," Middleton said, briefly. "You've begun well."

"Freeze—! Freeze a snow-bank! That's his climate. He'd freeze in—!" The little lieutenant named a very hot place.

On receipt of Mrs. Dockett's decisive and stinging reply, Leech immediately made application to Middleton to enforce his requisition; but to his indignation he received reply that they were only boarders and that Mrs. Dockett managed her own domestic affairs, which was no more than the truth. To revenge himself, he took possession of Mr. Dockett's office and opened his bureau in it, crowding the old official into a back-room of the building. Here too, however, he was doomed to disappointment and mortification; for on the old Clerk's representation of the danger to his records, and of their value, enforced by Mrs. Dockett's persuasive arguments, the provost was required by Middleton to surrender possession and take up his quarters in an unoccupied building on the other side of the

road, in which he opened his office under a flaring sign bearing the words "Freedmen's Bureau."

The effect of his appearance was felt immediately. The news of his arrival seemed to have spread in a night, and next day the roads were filled with negroes.

"De wud had come for 'em," they said. They "had to go to de Cap'n to git de papers out o' dee buro." Only the old house-servants were left, and even they were somewhat excited.

This time those who went off did not return so quickly; and shortly there was excitement among the whites. The news of the action of the Provost spread among them almost as quickly as that of his arrival had done among the negroes.

He was summoning the negroes and enrolling them by hundreds, telling them the most exciting stories of what the Government proposed to do for them, and teaching them the most pernicious lies—that they need not work, and that the Government was going to feed them and give them all forty acres and a mule apiece.

Andy Stamper and several others of the neighbors came to see Dr. Cary about the matter. They had been to the Court-house the day before "to see about things," Andy said, and "had found every nigger in the county piled up in front of the door."

"They're talkin' about every one of 'em gittin' forty acres and a mule, Doctor," said little Andy, with a twinkle in his eye, but a grim look about his mouth. "The biggest men down thar is that Jim Sherwood of yours, that trick-doctor nigger of Miss Gray's, Moses Swift, and a tall, black nigger of General Legaie's named Nicholas Ash. They're doin' most of the talkin'. Well, I ain't got but eighty acres—jest about enough for two of em," added little Andy, the grim lines deepening about his mouth—"but I'm mighty sorry for them two as tries to git 'em. I told Hiram so." The twinkle had disappeared from his blue eyes like the flash on a ripple, and the eyes were as quiet and gray as the water after the ripple had passed. "Hiram he's the chief adviser and friend of the new man. I though. he was hatchin' some-thin'. He was down ther inside the office—looked like a shot cat when I come in—said he was tryin' to git some hands. You watch him. He's a goin' over. He

was at the nigger meetin'-house with him th'other night. I heard some white man was there, but I couldn't git at who 'twas till old Weev'ly let it out."

Dr. Cary told of his conversation with Still a few days before; but the little sergeant was not convinced.

"Whenever he talks, that's the time you know he ain't goin' to do it."

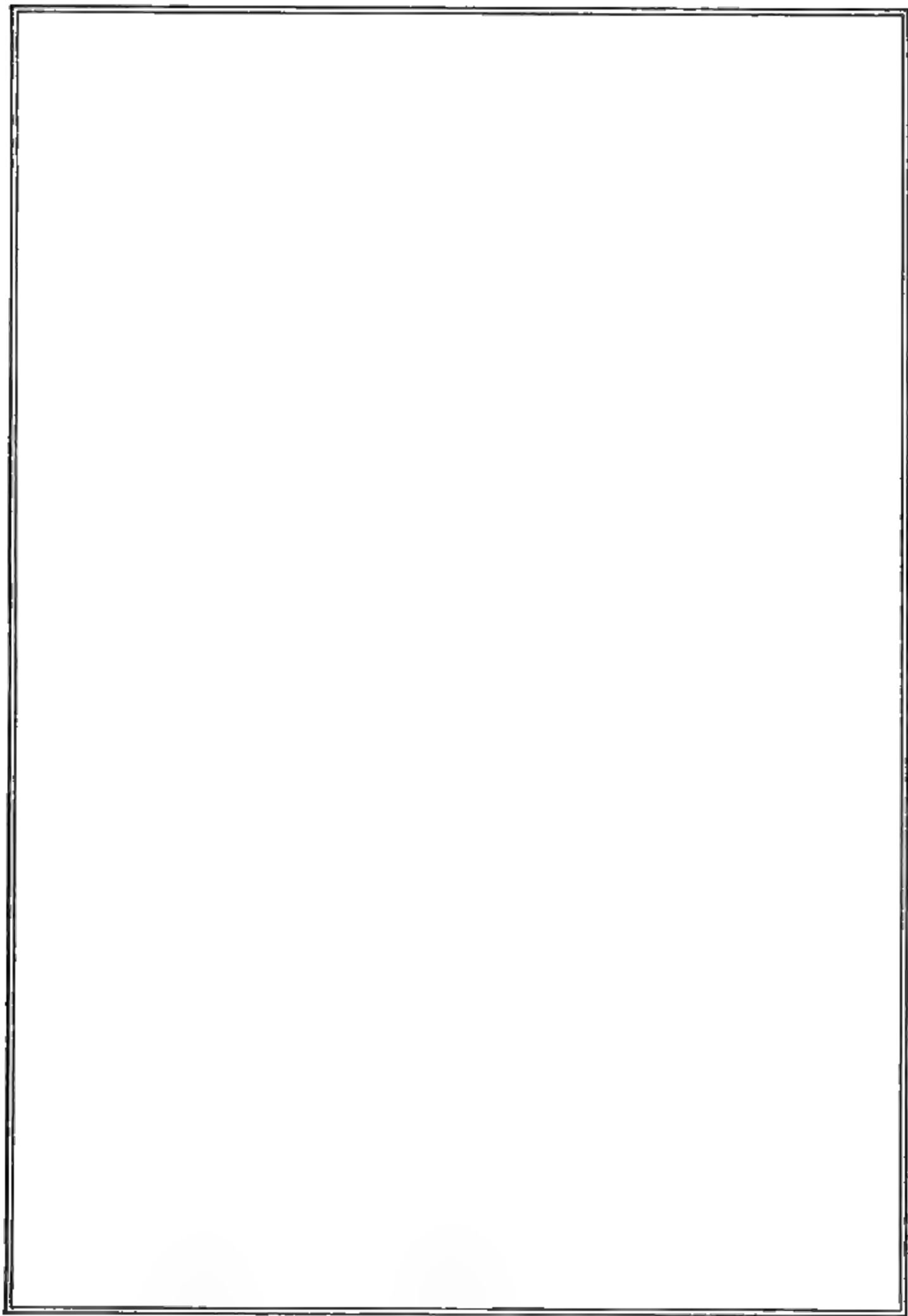
Still's attentions to Miss Delia Dove had not only quickened Andy's jealousy, but had sharpened his suspicion generally, and he had followed his movements closely.

Still had quickly become assured that the two young soldiers in command at the county-seat were not the kind for him to impress. And when the new officer came he at once proceeded to inspect him.

He had been working quietly and had already secretly placed himself in communication with Krafton, the Provost Marshal in the city. Opportunity favored him.

The new Provost was not pleasing to look on. He was a middle-aged man, spare in figure, and with a slight stoop in his shoulders, consequent perhaps on a habit he had of keeping his gaze on the ground. He had a long, sallow face, a thin nose and a chin that ended almost in a point. When he lifted his eyes, which he generally did quickly, there was a lowering look in them which the glasses he wore did not serve entirely to conceal, and which gave him an ill-natured appearance, though he rarely showed temper. He posed rather as a good-natured, easy-going fellow, cracking jokes with anyone who would listen to him, and indulging in laughter which made up in loudness what it lacked in merriment. When he moved it was with a peculiar sinuous motion. The lines in his face gave him so sour an expression that Steve Allen, just after he moved to the Court-house to practise law, said that Leech from his look must be as great a stench in his own nostrils as in those of other people. This speech brought Steve Leech's undying hatred, though he veiled it well enough at the moment and simply bided his time.

He was not a prepossessing person even to Still, but Mrs. Gray's manager had large schemes in his mind, and the new-comer appeared a very likely person to aid him in carrying them out. The intelligence that he was at odds with the officers in com-



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst

The girls of the place turned aside, whenever they met them, and passed by with their heads held high and their eyes straight to the front flashing daggers.—Page 173.

mand of the company was not at all disagreeable to Still; who informed him, "You can't do nothin' with 'em two young men; I've done gauged 'em. I know 'em as soon as I see 'em, and I tell you they don't think no more of folks like you and me than of the dirt under their feet. They're for the aristocrats."

He shortly gauged the Provost also.

"When I know what a man wants, I know how to git at him," he said to his son Wash afterward. "He wants to get up—but first he wants money—and we must let him see it. I lent him a leetle, too—just to grease the skillet. When you've lent a man money you've got a halter on him."

"You're a mighty big fool to lend your money to a man you don't know anything about. You'll never get it back," observed Wash.

"Ah! won't I? Trust me; I never lend money that I don't get it back in one shape or another—with interest, too. I don't expect to get that back—I don't want it." He dropped his voice. "That's what I call a purchase—not a loan. Don't try to fry your chicken till you've greased the pan, my son."

"Something in that," admitted the young medical student.

"Ah! Wash, if you trust your old pappy, you'll see some mighty changes in this here county. What'd you say if you was to see yourself some day settin' up in that big hall yonder, with, say, a pretty young lady from acrost the river, and that Steve and Mr. Jacquelin ploughin' in the furrer?"

"By G—d, I'd love it," declared Wash, decisively, his good-humor thoroughly restored.

(To be continued.)

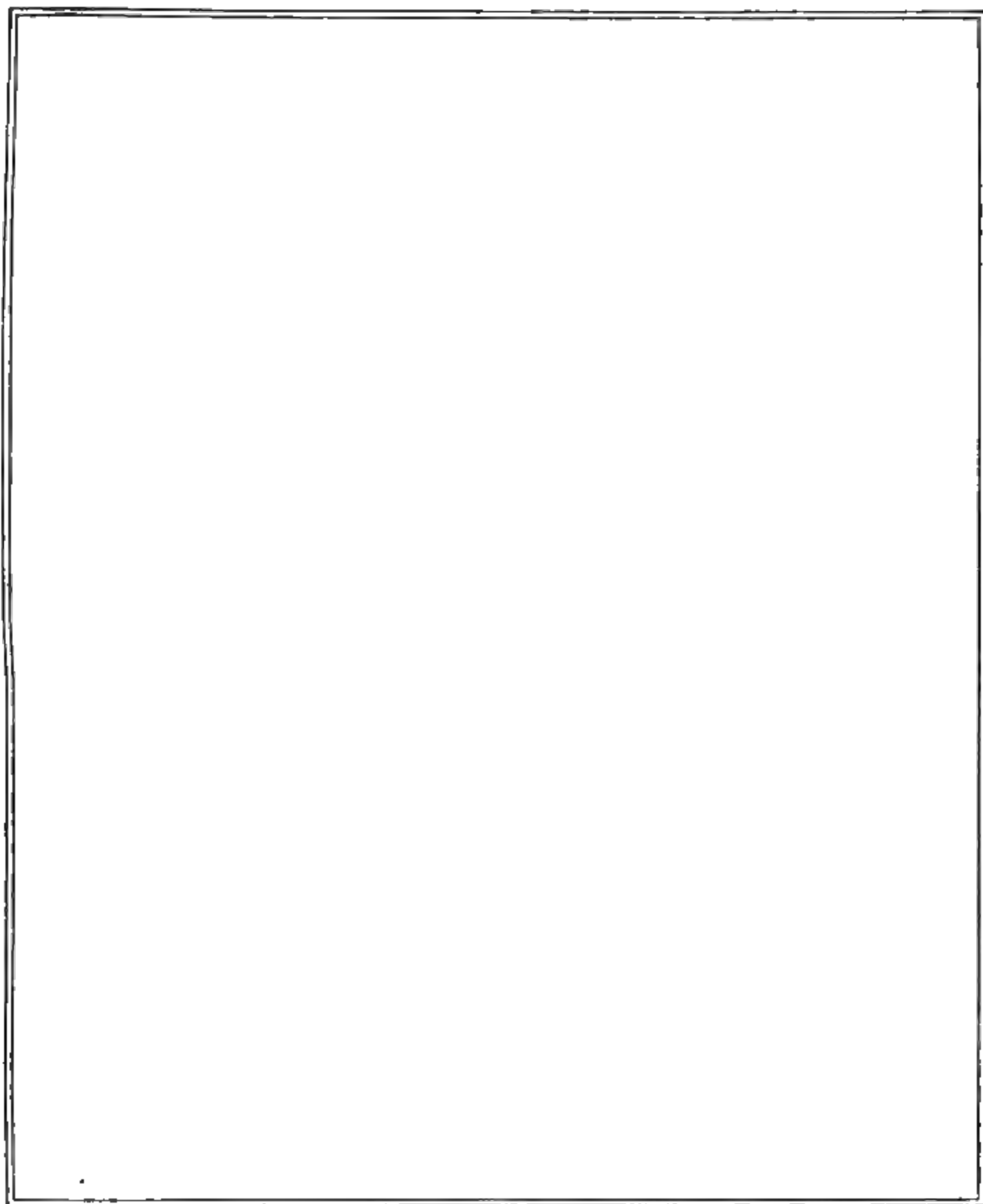
WILTON LOCKWOOD

By T. R. Sullivan

THE artistic career of Wilton Lockwood began in New York during the year 1880, when he entered the draughting-room of John La Farge as an assistant in decorative design for glass. His four years of training there were immensely serviceable to him, and he has never swerved from his allegiance to his first master, for whose skill in all its varied forms he has the highest admiration. He was then at the age of strong impressions, of those youthful enthusiasms which, perceptibly or otherwise, whether they endure or pass away, have in art a life-long effect upon the student. In the present case, the early influence of the master, La Farge, surviving all later stages of development, may be traced not only through the former pupil's appreciative devotion, frankly expressed in words, but also through certain examples of his handiwork. His painting of flowers, for instance, recalls the delicate perception in similar studies which made La Farge famous among amateurs and critics before the world had learned its value. And in Lockwood's larger canvases the figures

and accessories are often treated in a way which suggests his sympathy with decorative work and a fundamental knowledge which should enable him amply to fulfil its requirements, were he to undertake a decoration, pure and simple, on a large scale.

It was in 1886 that Lockwood, who even then inclined toward portrait-painting, went over to Paris for the regular course of study in an atelier, which he followed patiently through three seasons without interruption. During this long period of routine his work was criticised and directed in the usual way by many French painters of reputation. The advantages of the Parisian method of instruction are undoubted, and Lockwood labored industriously to turn them to account. All that close application under this system of training could do for him was done. Yet for every artist the hour comes wherein "the patient must minister to himself," and, after a year's visit at home, Lockwood, convinced that he had learned what the schools could teach him, determined now to work out his own salvation. Returning to Europe, he painted for some



Portrait of Otto Roth, Violinist.

time in Munich and again in Paris, acquiring facility, confidence, and that last lesson of all, the knowledge of his own limitations. But it was not until the spring of 1894, nearly ten years after his transference to the foreign capitals, that he made his first important exhibit—a contribution of six portraits to the Salon of the Champ de Mars. These pictures at once attracted notice; and though certain critics found him too strongly influenced by the modern English school, remarking a prefer-

ence for the *genre enfumé* whereby his figures were enveloped with an atmosphere of misty twilight, his work was seen to be of exceptional promise. Spurred on by this recognition he redoubled his efforts, and sent a second group of portraits to the Salon of the following year. The marked improvement shown in this work over the former exhibit was instantly noted, and the general praise accorded him had unmistakable heartiness in it. The best judges perceived that his misty *enveloppe*

had not been assumed to hide defects; they acknowledged with warmth his firm touch, his strong, courageous handling of unconventional subjects, his thoughtfully considered color-scheme. A genuine success repaid him for all the doubts and trials of his long apprenticeship; and the moment was rendered doubly grateful to him by the approval of his former master, La Farge, who happened by a fortunate coincidence to be then in Paris.

This same spring of 1895, which proved (to quote Poe with a difference) Lockwood's most memorial year, was likewise marked by the unqualified success of the studies and portraits sent by him to the Munich International Exhibition and to the Triennial Exhibition of Berlin. The German critics noticed in glowing terms his freedom from sensationalism, the poetic beauty of his composition and color-effects, produced in a simple, masterly way with true artistic skill. At Berlin his most important picture—a portrait of his wife—was pronounced a work of the highest distinction in modern art. He had gained suddenly, as if by a single *tour de force*, his European reputation.

Lockwood now felt that the time had come for returning to his native land. And in the autumn of the same year he arrived in Boston, where, after due consideration, he had decided to establish himself. He came unheralded, a stranger in what, owing to his long absence, was practically a strange land. But the first glimpse of his work impressed his new acquaintances so favorably that he was at once offered the gallery of the St. Botolph Club for a public exhibition. There, accordingly, on December 2, 1895, he introduced himself to his countrymen through a collection of "Portraits, Studies, and Notes"—eighty-three canvases in all—which, including much of the foreign work above mentioned, was thoroughly representative of his achievement up to that time. It immediately awakened a very strong interest which expressed itself not only in private discussion and in cordial notices from the press, but took also the more practical form of commissions for portraits. The new, unknown painter had no cause to regret his choice of domicile, but became a busy man with a growing reputation which soon spread to other cities. Within the last

two years he has contributed to the exhibitions of the New York and Philadelphia Academies and the Society of American Artists. The foreign judgments of long ago are confirmed by the result. His early promise has been happily fulfilled.

When an artist, true to himself, has found means to express in a greater or less degree his own ideal, his struggles by the way count for little with the majority of his public. Before the world he "stands on his attainment;" the processes, the experiments, the disheartening failures through which he passed, if realized at all, are ignored or forgotten. Yet the lives of all the masters show that every true success is based upon "these lonely wrestling-matches between the stubborn artist and his rebellious art," as Murger calls them. And even this passing record, necessarily brief, would be incomplete without a word concerning Lockwood's persistent resolution, at every stage of his progress, to make his attainment stand for the best that was in him. Critics will continue, perhaps, to discuss the permanent value of his tones and semi-tones, to find his work alternately reminiscent of Whistler, Manet, Degas, and Carrière, but they must always end, as they have done before, with a conviction of dominant individuality, earnestness, sensibility, and distinction which are Lockwood's own. The French painter, Fromentin, says in his wonderful study of the Dutch galleries, "*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*:" "The art of painting is perhaps more indiscreet than any other. It is the incontrovertible evidence of the painter's intellectual condition at the moment when he held the brush. What he cared most to do he has done; what he cared less for is revealed by his indecisive methods; what he cared nothing for is still more clearly betrayed by its absence from his work, whatever he may say and whatever may be said of it. . . . We may detect with certainty the attitude of a conscientious portrait-painter toward his models." If this be true, so far as sincerity of purpose is concerned, Lockwood's subliminal consciousness, to use the language of psychology, has little to fear from the muscular indiscretion of his hand.

Passing from a general study of this interesting painter to individual examples of

A Portrait.

his work, one need only consider a moment some portrait of a friend to discover that he has the primal requisite for success in portraiture, the faculty of obtaining a likeness. The superficial resemblance without which all the rest would miss the mark is always there. There the effect begins ; but this is only a beginning. To sustain the momentary impression, to make

it hold and last, to interest and charm the thoughtful observer, *hoc opus, hic labor est* which the artist must aim to accomplish. Photography has taught us to distrust mere accuracy of outline. We all know now that every face has its better side, its better aspect and expression. Unless these possibilities are carefully considered and some fine effect resulting from them is

caught in a subtle combination of color, light, and shadow ; moreover, unless the painter strives to go deeper than the surface, and by skilful touches gives character to his subject, the reproduction will be so hard and lifeless as to leave the spectator cold. Superficial imitation is a marvel in its way, but for a picture we demand something more. These truths have been handed down to us from time immemorial. Delacroix, the most thoughtful of painters, insists upon them constantly in his remarkable journal, and Lord Bacon sums them up in one short sentence when he states that the purpose of art is "to suit the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

It is his evident search for the inner resemblance, the *dessous de choses*, supplementing thus a due sense of proportion and a facile technique acquired by long experience, which distinguishes Lockwood as an artist, and leads thoughtful persons to look long at his pictures and to discuss them. There is an admirable instance of this suggestive quality in his portrait of the violinist, Otto Roth [reproduced on page 179].* This is not only a striking likeness of the man in form and feature ; but it is also a likeness of the man at his best, absorbed in his professional work, uplifted by his art above the level of common things, after a manner so spirited and life-like as to carry his public on with him by the artistic sympathy lying dormant in us all. The soul of the musician, as well as his outward semblance, may be said to have found interpretation there. It is clear that the painter aimed at this effect to which his details, though not slighted in the least, are subordinated. The dark figure, all in shadow, is posed against a dark background, with the light falling aslant into the picture upon the face and the left hand. The reproduction here conveys well the elusive, half-mysterious charm of the original, resulting from a masterly employment of very simple means.

Another side of Lockwood's art is shown in the Portrait of a Man [on page 181], contrasting with his violin-player strongly, yet happily, by a treatment at once original and agreeable. This good

example of his lighter vein might be called A Study in Grays, soft, delicate, and harmonious, most effective in their combination. The seated figure in gray stands out well from the background of a darker tone ; the pose is easy and natural ; the face, carefully modelled, is alert, keen, vivid in expression ; while the high light on the hair, shoulder, and arm gives the desired touch of warmth and brilliancy to the composition, relieving it from dulness. The difficult problem which the artist prescribed for himself has been cleverly solved.

The life of a painter, above all of a portrait-painter, is one long succession of such problems, varying with the nature of the subject in kind and degree of difficulty. It follows naturally that his processes must vary, too, requiring a longer or shorter time in the working-out, for which no infallible rule will serve him. In mechanical labor the rate of the machine's pulse may be gauged with certainty, the moment of completion accurately fixed beforehand. But it is not so in art. There, all depends upon conditions that seem to be hourly changing. The mood of the artist ; his distrust of the scheme attempted, or his entire confidence in it ; the state of his nerves, of his general health, nay, even the state of the weather, all affect his work. One day it advances well ; but, on the next, self-criticism steps in to impede him, and he gains nothing. The scoffing Philistine ascribes these halts and retrogressions to the weakness of the artistic temperament. Yet they are due to the work rather than to the workman—to the fact that he follows an art and not a trade. No artist can be entirely exempt from this oppressive influence, which arises afresh at each new effort with as many heads as Hydra. There are those, indeed, who estimate the value of their product by the depth and number of the despairs it has engendered. That Lockwood, in common with his fellow-artists, feels at times these retarding forces, is certain. But, as a rule, he overcomes them quickly. With his course fairly determined, when the mysterious sympathy between artist and model has been once established, the portrait is a question of days with him rather than of weeks ; and the solution reached at the end of his first fierce attack upon the problem usually seems to him nearer the truth than any

* Since this article has been put into type Mr. Lockwood has received an "honorable mention" for this portrait at the Annual Exhibition of the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburgh.

Portrait. (In Green and White.)

other. The artist, however, is rarely the best judge of his own performance. At the moment of signing he comes too near to judge of it at all. And whether Lockwood's pictures have been painted in three months or in three days, the quality of the man is always there. The same power to interpret the figure and to set it before us in its best light shines through them all.

Allusion has been made to Lockwood's

flower-studies, which, of necessity, must all be made rapidly. They have the charm of the subject, and are very delicately and sympathetically done, showing the strong feeling for Nature of a man who delights in woods and fields. The "Notes" in his first American exhibition were revelations of this feeling. They dealt chiefly with landscape in effects of dawn and sunshine, of morning mist and waning light, recorded at the moment of observation with a quick,

unerring hand. These interesting open-air impressions brought out fully a side of the man which his portrait-painting but half discloses, which, nevertheless, must always be his sustaining force. On the wall of his Boston studio he has written up, as a motto, these verses from Schiller's "Song of the Bell :"

And hence the gift to understand
That man within his heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with his hand.

He might set beside them, with a conviction born of his own experience, this bit of Carlyle's prose philosophy :

The heart that remained true to itself never
yet found this big universe finally faithless to it.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE SECOND CONGRESS AND THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

THE SECOND CONGRESS



THE Massachusetts farmers had precipitated the crisis. They had fought the British troops and now held them besieged in Boston. Connecticut and New Hampshire had sustained them with men sent to share in the perils of the time and help to lay siege to the British army. Then came the anxious question as to how the rest of the country would look upon what had been done. Hitherto the other colonies had sympathized with the Eastern people strongly, and thus far had cordially supported them; but there was a powerful party, especially in the Middle States, who disliked the actions and suspected the intentions of the New Englanders, and who were strongly averse to independence or to any breach with the mother-country. How would these other colonies act now? Would they still stand by Massachusetts

or would they recoil in alarm when blood had been shed and positive action one way or the other was no longer to be avoided? With these questions upon them the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts drew up an official account of the events of April 19th and sent one copy to England and another by express through all the other colonies to South Carolina. A momentous deed had been done, and the anxiety of the doers thereof is shown by the manner in which this official narrative was hurried away to the southward. The Massachusetts delegates who set out for Philadelphia within a fortnight after the Lexington and Concord fight, may well have been beset with these doubts and fears as to the reception which awaited them in Congress.

Samuel and John Adams again led the delegation, but to their little company was now added a man destined to become one of the best known names of the Revolution, although as an efficient and effective actor his part was small. Rich, well-born, and generous in expense, John Hancock,

almost alone among the men of wealth, family, and office who then formed the aristocracy of Boston, had espoused openly the side of opposition to Great Britain. Samuel Adams, shrewd judge and manager of men, cultivated his friendship, flattered his vanity, and employed him to excellent purpose. Here he had him now in his company as a Member of Congress, and we shall see presently how he used him there. So the Massachusetts delegates journeyed on together through Connecticut. There they already knew that all was safe and sympathetic. It was when they drew near the Hudson that the real anxiety began. But it came only to be dispelled, for as they approached New York they were met by a company of grenadiers, by a regiment of militia, by carriages, and by hundreds of men on foot. As they passed along into the town the roads and streets were lined with people who cheered them loudly, while the bells of the churches rang out a joyful peal of welcome. They were heroes, it appeared, not culprits. The people were with them here as in New England, and when they left the city they were escorted again by the militia, and again the crowds cheered them on their way. So it was all through New Jersey to Philadelphia. Honors and rejoicings met them everywhere. The people of the sister colonies stood firmly by Massachusetts in striking the first blow.

The second Congress met on May 10th. The leaders of the first were again there, Washington, Henry, Lee, Jay, and the two Adamses. With them, too, were some new men already distinguished or destined to win reputation. Chief among these new members was Benjamin Franklin, the most famous American then living, known throughout Europe by his scientific discoveries; known in England besides as the fearless champion of the colonies; great in science and in statecraft; a statesman and diplomatist; a man of letters and a popular writer, whose wit and wisdom were read in many tongues; just returned from London, and the wisest and most influential man in the Congress. It is worth while to pause a moment to look at Franklin, standing forth now as a leader of revolution, for he was one of the great men of the century. He was then in his seventieth year, but vigorous and keen as ever in

mind and body. He could have done more than any other one man to prevent colonial revolt. He was eminently conservative and peace-loving, as well as loyal to the mother-country. The ministry that would have listened to him and been guided by him, would have held America, and fastened it tighter than ever to the Empire. Instead of this, official England set her Solicitor-General to vilify and abuse him in the presence of the Privy Council and before the English people. Franklin listened in silence to the invective then heaped upon him, and the most powerful friend to peace, union, and conciliation was lost to England. Now he had come back to guide his countrymen in the dangers that beset them, and to win allies for them from beyond seas. In the man of science, letters, and philanthropy we are apt to lose sight of the bold statesman and great diplomatist. We think of that familiar face with the fine forehead and the expression of universal benevolence. But there was another aspect. Look at the picture of Franklin where the fur cap is pulled down over his head. The noble brow is hidden, the pervading air of soft and gentle benevolence has faded, and a face of strength and power, of vigorous will and of an astuteness rarely equalled, looks out at us and fixes our attention. This versatile genius, with the sternness of the Puritan mingling with the scepticism and tolerance of the eighteenth-century philosopher, was not one to be lightly reviled and abused. It would have been well for Wedderburn, who, at his death, in the words of his affectionate sovereign, "left no greater knave behind him," if he had not added to the list of ministerial blunders that of making an enemy of Franklin. All these incidents were as well known as Franklin's fame in science, and his distinction in the public service, and we can easily imagine how he was looked up to in America, and how men turned to him when he appeared in Congress. He was the great figure at this second gathering, but not the only one among the new members who deserved remark. From Massachusetts came, as has been said, John Hancock, and from New York George Clinton and Robert Livingston, who were to play conspicuous parts in the Revolution, and in the early years of the new nation which sprang from

it ; while a little later Virginia sent Thomas Jefferson to fill a vacant place.

Never indeed was the best ability of the country more needed, for events had moved fast in the six months which had elapsed since the first Congress adjourned. War had broken out, and this second Congress found itself facing realities of the sternest kind. Yet the members were merely delegates, chosen only to represent the views and wishes of the colonies in regard to their relations with Great Britain. Beyond this they had no authority. Many of them had been irregularly elected by popular meetings. Their instructions varied, but none empowered them to form a government. They had not a square foot of territory which they could control ; they had no executive powers ; no money ; no authority to make laws, and no means to carry them out. And yet the great forces were moving, and they had to face facts which demanded a vigorous and efficient government.

Even as they met on May 10th a British fortress had been seized by the colonists, for Lexington and Concord had set in motion a force which, once started, could neither be stayed nor limited. The first military and political object of England when war came obviously would be to divide New England from New York by controlling the line of the Hudson River to the Vermont lakes. The key of the position was the fortress at Ticonderoga which commanded the lakes, and in this way the road from Canada to New York. Very early in the troubles the New England leaders saw this situation, and when the conflict broke they moved quickly. Adams and Hancock counselled with the Governor of Connecticut and sent an express to Ethan Allen in the Green Mountains to prepare to seize the fort. Then some fifty men went forward from Connecticut and Massachusetts and met Ethan Allen at Bennington. An alarm was sent out, about a hundred hardy men from the mountains joined the detachment from the South, Allen was chosen leader, and on May 8th they started. The night of May 9th they were near the fort, and waited for the day to come. When the first faint flush of light appeared, Allen asked every man who was willing to go with him to poise his gun. Every gun was raised, Allen gave the word and they marched to the

entrance of the fort. The gate was shut, but the wicket open. The sentry snapped his fuzee, and Allen, followed by his men, dashed in through the wicket, raised the Indian war-whoop and formed on the parade, covering the barracks on each side. There was but little resistance, and the sentries after one or two shots threw down their arms, while Allen strode forward toward the quarters of the commandant. As he reached the door, Delaplace appeared undressed, and Allen demanded the surrender of the fort. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen. No stranger military summons was ever made with its queer mingling of Puritan phrase and legal form. But it served its purpose better than many an elaborate demand framed in the best style of Louis the Great, for it was perfectly successful. The fort which had cost England several campaigns, many lives, and some millions of pounds, fell into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes. The reason was plain. The Americans were quick-witted, knew the enormous value of the position, and acted at once. Thus by a surprise they succeeded ; but none the less real wisdom lay behind Allen's prompt and vigorous action. As a military exploit it was all simple enough ; nerve and courage at the right moment, and the deed was done. But the foresight which planned and urged the deed to execution showed military and political sense of a high order. Nor was that all. Seth Warner seized Crown Point, and another party took possession of the harbor of Skenesboro'. The road from Canada to New York was now in the hands of the Americans, a fact fruitful of consequences when a battle which has been set down as one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought a few years later. Important, too, were the two hundred cannon taken in Ticonderoga and destined to play an important part a few months later in driving the British from their first military foothold in America. Altogether a brave deed, this of Allen and his mountain men ; very punctually and thoroughly performed, and productive of abundant results as is usually the case with efficient action, which without criticism, carpings, or doubts drives straight on at the goal to be attained.

While Ethan Allen and his men were thus hurrying events forward in their own rough-and-ready fashion that pleasant May morning, the members of the second Congress were meeting in Philadelphia. They knew nothing of what was happening far to the north, or of how the men of the Green Mountains were forcing them on to measures and responsibilities from which they still shrank, and which they had not yet put into words. They would learn it all soon enough from messengers hurrying southward from Ticonderoga, but they already had ample food for thought without this addition. The King and his Ministers had rejected and flouted their appeals sent to England six months before, and had decided on fresh measures of coercion. Their friends in Parliament had been beaten. The farmers of Massachusetts had fought the King's troops, and now held those troops besieged in Boston with a rough, undisciplined army. Recognition, reasonable settlement, mutual concessions had drifted a good deal farther off than when they last met. If the situation had been grave in 1774, it was infinitely graver and more difficult now. How were they to deal with it, devoid as they were of proper powers for action and still anxious to remain part of the British Empire? A very intricate question this, but they faced it manfully.

They began, as before, by electing Peyton Randolph President, and when shortly afterward he was called home, they went from Virginia to Massachusetts for his successor. The use of John Hancock now became apparent, and we can see why Samuel Adams had brought him from Boston. He had the wealth, the position, the manners which made him attractive to the delegates from the other colonies. He was free from the suspicion of being too radical and dangerous, which clung to both Samuel and John Adams, despite the fact of his association with them. He was dignified, courtly, well known. It was very important to Massachusetts, which had ventured so far in open rebellion, that Congress should stand by her. To have the President of the Congress, if Virginia, the other strongly resisting colony, did not furnish that officer, was an important step. In itself it carried support and approbation, for John Hancock was a proscribed man, and Benjamin Harrison, as he escorted

him to the chair, said we could show Great Britain how much they cared for her prescriptions. Samuel Adams could not have been elected President, John Hancock could be; and accordingly, when Randolph withdrew, he was chosen. He was an excellent presiding officer and accustomed to be governed and guided by Adams. His election meant that the party of firm resistance to England, whose bulwarks were Virginia and Massachusetts, controlled the Congress, something much more essential to them now than six months before. Be it noted also that to fill Randolph's place as delegate there shortly arrived a tall, rather awkward-looking young man, with reddish hair and a pleasant face and look. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and although he proved a silent member, he so won upon his associates that he was placed on important committees and a little later showed that if he would not speak in public, he could write words which the world would read and future generations repeat. Among the delegates who came late we must also remark one named Lyman Hall, from the parish of St. John's in Georgia, where there was a New England settlement. His arrival completed the tale of the American Colonies. The thirteen in one way or another all had representation in the new Congress. The union of the colonies, which was so dangerous to British supremacy, was evidently getting more complete and perfect.

The work of organization done, the Congress faced the situation, and solved the question of lack of authority by boldly assuming all necessary executive powers as events required. In committee of the whole they reviewed the proceedings in Massachusetts, and then ensued a series of contradictions very characteristic of the law-abiding English people, and reminding one strongly of a time when the Long Parliament made war on the king in the king's name. These colonial Englishmen resolved that Great Britain had begun hostilities and at the same time protested their loyalty. They declared they were for peace, advised New York to allow the British troops to be landed from the Asia, and then voted to put the colonies in a position of defence. Under the lead of John Dickinson, they agreed to again petition the King, and authorized addresses

to the people of England, to the people of Ireland, and to their fellow-colonists of Canada and of Jamaica. When the news of Ticonderoga came, they decided not to invade Canada, and hesitated even about the wisdom of holding the forts they had taken. Then, pushed on by events, they proceeded to exercise the highest sovereign powers by authorizing a small loan and organizing an army. On June 15th, upon the motion of John Adams, and at the request of New England, they chose George Washington to command what was henceforth to be known as the Continental Army, then engaged in besieging the British in Boston. It was a noble choice, one worth remembering, for they took the absolutely greatest and fittest man in America, a feat which is seldom performed, it being too often left to events to throw out the unfit selections made by men and put in their stead those to whom the places really belong. Washington himself, silently watching all that happened with the keen insight which never was at fault, always free from illusions, and recognizing facts with a veracity of mind which was never clouded, knew well that the time for addresses and petitions had passed.

Averse as he had been to independence as an original proposition, he was not deceived by any fond fancies as to the present situation, which had developed so rapidly in a few months. War had begun, and that meant, as he well knew, however men might hesitate about it, a settlement by war. He had already made up his mind fully as to his own course, and when the great responsibility came to him he accepted it at once, without shrinking, solemnly and modestly, stipulating only that he should receive no pay above his expenses, and saying that he did not feel equal to the command. Artemas Ward, then in command at Boston, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam, and Charles Lee, the last an English adventurer, glib of tongue and quite worthless, were chosen major-generals. Horatio Gates, another Englishman, thanks to the same natural colonial spirit which chose Lee, was appointed adjutant-general. Pomeroy, Heath, and Thomas of Massachusetts, Wooster and Spencer of Connecticut, Sullivan of New Hampshire, Montgomery of New York, and the Quaker, Nathaniel Greene of

Rhode Island, who proved the most brilliant of them all, were appointed brigadiers.

Thus, while they petitioned the King, shrank from independence, and sought conciliation and peace by addresses and memorials, the second American Congress at the same time took into their service an army already in the field, and sent the greatest soldier of the time to command it and to fight the troops of the Sovereign whom they still acknowledged. Very contradictory and yet very human and natural all this, for great causes are not carried out, nor do great forces move upon the straight lines marked out by the critic or the student, but along the devious and winding paths which human nature always traces for itself when it is brought face to face with difficulties and trials which it would fain avoid and must meet.

THE REPLY TO LORD SANDWICH

WHILE Congress was thus debating and resolving, the people were acting. After the Concord fight some sixteen thousand armed men gathered about Boston and laid siege to the town. They were under different and independent commands, undisciplined, ill-armed, with no heavy guns fit for siege operations. But through their zeal in a common cause, for the time, at least, they made up in activity what they lacked in organization and equipment. They managed to cut off Boston from the surrounding country, so that actual distress began to prevail among the inhabitants, and thousands who sympathized with the patriots abandoned the town and made their way to the neighboring villages. With no regular works anywhere, the Americans still contrived to have men at all important points, and in some fashion to prevent communication with the country. In addition they swept the harbor-islands clean of cattle and sheep, and this work led to frequent skirmishes, in one of which the Americans destroyed two British vessels and drove off the royal troops. An effort to provision Boston with sheep brought from the southward was frustrated by the people of New Bedford, who fitted out two vessels, captured those of the enemy with the live-stock on board, and beat off a British sloop-of-war. It is not easy to under-

stand how the Americans, ill-equipped as they were, were able to thus maintain the lines around Boston and hold besieged regular troops amounting at that time to over five thousand men, and very soon afterward to more than ten thousand. The fact can only be explained by the utter incompetency of the British commander, General Gage. With the troops under him he ought at any time to have been able to break the extended American line and drive them from point to point. Indeed, he should never have permitted them to close in on him. Instead of taking vigorous action, however, he occupied himself with making treaties with the selectmen of the town for the withdrawal of the inhabitants and with issuing fierce proclamations, while he allowed the enemy to hold him a virtual prisoner. It is not to be wondered at that when Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe arrived with reinforcements they should have been amazed that the King's troops had not long since beaten and driven off the "peasants," as they called them, who surrounded the town. Yet the new generals seem only to have added to the sum total of British incompetency. With largely increased forces they still did not attack the Americans or drive them away. On the contrary, the attack came from the "peasants," and not from the army of veterans imprisoned in Boston. The Americans were spurred on to action by reports that the British were about to seize certain strategic points and fortify them, and that expeditions were preparing for this purpose. In order to be beforehand with them the council of war prepared a plan for a series of works and redoubts on the northern side of the city, reaching from what is now Somerville to the hills of Charlestown, which bordered on the river and harbor. General Ward and others of the commanding officers naturally opposed this plan so far as it related to the extreme point of the hills in Charlestown, for the very excellent reason that they had but little powder and no cannon, and that without these essential aids it seemed rash in the extreme to take a position near the British lines which threatened Boston itself. While they were debating the question news came from a trustworthy source that on June 18th the British intended to seize Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town, and it was clear that if

they should be successful in this movement it would not only absolutely protect Boston, but would make the American positions difficult if not untenable. Considerations of prudence were therefore laid aside, and the committee of safety decided that it was necessary to at once occupy Charlestown Neck and Bunker Hill. General Ward and the others were quite right in thinking this a desperate undertaking for which they were totally unprepared, and yet the committee of safety and the final decision were on the broadest grounds correct. It was essential to hold the British where they were in the town. If they once got possession of the commanding points outside, it would be impossible to drive them out of Boston, and one of the principal American cities would remain in the enemies' hands. If, on the other hand, the Americans seized a position close to the British lines and became the aggressors, then whether they failed or succeeded in holding their ground permanently, they would, by fighting, prevent the enemy from making an advance movement, and from so strengthening and extending his lines that he could neither be closely besieged nor forced from the town.

Thus it came about, either by sound military instinct or by equally sound reasoning, that the order was issued to occupy and fortify Bunker Hill in Charlestown, and late in the afternoon of June 16th the troops selected for this duty were ordered to parade. Three Massachusetts regiments, two hundred Connecticut men as a fatigue party, and an artillery company with two field-pieces formed the detachment. Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed. Then the word was given, and with Colonel Prescott in command and at the front, and with their intrenching tools in carts bringing up the rear, they started as the darkness fell and marched to Charlestown. When they reached the Neck they halted, and a small party was detached to guard and watch the town while the main body went on to Bunker Hill. Here they halted again, and a long discussion ensued as to where they should intrench. The orders said plainly Bunker Hill, but the nature of the ground

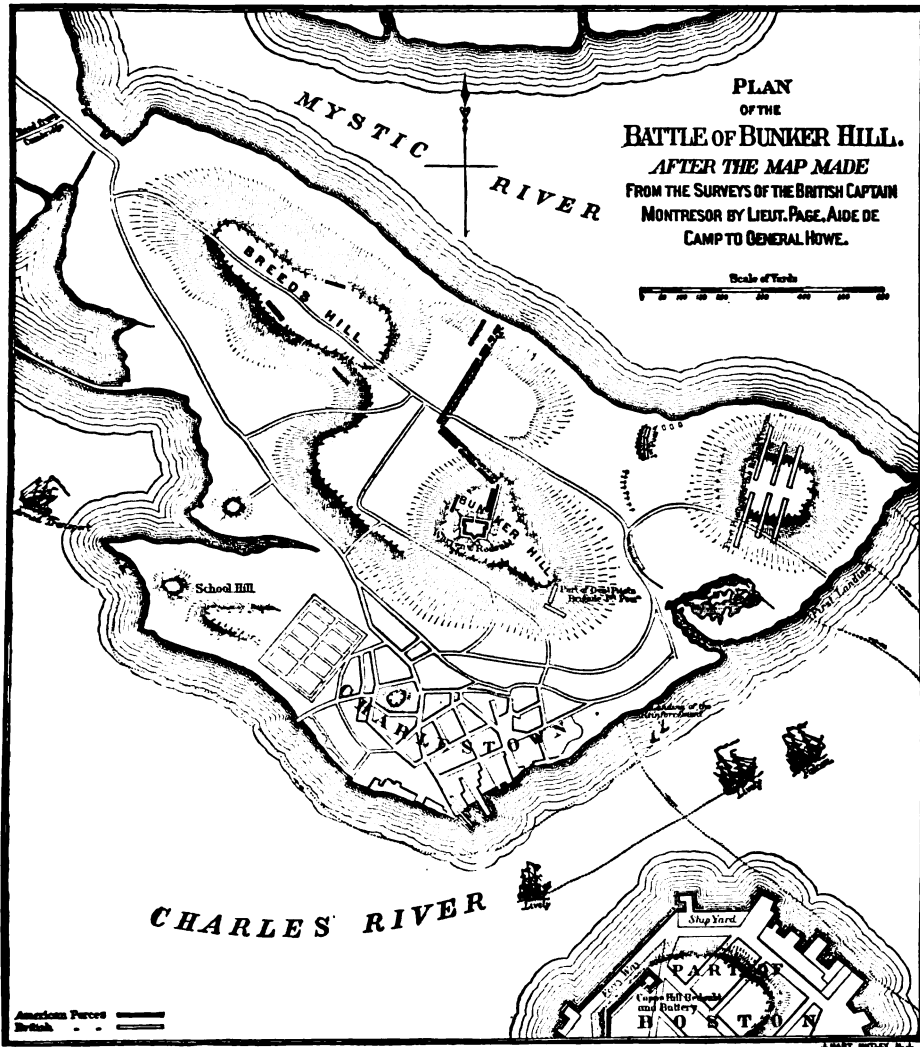
said with equal plainness Breed's Hill, which was farther to the front, nearer to the river, and more threatening to the city. The dispute went on until the engineer begged for a speedy decision, and they then determined to throw up the intrenchments on Breed's Hill and fortify Bunker Hill afterward.

Then the work began. Gridley marked out the lines for the intrenchment and did it well. He was an accomplished engineer and had seen service at Louisburg and in the old French war. The redoubt he laid out in haste that night excited the admiration of the enemy the next day. The lines drawn, a thousand men set to work with spades to raise the earthworks. These American soldiers, called hastily from their farms, lacked organization and military discipline, but they were intelligent, independent men, accustomed to turn their hand to anything. They could shoot and they could also dig. They were able to handle the spade as dexterously and effectively as the rifle. It was well for them that they could do so, for the June night was short, and quick work was vital. Close by them along the river-front lay five men-of-war and several floating batteries, all within gunshot. On the other side of the stream the British sentinels paced up and down the shore. Prescott, when the work began, sent a small detachment under Maxwell to patrol Charlestown and guard the ferry. Twice during the night he went down himself to the edge of the water and listened intently to catch the drowsy cry of "All's well" from the watch on the British ships. The work, therefore, had to be not only quick but quiet, and it is a marvel that no British sentry, and still more, no sailor on the men-of-war, detected the movement on the hill or heard the click of the spades and the hum and stir of a thousand men toiling as they never toiled before. But the Americans labored on in silence under the summer starlight, faster and faster, until the gray dawn began to show faintly in the east. When the light came, the sailors on the nearest sloop suddenly saw that intrenchments six feet high had sprung up in the night and were frowning at them from the nearest hill. The sight of the works was a complete surprise, and the captain of the *Lively*,

without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sound of the guns roused Boston. British officers and townspeople alike rushed out to see what had happened. To the former that which met their eyes was not an encouraging sight, for with those Charlestown hills fortified and in the hands of the enemy, Boston would be untenable and they would be forced to abandon the town. Gage at once called a council of officers and they determined that the works on Breed's Hill must be taken immediately and at all hazards, and the Americans driven off. Unwilling, on account of Ward's army at Cambridge, to land on the Neck and thus assail the redoubt from behind, and thoroughly despising their opponents, of whom they knew nothing, they decided to make a direct attack in front, and orders went forth at once to draw out the troops and transport them by boats to Charlestown.

Meantime the battery on Copps Hill and the water-batteries had been firing on the American works. The fire, however, was ineffective, and the Americans continued their task of finishing and perfecting their intrenchments and of building the interior platforms. Made in such haste, they were rude defences at best, but all that could be done was done. At first when a private was killed by a cannon-ball there was some alarm among the men unaccustomed to artillery fire, and Colonel Prescott therefore mounted on the parapet and walked slowly up and down to show them that there was no real danger. The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once, and there were no more murmurs of alarm, although when the tide was at flood some of the war-ships were able to enfilade the redoubt and pour in a better-directed fire. So the day wore on with its accompaniment of roaring cannon, the Americans waiting patiently under the hot sun, tired and thirsty, but ready and eager to fight.

At noon the British troops marched through the streets of Boston, and began to embark under cover of an increased and strongly sustained fire from the ships and floating batteries. By one o'clock they had landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and formed in three lines. Not liking the looks of the redoubt now that he was near



to it, General Howe sent for reinforcements, and while he waited for them his men dined. Prescott, too, early in the morning had sent for reinforcements, and the news that the British had landed, caused a great stir in the camp at Cambridge, but owing to the lack of organization only a few fresh troops ever reached the hill. Some leaders arrived, like Warren and Pomeroy and General Putnam, who did admirable service throughout the day. John Stark came over with his New Hampshire company, declining to quicken his step across the Neck, which was swept by the British fire, and brought his men on the

field in good condition. But with some few exceptions of this sort, Prescott was obliged to rely entirely on the small detachment he had himself led there the night before. Seeing a movement on the part of the British which made him believe that they were going to try to turn his position on the left, with the true military instinct and quick decision which he displayed throughout the day Prescott detached Colonel Knowlton with the Connecticut troops and the artillery to oppose the enemy's right wing. Knowlton took a position near the base of the hill, behind a stone fence with a rail on top. In front he hastily built another fence

and filled the space between the two with freshly cut grass from the meadow. It was not such a work as a Vauban would have built, or foreign military experts would have praised, but the Americans of that day, instead of criticising it because it was not on the approved foreign model, made the best of it and proceeded to use it to good purpose. While Knowlton was thus engaged he was joined by Stark and the New Hampshire men, and with their aid was enabled to extend and strengthen his line.

At last the forces were in position. The long hours of quiet waiting in the burning sun were drawing to an end. The British forces were at length in line, and soon after three o'clock Howe briefly told his men that they were the finest troops in the world, and that the hill must be taken. Then he gave the word, and under cover of a very heavy fire from the ships, the batteries, and the artillery, they began to advance, marching in admirable order with all the glitter and show of highly disciplined troops. They were full of cheerful, arrogant confidence. They despised the Provincials and looked with scorn on the rude works. They had been taught to believe also that the Americans were cowards. Had not Lord Sandwich and other eminent persons, whom they were bound to credit, told them so? They expected a short, sharp rush, a straggling fire, a panic-stricken retreat of the enemy, and an easy victory to celebrate that evening in Boston.

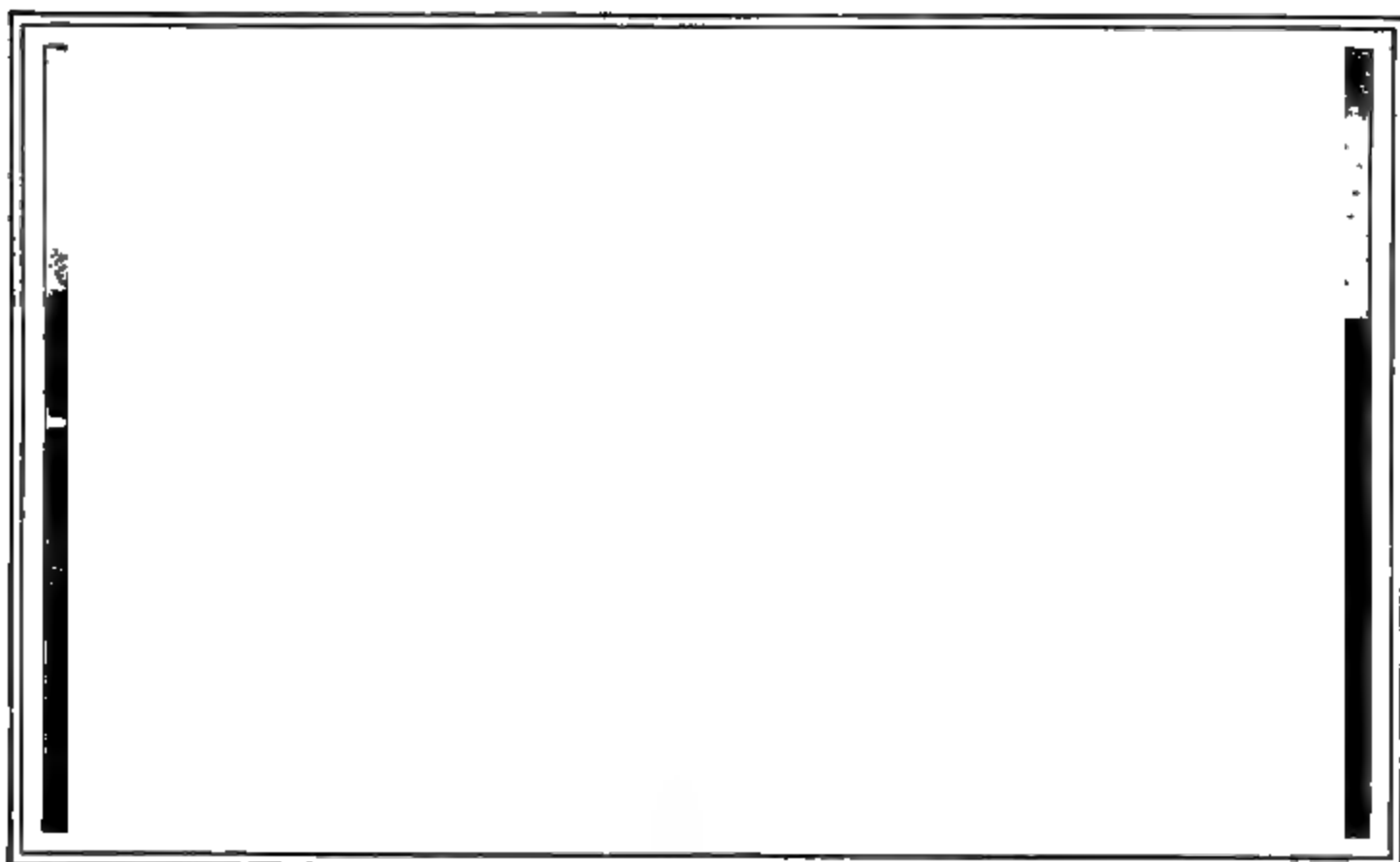
Howe led the attack on the flank in person, aiming at the rail fence and the collection of "rustics," as he would have called them, who were gathered there. General Pigot led the assault in front upon the redoubt itself. On they marched, very fine to look upon in their brilliant uniforms and with their shining arms. Onward still they went, the artillery booming loudly over their heads. They began to draw near the works and yet the enemy gave no sign. The sun was very hot, and they had heavy knapsacks just as if they were going on a march instead of into action, which was natural from their point of view, for they expected no battle. The grass, too, was very long, and the fences were many. It was harder getting at the Americans, the heat was greater, the way longer, than they had imagined, but these things after all were trifles, and they would

soon be on the rebels now. Still all was silent in the redoubts. They came within gunshot. There were a few straggling shots from the fort, quickly suppressed, and it looked as if the officers were going round the parapet knocking up the guns. What could it all mean? Were the Provincials going to retreat without firing at all? It would seem that they were more cowardly than even the liberal estimate made by Lord Sandwich allowed. Perhaps most of them had slipped away already. In any event, it would soon be over. On then fast, for it was well within gunshot now. Forward again quickly, and the separating distance is only ten or twelve rods. Suddenly they heard from the fort the sharp order to fire. A sheet of flame sweeps down from the redoubt. It is a deadly, murderous fire. The execution is terrible. Officers fall in all directions. The British troops, and there are in truth no finer or braver in the world, return the fire sharply, but not well. The lines waver and gaps open everywhere in the ranks. Meantime the fire from the fort continues, steady, rapid, effective, evidently aimed by marksmen whose nerves are in good order.

How were they faring meanwhile at the rail fence, where General Howe was leading his men in person? Not quite so silent here. The two little American field-pieces opened effectively as the British advanced. There were some straggling shots from the fence, quickly suppressed as on the hill, but they drew the fire of the troops who came on, firing regularly as if on parade. It would not take long to dispose of this flimsy barrier. On, then, and forward. They came within gunshot, they came within ten rods, and now the rail fence flamed as the American fire ran down the line. This, too, was a deadly fire. The officers were picked off. The troops began to break, so savage was the slaughter. On hill and meadow, before redoubt and rail fence, the British columns gave way. They could not stand the execution that was being done upon them. Pigot ordered a retreat, and Howe's men broke and scattered. As the British troops recoiled and fell back, cut up by the American fire, the Americans sprang forward with cheers eager to pursue, restrained only by their officers, and shouting, "Are the Yankees cowards?" Lord Sandwich was answered. Whatever the final result, the

John Hancock.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1774. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



The Ruins of Ticonderoga, looking Northwest, showing the Ruins of the Bastion and Barracks.

men who had met and repulsed that onslaught were not cowards.

General Howe soon rallied his surprised and broken troops and formed them again in well-drawn lines. The British then set fire to the village of Charlestown, a perfectly wanton and utterly useless performance, as the wind carried the smoke away from the redoubt. The ships renewed their bombardment with increased fury; the artillery was advanced on the right, where it could do much more execution upon the defenders of the rail fence, and with the little town in flames on their left, the British moved forward to a second assault. They advanced firing, their march encumbered now not only by long grass and fences, but by the bodies of their comrades fallen in the first attack. Their fire did little execution, for they aimed too high. Still they moved on with their well-ordered lines. Again the redoubt was silent. They came within gunshot, within ten rods, still silence. Now they were within six rods and now came again that sheet of flame and the deadly fire. This time they were not taken by surprise. They knew now that there were men behind those rude earthworks who could and would shoot straight, and who had not run away at their approach. They staggered under the

shock of this first volley, but rallied gallantly and came on. Could the Americans maintain their ground after one volley? It appeared that they could. Colonel Prescott said there was a "continuous stream of fire from the redoubt." So continuous, so rapid, and so steady was it, that the British never got across the short distance that remained. They struggled bravely forward, many falling within a few yards of the redoubt and on the very slopes of the embankment. Then they gave way, this time in confusion, and fled. Some ran even to the boats. It was the same at the rail fence. Despite the artillery playing on their left, the Americans stood firm and poured in their fatal volleys when the enemy came within the prescribed line. Howe's officers and aides fell all about him, so that at times he was left almost alone, a gallant figure in the thick of the slaughter, in the midst of dead and dying, his silk stockings splashed with blood and still calling to his soldiers to come on. The men who shot down his staff spared him. Perhaps the memory of the equally gallant brother whom they had followed in the Old French War, and of a monument to that brother placed in Westminster Abbey by the province of Massachusetts, turned aside the guns which could have

The Capture of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen.

There was but little resistance, and the sentries after one or two shots threw down their arms.—Page 166.

picked him off as they did his companions in arms. But at that moment no personal courage in the commander could hold the troops. They broke as the main column had broken on Breed's Hill before the sustained and fatal fire of the Americans, and swept backward almost in a panic to the shore and the boats.

This second repulse was far more serious both in losses and in moral effect than the first. So long a time elapsed before the British moved again that some of the American officers thought that the enemy

would not try the works a third time. The interval of delay, however, served only to disclose the inherent weakness of the American position. The men had behaved with steady courage, and fought most admirably, but they were entirely unsupported, and without support the position was untenable against repeated attacks from a superior force. The American army at Cambridge had no real military organization, the general was without a staff, and, though a brave man, was unable to supply the deficiencies by his own en-

Ground Plan Showing Barracks and Officers' Quarters. The covered way by which Allen entered is also indicated.

Prescott had sent early in the day for reinforcements, but such confusion prevailed at Cambridge that none were despatched to his assistance in an intelligent and effective manner. A number of companies, indeed, started from Cambridge for Charlestown. Some turned back, unwilling to face the fire of the ships which swept the Neck. Stark came through, as has been said, early in the day, and did splendid service with his men at the rail fence; but the others for the most part never came into action at all. Orders were disobeyed, contradictory commands issued, and men straggled away from their regiments, some to retreat, some to join in desultory and independent fighting from outlying positions. Therefore, despite the great efforts of some of the officers, and especially of General Putnam, such men as really succeeded in reaching Charlestown remained in confusion on Bunker Hill in the rear of the redoubt. Even worse than the failure to support Prescott with troops, which was due to lack of discipline and leadership, was the failure to send him powder. He found himself face to face with a third attack, with no fresh soldiers, but only his own men who had been digging all night and fighting

wder.

Most of his men had only a single round, none more than three, and they broke up the cartridges of the cannon to get a last pitiful supply. With the shadow of certain defeat upon him, Prescott saw the British prepare for a third assault. Howe, not without difficulty, had rallied his men and reformed his ranks, while a reinforcement of four hundred marines had landed and joined him. He had also learned a lesson, and had found out that he had a dangerous enemy before him. This time the British soldiers laid aside their knapsacks, and advanced in light order. This time, too, only a feint was made at the rail fence, and the whole attack, as well as the artillery fire, was concentrated on the redoubt. Prescott knew that without powder, and with scarcely any bayonets, he could not shatter the columns before they reached the breastworks, nor repel an enemy capable of a bayonet charge once they had reached the parapet. Nevertheless, he determined to stand his ground, and make to the last the best fight he could. The British moved forward, this time in silence. "Make every shot tell," said Prescott to his men, and when the British were within twenty yards, the Americans, standing their ground firmly under the artillery fire, poured in a withering volley. The British line staggered, but came on. As they mounted

the parapet another light volley did even more execution, but it was the last. The American powder was exhausted, and the minute-men could only meet the bayonet with clubbed musket. It was a useless and hopeless waste of life to contend with such odds under such conditions, and Prescott gave the word to retreat. His men fell back from the redoubt, he himself going last, and parrying bayonet thrusts with his sword. Now it was that the Americans suffered most severely, and that Warren, one of the best beloved of the popular leaders, was killed. Nevertheless, the men drew off steadily and without panic. The brave troops at the rail fence who had fought so well all day, checked the British advance and covered the retreat of the main body under Prescott. All that was left of the little American band retreated in good order across the Neck. They were not pursued. General Clinton, who had joined before the last attack, urged Howe to follow up his victory, but Howe and his men had had enough. They took possession of Bunker Hill with fresh reinforcements, and contented themselves with holding what they had gained. The Americans established themselves upon the hills on the other side of the Charlestown Neck. They had been driven from their advanced position, but one great result had been gained. The losses had been so severe that the British plan to take Dorchester Heights had to be given up. If the colonists could have held Breed's Hill, the British would have been compelled to abandon Boston at once; but the fact that they failed to hold it did not give the British a position which enabled them to command the American lines, or to prevent a close siege which would ultimately force evacuation.

Such was the battle of Bunker Hill. The victory was with the British, for they took the contested ground and held it. But the defeat of Bunker Hill was worth many victories to the Americans. It proved to them that British troops were not invincible, as they had been so confidently assured. It proved their own fighting capacity, and gave strength and heart to the people of every colony. Concord and Lexington had made civil war inevitable. Bunker Hill showed that the Revolution, rightly led, was certain to succeed. The story of Bunker Hill battle has been told in prose and verse many times, and there is nothing to be added to the facts, but there was a meaning to it which was entirely overlooked at the moment, and which has never been sufficiently emphasized since. The fact that the British carried the hill is nothing, for they lost thirteen colonies in consequence. But it is

General William Howe.

From an engraving after the portrait by Dodd, May 13, 1786.

in the statistics of the battle that the real lesson lay, a lesson which showed how disastrous a day it really had been for the British army, and which if taken to heart by the Ministry, a thing quite impossible under the circumstances, might have led even then to peace and concession. The price paid for that hill on June 17, 1775, was enormous, without regard to more remote results. Never had the British troops behaved with more stubborn bravery; never had they been more ruthlessly sacrificed, and never up to that time had British soldiers faced such a fire. They brought into action something over three thousand men, and not more than thirty-five hundred. The official British returns gave the killed and wounded as 1,054. The Americans in Boston insisted that the British loss reached 1,500, but let us take only the official return of 1,054. That

Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed. --Page 169.

The Bunker Hill Intrenching Party.

Vicinity of the Washington Elm, Cambridge, at the Present Time.

In the background, enclosed by a fence and with a tablet marking it in front, is the historic tree under which Washington took command of the army.

means that the British loss was a trifle over thirty per cent. The significance of these figures can only be understood by a few comparisons. The statistics of losses in Marlborough's battles are rough and inexact, but so far as we know the allies lost at Blenheim, where only 16,000 of the 55,000 were British troops, about twenty-five per cent.; at Ramillies about seven per cent.; at Malplaquet less than twenty-five per cent.; at Fontenoy, where the Duke of Cumberland, the "Martial Boy, *sans peur et sans avis*," hurled the British force at the centre of the French line in a charge as magnificent and desperate as it was wild and foolish, there were 28,000 English soldiers in the army, and the loss in killed and wounded was somewhat over fourteen per cent. Thus we see the correctness of the statement that no English soldiers had at that time ever faced such a fire as they met at Bunker Hill. In later times the British loss at Waterloo was nearly thirty-four per cent., and the loss of the allied army about fifteen per cent.; while at Gettysburg the Union army lost about twenty-five per

cent., and these were two of the bloodiest of modern battles. Waterloo lasted all day, Gettysburg three days, Bunker Hill, an hour and a half. At Gravelotte, the most severe battle of our own time, and with modern weapons, the German loss was less than fourteen per cent. Take another significant feature at Bunker Hill. One hundred and fifty-seven British officers were killed or wounded. Wellington had four hundred and fifty-six killed or wounded at Waterloo. If the Bunker Hill proportion had been maintained he should have lost nine hundred and forty-two. The American loss was less than the British, because the men fought from behind intrenchments, and it was sustained chiefly in the last hand-to-hand struggle. Nevertheless, it was very severe. At different times the Americans appear to have had in Charlestown between two and three thousand men, but Washington, who was most accurate and had careful returns, stated that they never had more than fifteen hundred men engaged, which agrees with the best estimates that can be now made of the number of men who fought

at the redoubt and behind the rail fence. The American loss was, from the best reports available, four hundred and eleven killed and wounded, at least twenty per cent. of the whole force actually engaged.

These statistics of the British loss, when analyzed, show the gallantry of the English soldiers, which no other race at that time could have equalled, and a folly on the part of their commanders in attempting to rush an earthwork held by such opponents, which it is hard to realize. Yet it is in the reasons for that very folly that we can find an explanation for the American Revolution, and for the disasters to the British arms which accompanied it.

Englishmen generally took the view that the people of the American Colonies were in all ways inferior to themselves, and particularly in fighting capacity. Lord Sandwich was not exceptional in his ignorance when he declared that the Yankees were cowards. Weight was given to what he said merely because he happened to be a peer, but his views were shared by most public men in England, and by most of the representatives of the English Crown in America, both military and civil. The opinion of statesmen like Chatham, Camden, or Burke, was disregarded, while that of Lord Sandwich and other persons equally unintelligent was accepted. It was this stupidity and lack of knowledge which gave birth to the policy that resulted in colonial resistance to the Stamp Act, and later to the assembling of the first Revolutionary Congress. It seems very strange that intelligent men should have had such

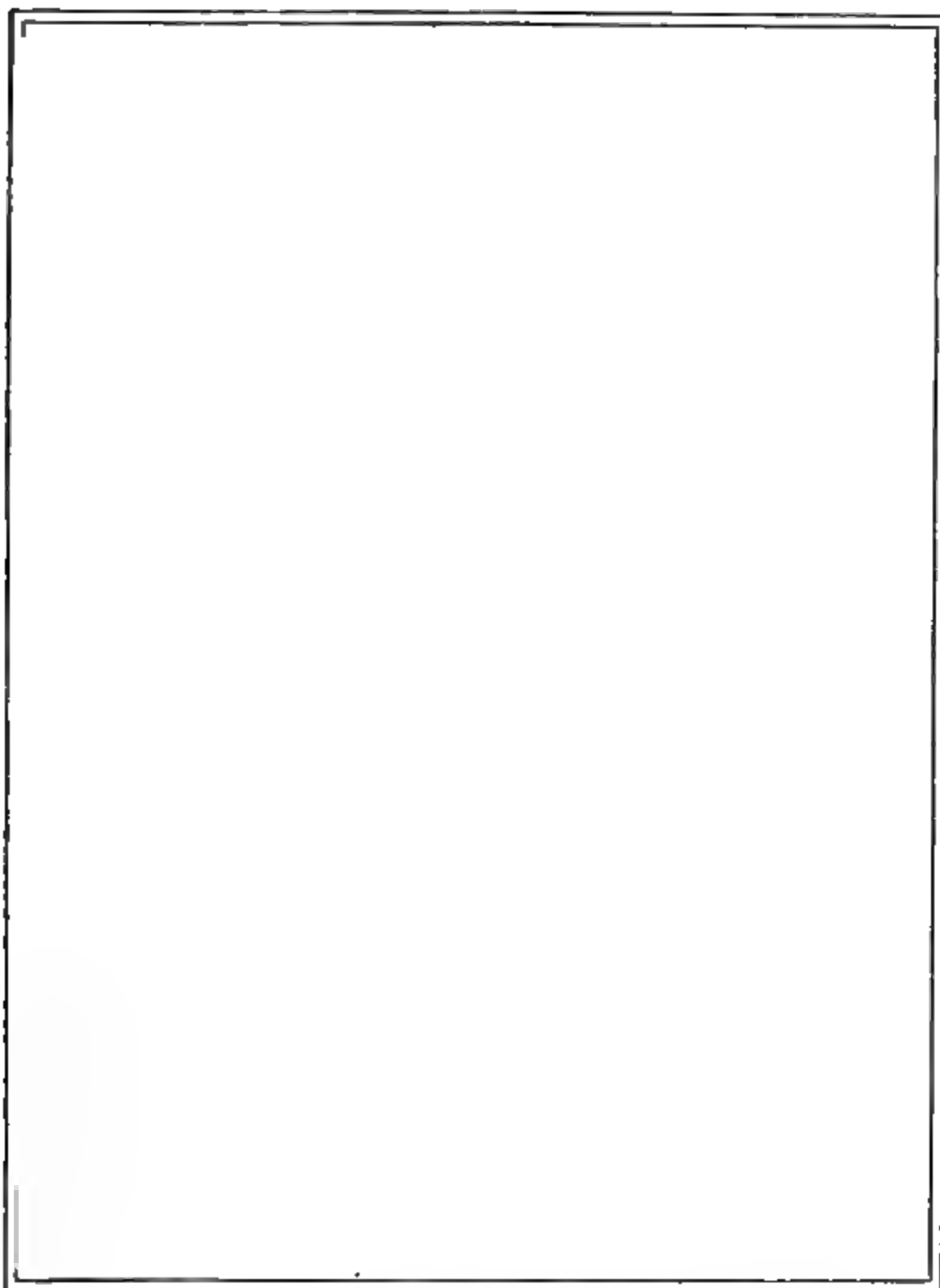
ideas in regard to the people of the American Colonies, when the slightest reflection would have disclosed to them the truth. The men of New England, against whom their wrath was first directed, were of al-

most absolutely pure English stock. They were descendants of the Puritans, and of the men who followed Cromwell and formed the famous army which he led to a series of unbroken victories. Whatever the faults of the Puritans may have been, no one ever doubted their ability in public affairs, their qualities as citizens, or, above all, their fighting capacity. In the one hundred and twenty-five years which had elapsed since that period, what had happened to make their descendants in the New World degenerate? The people of New England had made a hard fight to establish their homes in the wilderness, to gather subsistence, and, later, wealth from an ungrateful soil and from the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. They had been engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians and French and had formed a large part of the armies with which Pitt had wrested Canada from France. Surely there was nothing in all this to weaken their fibre or to destroy their fighting qualities. Frontiersmen and pioneers whose arms were the axe and the rifle, sturdy far-

mers and hardy fishermen from the older settlements, of almost pure English blood, with a slight mingling of Scotch-Irish from Londonderry, were not, on the face of things, likely to be timid or weak. Yet these were the very men whom Lord Sandwich and the Minis-

A Glimpse of Bunker Hill Monument from
Copp's Hill Cemetery

On this hill was the battery which destroyed
the town of Charlestown during the battle of
Bunker Hill



Prescott on the Parapet at Bunker Hill.

The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once.—Page 190.

try, and England generally, set down as cowards, who would run like sheep before the British troops. While the resistance to the English policy of interference was confined to the arena of debate and of parliamentary opposition, they found the representatives of these American people to be good lawyers, keen politicians and statesmen, able to frame state papers of the highest merit. Untaught, however, by the controversy of words, they resorted to force; and when the British generals, on the morning of June 17th, beheld the rude earthworks on Breed's Hill, their

only feeling was one of scorn for the men who had raised them, and of irritation at the audacity which prompted the act. With such beliefs they undertook to march up to the redoubt as they would have paraded to check the advance of a city mob. When they came within range they were met by a fire which, in accuracy and in rapidity, surpassed anything they had ever encountered. As they fell back broken from the slopes of the hill their one feeling was that of surprise. Yet all that had happened was the most natural thing in the world. To men who had

fought in the French and Indian wars, who had been bred on the farm and fishing smack, who were accustomed to arms from their youth, who, with a single bullet, could pick off a squirrel from the top of the highest tree, it was an easy matter, even though they were undisciplined, to face the British soldiers and cut them down with a fire so accurate that even stubborn British courage could not withstand it. Contempt for all persons not living in England, and profound ignorance of all people but their own, were the reasons for the merciless slaughter which came upon the British soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill. The lesson of that day was wasted upon England, for insular contempt for every other people on earth is hard to overcome. It was, however, a good beginning, and the lesson was ultimately learned, for the same ignorance and contempt which led to the reckless charges against the Charlestown earth-works dictated the policy and sustained the war which cost England the surrender of two armies and the loss of thirteen great colonies. Perfect satisfaction with one's self, coupled with a profound ignorance and openly expressed contempt in regard to other people, no doubt tend to comfort in life, but they sometimes prove to be luxuries which it is expensive to indulge in too freely.

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

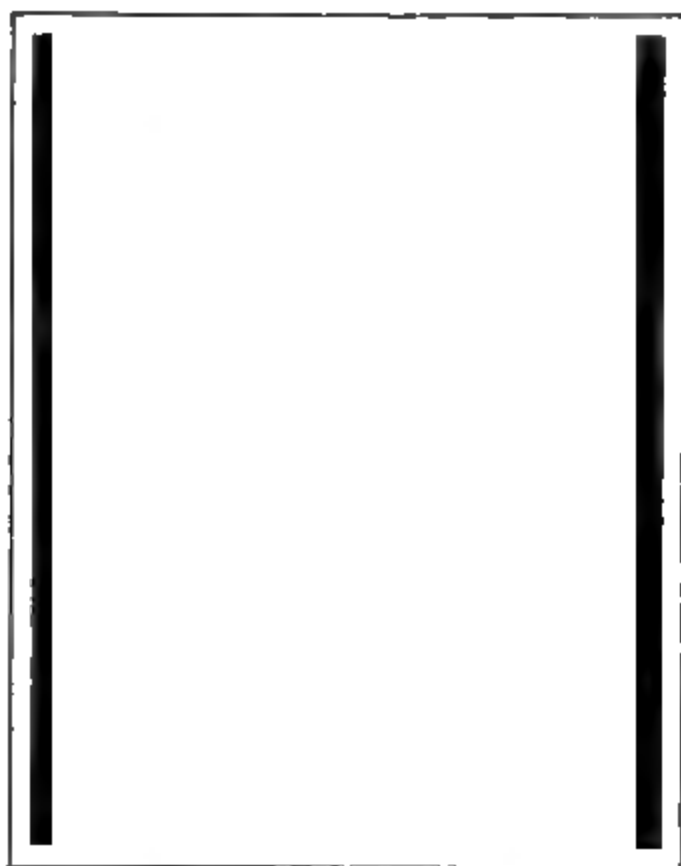
BUNKER HILL revealed at once the strength and weakness of the Americans. At Bunker Hill, as at Concord and Lexington, it was the people who had risen up and fought, just as fifteen years later it was the

people of France who rose up and defied Europe, unchaining a new force which the rulers of Europe despised until it crushed them. So England despised her colonists, and when they turned against her they started the great democratic movement and let loose against the mother-country a new force, that of a whole people ready to do

battle for their rights. The power which this new force had and the native fighting qualities of the American soldiers were vividly shown at Bunker Hill, and there, too, was exhibited its weakness. The popular army was unorganized, divided into separate bands quite independent of each other, undisciplined, and unled. Hence the ultimate defeat which provision, organization, and tenacity of purpose would have so easily prevented.

What the people could do fighting for themselves and their own rights was plain. Equally plain was the point where they failed. Could they redeem this failure and eradicate the cause of it? Could the popular force be organized, disciplined, trained, and made subordinate to a single purpose? In other words, could it produce a leader, recognize him when found, concentrate in him all the power and meaning it had, rise out of anarchy and chaos into order and light, and follow one man through victory and defeat to ultimate triumph? These were the really great questions before the American people when the smoke had cleared and the bodies had been borne away from the slopes of Breed's Hill.

In such a time few men look below the surface of events. They must deal with the hard, insistent facts which press close against them. No one realized that the American people had been brought sud-



Joseph Warren, Killed at Bunker Hill.
From a portrait painted by Copley in 1774.

Washington Taking Command of the Army.

On July 3, 1775, at about nine in the morning, Washington, with several of the general officers, went on foot (not mounted, as he is often represented) to the elm still standing by the edge of Cambridge Common, and there said a few words to the assembled troops, and drew his sword and took command of the Continental Army.

denly to a harder trial than facing British bayonets. No one understood at the moment that it must quickly be determined whether the popular movement was able to bring forth a leader, and then submit to and obey him, or whether after an outburst of brave fighting it was to fall back into weakness, confusion, and defeat.

Yet this mighty question was upon them, and even while they were still counting their dead in Boston and Cambridge, the leader was on his way to put his fortune, which was that of the American Revolution, to the test. On June 21st Washington started from Philadelphia. He had ridden

barely twenty miles when he met the messengers from Bunker Hill. There had been a battle, they said. He asked but one question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how they had fought, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on. Give him men who would fight and he would do the rest. Here was a leader clearly marked out. Would the people risen up in war recognize the great fact and acknowledge it?

A pause in New York long enough to put Philip Schuyler in charge of military affairs in that colony, and Washington pushed on through Connecticut. On July

A Proclamation by King George III, August, 1775.

Reproduced from one of the original broadsides in Dr. Emmet's collection now in the Lenox Library.

2d he was at Watertown, where he met the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. An hour later, being little given to talk, he rode on to Cambridge and reached head-quarters. The next day the troops were all drawn out on parade, and in their presence, and that of a great concourse, Washington drew his sword and formally took

command of the American army. The act performed, cheers and shouts broke forth, and the booming of cannon told the story to the enemy in Boston. The people were evidently with him. They looked upon him as he rode down the lines and were content. The popular movement had found its leader, and the popular instinct

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in modes of life, and like all strong people they were set in their own ways and disposed to be suspicious of those of others. But these men of New England none the less gave their entire confidence to Washington at once and never withdrew it. As General in the field, and later as President, he always had the loyal support of these reserved, hard-headed, and somewhat cold, people. They recognized him as a leader that morning on Cambridge Common, for there was that in his look and manner which impressed those who looked upon him with a sense of power. He was a man to be trusted and followed, and the keen intelligence of New England understood it at the first glance.

Washington did not understand them quite as quickly as they understood him, for with the people it was an instinct, while with him understanding came from experience. At first, too, it was a rough experience. He found his new soldiers independent in their ways, as unaccustomed to discipline as they were averse to it, electing and deposing their officers, disposed to insubordination, and only too ready to go off in order to at-

Cape Diamond and the Citadel, Quebec.

At a narrow point under Cape Diamond, Montgomery, who was leading the first division in the attack on Quebec, was killed.

tend to their domestic affairs, and return in leisurely fashion when their business was done. To a soldier like Washington this was all intolerable, and he wrote and said many severe words about them, no doubt accompanying his words sometimes when he spoke with the outbursts of wrath before which the boldest shrank. The officers and contractors troubled him even more than the men, for he found them hard bargainers, sharp, and, as it often seemed to him, utterly selfish. He dealt with these evils in the effective and rapid way with which he always met such difficulties. In his own plain language he made "a good slam" among the wrong-doers and the faint-hearted. He broke several officers, put others under arrest, and swiftly changed the whole tone of the army. He had less trouble with the rank and file than with the officers, but all soon came straight, the criticisms of his troops disappear from his letters, and six months later he praises them in

high terms. He entered on the war with an army composed wholly of New England men. He ended the revolution with an army, after seven years' fighting, largely made up from the same New England people, and then it was that he said that there were no better troops in the world. The faults which annoyed him so at the outset had long since vanished under his leadership, and the fine qualities of the men, their courage, intelligence, endurance, and grim tenacity of purpose had become predominant.

Washington, a great commander, had the genius for getting all that was best out of the men under him, but the work of organizing and disciplining the army at Cambridge was the least of the troubles which confronted him when he faced the situation at Boston. Moreover, he knew all the difficulties, for he not only saw them, but he

was never under delusions as to either pleasant or disagreeable facts. One of his greatest qualities was his absolute veracity of mind ; he always looked a fact of any sort squarely in the face, and this is what he saw when he turned to the task before him. The town of Boston, the richest, and next to Philadelphia the most populous in the colonies, was in the hands of the enemy, who had some twelve thousand regular troops, well armed, perfectly disciplined, and thoroughly supplied with every munition of war. This well-equipped force had command of the sea, and how much the sea-power meant, Washington understood thoroughly. He knew with his broad grasp of mind what no one else appreciated at all, that in the sea-power was the key of the problem and the strength of the English. That gone, all would be easy. While England commanded the sea the struggle was

certain to be long and doubtful. All the later years of the war, indeed, were devoted by Washington to a combination by which through the French alliance he could get a sea-control. When he succeeded, he swept the chief British army out of existence, and ended the war. But here at the start at Boston the enemy had control of the sea, and there was no way of getting it from them. The set task of getting the British out of Boston must be performed, therefore, while they commanded the sea, and had a powerful fleet at their backs. What means did Washington have to accomplish this formidable undertaking? An unorganized army of raw men, brave and ready to fight, but imperfectly armed, and still more imperfectly disciplined. The first thing that Washington did on taking command was to count his soldiers, and at the end of eight days he had a complete return, which he should have obtained in an hour, and that return showed him fourteen thousand men instead of the twenty thousand he had been promised. What a task it was to drive from Boston twelve thousand regular troops supported by a fleet; and only fourteen thousand militia to do it with. How could it be done? Not by a popular uprising, for uprisings do not hold out for months with patient endurance and steady pushing toward a distant aim. No, this was work that must be done by one man, embodying and leading, it is true, the great popular force which had started into life, but still one man. It was for George Washington, with such means as he had or could create, to

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new general on the lines every day. By the end of July the army was in good form, ready to fight and to hold their works. Then it was suddenly discovered that there was no gunpowder in the camp. An extensive line of works to be defended, a well-furnished regular army to be besieged, and only nine rounds of ammunition per man to do it with. There could hardly have been a worse situation, for if under such conditions the enemy were to make a well-supported sally, they could only be resisted for a few minutes at most. Washington faced the peril in silence and without wavering. Hard-riding couriers were despatched all over the country to every village and town to ask for, and, if need be, seize powder. A vessel was even sent to the Bermudas, where it was reported some gunpowder was to be had. By these desperate efforts enough powder was obtained to relieve the immediate strain, but all through the winter the supply continued to be dangerously low.



The Monument to Montgomery, St. Paul's Church, New York City.
Erected by the order of Congress, January 25, 1776.

The Attack on Quebec.

The Second Division under Arnold attacking. Arnold who led this part of the attack was completely disabled by a musket-wound on the knee, and was obliged to leave the field.

The anxieties and labors of the army and the siege were enough to tax the strongest will and the keenest brain to the utmost, and yet Washington was obliged to carry at the same time all the responsibility for military operations everywhere. He was watching Johnson and his Indians in the valley of the Mohawk, and Tryon and the Tories in New York. He was urged to send troops to this place and that, and he had to consider every demand and

say "no" as he did to Connecticut and Long Island when he thought that the great objects of his campaign would be injured by such a diversion. At the same time he planned and sent out expeditions aimed at a distant but really vital point which showed how he grasped the whole situation, and how true his military conceptions were. He saw that one of the essential parts of his problem was to prevent invasion from the north, and that this could be

done only by taking possession of Canada. Success in this direction was possible, if at all, only by an extremely quick and early movement, for in a very short time the British would be so strong in the valley of the St. Lawrence that any attempt on their positions would be quite hopeless. He therefore sent one expedition under Montgomery by Lake Champlain to Montreal, and another under Arnold through Maine to meet the New York forces at Quebec. Montgomery met with entire success. He passed up the lake, after a siege took St. Johns, and then pressed on to Montreal, which he captured without difficulty. Meantime Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, was making his desperate march through the forests of Maine. Even now a large part of his route is still a wilderness. He encountered every obstacle and hardship that it is possible to conceive—hunger, cold, exposure, terrible marches through primeval woods, voyages down turbulent streams, where boats were sunk and upset with the drowning of men and loss of provisions and munitions. Still Arnold kept on with the reckless daring and indomitable spirit so characteristic of the man. With a sadly diminished force he came out at last in the open country, and after a short rest pushed on to the St. Lawrence. When he reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, there was no Montgomery to meet him. He crossed the river, but his force was too small to attack, and he withdrew. Meantime Burr, disguised as a priest, reached Montreal, and Montgomery came down the river and joined Arnold, but only with some three hundred men. It was now December and a Canadian winter was upon them. Nevertheless, the united forces to the number of a thousand made a desperate attack upon the city. Montgomery was killed in the assault, and his men repulsed. Arnold penetrated into the city, was badly wounded, and forced to leave the field. Carleton, enabled by the defeat of Montgomery to concentrate his defence, forced Morgan, who had succeeded to the command after some desperate fighting in the streets, to surrender. This was really the end of the attempt on Canada. Arnold, with only five hundred men, held Carleton besieged in Quebec all winter. But although new generals came, and in the spring Washington at great risk detached

reinforcements from his own army to aid the men in the north, on the breaking up of the ice in the river the Americans were compelled to withdraw from Quebec and later from Montreal. The attempt had failed, the north and the valley of the St. Lawrence remained open to England, and Canada was lost to the Americans. It was a well-conceived, boldly planned expedition, defeated by a series of unforeseen obstacles here, and a little delay there; but its failure was very fruitful of consequences, both near and remote, just as its success would have been in another direction.

Planning and carrying on bold schemes like this against Canada, was far more to Washington's taste than the grinding, harassing work of slowly organizing an army, and without proper material pressing siege-operations. Still he kept everything well in hand. He chafed under the delays of the work at Boston; he knew that at this juncture time helped England, and he wanted to make the fullest use of the first energy of the popular enthusiasm. Early in September he proposed an attack on Boston by boats and along Roxbury Neck, and a little later another of similar character. In both cases his council of officers went against him, and he had not reached that point of discipline where he could afford to disregard them and follow his own opinion alone, as he so often did afterward.

Councils of officers, however, were not his only trouble or hindrance. Congress wanted speed; while his officers thought him rash, Congress thought him slow, and demanded the impossible. They wondered why he did not at once secure the harbor without ships, and urged him to set up batteries and open on the town when he had neither siege-guns nor powder. Congress had to be managed, and so did the Provincial Congresses, each unreasonable in its own way, and from them, moreover, he had to procure money and supplies and men. With infinite tact and patience he succeeded with them all. Enlistments expired, and he was obliged to lose his old army and replace it with a new one—not a pleasant or easy undertaking in the presence of the enemy and in the midst of a New England winter. But it was done. Privateers began to appear, and rendered great service by their attacks on the enemy's commerce. They brought in many valuable prizes, and

Washington had to be a naval department, and, in a measure, an admiralty court. Again the work was done. Gage treated American prisoners badly. With dignity, firmness, and a good deal of stern vigor, Washington brought him to terms and taught him a much-needed lesson both in humanity and manners.

So the winter wore on. Unable to attack, and with no material for siege-operations, he could only hold the British where they were and make their situation difficult by cutting off all supplies by land with his troops, and by water with his privateers. It was dreary work, and no real advance seemed to be made, until in February the well-directed efforts began to tell and light at last began to break. Powder by great diligence had been gathered from every corner, and they now had it in sufficient quantity to justify attack. Henry Knox, sent to Ticonderoga, had brought thence on sledges over the snow the cannon captured by Ethan Allen that memorable May morning. Thus supplied, Washington determined to move. His first plan was to cross the ice with his army and storm the city. This suited his temperament, and also was the shortest way as well as the one which would be most destructive and ruinous to the enemy. Again, however, the officers protested. They prevented the crossing on the ice, but they could no longer hold back their chief. If he could not go across the ice, then he would go by land, but attack he would. On the evening of Monday, March 4th, under cover of a heavy bombardment, he marched a large body of troops to Dorchester Heights, and began to throw up redoubts. All night long Washington rode up and down the lines encouraging his men and urging them to work. He knew them now, they had always believed in him, and under such leadership and with such men, the works grew rapidly. When morning broke there was, as on June 17th, great stir and excitement in Boston, and it was plain that the British meant to come out and attack. Washington's spirits rose at the prospect. He had had enough of siege-work, and was eager to fight. Meantime his men worked on hard and fast. The British troops made ready, but a gale came up and they could not cross the bay. The next day there was a storm and heavy rain. The next day it

was too late; the works were too strong to be attempted successfully. Then the Ticonderoga guns began to send shot and shell into Boston, and parleys were opened. Howe, through the selectmen, promised to evacuate if not molested, but if attacked declared that he would burn the town. Washington assented to this proposition, but still Howe delayed, and Washington, not fond of delays or uncertainties, advanced his works. The hint was enough, and on March 17th, amid disorder and pillage, leaving cannon and much else behind, eleven thousand British troops with about a thousand Boston Tories went on board the fleet, while Washington marched in at the other end of the town. The fleet lingered at the entrance to the harbor, closely watched by Washington, for a few days, and then sailed away to Halifax.

The victory was won. Boston was in the hands of the Americans, and so remained. Except for raids here and there, and an attack on Newport, the war in New England was over and those colonies the richest and most populous, with their long coast-line and ample harbors, were set free to give all their strength to the general cause without being held back or distracted by fighting for their own firesides. To have driven the British from New England and from her capital city in this complete and rapid fashion, was not only a victory, but an achievement of immense importance toward the success of the Revolution.

It was, moreover, in a purely military way, a very remarkable feat of arms. We cannot improve on Washington's own statement, simple, concise, and sufficient as his statements always are. "To maintain," he said, "a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without powder, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments is more, probably, than was ever attempted." It was a daring attempt, and the success was extraordinary. The attempt came from the armed people of the colonies. The victory was won by the genius of Washington, to whom the people had the wisdom to submit and the sense and strength to follow.

The Americans outnumbered the British, but not more than in the proportion of three to two, and this was little enough,

as they had to hold the outer and besieging line. They were inferior to their opponents in discipline, equipment, organization, experience, and, worst of all, they had no sea-power whatever. All English soldiers were brave, and there could be no question about the unflinching courage of the men who had stormed the works at Bunker Hill. How was it then that with all the odds in their favor, when they should have broken the American lines and defeated the American army again and again, how was it that they were taken in an iron grip, held fast all winter, reduced to great straits, and finally driven ignominiously from the town by the army and the general they despised? The answer is really simple, difficult as the question seems on the face. The American troops were of just as good fighting quality as the British, and they were led by a great soldier, one of the great soldiers, as events showed, of the century. The British were commanded by some physically brave gentlemen of good family and slender intellect. Such men as these had no chance against a general like Washington so long as he had men who would fight and enough gunpowder for his cannon and muskets. He closed in on them, using to the utmost his inferior resources, and finally had them in so tight a grip that there was nothing for them but flight or a bloody defeat in the streets of a burning town. It was neither by accident nor by cowardice that the British were beaten out of Boston; it was by the military capacity of one man triumphing over extraordinary difficulties of his own and helped by unusual stupidity and incompetence on the part of his enemy whom he accurately estimated.

How was it, to go a step farther, that such men as Gage and Clinton and Howe were sent out to conquer men of

their own race in arms and led by George Washington? For the same reason that the British soldiers were marched up the slopes of Bunker Hill as if they were going on a holiday parade. It was because England's Ministers and people knew nothing of the Americans, wanted to know nothing, despised them, thought them cowards, and never dreamed for one moment that they could produce a great general. There was absolutely no reason in the nature of things why the Americans should not be able to fight and bring forth great commanders. As a matter of fact they did both, but as they were no longer native Englishmen, England believed that they could do neither. Bunker Hill threw some light on the first theory; George Washington riding into Boston in the wake of a flying British army, illuminated the second. England learned nothing from either event, except that coercion would require larger forces than she had anticipated; still less did she suspect that the men who could write the State papers of Congress could also be diplomatists and find powerful allies. She was about to win some military successes, as was to be expected with the odds so largely in her favor. Encouraged by them, she paid no real heed either to Bunker Hill or Boston, and neither revised her estimate of the American soldier, nor paid much attention to his chief. Yet both events were of inestimable importance, for one showed the fighting quality of the American people, the other the military capacity and moral force of Washington, and it was by the fighting of the American soldier and the ability and indomitable courage of Washington that the American Revolution came to victory. Much else contributed to that victory, but without Washington and the soldiers who followed him, it would have been impossible.

"SILVERSPOT"

THE STORY OF A CROW

By Ernest Seton Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

HOW many of us have ever got to know a wild animal? I do not mean merely to meet with one once or twice, or to have one in a cage, but to really know it for a long time while it is wild, and to get an insight into its life and history. The trouble usually is to know one creature from his fellow. One fox or crow is so much like another that we cannot be sure that it really is the same next time we meet. But once in awhile there arises an animal who is stronger, or wiser than his fellow, who becomes a great leader, who is, as we would say, a genius, and if he is bigger or has some mark by which men can know him, he soon becomes famous in his country, and shows us that the life of a wild animal may be far more interesting and exciting than that of many human beings.

Of this class were Courtrand, the bob-tailed wolf that terrorized the whole city of Paris for about ten years in the beginning of the fourteenth century; Gimpy, the lame grizzly bear that in two years ruined all the hog-raisers, and drove half the farmers out of business in the upper Sacramento Valley; Lobo,* the king wolf of New Mexico, that killed a cow every day for five years, and the Soehnee panther that in less than two years killed nearly three hundred human beings—and such also was Silverspot, whose history, as far as I could learn it, I shall now briefly tell.

Silverspot was simply a wise old crow; his name was given because of the silvery white spot that was like a nickel, stuck on his right side, between the eye and the bill, and it was owing to this spot that I was able to know him from the other

crows, and put together the parts of his history that came to my knowledge.

Crows are, as you must know, our most intelligent birds—"Wise as an old crow" did not become a saying without good reason. Crows know the value of organization, and are as well drilled as soldiers—very much better than some soldiers, in fact, for crows are always on duty, always at war, and always dependent on each other for life and safety. Their leaders not only are the oldest and wisest of the band, but also the strongest and bravest, for they must be ready at any time with sheer force to put down an upstart or a rebel. The rank and file are the youngsters and the crows without special gifts.

Old Silverspot was the leader of a large band of crows that made their headquarters, near Toronto, Canada, in Castle Frank, which is a pine-clad hill on the northeast edge of the city. This band numbered about two hundred, and for reasons that I never understood did not increase. In mild winters they stayed along the Niagara River; in cold winters they went much farther south. But each year in the last week of February, Old Silverspot would muster his followers and boldly cross the forty miles of open water that lies between Toronto and Niagara; not, however, in a straight line would he go, but always in a curve to the west, whereby he kept in sight of the familiar landmark of Dundas Mountain, until the pine-clad hill itself came in view. Each year he came with his troop, and for about six weeks took up his abode on the hill. Each morning thereafter the crows set out in three bands to forage. One band went southeast to Ashbridge's Bay. One went west up the Don, and one, the largest, went northwestward up the ravine. The last old

* See "The King of Currumpaw," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1894.

Silverspot led in person. Who led the others I never found out.

On calm mornings, they flew high and straight away. But when it was windy the band flew low, and followed the ravine for shelter. My windows overlooked the ravine, and it was thus that in 1885 I first noticed this old crow. I was a new-comer in the neighborhood, but an old resident said to me then "that there old crow has been a-flying up and down this ravine for more than twenty years." My chances to watch were in the ravine, and Silverspot doggedly clinging to the old route, though now it was edged with houses and spanned by bridges, became a very familiar acquaintance. Twice each day in March and part of April, then again in the late summer and the fall, he passed and repassed, and gave me chances to see his movements, and hear his orders to his bands, and so, little by little, opened my eyes to the fact that the crows, though a little people, are of great wit, a race of birds with a language and a social system that is wonderfully human in many of its chief points, and in some is better carried out than our own.

One windy day I stood on the high

bridge across the ravine, as the old crow, heading his long, straggling troop, came flying down homeward. Half a mile away

"A wise old crow."

I could hear the contented "*All's well, come right along!*" as we should say, or

No. 1.



Caw

Caw

as he put it, and as also his lieutenant echoed it at the rear of the band. They were flying very low to be out of the wind, and would have to rise a little to clear the bridge on which I was. Silverspot saw me standing there, and as I was closely watching him he didn't like it. He checked his flight and called out, "Be on your guard," or

No. 2.

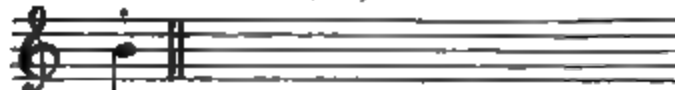


Caw

and rose much higher in the air. Then seeing that I was not armed he flew over my head about twenty feet, and his followers in turn did the same, dipping again to the old level when past the bridge.

Next day I was at the same place, and as the crows came near I raised my walking stick and pointed it at them. The old fellow at once cried out "*Danger,*"

No. 3.



Ca

And roost in a row like big folks.

and rose fifty feet higher than before. Seeing that it was not a gun, he ventured to fly over. But on the third day I took with me a gun, and at once he cried out, "*Great danger—a gun.*" His lieutenant

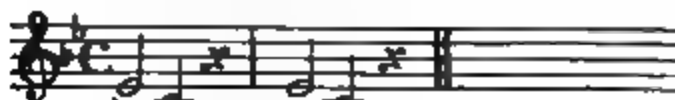
No. 4.



ca cacaca Caw

repeated the cry, and every crow in the troop began to tower and scatter from the rest, till they were far above gun shot, and so passed safely over, coming down again to the shelter of the valley when well beyond reach. Another time, as the long, straggling troop came down the valley, a red-tailed hawk alighted on a tree close by their intended route. The leader cried out, "*Hawk, hawk,*" and stayed his flight,

No. 5.



Caw Caw

as did each crow on nearing him, until all were massed in a solid body. Then, no longer fearing the hawk, they passed on. But a quarter of a mile farther on a man with a gun appeared below, and the cry, "*Great danger—a gun, a gun ; scatter for*

No. 6.



ca cacaca Caw

your lives," at once caused them to scatter widely and tower till far beyond range. Many others of his words of command I learned in the course of my long acquaintance, and found that sometimes a very little difference in the sound makes a very great difference in meaning. Thus while No. 5 means hawk, or any large, dangerous bird, this means "*wheel around,*"

No. 7.



Caw Caw cacaca

evidently a combination of No. 5, whose root idea is danger, and of No. 4, whose root idea is retreat, and this again is a

No. 8.



Caw Caw

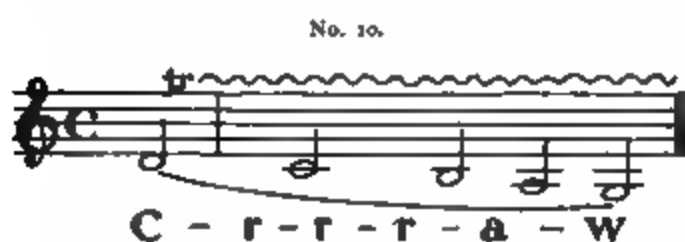
mere "*good day*" to a far away comrade. This is usually addressed to the ranks and means "*attention.*"

No. 9.



Early in April there began to be great doings among the crows. Some new cause of excitement seemed to have come on them. They spent half the day among the pines, instead of foraging from dawn till dark. Pairs and trios might be seen

chasing each other, and from time to time they showed off in various feats of flight. A favorite sport was to dart down suddenly from a great height toward some perching crow, and just before touching it to turn at a hairbreadth and rebound in the air so fast that the wings of the swooper whirled with a sound like distant thunder. Sometimes one crow would lower his head, raise every feather, and coming close to another would gurgle out a long note like



What did it all mean? I soon learned. They were making love and pairing off. The males were showing off their wing powers and their voices to the lady crows. And they must have been highly appreciated, for by the middle of April all had mated and had scattered over the country for their honeymoon, leaving the sombre old pines of Castle Frank deserted and silent.

II

THE Sugar Loaf hill stands alone in the Don Valley. It is still covered with woods that join with those of Castle Frank, a quarter of a mile off. In the woods, between the two hills, is a pine-tree in whose top is a deserted hawk's nest. Every

Toronto school-boy knows the nest, and, excepting that I had once shot a black squirrel on its edge, no one had ever seen sign of life about it. There it was year after year, ragged and old, and falling to pieces. Yet, strange to tell, in all that time it never did drop to pieces like other old nests.

One morning in May I was out at gray dawn, and stealing gently through the woods, whose dead leaves were so wet that no rustle was made. I chanced to pass under the old nest, and was surprised to see a black tail sticking over the edge. I struck the tree a smart blow, off flew a crow, and the secret was out. I had long suspected that a pair of crows nested each year about the pines, but now I realized that it was Silverspot and his wife. The old nest was theirs, and they were too wise to give it an air of spring-cleaning and housekeeping each year. Here they had nested for long, though guns in the hands of men and boys hungry to shoot crows were carried under their home every day. I never surprised the old fellow again, though I several times saw him through my telescope.

One day while watching I saw a crow crossing the Don Valley with something white in his beak. He flew to the mouth of the Rosedale Brook, then took a short flight to the Beaver Elm. There he dropped the white object, and looking about gave me a chance to recognize my old friend Silverspot. After a minute he picked up the white thing —a shell—and walked over past the spring, and here, among the docks and

the skunk-cabbages, he unearthed a pile of shells and other white, shiny things. He spread them out in the sun, turned them over, lifted them one by one in his beak, dropped them, nestled on them as though they were eggs, toyed with them, and gloated over them like a miser. This was his hobby, his weakness. He could not have explained *why* he enjoyed them, any more than a boy can explain why he collects postage-stamps, or a girl why she prefers pearls to rubies; but his pleasure in them

was very real, and after half an hour he covered them all, including the new one, with earth and leaves, and flew off. I went at once to the spot and examined the hoard; there was about a hatful in all, chiefly white pebbles, clam-shells, and some bits of tin, but there was also the handle of a china cup, which must have been the gem of the collection. That was the last time I saw them. Silverspot knew that I had found his treasures, and he removed them at once; where, I never knew.

During the space that I watched him so closely he had many little adventures and escapes. He was once severely handled by a sparrowhawk, and often he was

chased and worried by kingbirds. Not that these did him much harm, but they were such noisy pests that he avoided their company as quickly as possible, just as a grown man avoids a conflict with a noisy and impudent small boy. He had some cruel tricks, too. He had a way of going the round of the small birds' nests each morning to eat the

new laid eggs, as regularly as a doctor visiting his patients. But we must not judge him for that, as it is just what we ourselves do to the hens in the barnyard.

His quickness of wit was often shown. One day I saw him flying down the ravine with a large piece of bread in his bill. The stream below him was at this time being bricked over as a sewer. There was one part of two hundred yards quite finished, and, as he flew over the open water just above this, the bread fell from his bill,

The fierce-eyed owl.—Page 218.

The fell destroyer was too strong.—Page 218.

and was swept by the current out of sight into the tunnel. He flew down and peered vainly into the dark cavern, then, acting upon a happy thought, he flew to the down stream end of the tunnel, and awaiting the reappearance of the floating bread, as it was swept onward by the current, he seized and bore it off in triumph.

Silverspot was a crow of the world. He was truly a successful crow. He lived in a region that, though full of dangers, abounded with food. In the old, unrepai red nest he raised a brood each year with his wife, whom, by the way, I never could distinguish, and when the crows again gathered together he was their acknowledged chief.

The reassembling takes place about the end of June—the young crows with their bob-tails, soft wings, and falsetto voices are brought by their parents, whom they nearly equal in size, and introduced to society at the old pine woods, a woods that is at once their fortress and college. Here they find security in numbers and in lofty yet sheltered perches, and here they begin their schooling and are taught all the secrets of success in crow life, and in crow life the least failure does not simply mean begin again. It means *death*.

The first week or two after their arrival is spent by the young ones in getting acquainted, for each crow must know personally all the others in the band. Their parents meanwhile have time to rest a little after the work of raising them, for now the youngsters are able to feed themselves and roost on a branch in a row, just like big folks.

In a week or two the moulting season comes. At this time the old crows are usually irritable and nervous, but it does not stop them from beginning to drill the youngsters, who, of course, do not much enjoy the punishment and nagging they get so soon after they have been mamma's own darlings. But it is all for their good, as the old lady said when she skinned the eels, and old Silverspot is an excellent teacher. Sometimes he seems to make a speech to them. What he says I cannot guess, but, judging by the way they receive it, it must be extremely witty. Each morning there is a company drill, for the young ones naturally drop into two or three squads according to their age and strength.

The rest of the day they forage with their parents.

When at length September comes we find a great change. The rabble of silly little crows have begun to learn sense, The delicate blue iris of their eyes, the sign of a fool-crow, has given place to the dark brown eye of the old stager. They know their drill now and have learned sentry duty. They have been taught guns and traps and taken a special course in wireworms and greencorn. They know that a fat old farmer's wife is much less dangerous though so much larger than her fifteen-year-old son, and they can tell the boy from his sister. They know that an umbrella is not a gun, and they can count up to six, which is fair for young crows, though Silverspot can go up nearly to thirty. They know the smell of gunpowder and the south side of a hemlock-tree, and begin to plume themselves upon being crows of the world. They always fold their wings three times after alighting, to be sure that it is neatly done. They know how to worry a fox into giving up half his dinner, and also that when the kingbird or the purple martin assails them they must dash into a bush, for it is as impossible to fight the little pests as it is for the fat apple-woman to catch the small boys who have raided her basket. All these things do the young crows know; but they have taken no lessons in egg-hunting yet, for it is not the season. They are unacquainted with clams, and have never tasted horses' eyes, or seen sprouted corn, and they don't know a thing about travel, the greatest educator of all. They did not think of that two months ago, and since then they have thought of it, but have learned to wait till their betters are ready.

September sees a great change in the old crows, too. Their moulting is over. They are now in full feather again and proud of their handsome coats. Their health is again good, and with it their tempers are improved. Even old Silverspot, the strict teacher, becomes quite jolly, and the youngsters, who have long ago learned to respect him, begin really to love him.

He has hammered away at drill, teaching them all the signals and words of command in use, and now it is a pleasure to see them in the early morning.

"Company 1!" the old chieftain would

cry in crow, and Company 1 would answer with a great clamor.

"*Fly!*" and himself leading them, they would all fly straight forward.

"*Mount!*" and straight upward they turned in a moment.

"*Bunch!*" and they all massed into a dense black flock.

"*Scatter!*" and they spread out like leaves before the wind.

"*Form line!*" and they strung out into the long line of ordinary flight.

"*Descend!*" and they all dropped nearly to the ground.

"*Forage!*" and they alighted and scattered about to feed, while two of the permanent sentries mounted duty—one on a tree to the right, the other on a mound to the far left. A minute or two later Silverspot would cry out, "A man with a gun!" The sentries repeated the cry and the company flew at once in open order as quickly as possible toward the trees. Once behind these, they formed line again in safety and returned to the home pines.

Sentry duty is not taken in turn by all the crows, but a certain number whose watchfulness has been often proved are the perpetual sentries, and are expected to watch and forage at the same time. Rather hard on them it seems to us, but it works well and the crow organization is admitted by all birds to be the very best in existence.

Finally, each November sees the troop sail away southward to learn new modes of life, new landmarks and new kinds of food, under the guidance of the ever-wise Silverspot.

III

THERE is only one time when a crow is a fool, and that is at night. There is only one bird that terrifies the crow, and that is the owl. When, therefore, these come together, it is a woful thing for the sable birds. The distant hoot of an owl after dark is enough to make them withdraw their heads from under their wings and sit trembling and miserable till morning. In very cold weather the exposure of their faces thus, has often resulted in a crow having one or both of his eyes frozen, so that blindness followed and therefore death. There are no hospitals for sick crows.

But with the morning their courage comes again, and arousing themselves they ransack the woods for a mile around till they find that owl, and if they do not kill him they at least worry him half to death and drive him twenty miles away.

In 1893 the crows had come as usual to Castle Frank. I was walking in these woods a few days afterward when I chanced upon the track of a rabbit that had been running at full speed over the snow and dodging about among the trees as though pursued. Strange to tell, I could see no track of the pursuer. I followed the trail and presently saw a drop of blood on the snow, and a little farther on found the partly devoured remains of a little brown bunny. What had killed him was a mystery until a careful search showed in the snow a great double-toed track and a beautifully pencilled brown feather. Then all was clear—a *horned owl*. Half an hour later in passing again by the place, there, within ten feet, was the fierce-eyed owl himself, in a tree over the bones of his victim. I had no gun, so I did the next best thing and made the sketch of him which appears on page 216.

Two days afterward at dawn there was a great uproar among the crows. I went out early to see, and found some black feathers drifting over the snow. I followed up the wind in the direction from which they came and soon saw the bloody remains of a crow and the great double-toed track which again told me that the murderer was the owl. All around were signs of the struggle, but the fell destroyer was too strong. The poor crow had been dragged from his perch at night, when the darkness had put him at a hopeless disadvantage. I turned over the remains, and by chance unburied the head—then started with an exclamation of sorrow. Alas! It was the head of old Silverspot. His long life of usefulness to his tribe was over—slain at last by the owl that he had taught so many hundreds of young crows to beware of.

The old nest on the Sugar Loaf is abandoned now. The crows still come in spring-time to Castle Frank, but without their famous leader their numbers are dwindling, and soon they will be seen no more about the old pine-grove in which they and their forefathers had lived and learned for ages.

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

By Mary Tappan Wright

IN October wind, laden with dust, was sweeping along the broad city street, and Cortelyou, holding on his hat, had stopped midway in order to take a leisurely survey up and down.

There was no danger of being run over. The wide, light thoroughfare—from the gigantic buildings which blocked it at one end up to the thin black line where, miles away, it merged in a colorless, cloudy sky—was dotted with passers as leisurely as himself; and, in spite of the gray day, the distracting wind, and the gritty haze which set men's teeth on edge, both people and place wore a cheerful, holiday air that Cortelyou, considering the present stage of human development, stigmatized as an unfeeling anachronism. For his own part, he was not disposed to be pleased with anything he saw. He had been born in a different part of the country, and his alien prepossessions were a sacred inheritance, a sort of mental opera-glass—which his traditions compelled him to use inverted. Moreover, he had been interrupted in an absorbing piece of work by an imperative summons abroad, and was snapping and growling at circumstances with something of the ungovernable irritation of a dog who has been dragged from his bone.

He continued on his way now to the other side of the street, where an exhibition of pictures at the St. Bardolph Club promised to beguile, in a measure, the desperate tedium of a day's sojourn in a strange place. Passing through the ante-room he reached the gallery, still conscientiously morose. Even the little school-girl who paced slowly down the room—declaring, with the air of a connoisseur, that while Monet's drawing was undoubtedly fine she nevertheless "did not think his color was anything to speak of"—had no power to divert him. The ingenuous naïveté of youth was utterly without charm just then to a man compelled to take a flying

trip abroad in order to gratify the caprices of a school-girl of his own.

The gallery, too, was becoming most uncomfortably crowded. "Is it possible that there is only one of that fellow?" grumbled Cortelyou, viewing, with extreme disfavor, a magnificent young athlete with auburn locks. "I seem to see him every way I turn, and there's not a soul in the room he doesn't know. Hair like that should be refused admission at the door—it kills all the delicate color in the pictures. Still, you can't expect these people to know how to manage anything. They are a material lot, the whole of them. I don't believe there are fifteen here capable of appreciating what they have come to see. It makes me think of a respectable Sodom, a sort of moral Gomorrah!" And with a captious expression of discontent he began to wander up and down the room, scanning the faces he met and apparently counting.

"And if there be ten righteous among them they shall not perish," he graciously granted, somewhat appeased by the whimsicality of his own proceedings.

But lo, the ten were not forthcoming! "Peradventure there may be five," he thought; but even five seemed far too many, and after having gone the length of the gallery a second time he returned to one of the long divans in the middle of the floor and sat down, discouraged. "And if there be but one," he conceded, meekly, "it shall suffice."

He had placed himself facing the door which led into a dark, richly furnished ante-room, and entering this from the yellow glare of a hall beyond was a girl, or a woman—he did not stop to analyze, as for a moment she stood tranquilly watching the passing crowd. At last, crossing the floor, she came toward him; automatically he made room for her; she bent her head with gentle gravity and seated herself at his side.

She had flitted in out of the shadows with a sort of shy self-possession, a timid boldness. There was something about

her at once brilliant and subdued, like a southern sunset, and Cortelyou found himself thinking of the blending of wonderful dusky dyes and stray threads of gold in certain rare, silken fabrics that, as a child, he was wont to touch, timidly, with delicate, reverent finger.

"And if there be but one righteous among them—it shall suffice!" he repeated.

She turned upon him, astonished and offended, but, compelled by the regretful consternation of his eyes, her wrath gave way to amusement. "You must not ask too much," she answered, seriously.

"Sometimes," he said, "a gracious thing befalls, unsolicited." It was an experiment, this speech; but when she arose and walked away a sharp sensation of chagrin apprised Cortelyou of the value he had set upon success.

"This is an idiotic place to exhibit pictures in!" he commented, spitefully, as an opening in the throng gave him a fleeting vision of chaotic blues and purples put on in coarse, waving strokes of the brush. "Still, one might as well practise resignation. Life nowadays consists mainly of detail; there is no getting away from anything far enough to see what it means! Of course she is married," his gaze turning wistfully in the direction of the newcomer. "If she were not she would be more conventional. Thank Heaven, she doesn't know Rufus! that red head. But by starting after her I shall only increase the burden of my offences!" and with a little sigh he resolutely directed his attention the other way.

The stranger, in the meantime, was debating with herself: "What a nice boy! And he did not intend to be impertinent. I hope that he does not imagine that at my age I was stupid enough to feel annoyed; I really ought to go back. Of course if he were a gorgeous creature like that," glancing at the pervasive young giant with the red hair, "it would be quite out of the question, but as it is—" and coming slowly down the room she seated herself again in her old place.

To Cortelyou life's details, for the moment, became less obtrusive, but he made no sign of recognition; on the contrary, his attention seemed wholly fixed upon a conversation which a man and

woman behind them were incautiously carrying on in Italian.

"I told you that they had met before," said the woman, triumphantly. "Here she is again; he has been searching for her nearly an hour."

"He never saw her in his life until ten minutes ago," said the man. "Great Heavens, what wonderful coloring! It would be money in one's pocket to paint her."

"It would be if you could make a success like that picture of De Graf's," said the woman, sceptically. "But he looks younger than it does—do you not think so?"

"Oh, I give him forty," said the man.

"Nonsense! he has not passed thirty."

"Forty," the man insisted. "You did not notice his expression; tired, keen, far-seeing; your man of twenty-five hasn't had time to acquire that look about the eyes."

"You should have been here when she came in. He did not look twenty then," said the woman.

"But I tell you," said the man, moving away impatiently, "this is the first time he ever set eyes on her."

"And I tell you," persisted the woman, speaking louder as she followed him, "that he worships the ground she treads on!"

During this conversation Cortelyou's neighbor had been studying his face with painful enlightenment, and as his eyes now involuntarily met hers she rose in hurried confusion. He sprang up before her, his eagerness to persuade her to remain overcoming his resolution not to intrude upon her a second time.

"You understood?" he asked. "You are going?"

"It is late," she murmured.

"It is not half-past three o'clock; the doors are not closed until four. Thirty minutes is but a little space of time to grant—to Monet."

She looked at him doubtfully.

"As for me," he added, carelessly, "I am here to-day and gone to-morrow; the passing shadow of a cloud, nothing more."

"I am a stranger also," she faltered.

"I know no one——"

"Then why," he began, impetuously, "do you allow a pair of idiots?—" he stopped—"but they shall not drive you

away," he continued, more slowly. "I was about to leave myself." He bowed a little ceremoniously, and turned toward the door.

"I cannot permit this," she cried, in tones of distress. "Oh, why did those people open my eyes to the fact that you were not a boy? A nice, amusing, inconspicuous boy?"

A curious expression came over Cortelyou's face. "Surely I am no more conspicuous now than I was when you first made up your mind about me," he said.

"N—no, of course you are not," she murmured. "You are only—older."

"Ah! Is age, then, the disqualification? But for that I might remain?"

"I—I—hardly know."

"Suppose you try to feel old yourself," he suggested, "quite old, and restore the original proportion. Fifty might do; seventy, perhaps, would be safer."

For the first time she laughed. "The experiment is too dangerous; a woman is only as young as she feels."

"Not by any means! That delightful excuse for folly is the prerogative of man," said Cortelyou, eagerly. "I am glad to be reminded of it; it makes me twenty again; I look it, too, as you heard. Help me to keep up the illusion—it is only for half an hour. If you let me stay, I shall be as young as you could wish, and perhaps, in consequence, I may be nice, even amusing—all your requirements, you see."

There was an undercurrent of something almost joyous in his tone; she drew back a step, startled.

"Think of the opportunity," he pleaded, "of the heresies we might utter, unafraid; of the enthusiasms we might let fly, and never a single one come home to roost!"

"I have always felt that enthusiasms were curses," she said.

The speech jarred upon Cortelyou, like the cynicisms of an imitative child.

"She has picked it up from her husband," he thought; "very likely he is a brute. We might even curse with impunity," he added aloud, "for the beauty of the whole situation consists in its being entirely without consequences. I shall make no surmises, ask no questions; if I saw the clew to your identity lying at my feet I should not stoop to pick it up."

With a delightful, childish movement of

anxiety she looked down upon the floor. Cortelyou laughed outright.

"It is not there," he said; "and it is just as well, for I should be sorry to be put to the test. May I stay? To-morrow will probably find us starting for opposite corners of the earth; I sail for Europe on Wednesday."

"And I," she said, after a slight hesitation, "start for the West in the morning."

"Then—why not let me stay?"

For a moment she lost color, and the hand that held her catalogue trembled. "She can't be frightened," thought Cortelyou. "She has seen too much of the world for that." Then his heart gave a short, quick throb as she turned slowly toward the pictures, and, since she had not forbidden him, he followed, wondering at the irrational elation of his feelings.

He came to her side at the end of the gallery, where she lingered a moment before a picture of some sunlit cliffs that rose up ruddy and bold against a sky dark with illimitable blue.

"Feel the breeze," he said, "blowing in, strong and warm, over the waters."

For answer, she only sighed.

"And the sands," he continued, "fairly simmer; long after sundown, if you place your hand upon the rocks, they will feel hot beneath your touch, and the slow, deep breathing of the waves——"

He stopped, startled by the sensitive quiver of her lip.

"Is all that there?" she asked, unsteadily.

"It is if any one chooses to put it there," returned Cortelyou, dogmatically.

"And you see the world after that fashion—yet?"

"Even—yet," he repeated, hardly well pleased.

"You have never stepped to the door in the morning and found that for you the grass was green no longer, that the dew had ceased to sparkle, and that the shadows of the clouds upon the hillsides were shadows—nothing more?"

Cortelyou's eyes darkened and softened. "Those are the dregs of the cup of bitterness," he said. "We all drain them once, but the spell passes, and we get our second sight—it is better than our first; yet—there is vision even clearer."

"Clearer?"

"A time may come," said Cortelyou, absently, "when for you the smooth, fine grass will lie below the trees, green, with a tender beauty you never knew before. The sun will glisten on the leaves, and in the distance, splendid and peaceful, the hills will rest beneath the sailing clouds that purple every smiling slope with moving, velvet shade; but the pain of it! The pain of it never passes, for the clearness of that vision is immortal; its source is sorrow."

"Ah," she cried, "hush! prophecy is dangerous pastime."

They had been moving together, a step at a time, and now, with unconscious accord, they stopped; before them wound a sullen, sluggish river laden with floating cakes of sodden ice. An angry sun was going down, rayless, in the bitter air, that remained unwarmed in spite of the universal reddish mist pervading it.

"Do you always illustrate your discourses?" she asked. The tone was light, almost malicious, but after the first shock of finding that he was not taken seriously Cortelyou was relieved.

"This is not sorrow," he said; "it is bitterness."

She looked at it gravely, nodded assent, and turned to another corner of the room, where a row of young willows, pink with the promise of spring, were mirrored in the glassy surface of a frozen pond; little ridges of ice and snow broke up the lines of reflection, and the blue sky again was filled with reddish mist.

"And this," she asked, "is this also bitterness?"

Cortelyou smiled. "This is the root of bitterness," he said. "When I look at it my heart gives a little flutter; I feel as if life were to live again; all sorts of vague old dreams return to me. At twenty the world looked thus, when I was in love, and happiness brought out the colors."

"Since when has happiness been the flower of love?"

"Not since then," said Cortelyou, quickly. "The root of bitterness blooms once in every twenty years, and I am not quite forty yet."

She laughed without a trace of consciousness. "But it is not happiness exclusively that makes a man see nature in this way," she said, indicating the picture

before them. "It is an exalted mood, and whatever its cause—be it misery or bliss—it is the only thing that makes a man's work supreme."

Cortelyou shook his head in half dissent.

"But, yes," she insisted, "and not merely supreme in art; supreme in literature. Here is Cortelyou, for example;" and she held toward him a book she had been carrying. "What else puts him far and away above every other man of his guild? Nothing more nor less than that same mood. He lives in his work; his people, good and bad, are all alive. You walk on his uplands; you are beaten by his storms. Do you not feel it?"

A deep flush spread over Cortelyou's face; he opened his mouth and then closed it again in dumb confusion.

"Do you mean to say you don't know Cortelyou?" she asked, incredulously.

"At this present moment," he stammered miserably, "I—I—hardly think I do know Cortelyou. In fact, I don't believe he would know himself."

"That means you do not like him."

"You must acknowledge," he proceeded, haltingly, "that of late Cortelyou has been pretty severely handled."

"You read the *Censor*, evidently."

"No," he said, shortly, "I prefer to do my own grumbling."

"I see; you are one of his critics."

Cortelyou looked about him, as if searching for a way of escape.

"Are you one of his critics?" she asked, severely.

"Yes; I am," he answered, defiantly, "and by those who know me—and by those who also know Cortelyou—I am conceded to be about the severest and the most unsparing critic he has."

They had been moving farther and farther back from the pictures, for people were gradually leaving the gallery, and now, finding a divan behind her, she sat down.

"Then you know him personally?" she said, looking up at him, her eyes full of interest and excitement. "Tell me about him."

"You would not like him. He is an old, hard, tired, cynical, selfish, disappointed man."

"You are quite incapable of appreciat-

ing him," she protested. "If you want something that really embodies your description you had better look much nearer home."

"Do not let us discuss him," said Cortelyou, laughing, in spite of himself. "We shall never agree."

"But we must," she insisted. "I cannot permit you to go on injuring him through a mere indisposition on your part to learn what he really is."

Cortelyou sat down by her side. His eyes were full of amusement. A bubble of delighted laughter rose in his throat. This was better even than being twenty again; at that age a man never knows when he is well off.

"Proceed," he said. "Any extenuating circumstances in Cortelyou's character or career I shall be glad to take under consideration."

This attitude seemed to displease her. "Insincerity is a weariness," she said, with a little yawn, and rising moved toward the pictures.

"But can you not see," insisted Cortelyou, following her, "that my interest is so sincere as to be almost painful?"

Suddenly she stopped. "It is curious," she said, "how offensive things are when they are personal, and yet"—with pensive second thought—"how uninteresting they can become when they are not."

"And in what respect is Cortelyou personal?" he asked, stiffly.

"Cortelyou—is myself."

"Is it possible? I had always been under the impression that Cortelyou was a man."

"Oh, a man!" she repeated; "there may be a man Cortelyou somewhere in the world, but except as a necessary implement one almost resents his existence. The real Cortelyou is a living spirit."

"Ah!" he said, struggling in vain with carnal laughter.

"And there lies the personality. It is vanity, I know"—she hesitated—"but the attraction of that man's work is, for me, overwhelming. Chaotic thoughts which I have never been able to formulate find shape only in him. He has been the one tremendous influence of my life. I see nature as he sees it; I understand humanity as he understands it."

"So much the worse for you," he cried,

aghast at this responsibility. "Cortelyou's books are not meant for women; they had better let him alone. Read something more cheerful, less intense. Life is not all made up of——"

"The usual hackneyed criticisms. Everybody knows them by heart!" she interrupted.

"Then, by Jove! there must be something in them!" exclaimed Cortelyou, wrathfully.

"How you hate him! What has he done?"

"He has spoiled my half hour. See," he held out his watch, "there is hardly anything left of it."

"And I had meant to air all my heterodoxies at once!" she cried, regretfully. "I suppose you have never known what it was to feel an overwhelming impulse of that kind?" She turned toward him, appealingly, and his face brightened again with boyish amusement.

"That is a craving I have frequently gratified, only it required a somewhat more extended opportunity. Do you think you could have got all your heterodoxies into thirty minutes?"

"Yes," she answered, gravely, after a moment's silent computation. "Yes, I think I could. There are a good many of them, but they have been compressed so long, and so—hard, that they occupy very little space."

"It has not been easy, then?"

She shook her head, a gesture that, while it answered him, denied further confidence; but he would not be deterred.

"And where is this uncompromising home of orthodoxy to be found?"

"You were to ask no questions," she said, "but even if I were to answer you it would do you no good. I am never going back to that place again! Never, thank God!"

He was startled at this sudden flaming up of something fierce and resentful; in spite of all her gentle helplessness she seemed like one of those small, wild creatures whom no petting can tame. He felt that she should not be left to her own guidance. He wanted to think, to arrange some plan of action—and the half hour was ending!

A servant in the club livery had entered some minutes before, and after draw-

ing the portières with a great rattling of rings, had begun to wander about the gallery, picking up stray catalogues, and regarding the few lingering picture-lovers in evident embarrassment.

"He wants us to go," she said, catching sight of the man's puzzled face. "See, he is really turning us out."

The man had stepped to the portière, and was holding it suggestively aside. As if panic-stricken, the groups of loiterers crowded toward the doorway, and she moved to join them.

"Let them pass," said Cortelyou, feeling savagely impatient, as he racked his brain for some pretext to detain her.

"And so you go West to-morrow?"

"To Colorado," she answered.

"What possible attraction can that hideous flat country hold forth?" began Cortelyou; but she interrupted him.

"You have forgotten the mountains, far, blue, transparent, rising up, up from the level earth—mountains that are mountains, not bristling hillocks of scraggy pine; mountains that take your breath away. Ah, it is my heaven, my dream, to go back there!"

"Your heaven? Your dream?"

"Yes, to travel, evening after evening, straight into the sunset; to see the yellow, arching skies, and the wide purple reaches of prairie. To lie upon the ground listening to the grasses whisper for miles around me, and to breathe the suave, soft, heavy, inland air; then at night to see the stars—all the stars at once! Ah, my wide, beautiful, generous West! To think that I had forgotten you!"

"Do people forget their heavens and their dreams so lightly?"

"They do if they are wise," she said, with one of her incongruous lapses into cynicism. "I was going to Europe through mere force of habit; my passage is engaged on the Viga."

"Is?" said Cortelyou, eagerly.

"I wrote to give it up this morning, but I have not mailed the letter."

"You can't give your passage up at this late date; the ship sails Wednesday."

"And I start for Colorado in the morning."

"But this is absurd!" exclaimed Cortelyou, unaccountably annoyed.

"That is its highest charm!" she said,

gently; and, with a little gesture of farewell, she joined the last group of people who were crowding the ante-room.

Something attracted the attention of the servant, and he dropped the curtain. Cortelyou stood a moment alone in the gallery, staring at the brown plush barrier in front of him; then twisting it into a whirl, he followed, and was furiously pushing his way toward the outer door when the only man he knew in that whole city detained him. It was but a moment, but when he escaped he found that she was gone!

He was very angry. "It matters nothing to her, of course, whether she ever sees or hears of me again, but common courtesy should have prompted her at least to make an effort to mask her indifference."

And, grumbling at everything he saw, he took his way to a picture dealer's, where he had heard that there were some casts tinted in imitation of the antique.

Seating himself in disdainful criticism before a shrimp-colored Hermes with horse-chestnut eyes, and a jaundiced Aphrodite with gilded hair, he continued his reflections. "On the whole," he told himself, "it ended very artistically, just in time, and I should be almost sorry to see her again. In fact, I would rather avoid another meeting; it might spoil the—the—" his thoughts broke off abruptly, and he turned his head toward a screen behind him. A gentle, familiar voice was laying down the law to Coriani, the picture-dealer. "And when you have done this, send the casts to The Priory—Clifton," it concluded.

Cortelyou held his breath lest he should miss a word. He had never been in Clifton, but he knew the Priory. His daughter had been there at school for three years.

"And have you severed your connection with the Seminary?" added Coriani.

"Quite," she answered; "I shall probably never go back to Clifton again."

The screen stood at the head of the stairs. Cortelyou sprang to his feet and hurried around it, but when he reached the landing on the other side Coriani and his customer had already descended, and were lost to view in the crowded show-room below. The next instant he caught sight of the bowing Coriani closing the outer door. She had left the shop.

He went down the steps with a whirr

like a drumming partridge, and, leaving a foaming wake of wrath behind him, cleaved his way to the open air. She had crossed the sidewalk, and was trying to mail some letters in the high box, when the banging of the shop-door caused her to turn her head. Seeing Cortelyou, she started, and half a dozen large, square envelopes were scattered over the paving. Without speaking, he stooped to pick them up, drawing a curious, quick breath of amazement as the strongly individual character of the writing on the backs met his eye—it was more than familiar, it was unmistakable—a clew! In fact, all the letters he had ever received from Mademoiselle Martin of the Priory, in regard to his daughter's studies, had been written in this hand.

He turned toward her impulsively, only to remember that he had agreed to ask no questions. Mademoiselle Martin herself had given him to understand that she was an old woman. Who then was this? Her amanuensis? And—one of the letters was addressed to the agency of the Viga!

"It was impossible to avoid seeing this," he said, holding it out to her, after he had put the others in the box. "The writing is as large as a sign-board."

"But why do you not mail it?"

"Because—I am sailing on the Viga myself."

A dark, red flush mounted to her forehead. She took the letter from his hand, and stood undecided, turning it over and over.

"Will you not keep it until morning?" he asked, trying to appear indifferent.

"That will be too late."

"You can telegraph."

She shook her head.

"Keep it an hour, then, only one hour," he entreated.

"But what is to be gained by that?"

"Oh, time!" cried Cortelyou, desperately. "Time, unlimited by certainty. Let us go to the exhibition at the Academy; there is a portrait there you might like to see."

"You mean De Graf's picture of Cortelyou? Coriani said it was the only thing they had worth looking at."

"We will take Cortelyou last."

"I shall take him first," she said, resentfully.

"First and last! I will present him to

you!" he cried, joyously. "Only take him, and let me come as witness to the deed of gift."

They had begun to walk slowly toward the great public building that blocked the street, and as they passed into the court she put the letter into her pocket. "Are you willing to agree never to say or write anything more against him?" she asked, abruptly.

"I will devote my life to his fame!"

Her heavy eyebrows drew together in a slight, distracted frown. "This is too absurd!" she murmured.

"That is its highest charm."

"But going to Colorado is different," she protested, recognizing her own words. "That is merely unconventional; this is improper."

"I beg your pardon. It is nothing of the kind."

"Ah, well, it may not be! Perhaps I am not a competent judge. Still, I hope that no account of my present escapade will reach the ears of any of my former parents—Mr. Cortelyou, for example."

"And which of your parents was Mr. Cortelyou!"

"He was a father, and a very bad one, too; we had his daughter in our school."

"In what respect, pray, was he a bad father?" said Cortelyou, suddenly acquiring a very stiff, military bearing.

"Oh, in every respect," she said, briefly; "that is another of the things that endeared him to all of us. We had Evelyn three years, and he never gave us any advice. Ah, it is not possible that there is going to be a shower!"

They had reached the other side of the court, where, softened and beautified by a thin veil of descending rain, a long perspective of little red shops, diversified by an occasional tower or church spire, rose before them framed in the archway of the outer door. Already the broad, dusty terrace at the front of the building was stippled in fine spray, and the plump, bronze backs of the little equestrian heroes at the corners were beginning to glisten with moisture. She shook her head at it despairingly and drew back within the shelter of the arch.

"The Academy is barely five minutes' walk from here," said Cortelyou, "and you have an umbrella."

"It is new ; and so is my hat. You do not know the misery of having to choose between your umbrella and your hat."

"It is a warning to the extravagant," he said, solemnly ; "what are you going to do ?"

"I shall be compelled to take a cab. A hansom," she added, as one of those vehicles caught her eye, "seems to me more proper than a coupé ; besides, I have always wanted to try a hansom ;" and signalling the driver she ran across the flagged pavement.

Fuming and completely at a loss, Cortelyou followed. "Where shall I tell him to go ?"

"To the Academy, of course. Are you not coming, also ?"

He climbed in after her and shut the door. An irrepressible smile came over his face as they rattled away ; she looked at him inquiringly.

"I am trying to place myself in the attitude of a parent," he said, by way of excuse.

"Don't do it ; it is a very disagreeable attitude."

"But I shall try to emulate Cortelyou and not Mademoiselle Martin's good, conscientious parents, the kind who always give advice."

The smile left her face and she grew quite pale. "This is unfair," she said. "How long have you known me ? You agreed to ask no questions, make no surmises."

"I have not broken my agreement," protested Cortelyou, "and further than the fact that you have severed your connection with the Priory I know nothing, not even your name."

"You do not know my name ?"

"How should I find it out ?" he cried, impatiently. "All I know was gathered in a second while you were talking to Coriani in the picture-gallery. I was on the other side of the screen—anyone might have heard you. I could not avoid doing so."

"I think I must ask you to stop the cab," she said.

"But that is unreasonable ! Come, let us talk of something else. Tell me about Mademoiselle Martin. What kind of an old lady is she ? I have always wanted to know."

"Mademoiselle ?" she said, hesitatingly. "I—I—am hardly in a position to speak very freely of Mademoiselle. May I ask what you have heard of her yourself ?"

Cortelyou's conscience abruptly reminded him of the semi-deception he was practising in not confessing his recognition of the writing he had seen upon the backs of the envelopes, but that involved the telling of his own name, and he was reluctant as yet to face the consequences of a frank avowal. "I know very little of her beyond the accounts of some of her pupils," he said, after a pause. "She seemed to inspire a sort of adoring terror ; there must have been something essentially conventional about her, too—those girls had such a morbid dread of small transgressions in matters of etiquette."

"I beg your pardon," she said, sharply ; "it never struck me in that light !"

Cortelyou smiled the smile of superior insight. "That is because you have been so long subject to the same influence," he said ; "it is impossible not to perceive in you, almost at a glance, the stamp of an individuality stronger and much more fixed than your own."

"You find it ?" she said, courteously.

"And it is curious, too," he continued, beguiled by the extreme interest of her tone, "to note in you the sense of chafing and revolt that has been produced through grafting upon an unusually gentle and unsuspecting nature the pessimistic cynicisms of a hard, witty, worldly, calculating, money-making old Frenchwoman."

"But this is atrocious !" she cried, suddenly. "I forbid you to speak of her in such a manner !"

For the first time Cortelyou became aware of a slight foreign accent in her speech. "I beg your pardon," he said, impulsively. "It never occurred to me that she might be a relative."

She looked at him disdainfully as if about to speak, and then resolutely closed her mouth.

Cortelyou glanced at the rich, beautiful red which had risen to her cheek, the soft, dark waves of her heavy brown hair, and the unmarked youthful contour of her face. "She is about twenty-four," he said to himself ; but at that instant she turned away, and he noted here and there a scattered

thread of white winding through the thick coil that covered the back of her head. It gave him a sinking of the heart to see it, and yet: "What does it matter?" he thought, as with an abrupt change of manner she faced him again, laughing a little at her own petulance.

"What does it matter?" she said, curiously echoing the words of his thought while she contradicted the sentiment—"whether you understand her or not; she goes West to-morrow with me, and we shall never see you again. What!" as the driver drew up at the Academy, "are we here already?"

Before she could remonstrate Cortelyou had ordered the man to drive around the block and return. "Why should you go West to-morrow?" he asked, leaning forward to see her eyes. "What possible attraction can it have for you?"

"But I was born there! My father and mother were French—they came to this country forty years ago."

"Did Mademoiselle Martin come with them?"

"N-no; she came three or four years later."

"Is she your aunt, then?"

"Oh, a much nearer relation than that!" she answered, laughing.

"Your sister—or perhaps your half-sister?"

"Ah, yes—my half-sister."

"And it is on her account that you have changed your plans?"

"Entirely on her account."

Cortelyou frowned. "It strikes me —"

"Not another word against her!" she interposed. "I owe to her everything I have in the world."

"Except freedom, apparently."

"Including freedom—that is the largest item of my debt."

"Ah, then," said Cortelyou, joyously, "why could you not ask her to reconsider the plan of going West?"

"Because she prefers Colorado to Europe, which is an old story for both of us."

Cortelyou seemed to be thinking.

"Are you happy with her?" he asked at last, abruptly.

"Oh," she answered, with a burst of inconsistent merriment. "I am not happy with her at all, but there are certain ties

which one does not lightly sever—even though they chafe."

"I shall come and see her to-morrow, and try to persuade her myself."

She smiled incredulously.

"You think that I do not know where she is? I saw her address in the paper this morning among the arrivals at the Fenton. I shall certainly come."

"You must not think of such a thing!" she exclaimed, beginning to look frightened and annoyed.

"There is no cause for alarm. You will find that she knows all about me."

"She knows no more about you than I do myself."

"If she only knew as much!" he breathed, softly.

She was looking anxiously forward into the rain and did not hear. "I shall leave you at the Academy," she said, "and be driven directly home."

"And Cortelyou!"

"Who is Cortelyou?" she said, per-
versely.

"Apparently not the same man he was an hour ago!" he responded, bitterly.

"How unreasonable of you to be annoyed when you know you do not like him."

Cortelyou leaned back in his corner of the hansom, and folded his arms; two or three minutes passed in silence.

"Are we never going to get to the Academy?" she cried, her voice tense with alarm.

"We are there," said Cortelyou, "but you must come in and see that picture; you owe it to me and to yourself."

"I cannot perceive the obligation."

"I want to prove to you that the confidence you have shown in your own judgment has not been misplaced."

"What has the picture to do with it?"

"Everything!" Throwing open the doors, he sprang out, and, taking the hand he offered, she stepped down. It was raining hard.

"Wait here," she said to the driver. "I shall be out in a minute."

Cortelyou followed her into the building, and made his way behind her up the stairs where a crowd of young people were seated, listening to a small orchestra on the upper landing. They moved grudgingly to let her

pass, and then glanced at her escort with startled eyes.

"Ask someone where it is," she said, as they stopped on the landing.

"I know," he answered.

Surprised at the number of heads that were turned as they passed, she walked with him down the long rooms until they came to the end. A picture hung on a wall by itself; he led her toward it, and stepped aside.

From the canvas, he was looking at her still; the same blue eyes with intensely black lashes; the same short, fair, slightly curling hair; the same worn, half-scoffing, penetrating face; and, above all, the same intangible quality which had at first attracted her—the immortal youthfulness of genius.

"Does it look like a parent?" he asked; "a bad parent?"

She did not answer for some time, and when at last she turned to him her eyes were full of tears.

"Do you not think I might venture to come and see Mademoiselle Martin after all our correspondence last winter?"

"You recognized my writing?" she whispered.

"How could I help it?"

"Then you *have* known me, all along?"

"I knew nothing but what you have chosen to tell. Of course when you dropped the letters I inferred that you probably had acted as Mademoiselle Martin's amanuensis, but that you should turn out to be her half-sister was a great surprise, especially as Evelyn never mentioned you. You knew my daughter?"

"Evelyn?" she said. "Ah, you are going to Evelyn? Do you know how much she needs you?"

"It is not imagination then," said Cortelyou; "she is really unhappy?"

"So unhappy that I had meant to go to her myself. I can start for Colorado now with a mind much more at ease."

"But you are not going to Colorado! You cannot go!" He was speaking almost passionately, while she with terrified eyes was watching the people about them, who drew a little to one side as they passed and stared after them curiously.

"Oh, pray be careful!" she implored; "we are attracting attention."

"Impossible! There is nothing unusual about us."

"But there is—something very unusual about us."

"What?" looking her over incredulously.

"But you!" she cried, impatiently. "Don't you know that you are horribly conspicuous? Are you entirely unaware of your own fame?"

"Bah!" said Cortelyou. Still she hurried on to the top of the crowded stairway, where all the upturned eyes, once so resentful, took on an expression of friendly admiration, and a narrow path opened willingly before them. Half way down Cortelyou trod on something and very nearly fell headlong.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he said, recovering himself, and, picking up a small silver bonbonnière, crushed shapeless, he looked ruefully for the owner. The little school-girl of the St. Bardolph Club was gazing up at him with adoring eyes, her beautiful, enthusiastic face full of emotion.

"It is mine," she said, taking the flattened object reverently from his hand. "Oh, thank you. I shall always keep it."

Cortelyou flushed, laughed, and went on again with a little cough. She reminded him of Evelyn.

But as they came to the outer door his mind flew to other things. "Say that you will not go West," he implored.

"I cannot promise."

"You can promise to wait a day."

She seated herself in the hansom and closed the door. He stood with his hat off in the rain that was falling like little strings of diamonds, under the light of an electric lamp overhead. He could see the soft lustre of her eyes in the shadow.

"May I come to-morrow?" he said, softly.

"Yes," she whispered.

The cab rattled off, and for a few moments she remained leaning back in gentle, unreasoning content, seeing before her a long procession of happy days, and then, suddenly aware of the fierce pain of her burning cheeks, she covered them with her hands.

"Shall you never grow old?" she upbraided herself. "What will he think?"

But her doubts were short-lived.

"A middle-aged woman," she reasoned, "meets, quite by accident, a middle-aged man. They see a few pictures,

they make a few remarks—where is the harm? The harm," she murmured half aloud, "lies in the fact that their middle-aged observations were, unfortunately, not made in a wholly middle-aged manner."

Suddenly and wilfully she laughed. "Why should I always insist on spoiling things?" she asked herself, and, taking down her hands, she leaned forward to watch the passing reflections on the wet, smooth surface of the asphalt. "And why," she added, after a moment, "should I not be happy—at least for awhile—by way of change?"

On either side of the way great globes of white light hung out over the street, converging far off in a long line of tiny lanterns like pearls on a string; the swimming pavement below was bright with broad bars of alternate silver and gold, where people and vehicles came and went in strong black silhouette, reminding her of boats on a ripple of moonshine.

"In this place," she sighed, "one remembers that it is good to live. I had almost forgotten that such a view were possible."

The cabman turned with a whirl into a side street and drew up before the Fenton, a large house on the next corner. Without removing her hat she went directly to the dining-room, and, discouraging the overtures of chance acquaintance, she ate her dinner in silence and went upstairs.

Her room was still unlighted, but the electric lamp on the opposite corner of the street shadowed the patterned leaves of the lace curtains in the flickering squares of white upon the walls and floor, and the common surroundings took on an unfamiliar refinement that was almost beauty. She came in, and, closing the door behind her, drew a deep breath. A draught of warm, scented air was blowing through an open sash at the far end of the room. She went, and, leaning her arm on the window-sill, looked down upon the tumbled masses of Virginia creeper that covered the trellised roof of the porch beneath. Soft droppings and whisperings came up from the little trees and shrubs in the garden at the back of the house, and, mingled with the faint autumnal odor of dead leaves, the sweet, heavy perfume greeted her afresh.

What was it? It moved her strangely; she could feel her heart beat against her folded arms, slowly and heavily, like the surges after a storm.

And why not sail on the Viga? She had lived long enough like a nun. That school had been a cloister, a veritable cloister even in the midst of the world! Men always talked to her in the respectful, tolerant tones reserved for the mothers of large and absorbing families. "Ah, how weary, how weary I am of everything I ever did!" she sighed. "It must have been that I had no vocation, decidedly, no vocation. Now, this afternoon——"

A quick patter of rain passed over the leaves on the trellis, and the sleepy perfume from the garden mounted heavier than before.

There was jasmine in it—jasmine and heliotrope!

Once, years ago——

"Ah, no! that wound is closed!" But even as she spoke memories, like drops of scalding blood, fell hot upon her spirit.

Then, Life was beautiful, with youth and summer, and a marvellous Southern night. Now—"Ah, well knew the ancients!" she cried; "their Love remained forever young. At thirty-six he becomes a repulsive anachronism, and increasing age means but augmented pain. I dare not risk it!"

For awhile she remained looking up at the pale violet reflections on the soft, woolly clouds overhead. The under sides of the telegraph wires shone like strings of silver, and high on the topmost twig of a poplar-tree a diamond shivered before it fell. An electric-car passed thundering down the cobbled street, dragging a broad wake of gleaming scales in green and red and gold behind it, and into the silence that followed, dropping with the rain, came a few notes upon the piano. She shivered slightly.

"That hurts," she murmured. "He plays it too well." But the musician went on inexorably, and she hid her face in her hands to listen while the rain blew unheeded in beads of dew upon her smoothly waving hair.

At last she closed the window, and, lighting the gas, seated herself at a desk and took up a pen; but instead of writing letters she began to trace idly upon the paper,

while her thoughts, following an intricate series of figures of eight, wound tortuously back to the gallery of the Art Club. Lying near her was the book which she had carried throughout the afternoon, and by a natural sequence of ideas she made a motion as if to pick it up, but, hastily withdrawing her hand, she glanced about like a guilty child, and in involuntary confusion rose from her chair.

Turning toward a dressing-table, she made a pretence of arranging some small articles in front of the mirror, until, looking up, she caught sight of her own face.

"Ah, fool!" she said, "is it you again? Will you always be afraid?" and, going back to the desk, she took up the book and began to read, resting at first in a temporary and provisional attitude on the arm of her chair. Gradually, however, as she turned the pages she let herself sink to the seat, for each sentence now breathed a personal memory of the man who had written it. She understood Cortelyou as never before; the recollection of his tones and expression lent clearness to her insight, and the charm of his compelling genius held her late into the night. At last she allowed the book to fall into her lap and sat there dreaming.

"A wonderful man," she whispered, "famous, fêted, set apart! What senseless vanity prompts me to fancy——" She stopped at the thought of Cortelyou's voice as he bent to see her eyes in the shadow of the hansom, "*May I come to-morrow?*" and her heart beat heavily in dull, tumultuous response.

"I am going," she said; "for Love is eternally young—the Ancients knew better than I guessed, and thirty-six years in my case is a mere jest of time."

It was late when she finished her preparation for the voyage, and once in bed she slept heavily until wakened by the rolling of carts and cars in the early morning. The sky in the east was gray and the garden was dim with mist, but she began to dress hurriedly in order to be ready to explain her change of plan to the expressman.

"I shall tell him to come again at twelve," she said to herself, standing in front of the mirror and unbraiding her hair. The process of arranging it was a tedious one, for her hair was very long,

and as she slowly passed the comb to and fro she stepped absently to the window. Through a gap between the houses she caught a glimpse of the eastern sky, already touched with rose. "The sun will soon be up," she murmured, nervously quickening her motions; "it is after six o'clock! I must hurry!" Suddenly the strand of hair she was holding twisted, and the comb drew through it with a painful jerk; involuntarily she stopped to see how much she had pulled out—one curling thread of silver reached from the level of her hand nearly to the floor.

"A white hair!" she said aloud, and her voice held a little thrill of consternation. "A white hair!"

Forgetful of the need for haste, she stood, looking at it; while on her face a cynical expression, worthy of Cortelyou's "witty, worldly, calculating, old Frenchwoman," perceptibly deepened.

Then, smiling, she took a pair of scissors and cut a fragment of brown velvet from the ribbons which ornamented the dress she had worn the day before, and, allowing her hair to curl down upon it in a large ring, she fastened one end with a stitch of thread. Putting this into an envelope she sealed it carefully and directed it to Cortelyou. "He will understand," she said; "we are of a piece! More's the pity!"

But this done, she finished dressing in the wildest haste, and summoned a maid to aid in repacking for the journey West. The expressman, in spite of his being late, was called upon to assist in closing the gaping trunks.

"There's a hansom outside, ma'am," he panted, red and breathing with exertion; "you'd better let me call it, for you've just missed a trolley, and you'll never get down there in the world if you wait for the next."

"A hansom!" she cried—"Will you drive me mad with your hansoms? I am going down on the wagon with the trunks, and we must make the train. It is a case of life and death!"

Spurred by this announcement, the man drove through the city at a desperate pace, and she made her train in a dash, with various of her belongings clasped to her heart.

For awhile she was too much shaken

and unnerved to think, but in time the steady grind of the wheels seemed to sooth her.

She was bound at last for the yellow West, the clear, broad skies, the wilderness of stars, her heaven, and the fulfilment of her dream! She had turned her back upon Europe, and upon that sea whereon only those eternally young might venture to set sail. Behind her and her gray hairs the sunrise lay forever.

"Oh, the joy of getting old!" she murmured, clasping her hands. "The freedom, the clear sight, the unclouded judgment of an age that knows no per-adventure! Give me the cycle of Cathay! The broad unconventionality, the unfettered mind, the impersonal dreams, and self-possession free from intrusion!"

Then, turning her head discreetly from view, she cried, as she looked out of the window, and the unconventionality of Cathay gave place to personal memories of Cortelyou. "But I shall forget him," she assured herself. "I shall certainly forget him—if I can."

When the maid at the boarding-house gave the note which had been intrusted to her care to the gentleman who came that morning to inquire for Mademoiselle Martin, she was assisted in the performance of her duty by as many witnesses as could conveniently spare sufficient time from their daily occupations to wait for his appearing.

"And are they both gone?" asked Cortelyou incredulously.

"Both?" said the maid.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Martin and her sister."

"Mademoiselle has no sister."

"I mean the young lady with the dark eyes and hair; she wears a brown dress——"

"That is Mademoiselle herself," said the landlady.

Cortelyou stood frowning at her, hugging his dulness, loath to entertain the conclusions which were forcing themselves upon him.

"Mademoiselle Martin was the owner of the great school at Clifton," explained the landlady, speaking slowly and very loudly, as some people do to a foreigner or deaf-mute. "And although she looks

younger, she is at least thirty-five years of age. There is no mistake, because she always stays here when she comes to the city, and I have—known—her—for—years!"

Stunned by the ponderous volume of the last words, Cortelyou looked appealingly at the maid.

"Mademoiselle told me to tell you that the note would explain," said the girl, sympathetically—"and she wanted me to ask, sir, if you wouldn't be so kind as to send the telegram she was speaking of yesterday."

To the infinite disappointment of every one Cortelyou left the house without opening his letter, and in the interested discussion that arose as the door closed behind him no one thought to peep through the curtains; so he stood on the steps unobserved and tore open the envelope.

The wind was blowing the leaves from a row of poplar-trees on the opposite side of the street, and, as he unfolded the little strip of velvet which was apparently the only enclosure, it caught deftly at the long thread of white hair and spun it out like a filament of spiders' web. Cortelyou's eyes followed its enormous length in stupid astonishment.

"The note would explain," he murmured. "A—ah, a white hair!"

It was a moment of enlightenment and of loss; for the wind, swooping down with a whirl of leaves, caught the curl from its insecure fastening, and in an instant it was gone beyond recovery.

For two whole days Cortelyou was very angry, and, being a good sailor, his indignation even carried over the first twenty-four hours on the Viga; but toward the end of the second evening of the voyage, as he leaned over the railing musing and thinking of many things, he found, to his dismay, that his rage was abating.

"Ah, well," he sighed, at last, "after all I am not so much disappointed as I would like to be!"

Beyond the vast gray hillocks of sad, tossing waters a strip of yellow sky broke through the bank of clouds that obscured the sunset.

Cortelyou threw his cigar far into the waves, and, standing upright, bared his head.

"Oh," he said, softly, "that beautiful, generous, unattainable West!"

FIRE WITH FIRE

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

THERE are creeping flames in the near-by grass,
There are leaping flames afar,
And the wind's black breath
Is hot with death—
The worst of the deaths that are.

And north is fire, and south is fire,
And east and west the same—
The sunlight chokes—
The whole earth smokes—
The only light is flame !

But what do I care for the girdle of death,
With its wavering wall and spire?
I draw the ring
Where I am King
And fight the fire with fire !

My blaze is not as wide as the world,
Nor tall for the world to see—
But the flames I make
For life's sweet sake
Are between the fire and me !

That fire would burn in wantonness
All things that life must use—
Some things I lay
In the dragon's way,
And burn because I choose.

The sky is black, the air is red,
The earth is a flaming sea—
But I'm shielded well
In the seething hell
By the fire that comes from me.

There is nothing on earth a man need fear,
Nothing so dark or dire,
Though the world is wide
You have more inside—
You can fight the fire with fire !

THE UNQUIET SEX

FOURTH PAPER—THE CASE OF MARIA

By Helen Watterson Moody

I



Y friend Mrs. Talbot recently became the proud and happy mistress of a most perfect maid. She was trim, respectful, not too pretty, quiet, and exquisite in the performance of all her duties. For weeks Mrs. Talbot's drawing-room had an air of radiant cleanliness; the brasses shone like gold, no breath nor film of dust clouded the deep pools of color in the mahogany, while the subtle blending of respect and appreciation in Maria's table-service was such as to set the most timid guest at ease. As time went on there appeared no unpleasant train of social-minded friends, or relatives with alarming and recurrent diseases. Maria seldom went out, and took her mistress's interests on her shoulders in a capable and motherly way. The problem of living seemed solved at last; and Mrs. Talbot made whole the shattered remains of her faith in human nature and assumed the complacent air of one whose virtues have finally met their just reward. But Mr. Talbot was sceptical, and was heard openly to declare that the situation was quite beyond belief, and that he expected the entire Talbot family would be found strangled in their beds some fine morning. For four months this state of bliss endured. Meanwhile a certain joyous indifference to the sufferings of others, on the part of Mrs. Talbot, was a sad trial to her less fortunate friends. Then the blow fell.

For several evenings the sound of a banjo, not played by Marion Talbot's accomplished fingers, sounded up from the kitchen into the drawing-room. It was no light, pleasing tinkle, either, but the solid, deliberate, two-toned plunkings of an instrument with untuned strings swept by unaccustomed fingers. It was Maria.

Maria had bought a banjo and was practising o' nights; moreover, Maria was asking to go out once a week to take a lesson of a "professor." Mr. Talbot laughed and advised compromise, but Mrs. Talbot and Miss Talbot were firm. Banjo playing by the housemaid was not compatible with the dignity of the family. Maria's services were quite perfect, without including any knowledge of musical instruments. "I play the banjo myself," cried Miss Talbot, hotly, "and, besides, how ridiculous we should become in everybody's eyes if we were continually kept explaining to our friends that we had a superior kind of housemaid whom we allowed to play the banjo in the evening!"

Mrs. Talbot interviewed Maria; then wept the tears of one who feels herself to be indeed the plaything of fate, for it was *aut banjo, aut nullus* with Maria. By much saving and self-denial (she supported a mother and two sisters out of her wages) she had at last accomplished the dearest hope of her life, and was in no mind to be thwarted now. So Maria went, dangling the banjo-case respectfully but firmly. And the Talbots became as the rest of us once more.

It is only women who are capable of upholding principles by such heroic sacrifices as these. I suspect, too, it is only women who are able to discern the existence of a principle inimical to society in such a situation; for while Mrs. Talbot and Marion were unanimous and unequivocal in their resentment, Mr. Talbot was openly perplexed, and betrayed secret sympathies with Maria. He seemed to catch an occasional sniff of a principle somewhere, latent but violated, and it made him uneasy. "There is something wrong," he declared, "when a girl, simply because she engages to do certain duties in a house, is not allowed the gratification of her single impulse toward

an elevation of mind or taste. I should like to see myself setting up a rule to prevent my men playing the banjo after mill hours—or the jews-harp, either." "Then," asked Mrs. Talbot, loftily, "do I understand that you would accept the organization of a brass band among our domestics, for evening rehearsals in the kitchen?" Men are notoriously averse to the *argumentum ad hominem*, therefore the controversy languished at once. It was a great pity, because undoubtedly Mr. Talbot's intellect, progressing toward the next step of the proposition, would have hit upon what seems to me the kernel of the whole difficulty in this seemingly hopeless, inextricable, delicately complicated problem—the labor question in our kitchen.

For that is what it really is, call it what you will—"the housekeeping problem," "domestic service," or "the servant question." It is no special and peculiar problem which attends naturally upon the existence of a home, as fungi spring up in a favorable soil. It is an integral part of that great labor question which is going to remain with us, "until we have shaken off the dead hand of feudalism which still presses with crushing weight upon the people through almost all the forms and institutions of the present day society. And it is more hopeless and distressing at the present day than any other form of the labor problem, because it conforms least to the natural laws which are allowed to regulate, more or less freely, labor outside the home.

II

I HAVE no mind to harrow up the minds of my readers with any explication of the miseries and mysteries that confront the average housekeeper in the daily maintenance of a simple but comfortable existence for her family; as for herself, an existence at all seems a struggle which at times she would gladly give over. One might define a heroine as the average American woman who does her own housekeeping. But some hint of the unnatural and unhappy state of affairs existing at present may be deduced from the consideration of two economic

facts. First, woman is, by nature, a home-founder and a home-maker. This is not intended as an assertion of personal belief, but as a statement of scientific fact. It was woman—not man—who opened the industrial world; it was woman who made the first rude dwellings, and dressed skins, and wove textiles for clothing. It was woman, and not man, who made the first fire, and the first utensils for cooking, and the first rude tools for industrial ends. All her activities clustered about the hearth and ministered to the home. If the woman and the work had not reacted upon each other so that, to-day, women should be by nature home-makers and home-lovers, there are still depths for the scientists to sound in the working of heredity and of natural selection. And yet—here is my second fact—the enormous piles of stone and brick rapidly filling the choice plots of ground in our large cities and shutting out the light of heaven with their gabled tops, are mute if not magnificent witnesses to the fact that the investment of capital is all against the perpetuation of the separate home. The shrewd modern investor is willing to put hundreds of thousands against hundreds of dollars that (for his lifetime at least) women are going to prefer the ease of the apartment hotel to the separate house with its privacy, its own table, and—alas—its own service.

I do not believe that this new economic recognition of a serious change in certain social conditions means that the constitution or the tastes of women have undergone any radical change, but only that the matter of founding a home has become so difficult and so complex that strength and courage fail before it. So, many a woman, hiding her defeat under a brave front of preference, sells her house, stores her defeated household gods, and retreats into the hired splendors of the apartment hotel. Then the newspapers and reviews have long articles written, proving that the increase of wealth and the modern love of luxury and display are doing away with all disposition toward that simple domestic life which was the intent of the founders of the republic, and which must ever be the bulwark of democracy.

Despite the popular theory which orig-

inates the housekeeping problem in the confusions and perplexities of the present social condition, the truth is that the labor problem in the home is older than this generation, older than this country, and is, in fact, exactly as old as human nature itself. There is a great deal of very comforting reading for housekeepers in Mrs. Earle's "Colonial Dames and Goodwives," where good Christopher Marshal, a well-to-do Quaker of Philadelphia, has kindly preserved for us some record of his wife's afflictions with "the girl Poll" and one Antony, a "character worthy of Shakespeare's comedies." A generation later Mrs. Trollope found other delicious episodes to record, when she turned her keen English eyes on "the great experiment" in this country, with Charlotte and Nancy as its special exponents. Nor does the present situation in England appear to be any less desperate than our own, if one may judge from the way in which the English mistresses are rushing into hysterical print in the "ladies' newspapers" to discuss these "tyrants." Says one writer: "They invade our drawing-rooms and boudoirs, and as surely as two or three women are gathered together, so surely will domestic service be one of the inevitable topics of conversation. As to taking up a newspaper or a magazine without meeting that domestic old woman of the sea—it is a sheer impossibility."

The problem, you see, is not peculiar to the complexity of modern living, nor even to a country where political institutions of theoretical equality are based on a state of most glaring social inequality. It is to be found wherever the relations of domestic service are established, and it has been, and is, universally a problem, because its conditions cross-cut the first instincts of that perdurable human nature, which is in us now as it was in the beginning, and ever shall be, world without end. The relation is fundamentally wrong, and where principles are wrong, details can never be adjusted.

The confusion begins when Maria and her mistress meet in that wonderful arena of ignorance and misunderstanding—the intelligence office.

The mistress does all the talking.

I am aware that certain dogged writ-

ers of humor are in the habit of making this appear quite otherwise, but my own observations bear out my statement. Maria usually manages to stipulate for her "every other Sunday" and her "every other Thursday," but for the rest, she gives herself unquestioning, unbargaining, into the employ of an unknown mistress, who seldom informs her definitely just what is expected of her, and who coldly repels any attempt on Maria's part to find out for herself. Yet I have never been able to understand why, in a contract supposed to be of equal interest, all the right to self-satisfaction should be on one side. I see no reason why Maria should not ask questions of Mrs. Talbot, as well as Mrs. Talbot of Maria. Nor have my own experiences led me to believe that in such an encounter, Maria is not as likely to behave herself with propriety and respect as Maria's employer, and so far from decrying the disposition on the part of a servant to ascertain somewhat definitely beforehand just what is expected of her, I regard it as quite worthy of respect and attention. "Do you allow servants to ask you questions in an intelligence office?"—some Mrs. Talbot is going to spear me with this question.

Dear Madam, I urge them to do so, and I find that my self-respect is not half as much involved in the consequent catechising as my sense of humor. Linda Olsen once asked me if I was an "easy mad lady," with a disarming dimple in either pink cheek. But what would you? I had just asked her if she had a "beau"—the single word which I have discovered covers all tender relations, in good Swede-English.

"But you *had* to know about that," says Mrs. Talbot, "if you were going to take her into your home." Indeed I did. I trust that nothing but the severest necessity could have induced me to such an unwarranted impertinence. But I am sorry I had to.

Now, supposing Mrs. Talbot to have satisfied herself fairly that Maria is a possibility—a wise woman never affirms more to herself—and Maria to have entered upon her new labors. Mrs. Talbot is kindly, and Maria has privileges which are intended to make her very grateful;

but the truth is that Maria has no liberty. She wears the clothes her mistress prescribes ; she sees her friends when and where her mistress allows ; she eats, sleeps, and moves always under direction. And she does this for twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four ! She may not always be under orders, but she is always under authority. Just here is the difference between organized labor outside the home and unorganized labor within it. In the former are provided such conditions and terminations of his labor as give the man some chance to emerge from the worker. The poorest puddler in the mill may have his own hours, his home, his family, his associates, his pipe, his glass of beer. Maria has no hour in the day that she can count upon as being wholly, entirely, inevitably her own, beyond the sudden call of duty. She may not even have her banjo.

Now, I am not going to write myself down so incapable a housewife as to say that I should have decided differently from Mrs. Talbot in the momentous matter of the banjo. I, too, should have put ashes on my head and bade Maria go, if play she must ; but I think I should have had grace given to me to see, even in that bitter hour, that Maria was no transgressing culprit, but an equal martyr with myself, and that both of us were the victims of certain false economic conditions which brought it about that Maria's ideas as to the pursuit of happiness for herself, were incompatible with my ideas as to my pursuit of happiness for myself ; and that I, being in the position of advantage (economically, not ethically, you understand), had my way. The ethics of the situation were perfectly sound. For certainly the proposition is true, that no society, or class of society, can be founded on any permanent basis so long as any elevating aspiration is held to be reprehensible ; human progress has been entirely a matter of individual aspiration. Just as certainly is it true that if Maria chose to voice the yearning of her soul to higher things, in the plunking of the banjo (grotesque as that was, and no doubt a waste of time and money besides), her right to express herself in this way was as undoubted as the right of Mrs. Talbot to pierce the misty "Twilight of

the Gods," if her aspirations carried her so far. But, you see, the practical outcome of it all was that Maria's aspirations interfered with the comfort of the family. Therefore, Maria's relations to the family ceased. The flaw was economic, since all possible provision was made for the independence of the employer, and none whatever for the independence of the employee. Maria should have had some chance at her own idea of life and at the things that are more than life—that is, Maria should have a life and a chance to live it, outside the family home, where the comfort of a Talbot would in no way interfere with her aspirations.

III

NOT long ago there came into my hands, as the result of one of the popular "discussions" in the daily newspapers, over one thousand letters from working women all over the country. The question asked was, "Is the shop or factory preferable to domestic service, and why?" The answers, like the question, may have been somewhat ungrammatical, but they were interesting and most significant. Two-thirds of the writers advocated the desirability of factory or shop work, and the reasons given therefor were summed up as follows :

Working hours are fixed in factory and shop work, and extra work is paid for.

The worker is in the way of advancement, if capable.

She receives orders from one person.

Outside her working hours, the worker's life is no concern of her employers. She has entire liberty to see her friends when and where she likes ; she can read, study, improve herself in any way she chooses ; she can go out when she likes and come in when she likes.

She does not lose caste through her employment.

All of which are intelligent, wholesome, human reasons, and altogether to the credit of the girls who gave them.

On the other hand, the house-workers set forth their advantages as follows :

Their work is more healthful than factory or shop work.

More money can be saved.

House-workers do not lose caste in the mind of any sensible person. (This somewhat hysterically.)

Given a good mistress, they have a better home, kinder treatment, and as many privileges as any other workers.

All of which is undoubtedly true, but the last statement begs the entire question. The rights and privileges of any class of workers ought not to be a matter of entire complaisance on one side, and of dependence on the other, and domestic service should be no exception. The fact that it is an exception is, I believe, what is keeping the most intelligent class of girls out of our homes, thus constantly levelling downward the competence and desirability of the servant class. I have read many papers on the domestic situation, written by many mistresses, and nearly all of them relegate the millennium of housekeeping to that dim but glorious future when we are all alike to discover the dignity of household labor, and the possibility of its wonderful elevation to a science and an art. But no labor is dignified unless the dignity of the worker be preserved, and no worker can retain his dignity whose individual liberty is entirely ignored. This, I think, is at base the reason why domestic servants lose caste—a fact which most mistresses are sturdy to deny, but which they may as well admit, since the domestics themselves accept it.

"I can't let him come and see me, Ma'am," said my Amelia, naively, in admitting the tender relation. "He don't know I am a living-out girl. He couldn't have me, if he did. His folks wouldn't let him." Human nature has wonderfully sly ways of getting at the truth of things, and the subtle sense of disapproval which lies at the bottom of the social loss in domestic service comes, I believe, from a subconscious but acute recognition of the fact that at present it demands a greater giving up of personal liberty than is consistent with personal dignity. No wonder the American girl who goes out to service is as nearly extinct as the buffalo! The American girl has the disadvantage of brains. She sees things clearly, directly, without reference to tradition or twaddle. She knows that domestic service, although the best paid, is the most undesirable

work she can undertake, because it brings with it none of the human rewards that are better than money. Not one of the considerations which impel girls to choose shop work, comes in to make her work dignified and in conformity with the laws of human nature. As things are now, if I were a working-girl, as I am an American, I would never go out to service; never, *never*, NEVER!

And neither would you, if you were to tell the honest truth.

In a most sincere and convincing paper, in an equally sincere and helpful little book by Ethel Davis, is a paragraph into which is compressed so much truth, historical and sociological, and so much practical good sense, that I want to transcribe it here.

"From the eighth to the fourteenth century men grappled with these same difficulties in the relations between the nobility and the trades, beginning the struggle a thousand years before women are ready to acknowledge that such difficulties have a right to exist. In the time of Charlemagne every noble of importance had within his personal control artisans of all trades needed to supply his daily wants. Each château was a miniature city, within the precincts of which dwelt armorers, carriage-builders, saddlers, spinners, carpenters, and other laborers. Many of the relations between these workers and the seigniors who protected, controlled, and supported them, in exchange for their services, were the same as between the household servants and their employers of to-day, and the desire for personal freedom and the opportunity to develop their individuality grew fierce and bitter on the part of the artisans. In those feudal surroundings the power of the nobility was strong, and the fight for freedom which was begun at that time lasted six hundred years. Through the clever use of the one liberty that these workmen possessed, that of choosing their own masters, and the organizing of guilds, they slowly won their personal independence in spite of the powerful resistance of the nobility. Besides the arguments of arms and oppression, they had to fight those we now hear advanced in favor of the condition of domestic service. They could have better homes, better protec-

tion, and the assistance of the class in power, if they remained in the château. They preferred hunger, oppression, and suffering with the freedom to struggle for a position that would secure to their children or their children's children the precious right to the 'pursuit of happiness.'"

Out of this, as we think of it, emerges this truth. We women have been wearying ourselves in the rush after a superficial knowledge of many things, and particularly of the subjects that have specially engaged the attention of men, in order that we might become their political peers and reform their political abuses. Yet in the management of the one kingdom that has been ours from the beginning, we are harking back to the Middle Ages and the institutions which modern society cast aside long ago. Like the king in the story, our queens want to "go out governing by the day or week," while the kingdom that has always been theirs, rests in its primitive state of anarchy and disorganization.

IV

ALL the more to be deplored is this condition of affairs, because we are never done talking about it. We have been fond of presenting ourselves (with that taste for martyrdom which most good women possess) as the helpless creatures of a condition already hopeless, and passing on into despair. Yet we have never given the situation the small amount of quiet thought necessary to discover that the solution of the problem lies, not in the endless adjustment and readjustment of personal and sentimental details, but is to be accomplished by the patient, careful study of that political economy and sociology with which we have been wrestling for the sake of outside reforms. It might appear to a profane observer of the situation, that, until women shall have given evidence of some small political sagacity, some desire for reform, and a very little capacity for organization in that department of the world's sociology with which the home is concerned, there is no glaring injustice in denying them a share in the government of the country.

It is not to be denied that the labor problem in the home is peculiarly difficult and complicated, since its conditions vary somewhat with the habits and requirements of each household; but that it is anything more than difficult—that it is unsolvable—I do not for a moment believe. The trouble is that each mistress insists upon looking at it as an aggregation of individual cases, amorphous and meaningless as a snow-bank, instead of understanding that were a few fundamental principles of economics applied, the entire situation would fall into structure and significance.

When I first began to think upon this subject, I found myself settling steadily toward two conclusions; first, that the existing antagonism between mistress and maid had its origin, not in natural ill-will nor in class antagonism, but in wrong economic conditions; second, that the fundamental economic wrong was in the housing of the employed with the employers—with the constant action and reaction of the one class upon the other. After ten years' thinking upon the subject, I still think so. The entire situation must be "hatched over and hatched different," after Mrs. Poyser's radical methods of reform. The housewife is distinctly in competition to-day with other employers of labor. Why not take a leaf out of our enemy's book and secure for our own employees the advantages that other labor offers? Given this change, nearly all of the advantages claimed by the shop or factory girls for their work would be secured. Working hours would be fixed, and extra work would be paid for. Outside of working hours the girl would have that right to live after her own idea of happiness, which is hers as much as ours. She could have that intercourse with her own class which can never be denied to the individual without loss, and, having equal liberty with other classes of workers, she would no longer lose caste.

I am not so filled with the new wine of theory as to believe that such readjustment of the family living as would be required by so radical a change in domestic service could be easily brought about. It would require, first of all, careful study and preparation; second, cautious and

concerted execution on the part of mistresses; and third, fourth, and fifth, intelligence. But why not make ourselves and our own needs the objects of some of our reformatory and philanthropic zeal for a little while? Why not put this in our list of "Things to be Tried" along with "Municipal Reform" and "Anti-Vivisection" and "Flower Missions" and "Health Protection"? Surely no class of the poor need attention more than the poor mistresses, and no condition of municipal mismanagement is more notorious or more desperate than the mismanagement of our kitchens.

In many ways the times are ripe for such an experiment. The number of finished products brought daily into our homes, as the result of outside labor, is constantly increasing. No mistress, however conservative and hearth-bound, now disregards the advantage and propriety of having her laundry "done out" and much of her baking brought in. She buys a great deal of the family clothing ready-made, and takes no reproach to herself therefor. She "sends out" for a cook by the hour, and a second waitress for her dinner-parties; perhaps her windows are cleaned, her silver polished, and her bric-à-brac dusted by outsiders. Her charwoman is always an outsider, as is, often, her furnace-man, her gardener, and her coachman. The substitution of gas and electric cooking for the old-fashioned range, by giving us better results with less time and labor, makes the possibility of organizing domestic labor immeasurably greater. I believe changes can be made by which the cook, the housemaid, the nurse, and even the maid-of-all-work may go out of our homes after a fixed number of hours, and be free to live their own lives, while the lighter services of the evening can be provided for, if desired, by a single servant whose days are her own. If the women's clubs of this country could be led to take up the study and adjustment of this problem with the sincerity and sagacity and spirit of co-operation which characterize their work in other ways, in two or three years they would be able to formulate a set of principles for domestic labor that would serve as a solid framework for details. It is not the purpose of this paper to do more than suggest the gen-

eral lines along which it seems to be profitable to direct our attention. Therefore I have left untouched the innumerable questions and objections which will spring up for discussion—and disagreement—in the mind of every housekeeper who reads this paper. But I believe that I see a great many of the objections, and I do not find them insuperable, nor, indeed, in many cases, nearly so hard of settlement as the difficulties which are constantly bubbling up out of the uneasy waters now.

There is, however, one objection sure to suggest itself which does seem very real at first thought; that is, that servants, in most cases, have no homes to go to, or else the homes are so poor and unhealthful as to make it undesirable that they should come daily into our homes from them. This is perfectly true of the class of foreign or ignorant servants with whom we are at present struggling, but it seems to me altogether practical to believe that the greater desirability of domestic service which would be brought about by putting it on a plane with other labor, would bring into it just the class of intelligent, home-reared girls to be most desired. More than that, if the large serving class in our country were in permanent need of decent, cheap living quarters, capital would drift that way. A movement in one of the largest working-woman's associations in this country is just now by way of compassing such an end. In this association is a special club, formed only of domestic servants, the purpose of which is both intellectual and social. It has meetings for the discussion of questions relating to their work and their interests, it has organized a mutual benefit society for the assistance of members who are ill or unemployed, and it is looking forward to the establishment of a respectable, cheap boarding-house for servants, by means of which may be avoided the present crowding of unemployed workers in the unclean and unhealthy tenements that now serve as their retreat when they are not in situations. This disposition on the part of house-workers to organize for themselves, wherever they see the desirability, is very hopeful, and not a little touching, when one stops to reflect upon their slender equipment in training and money.

V

THE tentative and sporadic organizations of mistresses reported in the newspaper paragraphs, here and there, all over the country, give the sign of an awakening appreciation of the necessity of doing something. The attention of these housekeepers' clubs, however, has been mainly directed to the philanthropic side of the question; that is, to the training of servants themselves by means of training-schools. All of which is helpful and hopeful, to be sure, even primarily essential when capacity and intelligence among servants are at their lowest, as they are to-day. But I am by no means certain that such means are anything more than temporary scaffolding by which the main structure is to be helped and upheld. For the true economic principle is that the training and equipment of the employee are his own affairs. Unless the work attracts the worker enough to generate an impulse toward self-preparation, there would seem to be a waste of expenditure in attempts on the part of anyone else to make the path plain and easy. Training-schools of course there must be, else how shall girls receive their training? But they should be, in the end, like the training-schools for nurses, conducted on business principles—not philanthropy. The servants of this country pay annually into the intelligence offices three millions of dollars. It might seem possible to make a training-school something better than a philanthropic institution, if some of this misspent money could be attracted toward a paying investment of adequate self-preparation for their work, on the part of servants.

The Social Science section of the famous Civic Club of Philadelphia has recently drawn up and put in the hands of all its members what it calls "A Standard of Work and Wages in Household Labor," to which standard it is expected that all its members will adhere. For certain wages, ranging from three dollars and a half to four dollars a week, certain definite requirements are set down, in the case of cooks, waitresses, chambermaids, laundresses, seamstresses, children's nurses,

and general houseworkers. For example, a cook asking the wages just specified is required to show a proper knowledge of the sink and drains, the kitchen, cellar, and ice-chest, and the kitchen utensils. She must understand the making of bread, biscuit, muffins, griddle-cakes, soup stock, and plain soups. She must know how to cook meats in the four elemental forms known as broiling, boiling, frying, and roasting, and how to dress and cook poultry and fish, to prepare eggs, oysters, vegetables, fruit (fresh and tinned), tea, coffee, and plain desserts.

Here is something definite for both employer and employee. Instead of leaving everything vague and in the air at the time of employment, it gives the cook an opportunity of finding out precisely what duties go with the situation, and it gives the mistress the right to exact from an unwilling or ill-prepared servant the last letter of the agreement. A further provision is made, in case any of the outlines of the "good, plain cook" presented in these requirements are obscured or lacking. The employer agrees to furnish instructions in the points of failure, the employee sharing half the expense of such instructions. All of this seems fair, and definitely helpful, and paves the way to still greater clearness and exactness of understanding.

But the final emancipation of both employer and employee, and the settlement of the housekeeping problem, must come through wider and co-operative organization. A single club has only the unit value. Hundreds of women in scores of clubs, all working toward the same ends of clarification and reconstruction, with a calm allowance for experiment, selecting carefully and after ample test, such principles as seem to them sound and secure and rejecting everything that is unjust; tenacious of their own rights but jealous also of the rights of others—such an organization as this would work amazing advances in an incredibly short time. One small club of this kind was established three or four years ago in a Western town. After the first winter spent in the study of domestic service and of co-operative housekeeping, the members of the club became convinced that the husband of one of them

understood the situation, when he declared they had got hold of the tail of an unusually large and lively idea, and that it would probably afford them mental exercise for some time to come. Whether the club is still in existence I do not know, but this I do know (because one of the leading spirits of the club afterward put the declaration into print), that the longer these women studied this question the more they understood that they "were confronted with a problem having moral and social factors as well as economic ones," and that "this problem was fully as important as interstate commerce, trades-unions, or any of the other questions which the modern economist puzzles his brains over." Each member of this club became also convinced that "while working with one hand with the service question as it now is, she must make ready with the other for a change more radical than anything that housekeeping has known for centuries."

Such preparation as this must come

from the thinking side—that is, from the mistresses. In a certain blind, groping way the domestic workers are trying to work out the situation for themselves; as I have said, they organize when and where they can, and when they cannot organize, they still manifest, by the very resentment and intolerance which are the chief burdens the mistress has to bear, an under-sense of something that must be adjusted. But the remedy lies deeper than their minds are able to go; in that the flaw is economic and is only to be apprehended and remedied through the application of economic and sociological laws, the minds that are best able to apply them, must develop them.

And if it *should* happen that by a little patient, humble, faithful study of this neglected subject we women were to find in its development an antidote for the ambitious superficiality of our intellectual tastes, and a conviction that it might be as well, after all, to plant our first laurels by our own fireside—why that, too, might be something of a gain.

THE COMRADES

(THE SOUL TO THE BODY)

By Julia C. R. Dorr

COMRADE, art thou weary?
Hath the way been long?
Dost thou faint and falter—
Thou, who wert so strong?

Ah, I well remember
How, when life was young,
Forth we fared together,
Glad of heart and tongue.

Then no height appalled thee;
Thou didst mount and sing
With the joyous ardor
Of a bird on wing!

Once thou wert the stronger;
Led me by thy will;
I obeyed thy mandates,
Gloried in thy skill;

Owed thee much, and loved thee;
 Half the joy of living
 (Comrade, dost thou hear me?)
 Hath been of thy giving.

Think what thou hast brought me!
 All that eye hath seen,
 Glow of dawn and sunset,
 Star-light's silver sheen,

All the pomp and splendor
 Of the summer day;
 Gleam of sparkling waters
 Leaping in their play;

Night and storm and darkness;
 Mountains high and hoar;
 Ocean billows sweeping
 On from shore to shore!

Think of what I owe thee!
 Fragrance of the rose,
 Breath of odorous lily,
 And each flower that blows;

Song of thrush and veery
 Deep in woodland bowers;
 Chime of sweet bells pealing
 From Cathedral towers;

Love's most dear caresses,
 Touch of lip and cheek,
 Throb of heart revealing
 What no tongue can speak!

Lifelong friend and comrade,
 Twin-born brother, thou,
 Think how thou hast served me—
 Let me serve thee now!

Let my strength uphold thee
 As thine own strength fails,
 As the way grows steeper
 And the night prevails.

Cheer thee, cheer thee, Comrade!
 Drink thou of my wine—
 Lo! the cup I bring thee
 Holds a draught divine!

HIS SERIOUS DOUBTS

By William Maynadier Browne

ONE day — one of those balmy, comforting, hazy days, neither too warm nor too cold, that November in her mercy sometimes gives us — O'Connor came into the office. His entrance was as noiseless and as apologetic as ever. He had made, too, as was usual with him when he called upon Mr. Cutting, a careful toilet. The only relief from his speckless black was the immaculate whiteness of his linen, which supplied unquestionable evidence of "domestic finish," both where it framed his fringe of grizzled beard and where it encircled his gnarled knuckles. He sidled into the nearest chair, placed his tall hat gingerly on the floor beside him, folded his hands and sighed.

I knew Mr. Cutting had seen him come in; because he had winked at me quietly over his shoulder during the fraction of a minute while O'Connor was disposing himself and his hat.

Silence followed, while Mr. Cutting's pen raced over the sheet of fool's-cap before him, and my eyes were glued to the latest Massachusetts Reports. Mr. Cutting and I had often tried this experiment upon O'Connor—to see how long he would wait to be spoken to. We tried it this time, once more; but, as hitherto, in vain. No sound broke the stillness, save the steady rumble of traffic in the street way down below us. At length, Mr. Cutting leaned back in his chair, yawned, stretched his arms, and pre-

tended to have noticed O'Connor's presence for the first time.

"Ah, O'Connor! That you?" he said, cheerfully. "Come over here and sit down." At the same time he moved a chair nearer his own. O'Connor crossed on tip-toe and took the proffered seat, drawing, as he did so, a large black wallet from the inner depths of his black waistcoat.

"Are ye well, sor?" he asked, in a richly muffled whisper.

"Very well, thank you," replied Mr. Cutting; and exclaimed as O'Connor produced a goodly collection of bank-notes from the wallet: "What! *More* money? Michael, are you a member of a syndicate?" O'Connor wheezed out a husky giggle.

"Shure, Mr. Cuttin'," he answered, behind his hand, "ye *will* have your joke. D'ye moind keepin' ut fer me, sor?" Then Mr. Cutting counted the money, and I was called over to verify the count. The amount was, as I remember it, twelve hundred dollars.

This scene was a fair example of our quarterly ceremonial with O'Connor when he brought in his accumulated profits for Mr. Cutting to care for. As a matter of form Mr. Cutting asked O'Connor how he wished the money invested; and, as usual, O'Connor replied that it was to be invested as Mr. Cutting thought best. The ceremonial over, and a receipt given, which O'Connor accepted with real embarrassment, Mr. Cutting—his hands now clasped behind his head while he leaned back in his

leather-covered, spring-screw chair and whirled a little, back and forth—began to ask :

"Mike? · That is, I mean——"

"Call me that, sor ! Call me, Mike," interrupted O'Connor, in sudden glee. Then, with bashful interest he added, eagerly, "Yis, sor?"

"I was going to ask," said Mr. Cutting, "how you made all this money. Is it from the junk-shop or the rum-shop?"

"Well, sor," answered O'Connor, carefully, "'tis partly the both o' dthem. Ye see, Mr. Cuttin', there's ahlways thrade for junk and whishkey—an'—an' I ahlways buys the two, for less than I sells thim—junk or rum. Ye see? Shure you know that." This last with just a momentary doubt of Mr. Cutting's sincerity.

"Yes, I know that," replied Mr. Cutting, with marked seriousness. "But why doesn't everybody do the same thing?"

"I dunno—o," said O'Connor, sadly ; and added, even more sadly, "'tis God's wonder how few o' thim does. Now, dthere's Carrigan——" Here O'Connor recovered himself. I could see that it had flashed across his mind that Mr. Cutting knew nothing about Carrigan and cared less. After a pause, during which O'Connor glanced furtively about the office, he leaned forward and asked, timidly :

"Mr. Cuttin', would yez be afther takin' a case fer me?" He made a half movement toward the pocket to which he had returned his black wallet.

Mr. Cutting exclaimed :

"Why, Mike ! Surely you haven't been foolish enough to go into court?"

Mr. Cutting was a practical lawyer.

"God bless you, no sor !" answered O'Connor with an impatient but entirely polite wave of the hand. "This is a real case—whishper !" Mr. Cutting and I drew our chairs nearer. O'Connor's diffidence suddenly disappeared and he asked, earnestly :

"Ye remimber little Molly, Mr. Cuttin'? My little Molly?"

Mr. Cutting bowed. Of course he remembered Molly. I know I did. I had had occasion once to go to O'Connor's house, or rather his tenement above the bar-room, and had there met his daughter. Miss Molly O'Connor was as perfect a combination of black-haired, blue-eyed

feminine Irishness as one could wish to see. She wasn't pretty. No daughter of the O'Connor could have been that. No, she was not pretty ; she was not dainty ; she was not graceful. But she was winsome ; she was wholesome, and she was natural—most blessed gift of all. I asked her if her father were at home. I had taken particular pains *not* to find O'Connor on his native heath—that is in his bar-room—for fear of embarrassing him ; so, had called higher. Miss Molly answered me by saying that her father was in his "offus," and with the jolliest laugh in the world had gone to tell him of my presence up-stairs. She knew all the time who I was. But all this is a digression.

Of course Mr. Cutting remembered the sturdy little daughter of his former man-of-all-work—the little blue-eyed Irish kid who always used to say "Hello !" to him in spite of repeated parental admonition. So, in reply to O'Connor's question, he answered, as he bowed gravely :

"Yes, Michael, I remember Molly, perfectly, and with a great deal of pleasure. She must be nearly a woman now."

"That's it, sor, Mr. Cuttin'." She do," replied O'Connor. Then he poured forth the statement of his case. "She *do* be most a woman, Mr. Cuttin', and there do be a young felly, Jerry Carrigan his name is—son to Carrigan I told you about. No, I didn't—but he's no good. I mean the father. I don' know about the son. That's the case. The son—young Jerry—well, Mr. Cuttin', the son is wan o' thim young fellies that ahlways has money and nobody knows how he gets ut. D'ye undershtand?" Mr. Cutting became more interested. "Whishper !" went on O'Connor, warming to his work, as his description enlarged ; "he does no worruk. He has no job. But iv'ry day wid plinty money. And iv'ry day wid dinky clothin' on him. Wan o' dthese judes, as they calls thim." Here O'Connor stood and illustrated, personally, as he continued. "Wid a collar up here, d'ye moind ? He houlds the chin av 'im like it hurted. Yis. An' the shoes av 'im ! Shure ye know the kind. Shiny and sharp-like. Yis. As if he had but wan toe to his fut, d'ye moind. Well, sor, this same Jerry Carrigan do be afther me daughter Molly. And I—I—well, Mr. Cuttin', I want me Molly to marry a good

man, d'ye undershtand? If it were Tim Fennessey, now—him that works over to Kelly's grocery—it's the son o' Widdy Fennessey he is, a fine woman she is, and him a hard-workin', shtrappin' young felly. But Tim—well, I dunno—o. Molly is ahlways puttin' the laugh on him; she and her frind Maggie Casey, daughter to Casey that has the thruckin' shtand, a good gurrul, but giddy. Now, Mr. Cuttin', sor, 'twould break the heart o' me to have me Molly marry any but a good man. And this felly Carrigan—I have me doubts. I have me ser'ous doubts."

O'Connor sighed long and deep, and slowly shook his head. Mr. Cutting said:

"It seems to me, Michael, that this is a case for Mrs. O'Connor to manage."

"Ah, thin, 'tis not!" replied O'Connor, with decision. "Shure the ould woman managed wan case for me—wanst. She'll niver do ut agin." (I made a mental note that some day I should get O'Connor to give me the particulars of this case.)

"But what do you want me to do in the matter?" asked Mr. Cutting.

"'Tis this, sor," O'Connor began with firmness, which gradually melted into indecision not unmixed with shame as he progressed. "Ye see, Mr. Cuttin', I cannot talk to the young man himself—I mane—I dunno—that is—well, sor, he is too judy, d'ye moind. And I have not the face—I mane 'twould be shame on me to go here and dthere, ashkin' about a young felly that is—well, sor, that is a frind o' me family. But Molly is a sweet, good gurrul, and—and this Carrigan felly have no stiddy job—and he is a jude—and, oh! Mr. Cuttin', me heart is broke wid worry." O'Connor bent his head, and his eyes slowly and sadly followed a semicircular course around the carpet, until, at last, they rested again on Mr. Cutting. "Shure, Mr. Cuttin', sor, 'tis mesilf that hates to ask ye—but would you—would you be afther—"

At this point I came to the rescue.

"I know something about Jerry Carrigan," I said, "and I think I can find out what more is necessary, in a perfectly proper way."

"Ye can?" asked O'Connor, eagerly.

"I think I can," I said.

"An' ye will?"

"I'll try."

"Glory be to God!" O'Connor ex-

claimed, rising to his feet. "My! But you're the fine young felly, now! That is—I mane—Excuse me, sor."

"That's all right," I said. "I will make the inquiries this afternoon, and I will call and see you this evening."

"Look at that, now!" he ejaculated, and started abruptly for the door. There he paused an instant, then, with a quick "Good-day, sor—and Mr. Cuttin'," was gone as noiselessly as he had come.

"What sort of chap is this Carrigan?" Mr. Cutting asked me.

"Oh! not bad," I answered. "He is employed by the people who are running Sutherland's campaign."

"That's it, is it?" and Mr. Cutting returned to his writing.

Sutherland, or, to give him his full name, the Hon. Horace L. Sutherland, a retired merchant of means, was the Citizens' candidate for Mayor. The nominees of the regular parties were nothing more nor less than party hacks; so I had interested myself a good deal in the Citizens' movement—in fact, I had contributed to the campaign fund. Thus I could easily make the necessary inquiries about young Carrigan at head-quarters.

I had taken up my reading again, when I heard a sudden, husky, "Whisper!" at my shoulder. O'Connor had returned.

"Whin ye come to call," he said, softly, "will ye be so good, sor, as to come direct to me offus? 'Tis at the back, it is, just forninst the ind av the bar. Ye'll not miss ut. Good-day, sor." And again he was gone, this time for good.

That afternoon I called at the campaign head-quarters. There I found, as I expected I should, my friend Laurence Montague. He had full charge of the Citizens' movement—was, in fact, the steam-gauge of the new machine. I had always known him in college as Laurie Mont-a-gue (so pronounced), and I experienced no little shock when, since his connection with the campaign, I heard a fellow-Celt speak of him as *Larry Montaign* (so pronounced). But Laurie, or Larry, Montague or Montaign, he was a white man and a good fellow. I asked him about Jerry Carrigan.

"Carrigan? Oh, yes. Ward 14. He's all right." Then he asked, in his brisk, direct way, "What do you want to know

about him?" I told him frankly and fully how the matter stood. (Indeed, nobody who knew him could do less with Laurie Montague.) I explained old O'Connor's doubts and fears, even going to the extent of mentioning his hopes about Tim Fennessey. Laurie leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud; then, suddenly leaning forward, placed a hand on my knee and said, earnestly:

"Look here, old man, you say you are going down to see O'Connor to-night? Well. Tell him this. You have my personal word it's true. Jerry Carrigan is a good all-round chap. He intends to make politics his business. I know some people object to politics as a business—Nevertheless, so long as business is business, politics is politics. Eliminate the similar terms and politics is business—or else neither is anything. Personally, I don't make a business of politics, but that's because I direct and don't work. For a worker politics is business and always must be. Jerry Carrigan is a worker and a good, clean, square one. We are paying him a regular salary, and if old man Sutherland wins out, Jerry is sure to have a good berth in the Street Department. See? He is, take him altogether, the most dependable man we have. He is President of the St. Joseph's Debating Society. That means he doesn't drink. Perhaps it explains, too, why he goes in for politics. But——" Here Laurie laughed again. "As far as O'Connor's daughter is concerned, well!—You just tell the old man what I have told you."

I went in the evening, as I had promised to do, to call upon O'Connor. I carefully sought the "offus," although from the instant I set foot within O'Connor's realm no further search on my part was necessary. As I entered the saloon, the bar-tender saw me and with a polite "Hist!" waved me toward the back of the room. While I was making my way thither an awful silence fell upon the dozen or so *habitués* that were leaning against the bar. Before I reached the "offus"—a six-by-eight box of a place enclosed by scanty partitions—the door opened and I heard a kindly, hoarse, familiar voice say, "Glory be to God! Come in, sor," all enunciated as if it were one word, and a word, too, that left the speaker breathless from excess of relief. With both of his hands almost but never

once quite touching me, O'Connor placed me in his own chair and sat himself down on a beer-case.

"Will ye have a drop to dhrink?" was his first question, eager yet uncertain. I declined, and not to keep him in suspense, told him at once what I had learned about Jerry Carrigan. The old man listened intently. When I had finished he asked:

"Who is dthis they sez the young felly is workin' for?"

"For Mr. Sutherland, the Citizens' candidate."

"The Citizens' candidate, is he? Well, he's not mine. Although," he added, reflectively, "to my moind, O'Reilly is a purty poor thing." Then he relapsed into thought. I should mention here that the O'Reilly referred to was the regular nominee of O'Connor's political party.

After a long pause O'Connor said to me, impressively and with fine dignity, "I have me doubts, sor—I have me ser'ous doubts that I done young Carrigan injustice wid me—wid me suspicions. Will ye come oop, sor?" I bowed, and he led the way out of the "offus" along a devious path that wound amid barrels, kegs, and boxes until we reached a door that opened into a dimly lighted hallway—the modest approach to O'Connor's *real* kingdom, the home of those he loved. He preceded me up the narrow stairs. As we went the sound of a piano and of a young, clear, high-bartone voice singing "Sweet Marie," grew upon my ear. At the head of the stairway we came upon a second door—a door beyond which I knew must be the makers of the music. With his hand on the knob O'Connor turned to me and said, "Whishper!" then entered the room as noiselessly as he had ever entered our office. I followed immediately, and saw precisely what he saw.

At the piano stood a slender, clean-shaven, neatly dressed young Irishman, still singing to the accompaniment of a pretty, graceful slip of a girl.

On the sofa against the wall sat Miss Molly O'Connor, her head resting in complete contentment upon the shoulder of an unmistakable son of Erin—red-haired, broad-featured, stalwart, masculine and awkward, yet the perfect picture of budding blissfulness. The music stopped. Miss Molly didn't move. She only looked at her

father and laughed. It was an echo of the delightful laugh I had heard before.

"For the love of God!" exclaimed O'Connor.

"Tim! Brace up!" said Miss Molly, as she gave Mr. Fennessey a gentle push on the shoulder. Then she buried her face in the back of the sofa.

The son of Erin came to his feet quickly and without grace (much as you will see a laborer spring for his pick at the boss's word), and then stood, abashed.

"Mister O'Connor," he began, looking anywhere but at the dear old chap who was hungry to meet him half way. "Mister O'Connor, me and Molly—I mean, Molly and me——" He got no farther.

"Timothy Fennessey," said O'Connor, "you have me consint. Put it there." They shook hands hard. I distinctly heard Miss Molly giggle into the back of the sofa. The hand-shake, though growing in sincerity, became gradually slower, and during this process O'Connor's wandering glance fell upon young Jerry Carrigan, standing by the piano, next to Maggie Casey.

"But phwat—" he began, limply, dropping Fennessey's hand; "but phwat——" He pointed at Carrigan, and looked the remainder of his question. Miss Molly laughed aloud.

"Tim needed a pace-maker, Mr. O'Connor," said Carrigan, quietly, "and your daughter, Miss Molly, knowing how I stood with Maggie—Miss Casey—allowed me to act in that capacity."

The silence that followed was not broken until O'Connor said, crisply: "Young man, I understand ye are workin' for this—this. What's that his name is, sor?" This last, to me. I told him. "This Sutherland man."

Carrigan answered in the affirmative.

"Well," said O'Connor, carefully, "Whedther I vote *for* him, or *agin* him, I dunno—yet. I will considher. But you may put me name on your book for a hunder dollar."

At this point a door in the farther corner of the room opened, and Mrs. O'Connor entered. I knew it was she the instant I saw her, though I had never laid eyes on her before. She was a little, thin, almost wizened woman, with bright black eyes. She wore a shawl closely and neatly folded about her shoulders. She also wore a frank dark-brown wig, parted in the middle, and with the hair drawn smoothly down over her temples. Her voice was high, but not sharp, and her manner of speech, while unobtrusive, had no shade of diffidence.

"Michael, darlin'," she said, "go down, now, and get us some beer, there's a good man. Shure we're all of us dhry." Michael went, but in going he took occasion to whisper to me as he passed:

"I have me ser'ous doubts, sor, but I am a dommed fool."

"Won't ye be seated, sir," said Mrs. O'Connor to me, as, with nice if sudden assumption of formality, she seated herself on the sofa and made room for me to sit beside her. Miss Molly was now one of the group round the piano.

As I took my seat beside Mrs. O'Connor, she leaned toward me and said, in that peculiarly confidential way which, coming from the lady of the house, always puts one at one's ease:

"He's a dear good man, but in some things—well, he ain't shmart. And how is Mr. Cuttin's health dthese days?"

THE POINT OF VIEW

NOT long ago Mr. Henry James, discussing Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," spoke of "the question eternally interesting, the mystery of what might have been if only, in the original scheme of things (things, at least, as they make for books), there had not been so dire a separation of the sheep and the goats." And he went on, half sadly, half whimsically, "The sheep have always, to me, stood for the people whose heads are as full of golden words as the bags of misers of golden coin, but on whom experience never calls with the offer of an exchange or a bargain. Their vocabulary is left on their hands for want of real opportunities to work it off. They sit at home or merely stroll about the neighborhood with their literary sense for a bored companion. Meanwhile the goats have all the sensations, without ever a word to say of them; a word, I mean—for there are words and words—that counts as articulate speech. All over the world they come in, as the phrase is, for the fun; that is, in strange scenes and situations, for the great impressions and suggestions, emotions denied to the unfortunates whose time all goes in tuning the fiddle for a dance that never begins." The utterance was in a weekly letter, and is therefore not to be taken as a very serious declaration of the dogma *vanitas vanitatum*; but it has so curious a complement in the writing of another author that it will bear a brief resuscitation.

Unconsciously, he was dealing with a situation which had already been turned to account by Mr. Kipling in the story called the "Conference of the Powers." There the latter introduced a famous London author whom he names Mr. Eustace Cleever, into a roomful of tanned subalterns fresh from the jungles and frontiers of Burmah and India. They come to their feet in blushing and embarrassed delight in the presence of the great man whose books have brought the vision of home to them in the camp on the Hlunedatalone. He speaks kindly to them, and is pleased with their simple homage; until he discovers that what they have been babbling about as

"work" has been the life of "the strange scenes and situations," "the great impressions and suggestions," "the emotions denied to the unfortunates whose time all goes in tuning the fiddle for a dance that never begins." Then his condescension falls suddenly flat; "You! Have you shot a man?" he asks one of the pink-faced youngsters. And forthwith he ends all talk of himself, and sets the boys to describing some of the fierce bits of life and death which had been so commonplace to them in the happening. Thenceforward through the artless talk the great author sits in a mood which has never been so convincingly analyzed and ticketed as in this letter of Mr. James.

Fitted together, the story joints into the letter—or the letter into the story—like the parts of a broken mirror; and with an aptness that irresistibly reminds one of Mr. James's own meditative irony. For the two, matching each other so neatly, set forth as in a picture the attitude of the critic toward the story-teller, and of the story-teller toward the critic. Mr. James's semi-humorous appropriation of the blessed portion of the sheep is the essence of the unconscious assumption which a critic hardly ever escapes, that he and his tribe are of right and by nature the final judges of what is good and worth while in literature; that what they do not like, and therefore take no trouble to justify and praise, is outside the view of literature. And, on the other hand, Mr. Kipling's emphasis of the limits of vision and the preoccupations of the city-made man of letters finely suggests the impatience with these same despotic arbiters of the man whose mind is set rather on the "strange scenes and situations" and "the great impressions and suggestions," than on the exquisiteness of his telling of them. Mr. James's stories have all the manner and the method of the critic. Mr. Kipling's criticism comes in the form of such stories as this same "Conference of the Powers," or such poems as the "Three-decker," or the refrain, "It's pretty, but is it art?" Matched as we see them here, unconsciously and unintentionally, they make good examples of the two

kinds of temperament which lead men to the making of books of stories.

For in literature, as in every other art, it may be said that God makes two kinds—those who do things and those who know how; and that though the former, if they will, may attain some command of the faculties of the latter, the latter, the men who have only the keen appreciation of the accomplished book, may sooner pass through the needle's eye than into the blessed ranks of the real makers of literature. Such a law so stated seems harsh and draconic, perhaps; but so is the law of the survival of the fittest, of which it is a preamble. Its soundness is attested by every appearance of a magazine, with its unwritten record of hopes deferred and manuscripts returned; even in the printed pages one finds poems and stories whose little glow and brightness seem less due to a spontaneous fire of inspiration than to laborious blowing of a meagre spark of talent. We all know the men and women, probably more of the latter, who being gifted with a keen enjoyment of letters, make of themselves appreciative and penetrating critics; and then with the common yearning of mankind for the unattainable, must waste good paper and good years of their lives in striving to do by rule what God intended to be done only by instinct. It is this spectacle which keeps your man of sensibility always supplied with tragedy, and your man of action with his standing examples of the follies of "literary fellers." The one sees the poor struggler, his wagon hitched to the star, his worldly interests perhaps dangling unmarked in the dust, lavishing cheerfully the best of his life on the hope of getting his name into the table of contents of a magazine or on the back of a little Bodley Head book of verse. And, on the other hand, the comfortable Philistine, the woollen manufacturer or the railroad superintendent, cries out with much scornful puffing of cigar-smoke against the waste of human life in pursuit of a thing that when you get it leaves you with your hands full of air.

The truly tolerant man must say that both are right; that to keep the world sweet and progressive we must have the man who will put behind him ease and content of mind for the chase of the spiritual entity or nonentity which is his particular ideal, and that if we are not to be swept away by the fitful emotions of the unreasonable, we must have the sane and

obstinate materialism of the man of this world. After all, however, since nature sides with the Philistine, it is not of much use to worry over single cases; it is always comfortable to side with the eternal law. And when the man who is born critic turns his hand to creation and tries with his formulæ and well-considered principles to manufacture a story or a poem, it is better for us all that it should come speedily to its still-born end. The death may be tragedy to the individual; the accidental lack of some part of the real poet's gift may turn bitter a life that on any reasonable system of hopes and purposes should have been cheerful and profitable. For such private disappointments the universe has little heed. The sooner a would-be writer finds out whether he was intended to be a maker or a critic, the more useful will he be in that path of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

MR. WYCKOFF has well named his unique sociological investigations "an experiment in reality." That experiment is giving us most valuable results. Were it now possible for him to devote the same number of years to an equal variety of experiences as boss and manager the results might prove, perhaps, even more fruitful in original material. It is true that the boss or manager seems Experiments
in Unreality. get-at-able, that he can be approached on an apparently common footing, that his talk on the surface is frank, sometimes brutally so especially in its contempt for what he calls "theories." But behind this semblance of openness there lurks, far more than in the case of the laborer, an unsympathetic attitude of mind of which he himself is often unconscious, to give anything he may say to the "theorist" a twist of caution or suspicion, like that of a witness in a court-room under cross examination. Of the various kinds of personal bias which vitiate so-called sociological facts—in which Herbert Spencer includes "constitutional sympathies and antipathies"—none is more active than this hostile predisposition of the practical man to the theoretical inquirer.

To cite a somewhat curious experience in point, there is a departure from ordinary business methods, an experiment in the direction of raising the status of employees by profit-sharing which has been under practical trial for some years in various parts of this country. The results are admirably

summarized and discussed in a book by a sociological student of eminence, a book generally regarded as authoritative by many economic writers. A manufacturer, who was asked to prepare a paper on this experiment for a club of business and professional men, that he might have something to say at first hand hit upon the scheme of writing personally for information about it to the managers of the thirty-odd concerns given in the book as endorsing it. He used in writing his office paper, and asked of each person addressed the same questions, few, but crucial from the stand-point of a practical man. He was careful not to indicate any special purpose, but undoubtedly his correspondents inferred that he was considering the advisability of trying the experiment in his own business. His idea, so far as he had any beyond the hope of obtaining fresh material for his paper, was simply that business men might, in discussion of an experiment of this sort with a fellow business man, write in a tone different from that which characterized statements made by them to a theorist, to be put into a book. The result justified his idea so far as he had entertained it. While no single answer repudiated the experiment, or without qualification advised against its adoption, all the answers expressed disappointment with it on its practical business side, some more, some less. In short, the theoretical economic discussion, by the test of this correspondence—by no means a final test, considering the caution with which conservative people always give advice—had for its basis an experiment in unreality. The reader of it, so far as he accepted it as settling the practicability of the experiment, was, as John Burroughs has somewhere said, "one more remove from reality."

Now this frustration of purpose is certainly not due to a lack of either ability or honesty on the part of the theoretical writers. Nor can it fairly be attributed to any purpose to mislead on the part of the practical men whom they quote. It is simply a repetition of the experience of anyone who has made a personal attempt to investigate similar questions, of the practical man's difference in attitude toward a fellow business man and a theorist. There is nothing regarding which a man of affairs, especially a manufacturer, is so sensitive, not even his "costs" or his "special prices," as his relation with his employees. He may even be advanced in his altruistic views and practice, a founder of libraries, a

cultivator of æsthetic surroundings, a builder of model tenements, an encourager of thrift and house-owning; and yet he will dread the appearance of posing, the reputation among his business associates of being a philanthropist, or "unpractical," as he would say. Even where the disinterestedness of the inquirer's motive is above suspicion, that inquirer will be put off with general statements in place of the specific facts. The manufacturer or manager of a large enterprise is given to looking upon his own experiments with distrust, as philanthropic concessions to sentiment which his practical judgment may not approve. He regards them at best as tentative; he shrinks from giving them publicity as an advertisement of them or of himself in connection with them; his real opinions in regard to them are to the theorist a sealed book.

The great obstacle to progress along lines of sociological experiment to-day is the unreality of the recorded facts, misleading the thinker or theorist to whom we must look for an initiative. These facts include disposition, attitude of mind, that personal equation which counts for far more than the circumstances of outward condition. Mr. Wyckoff's experiment in reality has its antithesis in the countless experiments in unreality too often accepted at their face value. But who is to make the experiment in reality when it comes to solving the personal equation, not in the case of the proletariat, but in that of the boss or manager?

A CHANGE has latterly come over the notion of self-culture that, ungraceful as the word itself may be, glows in the American mind, and especially perhaps the Western or middle-western American feminine mind, with something like real ardor. "We live in an age of high ideals," says a young person in some latter-day English drama; "the fact is constantly mentioned in the most expensive monthly magazines." The American feminine self-culturist, to ring the changes on an already barbaric counter, takes in all these utterances—or is taken in by them, and the growth, or the metamorphosis, of her self-culture has been immense. We are resolved, for instance, to do with ourselves, our minds and our bodies, what, by all that's reasonable in physiology and psychology, could just as well have been done long ago—if only

Domesticated
Nervousness.

we had had the ideals. Something is wrong somewhere, our women have apprehended in their conscientiousness, and they set about making it right. They are ungraceful: therefore they will develop grace; they talk badly: they will learn to sing; they are nervous: therefore they will cultivate Repose.

Now repose may be of two sorts: that of stolidity and phlegm, or that of abnormal self-control. Lucy Desborough in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" dies after the terrible strain of her journey to Richard's bedside in France and the repression, for the sake of Sir Austin's grandson, of all the anguish that she suffers. Repression exercised over neural safety-valves may be an evil; and repose, a dozen times out of twenty, is the brother to it. Lucy Desboroughs do not die every day, but many American women, with less noble excuse, make wrecks of themselves from year to year. By a homely metaphor they may be said to have banished the rocking chair, in which their grandmothers rocked away their surplus nerve-vitality, and to have substituted that less admirably American thing, the rest cure; whither how many of them, if the truth were told, owe their own banishment to the unlucky persistence of their attempts to be nerveless and reposeful?

As a matter of fact the value of repose has been singularly overestimated. It is equivocal, to begin with: it confounds itself with something else that may be stolid, or impassive, or just dull. Not seldom one hears it gravely discussed: Has a certain woman Repose, or is it only a lack of animation? For none but the shrewdest discerners are able in every instance to distinguish intelligently. For one thing, repose is not the native characteristic; though the champions of the spurious repose of the schools, with its restless unrest,

perpetuate the misconception. True rest is another thing; but true rest, unless we learn to give our genuine temperament its natural alert and quick outlets, is an achievement seldom consummated by us. Natty Bumpo—one feels that it is no longer inelegant to mention Cooper in the best literary circles—is a type of the real American, resting when his tasks are done, but nervously watchful and alert when all his tasks are afoot. When the inevitable twig snaps the danger-signal in the forest, imagine Natty Bumpo stalking on more indifferently than ever in his trail, with an air of carefully assumed unconcern. But that is what many charming Americans are trying to do in the midst of the dangers of elevated railway trestles and intersecting cable lines. To be up and off at the first instinct of danger, in the way of some beautiful creature of the forest, is an ideal the schools do not set before them. In their unnatural histories there are no startled fawns or brisk little chipmunks, only grave and heavy things that strive to look unmoved. The rôles of the elephant and the hippopotamus are more in vogue. Grotesquely speaking, it is Diderot's paradox concerning acting carried to its extremest point, with everybody trying to act what he fain would be, instead of being simply what he is.

The trouble after all, I suppose, is just there: that it is acting. It involves the idea of art to the exclusion of the idea of nature. One feels that these things were managed better in the good old days when a less rampant art idea was confined specifically to picture-books and sculpture, and had not yet acclimated itself on any stage. What are the reasons really for liberating it now upon that social stage which in the criticism of most of us has long been known as all the world?

THE FIELD OF ART

ENGLISH MOVEMENTS IN DECORATIVE ART

M R. WALTER CRANE, in his recently published book on "Decorative Illustration," has been pointing out the great interest now taken on the continent in the decorative arts of England. But, indeed, the fact was obvious enough long before he called attention to it. Paris, in search of a new fad—Impressionism, Pointillisme, Pleinairisme, Rosicrucianism, each having served its little day—hit upon the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in London, and at once Benson lamps, Whitefriars glass, Kelmscott books, overflowed into M. Byng's *Salon de l'Art Nouveau*. Belgium, proud of the new phase of eccentricity in its art and literature, brought out belated books about Preraphaelitism, and decorated its houses with exaggerated Morris papers. Germany, not to be left behind, produced the ponderous quarterly *Pan*, as an organ of æstheticism, with all the parade of thick paper, ornamental borders, and everything needful—beauty alone forgotten, save in an occasional plate. That America has been as assiduous in paying the compliment of imitation, is only too plainly proved in book after book, paper after paper, "decorated" according to English models.

Now, as a rule, the effect of this practical interest on the continent, and in America, has been distinctly bad, for the intelligent disciple is rare, while the clever imitator is found in hordes. But, whatever has come of the borrowing, the fact remains that there was something being done in England to borrow. We may not like this something, we may fairly bristle with critical objections, but there it is, the unmistakable result of the very active revival in decorative art which dates back some thirty or forty years. Nor is it less certain that this revival is largely due to the Preraphaelites, or rather to the now famous house of Morris, Marshall, Falkner & Co., in which William Morris was the leading spirit—not the original artist, but the wise man of business, with sense enough to understand that decorative art never yet flourished unless upon a sound commercial basis; that

not only must he and his partners see to the supply, but they must create the sympathetic demand.

It is not necessary nowadays to insist upon, or to explain their success; the story of the firm is in every man's mouth. But many people are apt to overlook the good it accomplished indirectly, for the more immediate and tangible results of its influence—results that were to be deplored more often than not. William Morris—and eventually the firm came to be Morris—was a man of prejudices, and he was strong enough to impose them upon others. When the decorative arts, always ignored at the Royal Academy, were in a sufficiently flourishing condition to warrant a society for the express purpose of exhibiting them, that society naturally turned to Morris for leadership and guidance. He, never having been willing to admit that anything worth doing was done after the fourteenth century, members promptly drew the same rigid line, and their annual show contained little that was not deliberately, and, too often, absurdly and self-consciously, mediæval in motive and treatment. Indeed, to such an excess was this sham primitiveness, this neo-Gothic pose carried, that two or three years since, it seemed almost as if the Society of Arts and Crafts must perish beneath the burden. That Morris was sincere in his mediæval adaptations, there can be no doubt. He was no *poseur*, no sensation-monger, but a workman in dead earnest, with the financial prosperity of his shop, and no weak-kneed desire for notoriety, as incentive. But with too many arts and craftsmen, mediævalism became a pose, a fad, so abused that there have been times when, to escape from the earnest young man in liberty tie, one would have returned to early Victorian horsehair and crinoline.

But there was good in the movement, less aggressive, though it is to be hoped more wide-reaching in its effects. One hesitates to say it, because so much folly has been uttered on the subject, but it cannot be denied that the right sort of workmanlike spirit has been encouraged in the English artist, when he can be made to forget the ephemeral delights of

society and sensation. He has some sense of the dignity of the craftsman and the seriousness of his craft. He strives to be really the artist, and not the mere juggler, dazzling the public by his skill of hand, with paint or clay, ink or graver. He has got beyond the boyish stage of the Pre-Raphaelite, always wanting to "touch the Philistine on the raw." The very effort to give to each craftsman credit for his work—if not so holy as the more eloquent prophets declare it—has encouraged a decent respect for that work. And again, despite bickerings and envies and follies of all kinds, some sort of good-fellowship has been developed. Too much has been heard of those guilds of handicraft where the beauty of "love work" is preached. No artist ever did his best work out of sheer generosity, which "love," thus used, means. But fellowship of the right sort is to many men the most bracing sort of stimulus, and there are societies, like the Art Workers' Guild, scrupulously banishing the press from its meetings, and never coming before the public—unless it thinks it can do so with great advantage—in which a healthy stimulating sympathy among art workers is being developed without any nonsense or pretence. Here you do find real craftsmen, who have no mission but the perfecting of their own talent—painters, sculptors, designers, architects, illustrators, printers, engravers, whose enthusiasm is too genuine to dwindle into affectation. They may not all of them be very great, but at least they do not try to pass off cheap cleverness for genius. Under the new economic conditions this sympathy seems about the only thing to take the place of the more substantial bond that held the old guilds together. It does exist in London, or England, in a few such associations, and so does the essential earnestness in individuals. But the trouble is that often the members of these associations, having time only for their own work, and their own affairs, become as prejudiced in their way as William Morris ever was in his—like The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, so excellent in its object, but ready to defeat itself by its narrowness, by its doubt whether anybody outside the society cares for the old historic and architectural monuments of England. And often the individuals who come to the fore are not the most accomplished, but rather those who know that, to succeed, no social or political lever is to be disregarded, and who

spend part of their energy in lobbying county councils, deans and chapters, or South African millionaires, as the case may be. With them, no lack of earnestness—fanaticism it is likely to prove in the end—for they have the defects of their qualities and they also see nothing beyond themselves and their theories, for which reason, perhaps, there are more cranks and faddists among artists in England than anywhere else. Morris and Rossetti could keep them in order, but there is no one of the kind to-day. And it seems almost a question, now that Morris too is dead, whether the promising groundwork prepared during the last thirty years will be gradually undermined, or prove the foundation for the greatest school of decorative art yet known in England. E. R. P.

TO one who watches the decorative arts of contemporary France, it is hard to believe that any interest is taken there in the Morris movement in England, other than the interest felt for a curious and anomalous tendency, attractive for the moment, but not seriously worthy of study. It seems evident that France does not regard this development of the mediæval spirit in the service of ornamentation much more gravely than she took the Gothic revival of fifty years ago. And, in fact, France has too many workmen engaged in the active practice of decorative art to be easily moved by novel examples, or by enthusiastic preaching. Every city in France contains skilled workmen in wood-carving, in metal work, in fact in most of the minor arts and crafts which have to do with building and furniture-making. It is a surprise to the American architect or decorative workman to find, even in a small and remote town, such refined and practised skill possessed by so many men working in small shops or alone. The old traditions are not lost in France, and they are traditions continuous and unconscious—not recalled and revived by scholars. There is many a town in the south, in the west and in the east, where men are working very nearly as their forefathers worked; that is to say, working as they were taught in the workshops where they received their first lessons in handling their tools. These workmen, as need hardly be stated, are not working in any mediæval style.

The body of trained artists who must be included in this category of skilled workmen is also very great, for many a sculptor of good

academic teaching has contented himself in the more remote and in the nearer past with decorative work; and the gradation is continuous, from the humblest wood-worker who is skilful enough to carve a frieze in a well-known style and in a familiar material, such as oak, to the more original and immeasurably more powerful workman who may be compared with the recently dead Carriès or Galland. A visit to one of the recent *salons* would have been sufficient to teach this lesson to anyone who might need it. There is reserved a place for earthenware, for carving in wood and in ivory, for metal work; there are to be seen the clever and brilliant attempts at combining many decorative processes and many materials in one result; there it becomes evident, as one compares the exhibits before him with the catalogues of previous years, how great is the number of artists who turn their thoughts in the way of decorative art; or, to put it in another way, how great is the number of workmen in decorative art whose work is thought worthy of the *salon*. The evidence that these workmen are influenced by English examples can hardly be said to exist, Mr. Crane to the contrary notwithstanding. There is almost nothing in the work of the Frenchmen to show that they have ever seen the English designs at all.

There is one thing to be observed, namely, that while William Morris himself was almost wholly a designer for the flat, limiting his work to textiles, embroidery, printed wall-papers and chintz, and the like, together with stained glass, French designing makes far less important progress in that direction than in the way of decoration by means of embossed form; as in bronze and silver and in pottery vessels, or in carving. The display of flat decoration is, indeed, very slight in the French exhibitions. The more important designs in that way are in painted tiles, and in tiles whose patterns are so slightly in relief that the color nearly fills up their concavities, and the relief itself tells as a mere device for heightening the color effects. Little decoration in absolutely flat painting, as on walls, on panels, and the like, is exhibited. Wall papers are, indeed, sometimes made the medium of careful designing, but attention is not concentrated strongly upon them; and, although embossed and colored leather for wall-decoration has its admirers, it would be hard to find as much novelty in the stamped leather which one sees or hears of as recently

made in Europe, as could be furnished by the work of a single firm in New York. It is the sculptor and not the designer of patterns who finds favor in France. The cry is on his achievements: and even Rodin's great Dante doors are hardly out of the line of daily ornamental production.

Another peculiarity, another distinction, another differentiation, needs our careful attention. The French artists are as skilled in handling the human figure as William Morris and his followers are feeble in it. The lover of sculpture, the ardent student of sculpture of the great periods may, indeed, reject with some scorn a great deal of the modern Parisian modelling, both in the round and in relief; and yet the knowledge of the form and the power of handling it shown by these Frenchmen is extraordinarily great, and its value is plainly visible in their decorative work. It depends on the point of view. If you have the true feeling for Greek sculpture in relief, that love and those associations have grown up from the study of work in marble with but little reference to the decorative art of the Greeks, because that has perished. Coins, indeed, preserve for us the handling of the Greek sculptor when working on a very small scale, but these are not treated, primarily and necessarily, as pieces of decorative design. The very few bronze mirrors whose handles or backs have preserved for us specimens of the Greek treatment of decoration in the proper sense, the Siris Bronzes, the Dodona bronze fragment of a helmet, the Græco-Roman reliefs worked upon gladiators' armor as at Naples, the Græco-Roman silver goblets at Naples, at Saint Germain, and at Berlin, the reliefs on a few cistæ—all these taken together are too few to impress the student of sculpture very strongly. They are food for the student of decoration; and any such student will accept the proposition that the modern Frenchmen know how to handle decoration in which the human figure is treated with freedom, with originality, with natural movement and even with nobility of artistic conception often sufficient for its place. The Parisian work, is, indeed, often rather trivial in subject; that is to say, a verbal description of it seems that of a trivial thing; while yet its decorative effect is very fine. Thus, in a bronze vase of Ledru's, the whole surface being invested with suggestions of sea-plants in very slight relief, and with ripples and waves which indicate the movement of the

water, figures of sea-nymphs engaged in contest or in play with the monsters of the deep are the only subject which one can describe in words. If, however, these figures, sometimes in low, sometimes in high relief, invest the whole body of the vase and mount toward its neck and its lip; and if, suddenly, we find that the subject is continued by a figure wholly in the round, as if one of the nymphs had escaped from the water and was safe on land and mocking from that point of vantage the great cephalopod which pursues her; and if the whole of this composition lends itself admirably to the moulding of the vessel itself and to a purposeful and spirited treatment of it—then we have a decorated object which may stand in any collection and brave comparative criticism. So in the interesting *Narcissus Mirror*, by Henry Nocq, which has been illustrated in our periodicals, the figure of Narcissus lies at length in the plane of the mirror, the elbows resting on the ground and the hands supporting the head, and he gazes at his own reflection in the disc of the mirror. The mirror is shaped like a leaf of some water-lily; and on the back of it, which includes also the projecting handle made by the recumbent body of the youth, the narcissus plant—roots, leaves, and blossoms—is shown in relief. Joseph Chéret has been modelling quite wonderful bands and groups of children at play, all in low relief, and investing vases of bronze and of porcelain. The student of many arts may recognize a Japanese suggestion in them, but that is all that is not purely French and purely modern. So Jean Dampé, a sculptor of celebrity and station who has worked at sculpture of the larger and more grandiose kind, has worked also with apparent satisfaction, upon such simple things as this: a little cabinet of five drawers, having on the front of each drawer, and worked in the solid oak, a mouse which is struggling to crawl toward

the top. One is reminded of the monkeys on the arched ribs of the Natural History Museum on the Cromwell Road in London, for these five mice are in five different attitudes, each one admirably conceived for the adornment of the drawer to which it is attached. It appears that even Paul Dubois has been led by the fascinations of the new art industry of tin, to try his hand at sculpture of the smallest scale and most purely decorative purpose, for one such example is given us in a recent photograph.

It is not, indeed, Frenchmen alone who are doing interesting work with the human figure, with animals, with birds, treated boldly in relief or in the round, for the very first number of the newest German periodical gives us specimens of such work by Wilhelm of Dresden, and Geyger of Munich, all of which are worthy of careful study, even in the photographs. Still, however, it is Paris which, with its powerful school of great sculpture in the hands of a hundred able and strenuous men, is able to do the most. No small sculpture, no decoration in sculpture, without a school of sculpture in the large as well! Sculpture is an art which requires constant study on a large scale in order that it may flourish at all, nor can we expect to find ivory carvings, nor little bits of repoussé in silver or in gold, of any value, unless the authors are stimulated and carried along by the presence around them of a great and growing school of sculpture of life-size. This is why Paris is, and must remain for a long time to come, the centre of that great decorative art which finds its chief theme in the use of carved and embossed forms in wood, metal and pottery, and this is why the Paris school of decorative art is not likely to listen very intently to any suggestions coming from a foreign school which, however earnest and full of purpose, knows little of sculpture in the modern sense.

R. S.

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

THOMAS JEFFERSON WRITING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

I—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED

ROOMS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILL.

Saturday Evening, December 5, 1891.

A NEW phase of my experiment is begun. Hitherto I have been in the open country, and have found work with surprising readiness. Now I am in the heart of a congested labor market, and I am learning, by experience, what it is to look for work and fail to find it; to renew the search under the spur of hunger and cold, and of the animal instinct of self-preservation until any employment, no matter how low in the scale of work, that would yield food and shelter, appears to you the very Kingdom of Heaven; and if it could suffer violence, it would seem as though the strength of your desire must take that kingdom by force. But it remains impregnable to your attack, and, baffled and weakened, you are thrust back upon yourself and held down remorselessly to the cold, naked fact that you, who in all the universe are of supremest importance to yourself, are yet of no importance to the universe. You are a superfluous human being. For you there is no part in the play of the world's activity. There remains for you simply this alternative: Have you the physical and moral qualities which fit you to survive, and which will place you at last

within the working of the large scheme of things, or, lacking these qualities, does there await you inevitable wreck under the onward rush of the world's great moving life?

That, at all events, is pretty much as it appears to-night to Tom Clark and me. Clark is my "partner," and we are not in good luck nor in high spirits. We each had a ten-cent breakfast this morning, but neither has tasted food since, and to-night, after an exhausting search for work, we must sleep in the station-house.

We are doing our best to pass the time in warmth and comfort until midnight. We know better than to go to the station-house earlier than that hour. Clark is in the corner at my side pretending to read a newspaper, but really trying to disguise the fact that he is asleep.

An official who walks periodically through the reading-room, recalling nodding figures to their senses, has twice caught Clark asleep, and has threatened to put him out.

I shall be on the alert, and shall warn Clark of his next approach, for after this place is closed we shall have long enough to wait in the naked street before we can be sure of places in the larger corridor of the station, where the crowding is less close and the air a degree less foul than

in the inner passage, where men are tightly packed over every square foot of the paved floor.

We are tired and very hungry, and not a little discouraged; we should be almost desperate but for one redeeming fact. The silver lining of our cloud has appeared to-night in the form of falling snow. From the murky clouds which all day have hung threateningly over the city a quiet, steady snow-fall has begun, and we shall be singularly unfortunate in the morning if we can find no pavements to clean.

In the growing threat of snow we have encouraged each other with the brightening prospect of a little work, and for quite half an hour after nightfall we stood alternately before the windows of two cheap restaurants in Madison Street, studying the square placards in the windows on which the bills of fare are printed, and telling each other, with nice discriminations between bulk and strengthening power of food, what we shall choose to-morrow.

It is a little strange, when I think of it, the closeness of the intimacy between Clark and me. We never saw each other until last Wednesday evening, and we know little of each other's past. But I feel as though the ties that bound me to him had their roots far back in our histories. Perhaps men come to know one another quickest and best on this plane of life, where in the fellowship of destitution they struggle for the primal needs and feel the keen sympathies which attest the basal kinship of our common humanity. Ours are not intellectual affinities—at least they are not consciously these—but we feel shrewdly the community of hunger and cold and isolation, and we have drawn strangely near to each other in this baffling struggle for a social footing, and have tempered in our comradeship the biting cold of the loneliness that haunts us on the outskirts of a crowded working world.

Early on last Wednesday morning, in the gray light of a cloudy day, I began the last stage of the march to Chicago. A walk of something less than thirty miles would take me to the heart of the city.

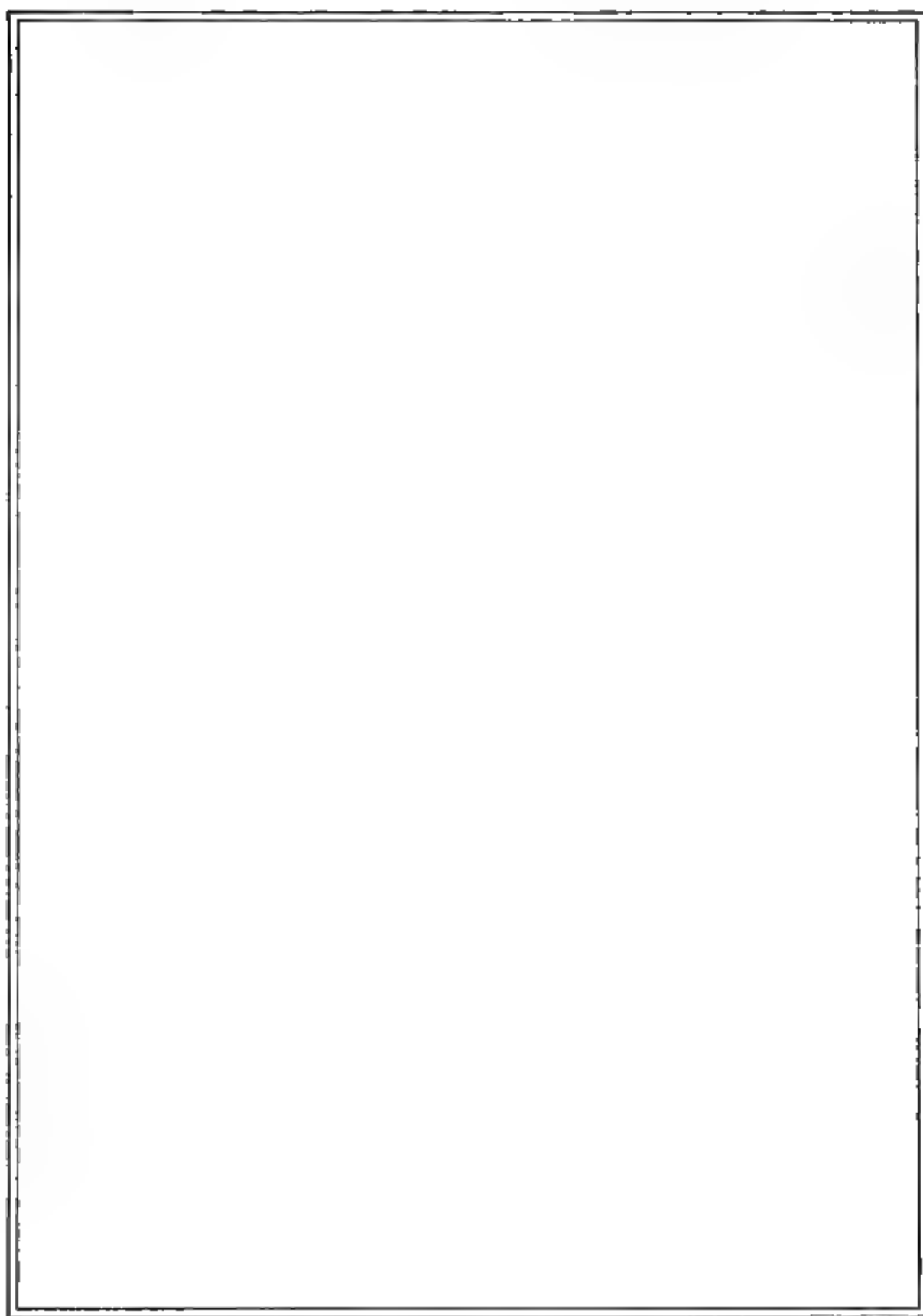
There is an unfailing inspiration in

these early renewals of the journey. Solid food and a night of unfathomable sleep have restored the waste of tissue. I set out in the morning with a sense of boundless freedom, with an opening day and the whole wide world before me, with my heart leaping in the joy of living and in high expectancy of what the day may hold of experience and of insight into the lives of my fellow-men.

On this particular morning there is added fulness and freshness in that inbreathing which gives the zest of life. Long had Chicago loomed large to my imagination, and now it stood before me, its volumes of black smoke mingling with the leaden sky in the northern horizon.

How much it had come to mean to me, this huge metropolis of the shifting centre of our population! The unemployed were there, and I had not seen them yet; hundreds lived there who are fiercely at war with the existing state of things, and their speech was an unknown tongue to me, and my conventional imagination could not compass the meaning of their imagings; and then the poor were there, the really destitute, who always feel first and last of all the pressure upon the limits of subsistence, and who in the grim clutch of starvation underbid one another for the work of the sweaters, until the brain reels at the knowledge of the incredible toil by which body and soul are kept together. All this awaited me, the very core of the social problem whose conditions I had set out to learn in the terms of concrete experience.

Nor was I insensible to the charm of other novelties. I have been pressing westward through a land unknown to me. Gradually I am beginning to see the essential provinciality of a mind which knows the eastern seaboard, and has some measure of acquaintance with countries and cities and with men from Ireland to Italy, but which is densely ignorant of our own vast domain, and shrinks from all that lies beyond Philadelphia as belonging to "the West," which sums up the totality of a frontier, where man and nature share a sympathetic wildness, and sometimes vie in outbursts of lawless force. I have not yet reached "the West" in any essential departure from the social and industrial structure of the East. And from the new point of view, "the West" recedes ever



The sense of infinity is heightened by the floating mist.—Page 264.

farther from my sight, until impatient desire sometimes spurs me to a quicker journey, in the fear that the real West may have faded from our map before I reach it, and I may miss the delight of vital contact with the untamed frontier.

Moreover, I could but feel a student's kindling interest in the larger vision of this great centre of industrial life. Its renaissance with augmented vigor from the ashes of its earlier history. The swelling tide of its swarming people until the fifteen hun-

dred thousand mark is reached and passed, and the mounting waves of population roll in, each with the strength of an army of fighting men. The vastness of its productive enterprises, where all the shrewd economies of modern commerce reveal themselves, and where skill and organizing power and the genius of initiative win their quick recognition and rewards, and men of parts pass swiftly from the lowest to the highest places in the scale of productive usefulness and power. And then the splen-

"That meeting is not far, he is saying, "and it's warm there. Won't you go?"—Page 267.

did vigor of its nobler living, its churches and public schools and libraries and wise philanthropies, and its impatient hunger after art, which impels it to lay eager, unrelenting hands upon the products of a score of centuries, and, in a single day, to call them "mine."

But I was fast nearing the goal of my desire, and the claims of pressing needs were crowding out the visions of the morning. I had passed through the wilderness by which the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railroad enters the outskirts of Chicago. As far as the eye could reach had stretched a

dreary plain broken by the ridges of sand-dunes, among which stood dwarfed oaks, and gnarled and stunted pines, and the slender, graceful stems of white-barked birches, on whose twigs the last brown leaves of autumn rustled in the winter wind. Upon my right I saw at last the broad bosom of the lake, gleaming like burnished steel under the threatening sky, and breaking into a line of inky blackness where it lapped the pebbles on the beach.

Presently I learn that I am in South Chicago, and I note the converging lines of railways that cross the streets on the

level at every possible angle, and the surface cable-cars, and the long line of blast-furnaces by the lake, and elevators here and there, and huge factories, and the myriad homes of workingmen. It is all a blackened chaos to my eyes, rude and crude and raw, and I wonder that orderly commerce can flow through channels so confused.

But the streets are soon more regular, and for some time I have been checking off, by their decreasing numerals, the approach to my journey's end. I am in the midst of a seemingly endless suburban region. There are wide stretches of open prairie, cut through by city streets; there are city buildings of brick and stone standing alone, or in groups of twos and threes, stark and appealing in their lonely waiting for flanking neighbors; and there are comfortable wooden cottages set with an air of rural seclusion among trees, and having

lawns and garden areas about them; and then there are whole squares built up like the *nuclei* of new communities with conventional three-storied dwellings, and the varied shops of local retail trade, and abundant saloons.

Early in the afternoon I stop to rest on the platform of the Woodlawn station of the Illinois Central Railroad. For some time I have had glimpses within a highly boarded enclosure of towering iron frames, with their graceful, sweeping arches meeting at dizzy heights, and appearing like the fragmentary skeletons of mammoths mounted in an open paleontological museum.

The suburban trains are rushing in and out of the station with nearly the frequency of elevated trains in New York, and not far away are lines of cable-cars, where a five-cent fare would take me, in

a few minutes, over the weary miles which intervene to the business portion of the town. But I have not one cent, and much less five, and if I had so much as that it would go for food, for I am tired, it is true, but I am much hungrier than tired.

There is a hopeful prospect in the air of immense activity in this neighborhood. I have easily recognized the vast enclosure beyond as Jackson Park, and the steel skeletons as the frames of the exposition buildings. Thousands of men are at work there, and the growing volume of the enterprise may furnish a ready chance of employment. I am but a few steps from the Sixty-third Street entrance, and, in my ignorance, I am soon pressing through, when a gate-keeper challenges me, civilly:

"Let me see your ticket."

"I have no ticket," I reply.

He is roused in an instant, and he steps threateningly toward me, his voice deepening in anger.

"Get out of this, then, you d—— hobo, or I'll put you out!"

At the gate I stand my ground in the right of a citizen and explain that I am looking for work, and am hopeful of a job from one of the bosses.

"This ain't no time to see a boss," is his retort; "they're all busy. If we let you fellows in here we'd be lousy with hoboos in an hour. Come at seven in the morning, if you like, and take your chances with the others. Only my private tip to you is that you ain't got no chance, not yet."

Not far away there are many new buildings going up, huge, unlovely shells of brick that even at this stage tell plainly their struggles with the purely utilitarian problem of a maximum of room accommodation at a minimum of cost. I walk toward the nearest one, pondering, the while, the meaning of the word *hobo*, new to me, and having an uncomfortable feeling that, for the first time, I have been taken, not for an unemployed laborer in honest search of work, but for one of the professionally idle.

It has begun to rain, a dreary, sopping drizzle, half mist, half melting snow, heavy with the soot of the upper air, and it clings tenaciously, until my threadbare outer coat is twice its normal weight, and my leaking boots pump the slimy pavement water at every step.

For two hours or more I go from one contractor to another, among the new buildings, asking work. The interviews are short and decisive. The typical boss is he who is moving anxious-eyed among his men with attention fixed upon some detail. He hears without heeding my request, and he shouts an order before he turns to me with an imperative "No, I don't want you!" and sometimes an added curse.

"I guess you are the fiftieth man that has asked me for a job to-day," said one boss, more communicative than the others. "I'm sorry for you poor devils," he added, with a searching look into my face, "but there's too many of you."

My walk has carried me now through the coming Midway Plaisance and past the grounds of the new Chicago University to the outskirts of a park. I enter there with a feeling of relief, for I am soon out of the atmosphere of infinite employment where there is no work for me. Here there are open lawns, with snow crystals clinging to the tender turf, and trees of bewildering variety whose boughs are outstretched in graceful benediction over winding walks and drives and the curving, mossy banks of lakes.

When I emerge from this touch of nature and high art it is upon a stately boulevard of double drives and quadruplerows of sturdy elms which line the bridle-paths and wide pavements. Mile after mile I walk, tired and hungry and wet, and quite lost in wonder. Is there in the wide world a city street to match with this? Rising in a paradise of landscape gardening it stretches its majestic length like the broad sweep of another *Champs Élysées*, flanked by palaces of uncounted cost and unimagined horror of architecture, opening here to a stretch of wide prairie, and closing there to the front of a "block" of houses of uncompromising Philistinism and decorations of "unchastened splendor," and reaching, at times, its native dignity in a setting of buildings which tell the final truth of the elegance of simplicity.

It has grown dark when I enter Michigan Avenue, and again my way stretches far before me, this time under converging lines of lights that seem to meet at an almost infinite distance. The sense of infinity is heightened by the floating mist, in

In the corner near us are three men, slouching, listless, weary specimens of their kind, who are playing "Comrades."—Page 271.

which the nearer lights play with an effect of orange halo about them, and the farther lamps shine in an ever vaguer distance behind their clinging veils of fog.

Scarcely a soul is in the street. It is a residence quarter of much wealth, and like all else that I have seen so far, of strangest incongruities. Houses of lavish cost and shabbiest economy of taste, so gorgeous that you can scarcely believe them private homes, give way, at times, to lines of brown fronts precisely like those which in unvarying uniformity of basement and "stoop" and four-storied façade, flank miles of dreary side-streets in New York. These yield in turn to churches and apartment-houses and hotels and clubs

—all creating an atmosphere of wealth and of social refinement, while almost interspersed with them are homes of apparent poverty and certainly of gentility on the ravelled edge of things. And bursting now through all this medley is the clanging, rumbling rush of railway traffic. I can scarcely believe my eyes at first, but under the frowning walls of a towering armory I am held up by the downward sweep of the gates of a railway crossing, on the dead level of the avenue, and am kept there until a freight-train has crawled past its creaking length.

It all seems a meaningless chaos at the first, but soon I feel the pulse of the life within it, a young life of glorious vigor and

A maurody woman is sewing with an air of domesticity and entire oblivion to her unusual surroundings.—Page 274.

of indomitable resolve to attain what it so strongly feels though vaguely known. And here and there I can see the promise of its fair future in lines of strength and power and beauty, where the hand of some true mason has wrought a home for the abiding glory of the city.

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white paper among the moving crowd. Many persons pass unheeding, but a few accept the proffered notice. I take one, and I stop for a moment on the curb to read it. Its purport as an invitation to attend a Gospel meeting has become clear to me, when I find the young man at my side. He wears a heavy winter ulster that reaches to his boot-tops, and its rolling collar is turned up snugly about his ears. On his hands are dog-skin gloves, and the rays of street-lights glisten in the myriad drops of half-frozen mist that cling like heavy dew to the rough, woollen surface of his coat. I must cut a figure standing there, wet and travel-stained, my teeth chattering audibly in the cold night-air, and it is plainly my evident fitness as a field for Christian work that has drawn to me the notice of this young evangelist.

"That meeting is not far," he is saying, "and it's warm there. Won't you go?"

"Thank you, I will," is my ready reply, and then he politely points the way down a side street on the left where, he says, a large transparency over the door marks the entrance to the meeting-hall.

The place is crowded with men—workmen many of them—and many are plainly of that bleary-eyed, bedraggled, cowering type which one soon learns to distinguish from the workers. Men pass

Overflowing through an open door of the earliest passage upon the floor of the main corridor are the sprawling figures of men asleep.—Page 274

freely in and out with no disturbance to the meeting, and watching my chance I soon slip into a vacant seat near the great stove that burns red-hot half way up the room. Ah, the luxury of the warmth and the undisputed right to sit in restful comfort! Again and again, in the afternoon I had sat down on the steps of some public building, but from every passing eye had come a shot of questioning suspicion, and once a patrolling officer ordered me to move on with a sharp reminder that "the step of a church was no loafing-place."

● Deeper and deeper I sink into my seat. A warm, seductive ease enfolds me. I dare not fall asleep for fear of being turned into the street. And yet the very hint of going out again into the shelterless night comes over me in the dim sense of fading consciousness as a thought so grotesquely impossible that I nearly laugh aloud. Out from this warmth and light and cover into the pitiless inhospitality of the open town! Oh, no, that is beyond conceiving. And all the while I know—such is the subtlety of our instinctive thinking—that it is the awful fear of this that conquers now the overmastering sleep which woos me.

The men are singing lustily under inspiring leadership and to the accompaniment of a cornet and harmonium. Short prayers are offered, and fervent exhortations, interspersed with hymns, are made, and finally the men are urged to "testify."

I follow in vague anxiety the change of exercise, but no clear idea reaches me; for in full possession of my mind is the haunting fear of a benediction which will send us out again. But while the men are speaking in quick succession there begins to pierce to the benumbed seat of thought a sense of something very living. Their speech, in simplest, homeliest phrase, is of things most intimate and real. They speak of life—their own—sunk to deepest degradation. They tell the story of growing drunkenness and vice, of hope fast fading out of life, of faith and honor and self-respect all gone, and at last the outer dark wherein men live to feed their passions and blaspheme until they dare to die, or death anticipates the courage of despair. And then the purport of it all shines clear in what they have to tell of a Divine hand reached out to them, of trembling hope

and love reborn, of desire after righteousness breathing anew in a prayer for help.

Now I am all vividly alive and keen, for, standing straight not far from where I sit, is a grand figure of a man. He is bronzed, deep-chested, lithe, and in the setting of his shoulders there is splendid strength, which shows again in the broad, clean-cut hands that quiver in their grip upon the seat in front. He has the modest bearing of a gentleman, and his unflinching voice vibrates with a compelling sense of deep sincerity.

"I haven't any story different from what you've heard to-night, but I, too, want to tell what God has done for me. When I got my growth I went West and turned cow-puncher. I was young, and I liked the life and the men, and I went over pretty much all the western country, and there ain't any kind of devilment that cowboys get into that I didn't have a hand in. I never thought of God nor of my soul. I never cared. I despised religion. I thought that I was strong and master of myself. I drank and swore and gambled, and did worse, and it never troubled me a bit. But a time came when I found that I wasn't master. There was something in me stronger than me, and that was the love of drink. And, friends, that was the beginning of the end. I began to lose my self-respect, and the end of it was that that there ain't a poor devil in this town that is sunk any lower than what I was. You know what that means. One night, a year and a half ago, I was walking through Harrison Street. I was half-drunk on barrel-house whiskey, and all I was thinking of was how I could get up pluck enough to kill myself. But I stopped in a crowd around some Salvation Army people. A man older than me was telling how he was helped by the power of God out of a life like mine and made a man of again. I liked the way he had, for he seemed straight. I waited for him, and he told me, all to myself, the story of Christ's power to save lost men, and how He lived and died to save us. It seemed too good to be true. I'd known it in a way, but I never knew it was meant for me. And right away when I began to see that there was hope for me yet, that I could get back my self-respect,

and be master of myself, not in my own strength, which had failed me, but in His strength, why, friends, my heart went right out to the Saviour in a prayer for help. And what I want to say most of all is this, that in all the hard fight that I've had since, in all the ups and downs of it, He hasn't failed me once. He's made my life new to me, and I love Him from my heart, and I know that in His strength I will gain the victory at last. Friends, what the Bible tells us about His 'saving us from our sins' is true."

He sits down, and a hymn is given out and sung, but the truth which has found lodgement in our hearts is the living truth of a human life reclaimed. We have listened to the story of the prodigal from his own lips. We have heard again the cosmic parable of wandering and return; the mystery of creation, and fall, and recreation by a power divine; the great, irrefutable witness to the Truth in the history of a lost soul come to itself and returning to the Father's house.

In the midst of the singing the leader walks quietly down the aisle to the rear. Two ladies are there struggling in a vain effort to quiet an old man. They have come to help in the conduct of the service, and the old man has increasingly claimed their care, for he is drunk and is growing violent. I have noticed him in his restless movements. Upon his stooping figure he wears an old army coat and cape that are dripping with the rain. His gray mustache and beard are long and matted, and stained all round his mouth with the deep brown of tobacco-juice. His unkempt hair falls in frowsy masses about his ears, and his lustreless eyes, inflamed and expressionless, bulge from their swollen sockets.

In an instant the leader's strong hand is upon him, and with no commotion above the sound of song the old man is soon without the hall, and the leader back in his place again singing as heartily as ever.

When the meeting ends the crowd moves slowly and listlessly toward the door, as though its prevailing mood were aimless beyond the dull necessity of passing the time. The fine rain and melting snow are still falling through the mist. The men drift away singly or in groups of twos and threes, under the flickering

lights, their heads bent slightly forward and their bare hands thrust into the side-pockets of their trousers.

In the crush about the foot of the aisle a young man speaks to me:

"You are pretty wet, aren't you?" he says, quietly, as the jam presses him against me.

I see at a glance that he is far more respectable than I, and my first mental attitude is one of hospitality to further evangelizing effort. But I shift at once, for without waiting for a reply from me, he adds:

"It's d—— tough to go out into that," as he turns up the collar of his light covert coat in the blast of piercing dampness which strikes our faces through the open door.

"It is tough," I agree, as I study his face. He is about thirty, I should say, and almost six feet high, but of rather slender figure. He is smooth-shaven, and an effect of pallor is heightened by yellow hair and pale blue eyes, with dark arcs beneath them and a bluish tinge about his mouth. Plainly he has been little exposed to the outer air, but he is an habitual workman, as his hands attest unmistakably when he lifts them to adjust his coat-collar.

"Ain't you got no place to go to?" he asks.

"No."

"No more have I," he adds, laconically. And then, after a pause:

"When did you strike this town?"

"This evening."

"Looking for a job?"

"Yes."

"Same as me. What kind of a job?"

"Any kind that I can get."

"Ain't you got a trade?"

"No."

"Well, I don't believe you are any worse off for that here. I struck the place yesterday and I ain't never seen so many idle men and hoboes in my life before. When the iron-works in Cleveland closed down, that laid me off. I couldn't get no job there, and so I beat my way here. I had fifty cents in my clothes and that got me something to eat yesterday and a bed last night, but I spent my last cent for grub this noon. I've been to most every foundry in Chicago, I guess, but I ain't

found any sign of a job yet. Where are you going to put in the night?"

"I don't know, for I haven't any money either."

"I am going to the Harrison Street station and I'll show you the way, partner, if you like. My name is Clark, Thomas L. Clark," he adds, with a particularity which is another proof of his belonging to a higher order of workmen than I.

I tell him my name, but he evidently considers it not a serviceable one, for he ignores it from the first, and consistently makes use of "partner."

We walk together in the direction of State Street, and Clark explains to me that we must not go to the station until after midnight, a fact which he had learned, and the reasons for it, from an acquaintance in a cheap lodging-house where he had spent the night before.

At the corner I hold Clark for a moment until my eyes have caught the character of the street. It is wide, with broad pavements on each side, and is lined with great business houses of retail trade, the "department store" the prevailing type. The shop-windows are ablaze with electric lights, and gorgeous as to displays which are taking on a holiday character. Whole fronts of some of the buildings are fairly covered with temporary signs, painted in gigantic letters on canvas stretched on wooden frames, and vying fiercely in strident announcements of "sweeping reductions" and "moving," and "bankrupt," and "fire sales."

There is little noise upon the street aside from the almost constant swishing rush of cable-cars and the irritating clangor of their gongs. The crowds had wholly disappeared. There are a few pedestrians, who hold their umbrellas close above their heads, and step briskly in evident haste to get in out of the stormy night, and we pass men of our own type who are drifting aimlessly, and now and then a stalwart officer, well-booted and snug under his water-proof, with his arms folded and his club held tight in the pressure of an armpit.

We are walking south along the west side of State Street. There is a swift social decline here, for every door we pass is that of a saloon, and above us hang frequent transparencies which advertise lodgings at ten and fifteen cents, while across

the way are the flaring lights of a cheap theatre.

"We can get warm in here," says Clark, abruptly, and he turns into a doorway which opens on the street.

I follow him down a narrow passage whose faint light enters through a stained-glass partition, which hems it in along the inner side wall of the building. Through a door at the end of the passage we enter a large room brilliantly lighted, and I follow Clark to an iron stove at one side in which a coal fire burns furiously. In the corner near us are three men, slouching, listless, weary specimens of their kind, who are playing "Comrades" with a gusto curiously out of keeping with their looks of bored fatigue. One has a harp, another a violin, and the third drums ceaselessly upon a piano of harsh, metallic tone.

There are a dozen round tables in the room, and at these are seated small groups of men and women drinking beer. Some of the men are workmen, but most are loafers, not of the tramp but of the rough civic type.

The women are young, most of them very young, and there is little trace of beauty and almost none of hard brutality in any face among them. They are simply commonplace. As a company the women lack the hale robustness of the men. They are mostly little women, of slight figures, and some add to this a transparency of skin and a feverish brightness of eye which clearly mark the sure burning of consumption. A few are cast in sturdier mould, and, with faces flushed with drink, they look strong and healthy. All seem warmly dressed in cheap, worn garments suited to the season, and there are many touches of finery and some even of taste in their shabby winter hats. Each carries a leather purse in her hand, or allows it to lie on the table before her with her gloves. The hands of nearly all of them are bare, and you see at once that they are large and coarse and very dirty.

Suddenly you note that the social atmosphere is one of strangest, completest camaraderie. The conversation is the blasphemous, obscenest gossip of degraded men that keeps the dead level of the ordinary unrelieved by anger or by mirth, and varying only with the indifferent interchange of men's and women's voices.

The naturalness and untrammelled social ease have blinded you for a time to what you really see, and then the black reality reveals itself in human degradation below which there is no depth—as though lost, sexless souls were already met upon a common plane of deepest knowledge of all evil. And yet in very truth they are living fellow men and women, in whom have centred the strength of natural love and hope, and centres still the constraining love of a Heavenly Father.

Clark is whispering in my ear:

"I guess we'd better get out of this. That waiter has his eye on us. In a minute he'll ask us for our orders."

We pass again through the garish lights that flood the pavements before saloons from whose inner chambers come the tinkling, brassy notes of cheap music.

"Are they all like that place we've been in?" I ask.

"These dives, you mean?"

"Yes."

"They are all the same. There are hundreds like them in this town," he answers.

Near the centre of what appears to be the chief business section of the street Clark turns into a dark entry.

"Come up here," he says to me over his shoulder.

"What is this?" I call after him from the threshold.

"Here's where I slept last night," he replies.

I follow up a flight of filthy wooden steps. Under the light of a single gas-jet which burns faintly over the first landing, we turn to a door at the right. Within is a sustained volume of men's voices at conversation pitch, and we enter at once upon a company of thirty or forty men seated on wooden benches around a base-burner, or standing in groups within the compass of its grateful warmth. The unmoving air is thick with tobacco-smoke, and dense with pollution beyond all but the suggesting power of words. An electric arc gleams from the centre-ceiling, and sputters and hisses above the noise of mingled speech. In the ghastly light the floor and walls are covered with black shadows, sharply articulated, and revealing clearly through their restless movements the ragged, unkempt condition of the men.

In one corner is an office quite like a ticket-booth at an athletic field, and behind the narrow window stands a man with an open book before him. His eyes wander ceaselessly over the company, and presently he steps out into the open room. He is making straight for Clark and me; his grease-stained, worn, black suit hanging loose about his wasted figure, a something not unlike a small decanter-stopper glistening on the bosom of his soiled, collarless, white shirt, his singularly repulsive face growing clearer as he comes, the receding forehead and small, weak, close-set piercing eyes, the high cheek-bones and bristling black mustache over a drooping mouth stained with tobacco. He walks straight up to Clark.

"You was here last night?" he asks with rising inflection and a German accent.

"Yes," says Clark. "I come up to-night to see a fellow I know," he adds of his own initiative.

"Do you see him?" says the clerk.

"No."

"Was you and your pal going to take beds?"

"No."

And in the awkward situation thus created, Clark and I go out once more from the luxury of warmth and shelter.

The pavements are now in possession of crowds returning from the theatres, and at certain crossings is a rush for cable-cars going south. We turn down Quincy Street. It is still almost an hour before midnight. Simultaneously we notice a deep, wide entry of a business house, so deep that its inner corners are quite dry, and one of them is fairly shielded from the wind. With a mutual impulse we turn in, and crouch close together on the paved floor in the shade of the sheltered corner.

We sit in perfect silence for a time. Our teeth have begun again to chatter, and it is difficult to speak. Besides, we have nothing to say beyond the wish that we were fed and warmed and sheltered, and this is such a deepening longing to us both that we have begun to keep a reverent silence about it.

Not half a score of people pass us as we crouch there through a quarter of an hour or more, and none of them sees us, which is fortunate; for one of the num-

ber is a policeman, who walks down the other side, swinging his club in easy rhythm to his sauntering steps.

But now once more we feel the tension of anxious waiting, for again we hear the sound of footsteps fast approaching. A lifted umbrella first appears, and under it a woman's dark skirt, all wet about the hem, and clinging to her ankles as she walks, and vainly tries to hold it free from the sloppy pavement. Her eyes are on the ground, and she is humming softly to herself, and we think that she is safely past, when both of us start suddenly to a little cry, an exclamation of surprise :

"Oh-h-h ! what in h—— are you boys doing there?" And the question has in it a note of light-hearted merriment, as though the words had come upon a wave of rippling laughter.

She is facing us near at hand, her head framed in the dark umbrella which rests upon her shoulder, and her face in the full side-light of a neighboring window. Out of large dark eyes she is looking straight at us, and I mark at once the clean-cut pencilling of her eyebrows against a skin of natural pallor, and the backward sweep of black hair from a low forehead and about her ears. She is no beauty, but her mouth is one of almost faultless drawing, large and sensitive and firm, with a dimple at each corner, and her chin of perfect moulding fades into the graceful lines of a well-rounded throat.

I am struck dumb for the moment, but Clark is disturbed in no wise by the situation, and is answering her in perfect calmness that we have taken shelter there, and "won't she go on, please, for she may attract to us the notice of a cop."

"He's not coming this way yet a while," she retorted ; "I met him just now at the corner."

They fall into easy, natural dialogue, and the girl soon learns that we are newly come to Chicago seeking work, and hungry and shelterless we are waiting for the right hour in which to go to the station-house.

"And why did you ever come to this God - condemned town ?" she asks. "There's thousands of boys like you here, and no jobs for none of you."

There is quick resentment in Clark's sharp rejoinder :

"And why in h—— did *you* come ?" But the girl's good-nature is unruffled ; you simply feel an instinctive tightening of her grip upon herself as her figure straightens slightly to the reply :

"I come to hustle, sonny, and I guess this is as good a place to hustle in as any. I'm in —— hard luck to-night, for I ain't made a cent, and I met that cop on —— Street. He's spotted me. I had to go down into my stocking and give him my last dollar to fix him, or else he'd have run me in, and I've been up three times this week. The judge told me he'd send me to the Bridewell next time." She is a girl of eighteen, or, perhaps, of twenty years.

In another moment I see her lift her young, unfaltering eyes to a passing stranger, and in them, unashamed, is the nameless questioning which takes surest hold on hell.

And now she has turned again, and one soiled, gloveless hand is outstretched to us.

"I'm going, boys," she says. "Good-night. You are in harder luck than me, for I ain't hungry and I've got a place to sleep, so you take this. It ain't much, but it's all I've got. Good luck to you. Good-night."

Men who have felt it never speak lightly of fear, nor are they ashamed to own to it—the fear that is fear, when unprepared you face a sudden danger whose measure you cannot know ; when the scalp tightens with a creeping movement and the hair lifts itself on end, and each muscle stiffens in the cold of swift paralysis, while your brain throbs with the sudden rush of hot blood. But there is a feeling beyond that—"when the nerves prick and tingle and the heart is sick," and the soul in ineffable agony of doubt and fear cries through a black and Godless void for some answer to the mystery of life.

A silver coin is glistening in Clark's open palm.

"There's two beers in this, partner, and a free lunch for both of us," he is saying. "Let's go to a saloon."

Five minutes later he leaves me in high indignation, with a "Stay, then, and be damned !" and I feel some uncertainty about his coming back.

Soon I fall into the dreamless torpor which comes to relieve the too-heavy hearted. But from out its stupor I waken sharply to quickest sensibility. Quivering darts of pain are shooting swiftly through my body from a burning centre in my thigh. A night watchman stands over me, holding a dark lantern to my face. He has roused me with a brutal kick. In my heart black murder reigns alone for a moment, and then I remember what I am, and I limp into the street speechless under the watchman's curses.

I had misjudged Clark. I have not waited long when I see him walking toward me. He is warmed and fed, and has soon forgot his earlier wrath in eagerness to "do" the night watchman. From this, however, it is not difficult to dissuade him on the ground of the weakness of our legal status as compared with his.

We walk now toward Harrison Street, and as we enter it, there shines high from out the darkness an illumined face of a clock with its hands pointing to a few minutes past the hour of twelve. A freight-train is drawing slowly into the station-yard, creaking and jolting with a varying tug of a locomotive that pants deeply to a steady pull, and then puffs hard in sudden spurts which send its wheels "racing" on the icy rails. The train stands still with a sound of communicated bumping which loses itself far down the yard, and then there come swarming from the cars a score or two of tramps who have beaten their way into the city. They know their ground, for silent and stooping in the wet they make straight, as with a common impulse, to the station-house on the corner.

"We'll leave them go in first," says Clark, "it's all the better for us," and then we walk up and down before the plain brick building, with the lights streaming from its basement and first-floor windows.

By a short flight of steps we finally enter a small passage which opens into a large, square room. A few police officers and reporters are standing about in casual conversation. One officer, with unerring judgment of our need, beckons us his way, and, without a word, he points us down the steps into the basement. A locked door of iron grating blocks the way at the foot of the steps, and we stand there for some

minutes while a newly arrived prisoner is being registered and searched. Behind a high desk sits a typical, robust officer who asks questions and notes the answers in his book, and beside him, near at hand, a matronly woman is sewing with an air of domesticity and entire oblivion to her unusual surroundings, while near the prisoner before the desk, stand two policemen who have "run him in."

All these are in a wide corridor which extends east and west through the depth of the building. In its south wall are some half dozen doors of iron grating, each opening into a small passage at right angles to the main corridor, and the cells range along the sides of these.

The prisoner has soon been disposed of. The officer on duty then unlocks the door behind which we stand, and admits us before the desk. The registrar looks up, an expression of irritation in his face.

"More men to spend the night?" he asks.

"Well, turn in," he adds, with a jerk of his head to the left. "I've got no more room for names. I guess I've entered two hundred lodgers and more already to-night."

Clark and I need no further directions. Overflowing through the open door of the farthest passage upon the floor of the main corridor are the sprawling figures of men asleep. We walk in among them.

"If we ain't never had 'em, I guess we'll catch 'em to-night," says Clark, softly in my ear, and the words take on a sickening significance as we enter an unventilated atmosphere of foulest pollution, and we see more clearly the frowzy, ragged garments of unclean men, and have glimpses here and there of caking filth upon a naked limb.

The wisdom of a late hour of retiring is at once apparent when we have sight of the inner passage. Not a square foot of the dark, concrete floor is visible. The space is packed with men all lying on their right sides with their legs drawn up, and each man's legs pressed close in behind those of the man in front.

Clark draws from an inside pocket a roll of old newspapers, and hands me one. We spread them on the pavement as a Mohammedan unrolls his mat for prayers, and then we take off our boots and coats.

Our soaked, pulpy boots we fold in our jackets and use them as pillows, and we soften our bed by spreading over the newspapers our outer coats, which thus have a chance to dry in the warmth of the room and in that which comes from our bodies. We need no covering in the steaming heat in which we lie, and I can see at a glance that Clark and I are more fortunate than most of the other men, for few of them have outer coats, and in their threadbare, filthy garments they lie with nothing but paper between them and the floor, their heads pillowed on their arms.

By no means are all of them asleep. In the thick air above their reclining figures there is an unceasing murmur of low, gruff voices. What words can fit the hellish quality of that strange converse? It is not human, though it comes from living men; it has no humor though it touches life most intimately; it knows not hate and craving need and blank indifference, but all these feelings speak alike a tongue of utter blasphemy; and it is not prurient, even though it reeks with coarse obscenity.

And in the men themselves, how widely severed from all things human is the prevailing type!—Their bloated, unwashed flesh and unkempt hair; their hideous ugliness of face, unreclaimed by marks of inner strength and force, but revealing rather, in the relaxation of sleep, a deepening of the lines of weakness, until you read in plainest characters the paralysis of the will. And then there are the stealthy, restless eyes of those who are awake, eyes set in faces which lack utterly the strength of honest labor and even that of criminal wit.

But there are marked exceptions to the prevailing type, men like Clark, sound and strong in flesh, and having about them the

signs of habitual decency, and their faces stamped with the open frankness which comes of earning a living by honest work. Some of these are young immigrants, newly come most evidently, and I picture their rude awakenings from golden dreams of a land of plenty.

Clark is fast asleep beside me, but I cannot sleep for gnawing hunger and the dull pain of lying bruised and sore upon the hard, paved floor.

There is sudden, nervous movement near me. Looking up I see a man seated straight, tugging frantically at his shirt, and swearing viciously the while in muffled tones. In a moment he has torn the garment off, and his crooked, bony fingers are passing swiftly over the shrivelled skin of his old, lean body in search of his tormentors, and his oaths come lisping from his toothless mouth. The men about him are ordering him, with deepening curses, to lie down and keep still.

The former quiet soon returns, and in it I lie thinking of another world I know, a world of men and women whose plane of life is removed from this by all the distance of the infinite. Faith and love and high resolve are there, the inspirers of true living, and courage spurs to unflinching effort, and hope lights the way of unsuccess and gives vision through the vale of sorrow and of death. And the common intercourse is the perfect freedom which is bred of high allegiance to inborn courtesy and honor.

What living link is there that joins these worlds together, and gives vital meaning to the confirmation of brotherhood spoken in the divine words of the Apostle: "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another?"

Pondering this mystery I fall asleep, and so ends my first day in the army of the unemployed.

(To be continued.)

IN PACE

By Elizabeth Worthington Fiske

..SWEET is this rest !
Moveless to lie with folded hands,
My hair that strayed in shapely bands,
Lids sealing fast the tired eyes,
That look yet deep into the skies !
Robed as for joy—from throat to feet
Soft white enfolding me complete,

A rose upon my breast.
Still as the forest pools at night,
Still as the outmost planet bright !
As wreck storm-swept upon the shore,
As saints newborn that kneel before
God's throne, amazed and blest !

Was it a dream
That I lay in a curtained room,
The dull air charged with faint perfume,
Where phantoms flitted to and fro,
Or stood beside my bed a-row,
While still the tide rose high, and higher,
That through my veins rolled liquid fire ?—

Then sudden pain did seem
To vanish into peace ! A chime
Pulses afar—but past is time ;
Beyond—the vast !—a crownless height !—
I know not if of day or night
Are the shadow and the gleam.

The memories grew
That in my dream kind faces oft
Bent o'er me, voices tender, soft,
Charmed back the ghosts ; these come and weep,
And call my name ! some spell must keep
My lips, my hands ! One kneels with moan
Deep-drawn, says still, " My love ! My own ! "

Why, surely he must know !
Dear heart, if you had whispered this,
You might have held me ! One such kiss
Had barred me from this peace so cold !
Blest now, that you, love's secret told,
The hindered gift bestow.

Soon they will move,
Bearing me slowly, two and two,
In the shine, as I have seen them do,
And lay me in a stiller bed
With grasses rippling overhead.
They say I may not tarry there—
That I must up and through the air

To dwell with those above ;
Alas, I do not know the way !
Better 'neath blowing buds to stay,
And list *his* footsteps coming nigh
To pause beside my rest ; yon sky
Is very far from love !

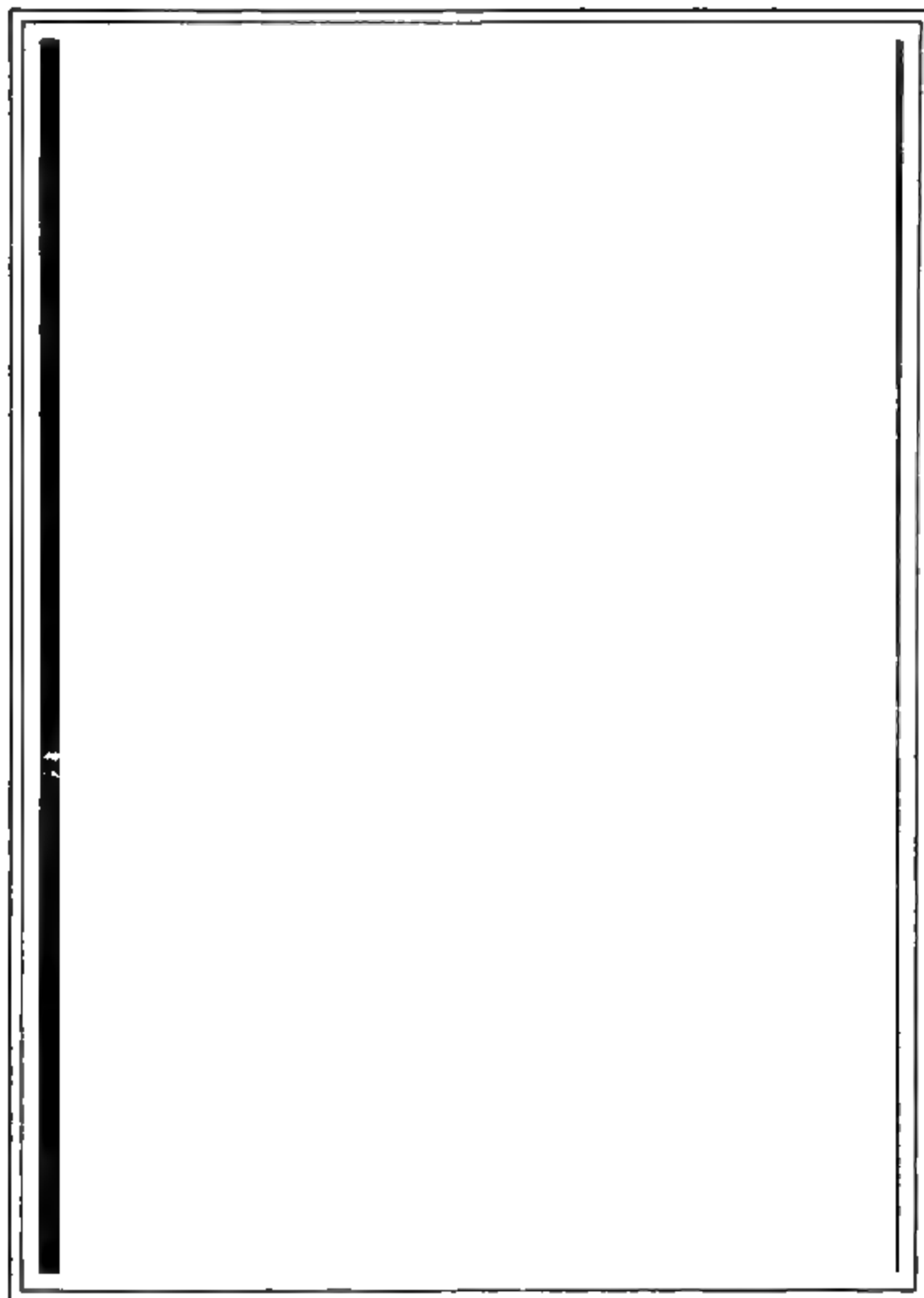
dent beauty and interest have been universally acknowledged ever since its recent discovery, to glance for a moment at the history of Pompeii, which at the date of its destruction had reached the respectable antiquity of some six hundred years. Many of our readers have visited the buried city, and most of them have read about it, but the hurried reminiscences of a tour, and the recollections of desultory reading, leave but a fading impression; an impression, however, which is immediately revived either by a second visit, or by reading over the leading points of the history of the period to be considered.

Hence let us state that Pompeii at the time of its destruction, which occurred on November 23, A.D. 79, had existed, roughly speaking, since 550 B.C. At the time of its foundation there were two races inhabiting this part of the Italian peninsula, namely the Oscans and the Samnites. The Oscans were a pastoral people who lived in the plains of Campania, and on the slopes of Vesuvius, then, as now, about the richest agricultural country in Europe. It was obviously a necessity of their existence that they should build inclosed places to serve as refuges for their flocks and herds in the winter, to protect them as much from their lawless neighbors, the

century were a recognized source of danger to the sheep and cattle of the peasantry. During the time of the Oscan possession, the Greek colonists arrived from Eubœa, and formed the beginning of that large Greek community which afterward became so important that the whole of southern Italy obtained the name of "Magna Græcia." Among other points selected by the Greeks for a settlement was the "Petra Herculis" at Pompeii, a lofty rock which dominates the Stabian plain, and stands within the walls of Pompeii itself. Here they built a massive temple, of which considerable remains still exist, and after their fashion they labelled the rock with a pretty legend to the effect that it was here their great hero, Hercules, landed with a "*pompaboum*," or triumphal procession of oxen, which he had "lifted" from Geryon the King of Gades.

If the Greeks and the Oscans lived peaceably together it was far otherwise with their aboriginal neighbors the Samnites, who were mountain brigands inhabiting the fastnesses in the region of Beneventum, which still bear their name. They made their living by raiding into the Oscan territories, and eventually subdued them altogether; rebuilt Pompeii after their own fashion, making it for the first

*. All of the photographs reproduced in this article, not otherwise credited, were made expressly for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by Mr. Plüschnow. A model in Roman costume was introduced to show scale, etc



Fragment of a Mural Decoration.

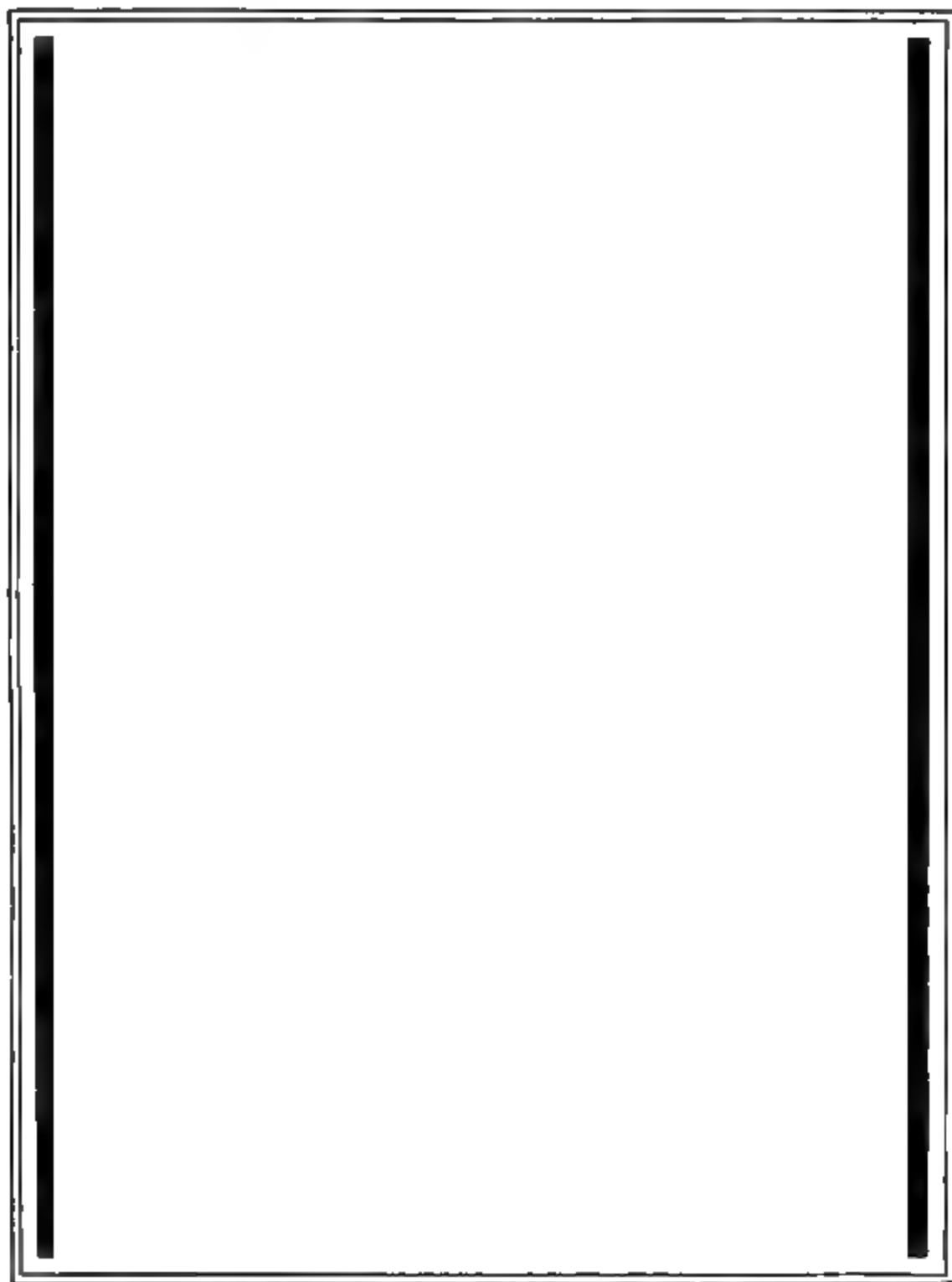
time into a regular town, and they remained there till they in their turn were driven out by the Romans about 80 B.C. We know nothing of the history of the city in the Oscan and Samnite times except what we can gather from the silent testimony of the style of the various walls and buildings, for the Oscan style was rougher than that of the Samnites, and both differed distinctly from that of the Romans. The walls and the oldest houses, notably the "House of the Surgeon," were of Oscan construction, while the remaining massive stonework was Samnite, and all the brickwork and reticulated stonework

was Roman. As soon as the Roman period set in, frequent mention of the city occurs in the writings of Seneca, Tacitus, and the younger Pliny, the last of whom was a witness of the eruption from the opposite promontory of Misenum, straight across the bay, and has left us a graphic account of his flight thence with his aged mother, and also of the death of his celebrated uncle, the historian and admiral, who lost his life by venturing too near the scene of the disaster in order to observe the appalling phenomena which were taking place. The site of the city was lost for hundreds of years, and found by an acci-

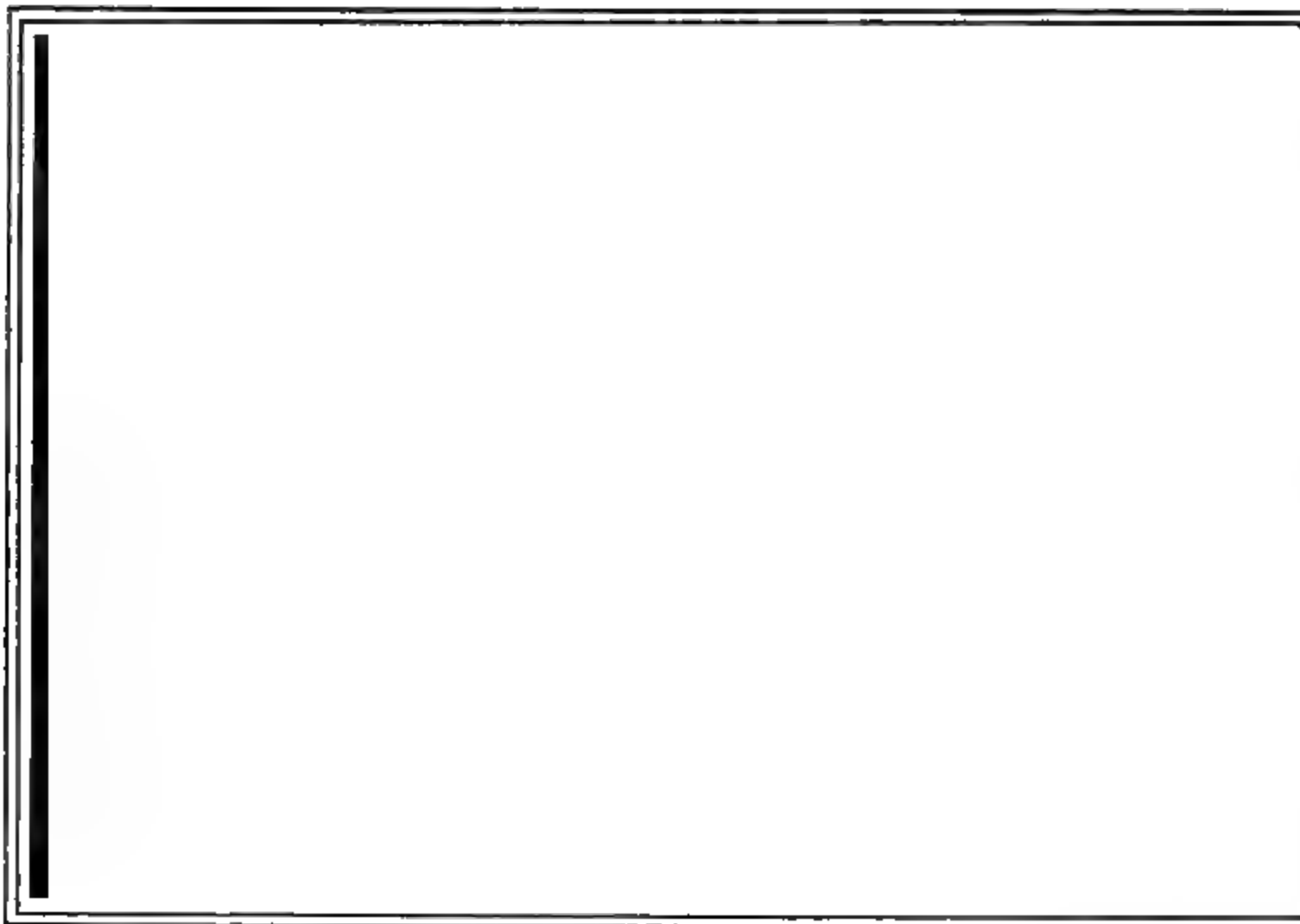
dent in the eighteenth century, from which time desultory excavations were carried on till 1860, when the ground was surveyed, and a regular scheme arranged, which has since been carefully carried on to the great benefit of the scientific world, and the great pleasure of the travelling public.

In treating of the ruins of the city as we find them, great stress must be laid on the signs of earthquake damage. Seneca goes into minute detail concerning a series of violent shocks which took place in February, 63 A.D., when the statues in the Forum were thrown down and shattered, and much damage was done to the houses of private persons. The repairs made necessary by these earthquakes are dis-

tinctly visible in many cases, though since the ultimate destruction was accompanied by phenomena of the same description, we must carefully distinguish between the damage done in 63 A.D., and repaired, and that done in 79 A.D., which remains as it was. The whole Mediterranean littoral is, and always has been, so subject to earthquakes that we may presume that the Romans made no more of them than the Italians do now, and that confidence would be promptly restored and the injured houses soon fitted for habitation. Be this as it may, it is abundantly certain that sixteen years after, when the eruption and final destruction of the city took place, it was thickly populated and had



Mural Decoration—"The Punishment of Dirce."



"Goldsmiths at Work"—Part of the Dado

From a photograph by

once more became an industrious trade-centre.

There are many reasons to account for the marvellous attraction with which Pompeii has fascinated not only antiquarians but the most casual travellers who have visited the city. First of all, the city was covered, not with lava, but with a shower of light ashes like an impalpable powder, varied with frequent layers of light pumice-stone, the individual pieces of which scarcely average the size of a peanut, while the torrents of rain which accompanied the eruption excluded all chance of damage by fire even if incandescent material had reached the city, of which there is only slight evidence. Hence, as we pass by, we can pause for a moment and see the workmen uncover a wall-painting which has not seen the light for two thousand years or thereabouts, and appears to have cropped up for our especial benefit; or, we may be fortunate enough to see a bronze statue come to light, clad in the beautiful "*patina*," or coloring, which it has derived from ages of burial in volcanic matter. These inci-

dents convey a sense of the genuineness of the excavations seldom to be met with in other circumstances, for, as a general rule, excavations are made of places which have fallen into gradual decadence; of temples and houses which, after having been disused for centuries, and, perhaps, originally despoiled of their treasures, have gradually been filled up and contain but little to reward our pains, whereas at Pompeii we have a town covered up as in a moment when in the full swing of its life and labor. We find an oven, and, on opening it, it is full of loaves of bread; we excavate a kitchen, and the pot is on the fire with bones in it, which tell us a portion of the Roman gentleman's "*menu*" for the day; in the pantry we discover the eggs which were to form part of his "*entrées*," and the fruit which he had intended for his dessert. A little farther on we may come upon his silver plate, his gold jewelry, his musical instruments, arranged in readiness for the "*tibicines*" who were to play them and were always present at any dinner-party of importance; or, if he were a man of war, we

Ornamented with Various "Arts and Crafts."

Museo. Brogi. Naples.

shall find his weapons, and in any case we are nearly sure to find such imperishable articles as his scales and weights, his cutlery, his dinner-service, his glass, and the innumerable other objects of daily use, which, even if he found the site of his house and ransacked it, were not worth anyone's while to carry away. These things were worth nothing then; they are rare treasures now. But who could look so far forward? And if, in these days of hurried travel, when all the sights of Europe have to be seen in three months or less, we have not leisure to stand over the excavators as they work, have we not all these treasures laid out before us in their thousands in the Naples Museum, where a very few hours' inspection will make us thoroughly conversant with them?

When we add that the annual number of paying visitors to Pompeii exceeds twenty thousand, and that besides these there are many hundreds who have the right of free entrance, it will be seen that these ruins appeal to a large and ever-increasing section of the public. It may, moreover, safely be asserted that few towns

of its size have such an abundant literature. We have works on the inscriptions, the mural paintings, the flora, the conchology, the architecture, the sculpture, and the domestic life. Every class which inhabited the city, from its local authorities down to its freedmen, slaves, and gladiators, each and all fall under the scrutinizing eye of the specialist, who tells us, not only what was known of these things before from ancient historical records, but what is much more interesting, namely, the special discovery in the ruins of the city, which has enabled him to found some new theory, or to demolish one founded on the incorrect conjecture of a less enlightened predecessor.

If we were asked to name a book which has done more than any other to excite an intelligent interest in our subject, it would undoubtedly be "The Last Days of Pompeii," and it is indeed marvellous that a work, written in the early days of the excavations, should not only have kept its place in the world of letters, but should be so free from serious mistakes that the keenest latter-day archæologist scarcely grudges it a

place which he feels will never be accorded to his own work in the bibliography of the city. So widely is Lytton's book known, and so generally is it appreciated, that the names which he has given to many of the houses have practically superseded the official ones. Take, for instance, "The House of Glaucus." It is no exaggeration to say that this house is better known by Lytton's name than by its official designation of "The House of the Tragic Poet," a name which was given to it from the beautiful paintings of subjects taken from the Homeric poems which are now preserved at Naples. We all remember the handsome Greek youth Glaucus, the hero of the book, and the glowing description of his incomparable Ione, and his house, with its rare mosaics and its crowd of art treasures, but we did not know till a few months ago that he had a near neighbor whose artistic tastes were equally pronounced, and whose house in some respects excelled in its decoration that House of the Tragic Poet to which generations of art worshippers have for nearly a century done willing homage.

In order to explain to our readers the exact situation of the house of Vettius, we must recall their recollection to "The House of the Faun," at once the largest and most magnificent of the houses yet discovered in the city. In front of the main entrance the salutation "HAVE," a late form of the better known "AVE," is lettered in mosaic on the sidewalk, and the house derived its name from the world-famed statuette of the Dancing

Faun, which stood on a low pedestal in the centre of the *impluvium*, a shallow water-tank which stood in the atrium or hall of every Pompeian house which had any pretensions. This house, with its courts and gardens, occupies a whole block of the city, and at its eastern corner the house of Vettius is its nearest neighbor, being the corner house of the next block and separated from it only by a narrow street. Immediately beyond it is that one of the eight gates of the city which has been named the "Gate of Vesuvius," because it opened directly toward the volcano, while behind it and separated again by a narrow street is the "House of the Labyrinth," so called from the mosaics in the floor representing the famous maze where the Cretan legend established the dreaded Minotaur. The house of Vettius has two entrances, the principal one facing the east and opening to the street which led to the city gate, and a side entrance which is directly opposite to the modern wooden pent-house erected to protect the ancient Roman water-pipes, which branch off from here in many directions. Most visitors will remember this curious illustration of ancient water-works, the earliest and most complete that are known to us, and by the help of the description we have given

Detail of Panel in the Atrium.

should have no difficulty in locating the house. The building obtained its name from three signets [see page 283] found in the atrium, one of which bore the legend (1), A. VETTII CONVIVAES, which may be interpreted "Of, or belonging to, A. Vettius Conviva;" the second (2), A.

Part of the Atrium, showing Panels.

VETTI RESTITUTI, or, "The property of A. Vettius Restitutus;" and the third, which was a bronze ring, and bore the letters (3) AVCo, evidently an abbreviation of the first signet. Besides these there were three engraved stones having the respective ornaments of an amphora, an ivy leaf, and the caduceus of Mercury. In Roman times a man's signet was the most important of his possessions. It served the purpose of a signature, for all business transactions were ratified by it, and as in those days locks and keys had not long been invented, the stores and valuables of many houses were still kept strictly under the seal of the owner. It was a felony to make two signets alike, and hence in the gems of the ancients we

the name altogether unknown to us at Pompeii, for there lived a certain Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus, a usurer of the basest sort, who traded on the necessities of the gilded youth of the city, as creatures of his class always have in all ages of the world. When this rascal made a loan it was made in the presence of, and was attested by, several witnesses, and the name of our friend Vettius appears upon six of these documents, showing that he had a footing in a commercial circle of very questionable integrity. That he was a man who had valuable documents and, perhaps, some treasure in his house, is shown by the two strong-boxes found in his atrium, both of which had their contents removed in ancient times, probably

A • VETTI
• CONVIVAE S

A • VETTI
RES + V +

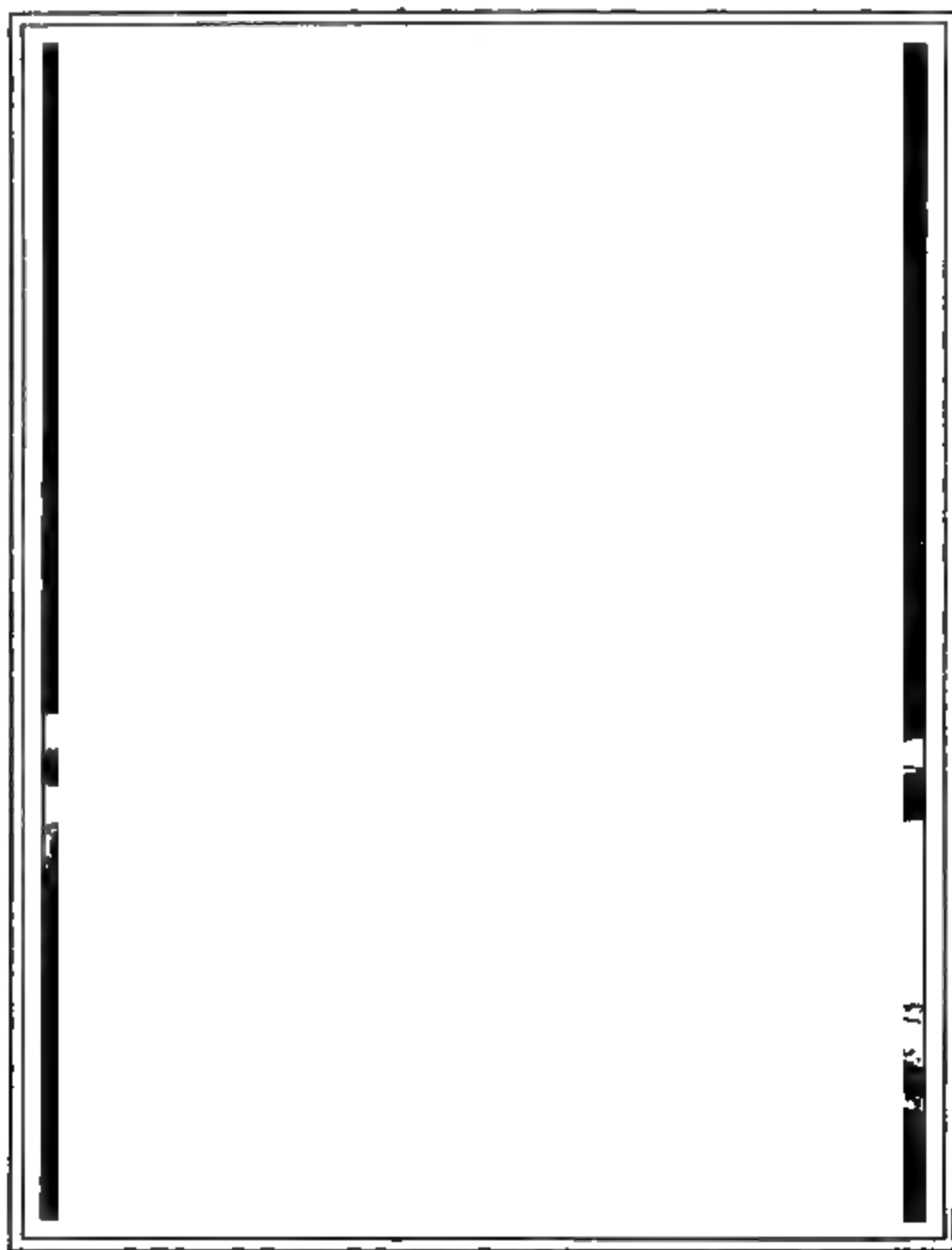
AVC
3

have the most marvellous compendium of their customs, manners, and beliefs. We may hence be pretty confident that the house belonged to Aulus Vettius. Nor is

as soon as possible after the destruction of the city; for there is ample evidence that this house, like so many others, was burrowed into after it had been covered

up by the eruption, and many articles of value removed from it. Holes large enough for a man to crawl through occur in places piercing the party walls between the rooms, and one especial instance occurs of the arm of a marble statuette being found in one of the passages, broken off, no doubt, in course of removal, the re-

of them. We must remember that these pictures of gods and heroes were as much "sacred subjects" to the Romans as the pictures of Madonnas and saints were to the mediæval painters fourteen centuries later, or as pictures taken from the events narrated in the Holy Scriptures are to Christians to-day. It must not be argued



Near the Northeast Corner of the Peristyle.

mainder of the object having been taken away.

Besides being a person of wealth and position, Vettius was also a man of refined taste. The paintings and statuary of his house, though evidently in the main of the latest Pompeiian period, are so well executed that he must have called in a superior artist. They are naturally not all of equal merit, but only the very best work yet found will compare with some

from this that Vettius had any particular claim to be considered a religious man. He was only following the fashion of his day. Besides the pictures of gods and heroes, we have a very interesting series representing the "Arts and Crafts" of Roman times, painted on the band of the dado of the ladies' sitting-room. This band, though only a few inches in depth, is treated with an exquisite subtlety of charm, and is absolutely unrivalled for its

The Peristyle—Looking Toward the Southwest Corner

taste and the minuteness with which it is executed, a remark which may be said to apply to the whole of the decoration of this beautiful room, of which we must treat in some detail.* In his very interest-

This being so, there is a real meaning in the group of which we give an illustration, for it is quite clear that the Cupids in the picture are making coins in a goldsmith's workshop. Two are working

Another View of the Peristyle—Northwest Corner.

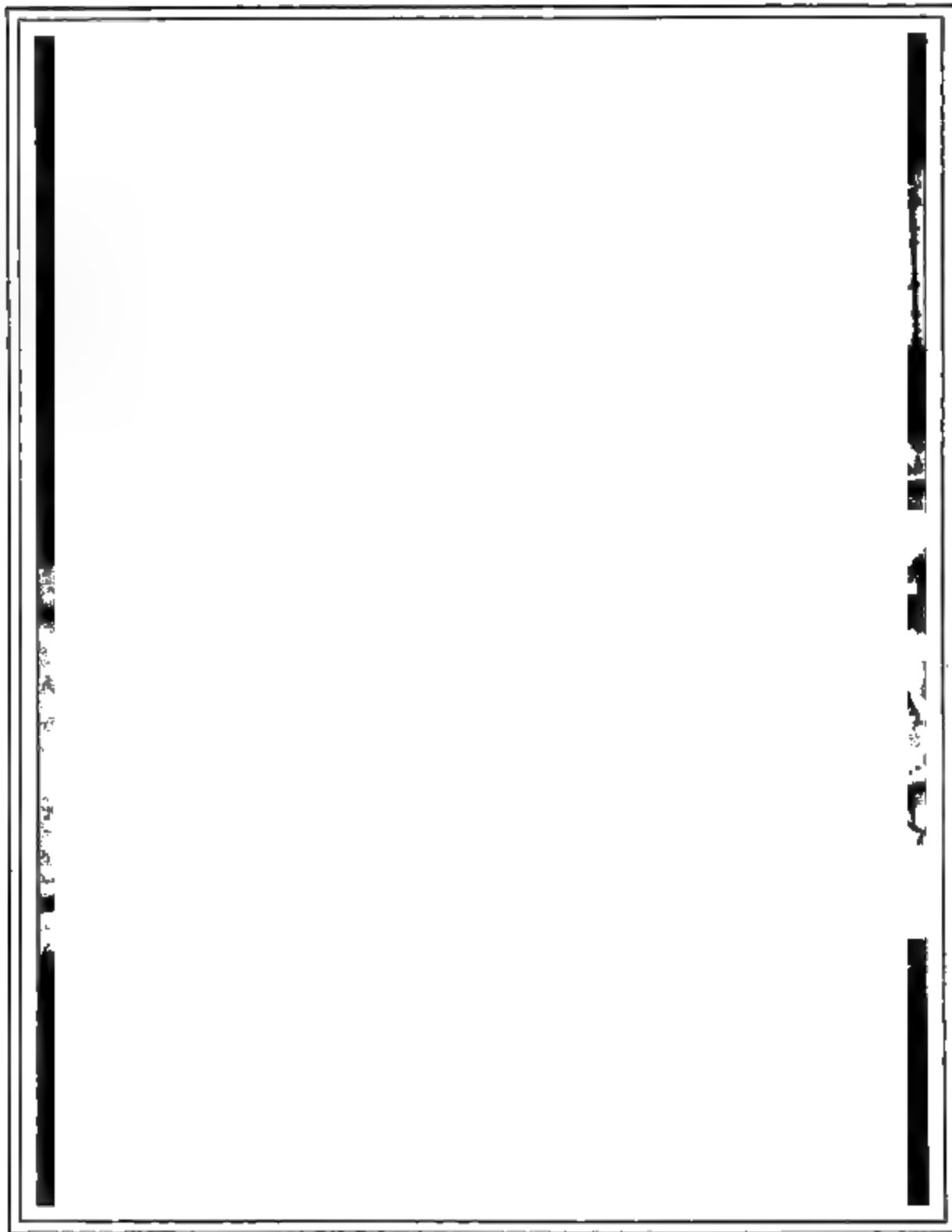
ing paper communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in London on February 20, 1896, Mr. Talfourd Ely suggests that the pictures of "Arts and Crafts" were placed in this room to show the different industries by which the family of the Vettii had amassed their wealth, and he goes on to show that various members of the family filled the post of "moneyers" at Rome during the first century B. C.

* We think it will be convenient to give a list of the principal pictures in the house, omitting the smaller ones, which were only used for decorative purposes and to fill up odd corners. "The Descent of Ariadne," "Hero and Icarus," "Ciparissus and his Pet Stag," "The Fight Between Eros and Pan," "Hercules Strangling the Serpents," "The Death of Pentheus," "The Punishment of Dirce," "The Sacrilege of Agamemnon," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "The Slaughter of the Python," "Hercules and Auge," "Daedalus and Pasiphaë," "Ariadne Found by Bacchus at Naxos," "The Torture of Ixion," a fragment conjectured to be "Achilles in Scyros." The groups upon the band of the dado represent: 1. "Boys Playing with a Duck." 2. "Target Practice." 3. "Garland Makers." 4. "Oil Sellers." 5. "A Chariot Race." 6. "The Goldsmiths." 7. "The Fullers." 8. "In the Country." 9. "The Vintage." 10. "The Triumph of Bacchus." 11. "The Vintner."

blow-pipes at the furnace; one is finishing a piece of money at a small anvil with exquisite care and dexterity; another, whose pose is particularly life-like, is weighing out the coins to a customer; and in the left corner we see two little fellows working with might and main to beat out the metal with a sledge-hammer. The way in which the boy is made to wield the hammer so as to avoid hitting his own wing is especially pleasing. No greater triumph of skill over material can be imagined than this little painting, for unlike an easel picture, where the artist can place his work in any position or in any light he pleases, this picture is painted on a fixed and vertical wall. It is painted on plaster, and with water-color. It is 1,900 years old, certainly, and yet there is not a figure, nay, there is not so much as a hand, that has not individuality of expression, that does not mean something

and express that something with admirable clearness. The figures almost speak. See the satisfaction of that Cupid as he takes his left hand from under the pan of the scales and finds it exactly equipoised. Observe the calm satisfaction of the customer as she holds out her left hand in pleased interest. Notice the little cherub as he puffs out his cheeks to fill his blow-pipe, how carefully he is directing his flame. This is the work of no copyist; there is no tradition of anyone else's work to fetter the artist here. The conception and the treatment are obviously original, and the painter has put his whole

mind into his work, till it is as much a part of his being as the hand with which he paints it. These remarks refer with equal cogency to the whole series of these paintings, which were originally sixteen in number, five of them having perished. It having been shown that the Vettii were moneyers, or minters, and it being clear that they had acquired considerable wealth, it would be surprising, in those days, if they were not land-owners as well, and as land-owners a great part of their income would be derived from wine and oil. Now, we find four of the pictures referring to these trades. In one of them



Mural Decoration—"The Fight between Eros and Pan."

a Cupid as oil-merchant is weighing out the oil to his customer, for the Romans, we know, did not use measures of capacity for oil ; and of the three pictures relating to the wine trade we have one where the vintner is actually selling to his customer, the other two being the vintage and a Bacchic procession, answering to our "harvest home," at the end of the wine-making. We have yet another picture with a customer represented, namely, the picture of the garland-makers. Here we have a Cupid leading in a he-goat, upon whose back is a pair of panniers full of roses, and a number of garlands are hanging around, while some of the little

boys are busily making wreaths, and one of them is (as in the other pictures) selling the wares to a lady. It is quite probable that Vettius may have been a rose-grower, as roses grow with the greatest luxuriance all round Vesuvius, and garland-making must have been a very productive industry in those times, as the use of floral decoration was universal, and no feast was complete without a profusion of it. Again we have another picture with a customer in it, and this represents the craft of the fuller. This was an important and very ancient trade. We read in the Old Testament of the "highway of the fuller's field," and the dazzling garments of The

Transfiguration are described as exceeding in whiteness anything that the earthly fuller's art could accomplish. We have at Pompeii no less than three establishments where this craft was exercised. We know from the inscription upon it that the finely draped statue of the priestess Mammia in the Exchange (the Wall Street of Pompeii) was presented by the fullers, from which we may argue that they were a wealthy and important fraternity, and probably formed one of the trade guilds of the city. It is not at all beyond the limits of a reasonable conjecture that Vettius was interested in this craft. He would, of course, conduct such a business through the agency of one of his freedmen, for a Roman gentleman would not trade himself; it was beneath his dignity. The reason that the trade was an important one was that the Romans wore woollen clothes, and these were mostly white. Hence frequent recourse had to be made to the craft, for in the heat and dust of this country a white garment could not long remain unsoiled, and a fashionable Roman would most certainly not use a toga which had lost its freshness. We have thus accounted for eight out of the eleven pictures which survive to us. The other three are merely decorative. That of the boys playing with a duck is a small painting put in to fill up a dark corner. Again, the boys at target practice is in a bad light, and is a purely subsidiary painting, but it is interesting as adding another children's game to those with which former Pompeian pictures have already made us familiar. It is clear from this picture that the penalty incurred by the loser was to carry the winner around on his back. The last picture of the series is a most spirited one, and represents a chariot race conducted by Cupids in chariots drawn by antelopes. There are two groups of three trees at either end of the painting round which the race was to be driven, and, like all this artist's work, the scene is brimful of grace and vigor. The figure of the starter is brilliant; one of the boys has upset his chariot, and the efforts of the Cupid behind him to avoid driving over him are depicted in a truly masterly style. The decoration of the room was not quite complete at the time of the destruction of the city. It was the

intention of Vettius to put up a large picture on the wall facing the door, and to that end he had cut a large square in the bright cinnabar with which the wall is painted, in order that fresh plaster might be inserted and a grand picture painted on it while it was still wet, so that the colors should become incorporated into the wall itself. But, alas! cruel fate stepped in, and the cutting away of the plaster was the farthest point of the work accomplished.

A large double swing-door separates this room from the peristyle or garden-court of the house. No doubt this door was kept wide open for the greater part of the year, the opening being partially draped with a light curtain, and as it opened into the cloister, the room would be shaded from the sun in summer and protected from the wind in the winter. The peristyle has been carefully rebuilt and the cloister has been roofed in. The garden-ground in the centre has been planted with roses and flowering shrubs, and all the works of art which remain have been put up in their original places. A water-pipe ran completely round it, and from this issued branch-pipes which led into all the little statuettes, each of which was a fountain. In the foreground, on either side of the door of the room whose paintings we have been describing, were two bronze statuettes of Cupids, each holding a duck under his arm, but the remainder of the decorations are all in marble. Some of the little figures are missing, taken away, no doubt, when Vettius sent his search-party to the house in ancient times; but the various marble basins are all complete, and some of them are extremely elegant. The choice feature of the marble-work are two exquisite pillars with a tracery of ivy-leaves in *bas relief* upon them, and capped by double-headed terms of Bacchus and Ariadne, such as were commonly used in those days for boundary-stones. The origin of these was probably the two-headed Janus, looking with one face to the coming year, with the other to the year which had flown by. There can be very little doubt that, like the modern Neapolitan, the ancient Roman spent a great part of his life in the open air; and in such a peristyle as this an open-air life must have been very pleasant, for one side of the

cloister must always have been in the shade, and as the water was laid on all round it, the fountains might be made to play at any part of it, giving freshness to the surrounding atmosphere, and gratifying the ear with the pleasant babble of falling water. The paintings in the peristyle consist of groups of fish and fruits, and are of an earlier and coarser style of decoration; but there is a little room opening into the end of it which has three important pictures. Of these, for the merit of the painting, that representing the death of Pentheus is the most important. Pentheus had the impertinence to go and see what his wife and daughters were doing at the orgies of Bacchus. They saw him spying on their performances, fell upon him, and stoned him. And so ended Pentheus!

The atrium opens in its entire breadth upon the peristyle, which is unusual in Pompeiian houses, the ordinary construction being to have the *tablinum*, which was a kind of reception-room, at the head of the atrium, with a narrow passage on one or both sides of it leading into the peristyle.

The plan adopted by Vettius, though it made his peristyle more public, was much more picturesque. It gave his visitors an exquisite view as they entered his house, and besides, it gave an idea of space which was completely wanting in the usual arrangement. The paintings in the atrium consist mainly of lofty yellow candelabra beautifully painted on a cinnabar ground, and interspersed with small pictures of Cupids. As these are much exposed to the sun, the director has very wisely had them glazed and covered with curtains for their preservation.

As the ladies' room is the great feature of the peristyle, so the room on the right of the hallway is the great feature of the atrium. It contains three important pict-

ures, and was in all probability the room in which, after the Roman fashion, Vettius received his clients and transacted his daily business. The pictures represent Dædalus, the great legendary artificer of antiquity, displaying to Pasiphaë the cow he had made for her, wherewith to decoy the Cretan bull. The opposite wall bears the favorite theme of Bacchus discovering Ariadne at Naxos, after her desertion by Theseus, while the wall facing the door has perhaps the most important picture in the house, representing Ixion fastened to the wheel by Hermes, in the presence of the indignant Hera. This picture is of specially bold treatment and strong color. Ixion, it will be remembered, had great benefits conferred upon him by Zeus, who eventually introduced him into the society of the Olympian gods, where he made love to Hera, an impertinence which she resented so strongly that, by permission of Zeus, she handed him over to Hermes for condign punishment. Hermes, being a deity of much resource, secured his victim to a wheel, which he set rolling through space for all eternity. The Romans added a trifle to the legend by placing Ixion in Hades, and thus disposing of him completely, though in a somewhat commonplace way.

And now we may bid Vettius adieu, for although the presence of two stairways attest the fact that there was an upper floor to his house, not a stone of it is standing, so there is no material upon which even the flimsiest conjecture can be founded. But before wishing him a final farewell, we must yield him our most hearty thanks for showing the art-lovers of the nineteenth century the marvels which the artists of the first century could accomplish with their limited materials and tools which must have compared very unfavorably with those of our day.

THE ASTERS

By J. Russell Taylor

THE river has not changed with year on year.
I know the place : once I found asters here.
The river is the same, but I am strange :
For all the seasons touching me with change
Little by little made me changeling.
As little as the autumn is the spring
Am I the boy that knew this path so well,
The lost boy, wild of heart as Ariel,
Who thought the burnt-out lamps of wild sunflowers
The last should light the tired dislustered hours,
When all the dull green looked at him, and met
His gaze with Argus-eyes of rich regret,
Gold-irised, fringed with tender violet. . . .

Oblivion's feet had lost the path in briers ;
And brooding thus on ghosts of old desires
I stooped and crept a difficult passage through ;
Then, there they were, the deep imperial blue
Of my old asters bloomed and gloomed again,
Embroidered like a curtain on the green.
A hand was on that splendid tapestry,
And out he stepped : I knew him, it was he,
The wild-heart boy with my face looked at me.

And I, the man, with pity looked on him.
With sin and grief the years between were dim,
But naught he seemed to me. I had met death
Unmasked at noon : he thought it but a breath.
I had known love, I knew a woman's heart,
Earth's inmost purple, and to him but art
Of aster-eyes to draw him like a bee.
Upon my smile he faded wistfully :
Only the regal asters looked at me.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER IX

LEECH shortly determined to give the neighborhood an illustration of his power.

One morning, a few days after the meeting, Dr. Cary received a summons to appear at the Court-house next day before the Provost. It was issued on the complaint of the "Rev'd James Sherwood," and was signed "Jonadab Leech, Lieutenant and Provost, Commanding, etc."

General Legaie, who was at Birdwood when the soldiers who served the summons arrived, was urgent that Dr. Cary should refuse to obey it; but the Doctor said he would go. He would obey the law. He would not, however, report to Leech, but to Captain Middleton, the ranking officer. The General said he would go with him to represent him. So next morning the two old officers rode down to the Court-house together.

When they reached the county-seat, they found "the street," or road in front of "the green," which was occupied by the camp of the soldiers, filled with negroes, men and women. They had made booths of boughs in the fence-corners, where they were living like children at play, and were all in the gayest spirits, laughing and shouting and "larking" among themselves, presenting in this regard a very different state of mind from that of the two gentlemen. They were respectful enough to them, however, and when the riders inquired where the commanding officer was, there were plenty of offers to show them, and more than enough to hold their horses. They did not appear to be entirely certain who was the commander.

"Dat ain't nuttin' but de buro, sir; de ones you wants to see is up yonder at

Miss' Dockett's; I knows de ones you wants to see," said Tom, one of the Doctor's old servants, with great pride.

To settle the question, the Doctor dismounted and walked in, giving his horse to the old man to hold.

The front of the store was full of negroes, packed together as thick as they could stand, and simply waiting. They made way for him, and he passed through to the rear, where there was a little partition walling off a back-room. The door was ajar, and inside were two men seated—one, a stranger in uniform, the Provost; the other, a man who sat with his back to the door, and who at the moment that the Doctor approached was leaning forward talking to the Provost in a low, earnest half-whisper. As the Doctor knocked, the official glanced up and the other man turned quickly and looked over his shoulder, and, seeing Dr. Cary, sprang to his feet, much confused. It was Hiram Still.

"I wish to see the officer in command," announced the Doctor. "Good-morning, Mr. Still." His tone expressed surprise.

"I am the officer in command," said the official, shortly.

"Ah! Are you Captain Middleton?" asked Dr. Cary, inspecting him in some surprise.

"No, I guess not. I'm Captain *Leech*, head of the Freedmen's Bureau." His voice was thin, but assertive, and he spoke as if he had been contradicted.

"Ah! It is the regular officer I wish to see."

"I'm regular enough, I guess, and if it's anything about the freedmen, you'll find I'm the one to see." He turned from the Doctor with studied indifference, and motioned to his companion to resume his

seat. Still, however, came forward. He had apparently recovered somewhat from his confusion.

"This is Dr. Cary, one of the finest gentlemen in our county," he said, as if he were making a speech to the officer, to whom he gave a wink to attract his attention, and then turned to the Doctor. "Captain Leech is the gentleman to see about getting our hands back. Fact is, I'm just down here about that now."

"Ah ! I believe I will go and see Captain Middleton," said Dr. Cary, with dignity. "Good-morning," and he walked out, his head held somewhat higher than when he went in, leaving Still to give a very different estimate of him to the head of the bureau from that he had declared so loudly in his presence.

"He's one of that same sort with your young men," said the manager, "only more so. What did I tell you ? See, he won't talk to you. He wants to talk to Middleton. You trust me, I'll keep you informed. I know 'em all. Not that he ain't better than most, because he's naturally kind-hearted and would do well enough if let alone ; but he can't help it. It's in the blood. But I'm too smart for 'em."

"Well, he'll find out who I am before he gets through," said Leech. "I guess he'll find I'm about as big a man as Captain Middleton."

"That's it—that's it," smiled Still, delightedly.

When the gentlemen arrived at Mrs. Dockett's they found that energetic lady, trowel in hand, among her flowers and were received by her with so much distinction that it produced immediately a great impression on her two lodgers, who unseen were observing them from their open window.

"Gad ! Larry, there's Don Quixote, and he's brought his cousin, Dr. Filgrave, along with him. He must be a lieutenant-general at least. See the way the old lady is smiling ! I must learn his secret." And the little lieutenant sprang to the mirror and rattled on as Middleton got ready for the interview which he anticipated, and the two gentlemen came slowly up the walk, bareheaded, with Mrs. Dockett talking energetically between them.

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The next moment there was a tramp outside the door, and with that rap which Thurston said was a model for the last tramp, Mrs. Dockett herself announced, with a wave of her hand :

"General Legaie and Major Cary."

They were received with great respect, Middleton recalling pleasantly his visit to Red Rock before the war, and his recollection of Dr. Cary and his daughter, and venturing even to inquire after her. He supposed she was a good, big girl now ?

"Yes, she was almost quite grown, and was enjoying very good health," said the Doctor, civilly, and proceeded forthwith to state the object of their visit, whilst Thurston introduced to the General, somewhat irrelevantly, the subject of fishing.

Middleton listened respectfully to all the two gentlemen had to say. He agreed with them as to the necessity of establishing some form of civil government in the county and believed that steps would be taken to do so as soon as possible. Matters relating to the management of the negroes, except in the line of preserving order, were however rather beyond his province, and properly under the control of an entirely distinct branch which was just being organized, with headquarters for the State in the city. He said he would go with Dr. Cary before the Provost and see that he was not annoyed by any frivolous charge. So he accompanied the two gentlemen back to Leech's office and attended the trial. It was galling enough to the two old officers as it was ; and but for the presence of Middleton would have been much more so. Leech's eyes snapped with pleasure at the reappearance of the gentlemen ; but were filled with a vague disquiet at the presence of the officer. However, he immediately proceeded with much importance to take up the case. "The trial," as he called it, was held in the Court-house, where the Provost sat in the judge's seat. The negroes around took in quickly that something unusual was happening, and their manner had changed. The court-room was thronged with them, all filled with curiosity, and many of the older ones with preternatural solemnity. Sherwood was present, in a black coat, his face expressive of comical self-importance. Dr. Cary and General Legaie sat behind the bar, the Doctor somewhat paler than

usual, his head up, his mouth compressed, and his thin nostrils dilating; the General's eyes glowed with the fire that smouldered beneath.

The case was called, and without the useless formality of examining the complainant, who had already given his story, Dr. Cary was asked by the Provost, why he had driven Sherwood off.

The Doctor rose and made his statement. The land was his and he had the right to drive him off if he wished to do so; but as a matter of fact he had not done so. He had not done so on account of Sherwood's wife, who was the daughter of the old mammy and a valued servant. He had only deposed him from being the manager.

The Provost was manifestly a little disconcerted by this.

"Can you prove this?" he asked, sharply. The General wriggled in his chair, and the Doctor looked a trifle more grim.

"Well, my word has usually been taken as proof of a fact I stated," he said, slowly. "But if you wish further proof, there are several of my old servants present who will corroborate what I state. Perhaps you might be willing to accept their testimony?" He looked the Provost in the eyes and then glanced around half-humorously. "Tom?" he called to the old man who had held his horse. "Will you state what occurred to this—officer?"

"Yas, suh—I'll groberate ev'y wud you say—'cus' I wuz dyah."

"Dat's so," called out one or two others, not to be outdone by Tom, and the tide set in for the Doctor.

The Provost in this state of the case declared that the charge was not sustained and he felt it his duty to dismiss the complaint. He, however, would take this occasion to state his views on the duties of the former owners to their slaves; and he delivered a long and somewhat elaborate discourse on the subject, manifestly designed for the sable part of his audience. When he concluded the General sprang to his feet. The Doctor looked at him with some curiosity, for his eyes were blazing. With an effort, however, the General controlled himself.

"Permit me to say, Mr. Provost, that your views, like those of a good many people of your class, are more valuable to yourself than to others."

"Dat's so, too," called Tom, who was in a corroborative mood. There was a guffaw from the negroes present. With this shot the General turned on his heel and stalked out of the Court-house, leaving the Provost trying to look as if he appreciated the humor of Tom's speech.

After they were out the Doctor and the General had a further conversation with Middleton as to the necessity of establishing some form of civil government in the county. Middleton believed that the two gentlemen might find it better to lay their views before the head of the bureau in this section, Major Krafton, rather than to attempt to secure any co-operation from his representative there, who he said was only a subordinate, and really had no authority.

The two young men felt the beneficial effect of their civility that very afternoon in the increasing cordiality shown them by Mrs. Dockett. She gave them a full account of both visitors, their pedigrees and position, not omitting a glowing description of the beauty and charms of the daughter of one of them, and a hint that she was bound to marry either Jacquelin Gray, the owner of Red Rock, or her cousin Captain Stevenson Allen, who had applied to Mrs. Dockett for table-board, she said, that very day.

An order came to Middleton from headquarters a day or two afterward, to go to the upper end of the county and investigate certain mysterious meetings which it was reported were being held in that section.

The list given him of those who participated in such meetings made him whistle. It contained the names of Dr. Cary, General Legaie, Captain Allen, and of nearly every man of prominence in the county.

Still's name was given him as that of the person who could furnish him with information; and the order contained explicit directions where to meet him. He would find him at a certain hour at the house of a colored man named Nicholas Ash.

So the Captain rode up to a small cabin situated in a little valley near the Red Rock place, and had an interview with Still, who was so vague that he appeared to Middleton far more mysterious than anything else he discovered on his trip. He said, when Middleton prepared to

leave, that he would show him the nearer way back by the old ford below the burned bridge, and as it was late in the afternoon Middleton accepted his offer.

They were almost at the ford when an old carriage came out of the road which led down from the Red Rock mansion and turned into the main road just before them. Still pulled up his horse and excusing himself to Middleton from going any farther, on the ground that he was feeling rather badly, explained the way to cross the ford safely, and turned back. All he had to do was to keep down the river a little so as not to hit the sunken timbers; but not to go too far down or he would get over a ledge of rock and into deep water.

Middleton's attention was directed to the carriage, which he overtook just before reaching the stream, and supposing that the driver would know the ford he drew in to let it cross before him. One of the horses appeared to be afraid of the water, and the driver had to whip him to force him in. So when he got in he was plunging, and continuing to plunge he got among the sunken timbers and fell, pulling the other horse down on him.

Middleton was so close behind the carriage that he could hear the voices of the two ladies inside, one of whom was apparently alarmed, whilst the other was soothing her, and encouraging the driver.

"There's no danger, Cousin Thomasia, Gideon can manage them." But there was some risk, and Cousin Thomasia appeared to know it; for though she made no outcry, she insisted on being allowed to get out. The danger was that the frightened horses might turn and pull the vehicle around, upsetting it in the deep water below, and as the fallen horse struggled, Middleton dashed in on the lower side and, catching the near horse, who had recovered his footing, steadied him whilst the other got up. Then, springing from his own horse, he caught the other as he got to his feet and held to him until they reached the further bank, where he assisted the driver in bringing them to a stand-still, and enabled the ladies to get out to see what damage had been done.

He had taken in, even as he passed the carriage in the water, that the two occupants were an elderly lady and a young

one, who appeared to be holding the former, but it was after he reached the bank that he discovered that the younger lady was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen, and whom the next second he recognized as Miss Cary. She evidently recognized him, too. After she had helped the old lady from the carriage, as she turned to thank him, the color rose to her face, appearing the deeper because of the white which had preceded it, and which it so rapidly followed; and there was a look in her eyes which was part embarrassment and part merriment. But she did not speak to him.

He began to examine the harness, which was old and had been broken in several places, and said he had some straps on his saddle which he would get. The girl thanked him, with quiet dignity, but declined, firmly.

"They would not trouble him," she said. "Gideon could mend it and she could hold the horses." She bowed to him with grave eyes and made a movement toward the horse, holding out her ungloved hand to catch the bridle, saying, "Whoa, boys," in a voice which Middleton thought might have tamed Bucephalus. On this, however, Miss Thomasia interposed.

"No, indeed, my dear, I'll never get into that carriage again behind those dreadful horses, unless this—this—gentleman" (the word was a little difficult for her) "stays right by their heads. I am the greatest coward in the world" (she said to Middleton in the most confiding and friendly manner), "I am afraid of everything." (Then to Blair again.) "It is very hard to be beholden to a Yankee, but it is much better than having your neck broken, and we are very much obliged to you, sir, I assure you. Blair, my dear, let the——"

"Yankee," said Middleton, in a low voice, as he worked at a strap, much amused.

"Gentleman, help us; don't be too obstinate. Nothing distinguishes a woman more than her manner of giving in. It is like a new bonnet."

So as Middleton was already at work, the girl could do nothing but yield. He got his straps and soon had the breaks repaired; and having, at Miss Thomasia's

request, held the horses while the ladies re-entered the vehicle and started them off, he stood aside and saluted as they passed, catching accidentally Miss Cary's eyes, which were once more grave. The only remark she had volunteered to him outside of the subject of the broken harness was one in praise of his horse.

A few minutes later, having caught his own horse, he galloped by the carriage, but he did not glance in—he simply saluted with eyes straight to the front as he passed.

When he reached home that night Larry Middleton was grave ; but little Thurston, after hearing of the adventure, was in better spirits than he had been for some time.

"It was clearly Providence," he said. "Why, Larry, after that they are obliged to invite us to dinner."

"Why, she didn't even speak to me," growled Middleton, puffing away at his pipe. "And I know she recognized me, just as clearly as I did her."

"Of course she recognized you ; recognized in you one of the enemies of her country—a hated oppressor, a despicable Yankee. Did you expect her to fall on your neck and weep? She's a girl of spirit, on my soul ! like my own adorable Elizabeth. All the same, we're as good for invitations to whatever they give as a dollar is for a doughnut."

And when a day or two later a note from Dr. Cary, in a formal hand and equally formal words, was brought down to Captain Middleton thanking him for his "opportune aid" to his daughter and his cousin, the little lieutenant declared that it was equal to an invitation to Middleton's wedding.

CHAPTER X

STEVE ALLEN on his removal to the county-seat after his sudden abandonment of farming, had taken up his quarters in an old building fronting on the court green, near the Clerk's office. From the evening of his arrival, Steve took possession of the entire village. He wore his old cavalry uniform and carried himself so independently, with his slouched hat set on one side of his handsome head, that he was regarded at first with some disfavor even by the young officers, whom he on his side treated

with just that manner which appeared most aggravating to each of them. He was the most popular man in the place. He played cards with the men and marbles with the boys, made love to the girls and teased the older women, joked with the soldiers, especially with the big Irish sergeant, Dennis O'Meara, and fought the war over with the officers. He boldly asserted that the Confederates had been victorious in every battle they had ever fought, and had, as someone said, simply "worn themselves out whipping the Yankees," a line of tactics which exasperated even little Thurston until he one day surprised a glance of such amusement and satisfaction in Steve's gray eyes that he afterward avoided the ambuscade and enjoyed the diversion of seeing Leech and even Middleton caught.

Leech had been warned in advance by Still of Steve Allen's coming, and immediately on his arrival had summoned him before him as Provost to exhibit his parole, and from that time Steve had taken Leech as his prey. He did not obey the order, and repaid Leech's insolence with burning contempt, and never failed to fire some shaft at him which penetrated and stung.

The effect of Dr. Cary's and General Legaie's interview with Major Krafton was shortly felt in the county.

A few days later an order came for a search to be made through the county from house to house for arms. The work this required was so much, that it was divided up. In the part of the county where General Legaie lived, the investigation was made by Middleton, who conducted himself throughout with due propriety, even declaring it, as General Legaie reported, "an unpleasant duty," and "taking in every case a gentleman's word ;" never touching a thing except where there would be an army-musket, perhaps, which had been found by someone. General Legaie's old duelling-pistols, which his butler Julius had hidden and taken care of for him all during the war, were left unmolested, and the young man went so far as to express a "somewhat critical admiration for them," the General reported, observing that they were the first genuine duelling-pistols he had ever seen. On which the General, though as he stated, it required all his politeness to do so, could not but make him the offer that in case he

should ever have occasion to use a pair, they were entirely at his service.

In the Red Rock and Birdwood neighborhood, however, the people were not so fortunate. There the inquisition was conducted by Leech, partly, perhaps, because the two young officers did not wish to pay their first visit to Dr. Cary's on such an errand, and partly because Leech requested to be allowed to do so.

Leech had two reasons for wishing to conduct the investigation for arms at Dr. Cary's. One was that he had not forgotten Dr. Cary's action the day he had entered his office and asked for Middleton; the other was his hatred of Steve Allen.

"It won't do to fool with him too much personally," Still warned him. "He's a dangerous man. They're all of 'em dangerous, you hear me."

"I'll show 'em who I am before I'm through with 'em," said Leech.

Thus it happened that the conduct of the inquisition for arms in the upper end of the county where the Carys and Grays lived was peculiarly grateful to Leech.

The Doctor was not at home that day, having gone to the city to see the General in command there about the appointment of magistrates and other civil officers for the county, and as Mrs. Cary had a sick headache the blinds were closed, and Blair and old Mammy Krenda were keeping every sound hushed. It was a soft, balmy afternoon, when all nature seemed to doze.

Leech had a squad of men under his command, which made him feel as if he were really an officer, and he gave them orders as though he were leading them to a battle. He even intimated that they might be met with force, and that if so he should act promptly. On riding up to the Doctor's, however, a Sabbath stillness reigned over everything. So, flinging himself from his horse, the Provost banged on the door loudly, and without waiting for anyone to answer his summons, stalked noisily into the house, with his squad of men behind him. Both Blair and Mammy Krenda protested against his invading one particular apartment.

"What's in there?" asked Leech.

"Nothing. My mother is in bed there with a sick headache."

"Ah — h — h!" said Leech, derisively.

He caught Blair by the arm roughly. Blair drew back, the color flaming in her cheeks.

The flash in the young girl's eyes as she drew herself up abashed him. But he recovered himself, and opened the door. There he flung open the blinds and rummaged in the drawers, turning things out on the floor, and carried off in triumph a pair of old horse-pistols which had belonged to the Doctor's grandfather in the Revolutionary War, and had been changed from flintlocks to percussion in 1861.

They had just come out of this room when Jacquelin Gray drove up. He stopped outside for a moment to ask what the presence of soldiers meant, and then came hobbling into the house.

As he entered, Blair turned to him with a gesture partly of relief and partly of apprehension.

"Oh! Jacquelin!" The rest was only a sob. The blood flushed his pale face, and he passed by her.

"By what authority do you commit this outrage?" he asked Leech.

"By authority enough for you. By what authority do you dare to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duty, you limping, rebel dog? If you know what is good for you you'll take yourself off pretty quick. If you put your mouth in you will get it stopped." Leech took in his squad with a wave of his hand and, encountering Jacquelin's blazing eyes, moved a little nearer to them, laying his hand on his pistol as he did so.

Blair made a gesture to stop Jacquelin; but he took no heed of it. He moved on his crutches nearer to the Provost.

"I demand to know your authority," he said, ignoring both Leech's threat and Blair's imploring look.

"I'll show you. Seize him and search him," said Leech, falling behind his squad and adding an epithet not necessary to be repeated.

"I am not armed; if I were——"

"Well, what would you do?" Leech asked, after waiting a moment for Jacquelin to proceed. "You hear what he says, sergeant?" He addressed a bluff, red-

haired Irishman who wore a sergeant's chevrons.

"Sames to me he says nothin' at tall," said the sergeant, who happened to be O'Meara, who had had charge of the ambulance in which Jacquelin had been brought home the day he arrived, and who had been a little grumpy ever since he had been put under Leech's command.

"Arrest him and, if he offers any resistance, tie him to a tree outside."

"Does Captain Middleton know of this?" Jacquelin asked the sergeant.

"Well, you see, it's arders from head-quarrrters, an' I guess the Cap'n thaught bayin' a ferrut was a little more in his line," and the sergeant nodded his head in the direction of Leech, who had called the other men and gone on with his search.

If Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair deemed it more dignified and ladylike to preserve absolute silence during this invasion Mammy Krenda had no such views. The old woman had nursed both Mrs. Cary and her daughter. She was, indeed, what her title implied, and had all her life held a position as member of the family. In her master's absences she considered herself responsible, and now she followed the men from room to room, dogging their every step, and beginning with pointed innuendoes, ended by pouring out on the commander the vials of her wrath with a copiousness which, instead of being exhausted by use gathered volume and virulence with every minute. With quick apprehension she had gauged the leader the moment he had appeared, and when he had pushed by her and her young mistress into Mrs. Cary's darkened chamber, her wrath culminated.

"Yass, I knows jest what sort you is," she said, mockingly, among many other things, after he came out, "you is the sort o' houn' dog that ain't got sperit enough to fight even a ole hyah, let alone a coon, but comes sneakin' into folks' kitchin tryin' to steal a scrap from chillern's mouths when folk's backs air turned—I ain' talkin' to you all," she explained with ready tact to the squad of privates behind, who showed in their countenances some appreciation of her homely but apt illustration; "I know you all's got to do it if you' masters tell's you to. Nor. I'm talkin' to him. I declare I'm right glad my mars-ter ain't at home; I'm feared he'd sile

his shoe kickin' yer dutty body out de do'."

This touch, with an ill-suppressed snicker from one of the men behind, proved too much for the leader's self-control, and he turned on her in a rage:

"Shut up, you black hag," he snarled, "or I'll—I'll—" He paused, hunting for a threat which would appall her; "I'll tie you to a tree outside and wear out a hickory on you."

If he thought to quell the old woman by this, however, he was mistaken. He only infuriated her the more.

"You will, will you!" she hissed, straightening herself up and bustling up close to him. "Do you know what would happen if you did? My marster would cut your heart out o' you; but I wouldn't lef' you for him to do it. You ain't fitten for him to tetch. De ain' nobody uver tetched me since my mammy whipped me last; and she died when I was twelve years ole; an' ef you lay your hand 'pon me I'll wear you out tell you ain't got a piece o' skin on you as big as dat—see?" She walked up close to him and poked a black and sinewy little fist close up under the Provost's very nose, and indicated the long pink nail on her clawlike little finger.

"Now," she panted, "heah me; tetch me!"

But Leech had recovered himself. He quailed before the two blazing coals of fire that appeared ready to dart at him, and recognizing the fact that even his men were against him and like Jacquelin were secretly enjoying his discomfiture, he angrily ordered them out of the house and concealed as best he could his consuming inward rage.

Encouraged by Jacquelin's look of satisfaction at the old mammy's attack, he took him along with him, threatening him with dire punishment for interfering with a Union officer in the discharge of his duty; but learning from the sergeant that he was "a friend of the Captain's," he released him, assuring him of the fortunate escape he had, and promising him very different treatment "next time." Jacquelin returned no answer whatever until at the end, when he said, "It may not be next time, you dog; but some time will be my time."

The story of the old negro woman's terrible tongue-lashing got out, and as it was

known among the soldiers that Leech had a great ambition to ingratiate himself with the negroes, the incident had additional relish. He had attempted to use both command and persuasion to prevent his squad from giving out the story, but even the bribery of a free treat at a store on the roadside, which was a liberality he had never been known to display before, failed to secure the desired secrecy, and the story reached the Court-house almost as quickly as he, and Sergeant O'Meara related it to the camp with great gusto.

"Bedad!" said the sergeant to an interested audience, "the ould woman looked like wan of theyse little black game burruds whan a dog comes around her chicks, with her fithers all oop on her back and her wings spread, and the liftenant—if he is a liftenant, which I don't say he is, mind—he looked as red as a turkey-cock and didn't show much moor courege. She was a very discriminatin' person, bedad! She picked me out for a gentleman and the sutler for a dog, and bedad! she wasn't far wrong in eyther. Only you're not to tell I towld you, for whan a gintelman drinks a man's whiskey it doesn't becooe him to tell tales on him."

Perhaps it was well for Leech that the story got out, for it gave the incident a lighter turn than it otherwise would have had. As it was, there was a storm of indignation in the county, and next day there were more of the old Confederate soldiers in the village than there had been since the war closed. In their old gray uniforms, faded as they were, they looked quite imposing. Leech spent the day in the precincts of the camp. A deputation, with Steve Allen at their head, waited on Middleton and had a short interview with him, in which they told him that they proposed to obey the laws, but they did not propose to allow ladies to be insulted, and they wished to know what he intended to do.

"For I tell you now, Captain Middleton," said Steve, "before we allow our women to be insulted, we will kill every man of you. We are not afraid to do it." He spoke as quietly as if he were saying the most ordinary thing in the world. Middleton faced him calmly. The two men looked into each other's eyes, and recognized each other's courage. Middleton

behaved with dignity and wisdom. He knew that what Steve said was true.

"And before I will allow any woman to be insulted I will kill every man in my command. Lieutenant Leech is not in my command, though in a measure subject to my authority; but the matter shall be investigated immediately."

Some time during the day Middleton had an interview with Leech. What took place was not known at the time, but that night Leech sent for Still to advise him. Even the negroes were looking on him more coldly.

"I know if he lays his han' 'pon me I'm gwine to cut his heart out'n him," said a tall, black, young negro in the crowd as Leech passed on his way to his office, evidently for Leech to hear. Leech had not then learned to distinguish black countenances and he did not yet know Jerry.

Still was equal to the emergency. "These quality niggers ain't used to bein' talked to so," Still explained, "and they won't stand it from nobody but quality. They're just as stuck-up as their masters, and you can't talk to 'em that way. You got to humor 'em. The way to manage 'em is through their preachers. Git Sherrod—and give him a place in the Commissary. He's that old hag's son-in-law, and he's a preacher. I always manage 'em through their preachers."

The result of taking Still's advice, in one way, so far surpassed his highest expectation that Leech could not but admit to Still that he was a genius. One other appointment Still suggested, and that was a negro who had belonged to his employers, the Grays, and who was believed to have as much influence with the devil as Sherwood had in the other direction. "And," as Still said, "with Jim to attend to heaven, and Doctor Moses to manage t'other place" (for Still was too moral a man to use a word so savoring of blasphemy as "hell"), "I think me and you can sort'er manage to git along on earth."

"You've got to do with them," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. "For as I told you"—he gave a low laugh—"you've got to work your triggers that a-way." He waved his hand toward the north. "If you can git the money, I can make it over and over fer you faster than nigger-tradin'. Yo jest git Krafton to stand

by you and that old feller Bolter to stake us, and we're all right.

"You've got to git rid of this young man. One of you's got to go, and the one as holds out longest will win. 'Twon't do to let him git too strong a hold down here. —If we could get up a row between him and —Steve Allen, say—or—my young man Gray? I'd ruther have the latter." He glanced at Leech. "But either of 'em'd do. If we can't do that, we must try the other—too much intimacy? Now this party they're gittin' up? If they invite your young men—you might work that string. But you can't quarrel with him now. You say he's in with your Mrs. Welch? Better work the nigger racket. That's the strong card now. Git some more boxes from Mrs. Welch and let me put 'em where they'll do most good. Niggers love clothes mo' th'n money. Don't fall out with your young man yet—keep in with him till you have got under holt, then you can fling him."

Meantime while this colloquy was going on Middleton was in a far less complacent frame of mind. He had just left the camp that afternoon and was on his way up to his quarters, when, at a turn in the street, he came on a group of young gentlemen surrounding a young lady who was dressed in riding-habit, and was giving an animated account of some occurrence. As soon as he turned the corner he was too close on them to turn back, so he had to pass. He instantly recognized Miss Cary though her back was toward him—the trim figure and abundant hair and musical voice were not to be forgotten.

"I don't think you need any guard, so long as you have Mammy Krenda," laughed one of the young men.

"No, with her for the rank and file, I am just waiting for Captain M—. I mean to meet him some day, and——"

"Hush—here he is now."

"I don't care."

Middleton could not help hearing what she said, or seeing the gesture that stopped her.

He passed on, touching his cap to one or two of the young men, who returned the salute. But Miss Cary took no more notice of him than if he had been a dog.

Thurston had reached their room a little before him. He was in unusually good

spirits, having just relieved his mind by cursing Leech heartily to Miss Dockett, and thus re-establishing himself with that young lady, who had been turning her back on him ever since she had heard of Leech's visit to Birdwood. In return for this act of reparation she had condescended to tell him of the entertainment which they proposed to get up, and the little lieutenant had made up his mind that if possible he and Middleton should be invited. He had just lit his pipe, and, as he said, was laying out his campaign, when Middleton entered and tossed his sword into a corner and without a word lit a cigar and flung himself into an arm-chair and gazed moodily out of the window. The lieutenant watched him in silence, with a more serious look on his face than usually found a lodgement on that cheerful countenance. The cloud remained on Middleton's face, but the lieutenant's cleared up, and presently he said :

"Larry, you need the consolations of religion."

Middleton, without taking his eyes from the distance, turned his cigar in his mouth and remained silent.

"And I'm going to make you sit under the ministrations of the pious Mr. Langstuff——"

"Foolstuff," growled Middleton, turning his eyes round on him.

"For your soul's good and your eyes," continued the little lieutenant, placidly. "For they do say, Larry, that he preaches to the prettiest lot of unrepentant, stony-hearted, fair rebels that ever combined the love of heaven with the hatred of their fellow-mortals. You are running to waste, Larry, and I must utilize you."

"Jackass!" muttered Middleton, but he looked at Thurston, who smoked solemnly.

"For they say, Larry, there's going to be a dancing-party, and we must be there, you know."

Middleton's face, which had begun to clear up, clouded again.

"What's the good of it? Not one of 'em would speak to us. I met one just now, and she looked at me—they all look at me or by me—as if I were a snake."

"As you are, Larry—a snake in the grass," interjected the little lieutenant. "Pretty?"

"As a peach. Can't you be serious a

minute?" for Thurston's eyes were twinkling. "Every one looks as if she hated me——"

"As they ought to, Larry, for you're their enemy." Thurston settled back with his pipe between his lips, and chuckled to himself. "You ought to see the way they look at me, Larry. I know you, Larry. You're not satisfied with your success with Miss Ruth, and Miss Rockfield, and every other girl in the North, but now you must conquer other worlds and sigh because they don't capitulate as soon as they see your advance-guard."

"Don't be an ass, Thurston," Middleton interrupted. "You know as well as I that I never said a word to Ruth Welch in my life—or thought of doing so. When her father was wounded so badly, it happened that I had a scratch, too, and I saw something more of her than I otherwise would have done, and that is all there is about it. Besides, we are cousins, and you know how that is. Her mother would have seen me in perdition before she would have consented to anything between us, and as to Edith Rockfield——"

But the little lieutenant did not care about Miss Rockfield. It was Miss Welch he was interested in; so he cut in:

"Sure, Kate Riley, she's me cousin."
 'Harry, I have cousins too;
 If ye like such close relations,
 I have cousins close as you.'"

he sang, slipping down farther in his chair, his heels up on the table, and his hands clasped above his curly head.

"If you don't stop that howling, old Mrs. Dockett will come and turn you out again," growled Middleton.

"Not me, Larry, my dear—I can warble all I like now. I'm promoted."

"Promoted? How?"

"Don't you see I sit next to the butter now?"

"Fool!—But I'm used to being treated with a reasonable degree of civility," went on Middleton, as if he had not been interrupted, "and I've put myself out more to be polite here than I ever did in my life, and yet, by Jove! these little vixens turn up their noses at me as if—why, they look as if they felt about me precisely as I feel about Leech."

He looked out of the window gloom-

ily, and his friend watched him for a moment, with an amused expression in his blue eyes.

"Larry, they don't know what great men we are, do they? You know that's one of the things that has always struck me. I wonder how the girls can have such a good time when they don't know me. But I suppose it's the ignorance of the poor young things! But they shall know me, and you, too. We'll give the girls a treat next Sunday; we'll go to church, and later to the ball."

"Church! You go to church!"

The Captain turned his head and looked at him in such blank amazement that the little lieutenant laughed aloud.

"Yes," he nodded. "You dashed Pharisee, you think you are the only one that knows anything about church because that little gir—cousin of yours converted you; you're nothing but a dissenter, anyhow; but I'm a churchman, I am. I've got a prayer-book—somewhere—and I've found out all about the church here. There's an old preacher in the county named Longstuff or Langstuff or something, and he preaches once a month at the old church eight or ten miles above here, where they say all the pretty girls in the county congregate to pray for the salvation of Jeff Davis and the d—nation of the Yankees—poor, misguided, lovely creatures, as if we weren't certain enough of it anyhow, without their making it a special subject of their petition. I'm for going to have a look at 'em. We'll have our trappings rubbed up, and I'll coach your dissenting, condemned soul on the proper church tactics, and we will have the handsomest pair of horses in the county, and show 'em as fine a pair of true-riding, pious young Yanks as ever charged into a pretty girl's heart. We'll dodge Leech, and go in as churchmen. That's one place he's not likely to follow us. What do you say? Oh, I've got a great head on me. I'll be a General some day."

"If you don't get it knocked off for your impudence," suggested Middleton.

The equipments were burnished up and the horses carefully groomed, and the uniforms were brushed and pressed afresh, and when Sunday morning came the two officers, having dodged Leech, who had been trying all the week to find

out what was on foot, rode off in full and dazzling panoply like conquering young heroes, to impress at least the fairer portion of their "subjects," as Thurston called them. They were, in fact, a showy pair as they rode along, for both men were capital horsemen, little Thurston looking at least a foot higher on his tall bay than when lifted only by his own short, plump legs; and on their arrival at church, which they purposely timed to occur after the services should have begun, they felt that they could not have been more effective.

The contrast between them and the rest of the assemblage was striking. The grove about the church was well filled with animals and vehicles, but all of a worn and shabby appearance—thin horses and mules and rickety wagons, with here and there an old and mud-stained carriage standing out among them like old gentlemen at a country gathering. The pair tied their horses to "swinging limbs" and then strode silently toward the church, where the sound of a chant, not badly rendered, told that the services were already begun.

The entrance of the blue-coats created quite as much of a sensation, in fact, as they could have expected, even if the signs of it were, perhaps, not quite as apparent as they had anticipated, and they marched to a vacant pew, feeling very hot and by no means as effective as they had intended. Little Thurston dropped down on his knees and bowed his head, and Middleton, with a new feeling of Thurston's superior genius, followed his "tactics."

This was good generalship, for no one outside could know that the two young reprobates were mopping their perspiring faces and setting every button straight instead of being bowed in reverential devotion. No one entered their pew, and they were left alone; several who entered the church after them, on seeing them passed by with what looked very like a toss of the head. But what Thurston called his "straight flush" was when he drew out his prayer-book, which he had found "somewhere," and began to follow the service in a distinctly reverential voice.

As many eyes were bent on them at this as had been directed to them when

they first appeared, and Miss Thomasia, adjusting her spectacles to satisfy herself beyond doubt if her eyes were not deceiving her, dropped them on the floor and cracked one of the glasses. For the idea of a Yankee soldier using a prayer-book had never occurred to any female member of that congregation, any more than it had that a distinguished being, popularly supposed to be also clad in blue uniform, though of a sulphurous flame, used it—in whom Miss Thomasia firmly believed, and of whom, notwithstanding her piety and good works, she was terribly afraid. The favorable impression made was apparent to the young men, and Middleton stepped on Thurston's toe so heavily as almost to make him swear with pain, trying at once to convey his admiration and to call his attention to a very pretty young girl in the choir, whose eyes had happened to fall that way, and to indicate her as Miss Cary. Steve was at her side, singing out of the same prayer-book with her, as if he had never thrown a card or taken a drink in his life.

The self-gratulation of the two officers was, however, of brief duration, for the next moment there was a heavy tread and a sabre clatter behind them, and turning with the rest of the congregation to look, there was Leech stalking up the aisle. He made directly toward them, and had Middleton been at the entrance of the pew he would, perhaps, in the frame of mind into which the sight threw him, have openly refused him admission. Thurston, however, was there, and nothing of the kind occurred. He simply moved down to the door of the pew, and was so deeply immersed in his devotions at that particular instant that even the actual pressure of Leech's hand on his arm failed to arouse him, and after standing a moment waiting for him to move, Leech stepped into the pew behind them, and sat down in the corner by himself.

The change in sentiment created by the Provost's appearance was strong enough to be actually felt by the young men, and Middleton looked into Thurston's eyes with such helpless rage in his own that the little lieutenant almost burst out laughing and had to drop his prayer-book and stoop for it to compose himself.

Still, the congregation was mystified. It

was pretty generally supposed that it was not mere piety which brought the young officers there ; the motives assigned them, varying according to the amplitude in each instance of that particular article of raiment which every Christian is supposed to possess, at least, if but as an outer garment to cover his own sins, and which is known as Charity. Some thought it was to insult them, some to show off their fine horses and gloat over them ; some suggested that it was to watch and report on their old rector, the Rev. Mr. Langstaff, one of the best and godliest of men, whose ardor as a Confederate was only equalled by his zeal as a Christian. But Steve Allen, speaking with the oracular wisdom of a seer, who, in addition to his prophetic power, has also been behind the scenes, declared that they had come to look at the pretty girls, and further avowed that he didn't blame them, because there were the prettiest girls in the world right in that church, and as for him, he was ready to walk right up on the spot with anyone of them, from Miss Thomasia to Miss Blair, and Mr. Langstaff could settle the whole matter for them in five minutes, though of course if the General had any preference he would waive his privilege (as having spoken first) and let him lead the way, as he had often done before on occasion. To which proposal, made in the aisle after church, when the weekly levee was held, the General gallantly responded, and with a bow said that he was "quite ready to lead so gallant a subaltern if Miss—" his eye sought Miss Thomasia's placid face—"ah ! if—any lady could be found," etc.

Steve was right—he very often was, though he concealed his wisdom frequently in an envelope of nonsense.

It was conceded after the young officers had ridden away that they had "acted decently enough but for those odious blue uniforms," and had showed no sign beyond nudging each other when Mr. Langstaff had prayed for the President of the Confederate States with an unction only equalled by the fervor with which the entire congregation had responded "Amen"—at least that the first two of them had. The third one had proved what they were. To be sure, he had come after them, and they had evidently tried to appear as if they wished to avoid recognizing him, and

he had gone away alone ; but what did that prove? Were they not all alike? And even if he *had* sat in a pew by himself, and did not have a uniform exactly like the others, he had never even bowed during the prayers, but sat bolt upright during the whole service, staring around, and when the President was prayed for, had he not scowled and endeavored to touch his companions ! What if they had appeared to try to ignore him ; might not this be all a part of their scheme? And as someone said, "When hounds were all in a huddle you could not tell a good dog from a bad one."

This simile was considered good by most of the male members of the congregation ; but there were dissenters. Mrs. Gray remembered that those two young men sent Jacquelin home the day he arrived ; the General remembered the civility of one of them in the performance of a most disagreeable duty ; Miss Thomasia recalled the closely followed prayer-book, and some of the other ladies objected to hunting-similes at church.

However, when after the service the two young officers left the church and marched straight to their horses, even without the presence of Leech to offend them, for they had clearly told him they did not wish his company, they were far less composed than their martial mien and jingling spurs might have appeared to indicate.

CHAPTER XI

THE lawlessness that was breaking out was becoming so extensive that something was necessary to check it.

A sort of provisional civil government was shortly established in the county, and Mr. Dockett was appointed Clerk of the County, and Dr. Cary a magistrate in his district, and at his solicitation Andy Stamper was appointed and accepted the position of constable.

Meanwhile, Steve Allen had become the most prominent citizen of the county-seat. He was established in an old building in the corner of the court green, and his office soon became the most popular place of resort for the young men near about the village. It was rumored that something other than law was practised in Steve's

office, and the lights often burned till day-break, and shouts of laughter came through the open windows; and stories got abroad of poker-parties held there in the late hours of the summer nights. Neither Middleton nor Thurston had ever been invited there, for Steve still held himself a little stiffly with the two officers.

Steve had never taken the oath of allegiance. This was not known at the time of his arrival at the Court-house, and he had started in to practise, and had gone on without any question as to it ever being raised. After a time, however, Still heard it and told Leech.

So one evening Leech waited on Captain Middleton and called his attention to the fact. Thurston was lounging in an arm-chair with his pipe. He started up. Was it possible that such a flagrant violation of the law had been going on!

"It was and is," said Leech, sententiously. "This man never misses an opportunity to treat the Government and its representatives with contempt."

"I have heard so," said Thurston, adopting Leech's tone. "He has even said that some of the representatives of the Government were a stench in their own nostrils."

Leech winced and glanced at Thurston; but he was as innocent as a dove.

"It is time to make an example of him," proceeded the lieutenant, still apparently arguing with his superior. "And I think it would be well to have him brought up at once and the most rigid oath administered to him. Why should not Lieutenant Leech administer it? I should like to see him do it, and he might take occasion to read him a sound homily on his duties as a citizen of this great republic, and his cause for gratitude. It might lead him to mend the error of his ways."

Leech jumped at the proposal immediately, and said he would give the young man a lecture that he would not soon forget, and if he refused to take the oath, would clap him in jail. Middleton assented; the time was set for that evening, and Middleton and Thurston said they would come down and see the oath administered.

When evening came, Steve was surprised to find his office-door suddenly darkened by a squad of soldiers who had

come to arrest him and take him before the Provost.

"What is it for?"

"To take the oath."

There was a laugh at Steve's expense; for it was known by his friends that he prided himself on not having done it.

He was marched across to the Provost's office, his friends following to see the issue. Just as they arrived, Middleton and Thurston came in, looking a little sheepish when they found as the result of their conspiracy Steve, guarded by a file of men. Leech took out a box of cigars, and offered them to the officers. He did not offer them to anyone else, but laid them on the table; and with a rap for silence began his homily. He made it both strong and long, dwelling with particular emphasis on the beneficence of the Government that after a wicked rebellion permitted rebels to return to their allegiance and receive all the benefits of the Union—becoming indeed, one with her other citizens. This concluded, he tendered Steve the oath. Everyone present, perhaps, expected Steve to refuse to take it; instead of which he took it without a word. There was a moment of breathless silence.

"I understand, then, that we are, so to speak, one now?" Steve said, drawlingly.

"Ah! yes," said Leech, turning away to try to hide his surprise from Thurston.

"Then, as a friend of mine has already said, confess, without any more lying, didn't old Jackson give us h—l up in the valley of Virginia?"

There was a burst of laughter from Steve's friends.

"Gentlemen, have some of *our* cigars." He took up the box, lit a cigar himself and coolly handed them around.

As he offered them to Thurston the little lieutenant said:

"Captain, the honors are yours."

The next moment Steve tossed his cigar contemptuously out of the door.

"Come over to my office, gentlemen, I have a box that a *gentleman* has sent me. I think they will have a better flavor than these. Good-evening, Lieutenant Leech. Will you join us, gentlemen?" This was to Middleton and Thurston, and the invitation was accepted.

They adjourned to Steve's "law-office," where they proceeded to while away the

hours in a manner which has sweetened, if not made, many an armistice. Fortune perched herself from the start on Steve's side, as if to try and compensate him for other and greater reverses, and at last little Thurston, having lost the best part of a month's pay, said that if Leech's cigars were not as good as Steve's, they were, at least, less expensive.

"You fellows don't know any more about poker than you do about joking," said Steve, imperturbably, as he raked in a pot. "If I'd known about this before I wouldn't have taken that oath."

No man likes to have his poker-game assailed, and Middleton and Thurston were no exception.

"You're outclassed, Captain," said Steve. "I'd be riding that white-foot bay of yours in a week if you played with me."

"I'll bet him against what I owe you, you don't," said Middleton, firing up.

"Keep your horse," said Steve; "I was the best poker-player in my command."

But Middleton was game, and insisted.

Whether or not it was that the idea of winning such a horse gave Steve's face a light which misled Middleton, after another raise or two Middleton laid down his hand. Steve leant back in his chair.

"Captain," he said, laughing. "You are a cooler man than I am; but you must perspire more or not at all."

"Now, if you'll sell him, I'll buy him back," said Middleton.

"I have promised him to a lady," said Steve.

Steve was as good as his word. He rode the horse up to Birdwood and offered him to Blair, with a twinkle in his eyes. "He's the best horse in the county, and as you and your Yankee Captain are such friends, he'll have a double value in your eyes."

Blair's eyes flashed. "She would not take any of his 'gambling winnings.' He was becoming a scandal to the neighborhood, leading the young men off," she said, her color rising, and head going up.

"Young Larry, for instance?" smiled Steve, imperturbably.

"You know whom I mean."

Just then Miss Thomasia entered, placid as usual. Blair turned to her. "I'll ask Cousin Thomasia."

Steve made a sign to her to stop.

"Oh! no. I'll ask her."

Steve entreated with signals.

"Will you give the horse back?"

"He won't take him. I could not."

"Will you offer to sell him back?"

Steve hesitated, and she turned to Miss Thomasia.

"Yes," and Blair had conquered.

As the time went on a new pain came to Jacquelin. Steve was in love with Blair. A shadow began to fall between Jacquelin and the sun. If Steve were in love with her, of course that settled it. No one could beat Steve. Steve was always with her, his name was always on her lips, and his frequently on hers. She rode his horse, went about with him, and he often came to Red Rock with her. But as Jacquelin watched he knew he had no chance. It cut deeper than anyone ever knew; but he fought it out and won. He would not let it come between him and Steve. Steve had always been like a brother. What did he not owe him! His life, everything. He would still love her. This was not forbidden him. Not every knight always won his great love. It was the fealty, not the success, that was knightly. If she loved Steve he could make her happier than he ever could have done. Steve was the leader, the sunshine of every company. And if God gave him power, he would rejoice with them in time. So in time came, if not joy, peace.

The time for the party approached. It was intended to make it a sort of subscription affair, for the benefit of the poor wounded Confederate soldiers in the county, and the widows and orphans of those who had been killed. It was to be given at Red Rock, and they waited only for Jacquelin to recover somewhat from a set-back he had had after his meeting with Leech at Dr. Cary's. Blair Cary had offers from at least a dozen escorts, but Steve was the fortunate contestant. Miss Dockett was so much interested in her preparations that their two lodgers caught the fever, and found themselves in the position of admirers and part advisers as to her costume for an entertainment, to which they were not considered good enough to be invited. Little Thurston even had to pur-

chase a part of it in the city, where he had to go on a visit; and, truth to tell, finding that the small amount intrusted to him—which was all that could be gotten together even by Mrs. Dockett's diligence, stimulated by her natural pride in her daughter's first ball—was not sufficient to purchase material as fine as he thought suited to adorn the plump person of a young lady who had condescended to warble with him, he added to it a small sum from his own by no means over-plethoric pocket, and then lied about it afterward like a trooper and a gentleman.

They had given up all hope of being invited to this assembly, when one evening two formal notes were brought by Steve's boy Jerry, requesting their company, and signed simply "The Committee."

"And now," said Middleton, "we're in a bigger hole than before; for it's for the benefit of the rebels; and if that gets out—! Perhaps it will not?"

"Gets out! Of course it will get out. Everything one doesn't want to get out gets out, but yet we must go. Does not our high sense of duty require us to sacrifice our personal prejudices so far as to keep an eye on this first large assemblage of rebels?"

"Reely, you're a genius," said Middleton, in open admiration.

"Of course, I am," was the Lieutenant's modest reply.

Formal notes of acceptance were sent, and the two young officers were soon as busy as anyone making preparations for their "summer campaign," as Thurston called it, and both ordered new boots, and Thurston a whole suit for the occasion.

An evening or two later the mail was brought in, and in it were two official letters to Middleton. His face fell as he read them and he flung them across to Thurston, who, as he glanced at them, gave an ejaculation hardly consistent with the high-church principles he so proudly vaunted.

One was an order forbidding for the present all public gatherings at night, under any guise whatever, except in churches; the other forbade the wearing of any Confederate uniform or garment forming part of a uniform, or, at least, as persons might not have any other clothes whatever, brass

buttons, braid, chevrons, etc., which were the insignia of a uniform. These were to be cut off or covered. They were general orders, and the officers posted throughout the country were directed to see them enforced.

"This comes of having a d—d tailor for President!" said the little lieutenant. "I always did hate 'em; and to think I've ordered a new uniform for it, too! Your wedding, Larry, will not come off as soon as I anticipated. Well, there's one consolation, one tailor will have to wait some time."

This view appeared to please him so much that he began to whistle, as he glanced over the orders again, while the Captain looked on despondently. The whistling grew louder as he read on, and he suddenly bounced up.

"I've got it, Larry. Are you a Mason?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh! nothing. I was just thinking of that old masonic-lodge where the chaplain preached and Leech led in prayer. You issue your orders—and leave me to manage it: this tailoring part is what's going to play the deuce. I can settle the other—I'm a churchman—I ought to have been a bishop."

As Thurston foresaw, it was the order touching the uniforms which gave the greatest offence, and in the indignation which this occasioned the other was almost lost sight of. It was intended to show the negroes, the old residents said, that they were completely in subjection to the Federal authorities; which view gained some ground from the fact that the orders were issued by Leech, who appeared to be charged with their enforcement. The next day there was a storm in the county.

The little General made old Julius burnish up his buttons until they shone like gold, and then rode into the village to interview the officer in command. He was stopped on the street by Leech and ordered to cut them off immediately if he did not wish him to do it for him, on which the gallant Confederate stated to that functionary, as placidly as he might have returned an answer to Miss Thomasia on the subject of roses, that if Leech so much as attempted to lay his hand on him he would kill him immediately, and the

look in his eyes was so resolute and so piercing, that Leech, who supposed from this that he was fully armed, slunk away to secure a squad of soldiers to enforce his order. The General rode serenely on to find Middleton. No one was present at the interview between him and the two officers. But it became known afterward, that the General had begun by an intimation that he was ready to renew his polite offer of the pair of duelling-pistols to Captain Middleton if he wished to give a gentleman who found himself temporarily in a somewhat embarrassing position, a gentleman's satisfaction; and that he had come away, not with this satisfaction, indeed, but at least with renewed esteem for the young men, whom he continued to speak of as "most gentlemanly young fellows," and he covered his buttons with cloth.

Steve Allen got Miss Thomasia to cover his buttons with crape. Dr. Cary found his buttons cut off by Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair, "to prevent their being defiled by sacrilegious hands," Blair said.

Jacquelin Gray was confined to his lounge with his wound; but it had this drop of consolation for his mother and Aunt Thomasia, that so long as he stayed there he could not be subjected to what others underwent. They reckoned, however, without their host.

One afternoon Leech rode into the Red Rock yard with a squad of soldiers at his back, passed across the grass to the very door, dismounted and stamped up the steps, and, without waiting for an answer to his loud rap, stalked into the hall with his men behind him. Where he had come from no one knew; for he had ridden in from the back way. He had stopped for a minute at the overseer's house.

At the moment that Leech appeared in the hall, Jacquelin was lying on his lounge with Blair Cary and Rupert sitting beside him, and the first he knew of the Provost's presence was when Blair sprang to her feet with an exclamation. He turned and faced Leech as he entered the hall. The Provost appeared dazed by the scene before him, for scores of eyes were fastened on him from the walls, and he stood for a moment rooted to the spot, with his gaze fixed on the face of the Indian-killer over the big fireplace. That strange embodiment of fierce resolve seemed almost

to appall him. The next instant, with a gesture, he came forward to where Jacquelin lay. At the same moment Blair retired to seek Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia, Leech's eyes following her as she went out.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" Jacquelin asked, haughtily.

"Take off your coat."

It was the form of the order given to negroes when they were to be thrashed, and Jacquelin's face flushed.

"What for?"

"Because if you don't, I'll take it off for you. I mean to cut those buttons off."

"You can cut them off." Jacquelin had grown quiet, and his face was white. Rupert drew nearer to him, his cheeks flushed and his breath coming quickly.

"I guess I can," sneered the Provost. He came up to the lounge, pushing Rupert aside, who interposed between them. He leaned over and cut the buttons from the jacket one by one.

"I'll send these to my girl," he said, tauntingly. "Unless you want them for yours," he added, meaningly, with a laugh. Jacquelin controlled himself to speak quietly.

"Tell your master that some day I will call him to account for this outrage."

"Young puppies bark, but don't bite," sneered the Provost.

In an instant Rupert was on him and, boy as he was, he struck the Provost a blow which, taking him unawares, staggered him. He recovered himself, however, and seizing the boy, slapped him furiously several times. Jacquelin was on his feet in a second. He sprang toward the Provost, but the men interposed and he sank back on his lounge, breathless and white.

"Hound! for that I will some day make a negro whip you within an inch of your life," he said, beside himself.

Leech grinned in triumph and, walking up, leaned over him officiously, as if to see if there were still any buttons left to be removed.

As he did so Jacquelin raised himself and slapped him across the face. Leech, with an oath, sprang back and jerked out a pistol, and possibly, but for an accident which gave time for the intervention of his men, Jacquelin Gray's career would have ended then.

He looked so cool, however, and withal

so intrepid as he lay back and gazed into Leech's eyes, denouncing him fiercely and daring him to shoot, that Leech hesitated and turned toward his men for encouragement. As he did so the door opened hastily and a curious thing happened. The great full-length portrait over the big fireplace, loosened perhaps by the scuffle with Rupert, or by the jar of the door as Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia, followed by one or two servants, entered, slipped in its frame and at the moment that Leech turned, fell forward, sending the provost staggering back among his startled men. When Leech recovered, his men interfered. They were not ready to see a man murdered before his mother. Baffled in this, the provost determined on another revenge. He swore he would have Jacquelin hanged, and made his men take him out and put him on a horse. Jacquelin was unable, however, to sit in the saddle, and fell off in a faint. At this moment, Hiram Still came up and interposed. At first the provost was not amenable even to Still's expostulations; but at length he pressed a wagon and had Jacquelin put into it and hauled off to the court-house to jail, still swearing he would have him hanged. Mrs. Gray had summoned Still, who appeared at first to be almost as much excited as she was—but on learning what she had to say, quieted down and was very hopeful that she could secure her son's release. Then, having sent off by Blair in hot haste for Dr. Cary to follow her, she directed Still to replace the picture, ordered her carriage to be hitched, and, without waiting, set out for the Court-house, accompanied by Miss Thomasia and Rupert.

They had hardly left when Still went into the house to set the picture back in its place. It was surrounded by a group of curious, half-frightened servants who with awe alternately gazed on it and on the yawning hole in the wall, making comments full of foreboding on its fall. Still sent them all off except Doan, whom he kept to help him set the picture back in place. It was necessary to get up on a chair and lean half-way into the hole and examine the sides where the nails were to be driven, and this Still did himself, making an examination of the entire recess, even moving a number of bundles of old papers.

"Ah!" he said, as he ran his eye over

one bundle, which he laid off to one side. He sent Doan out to get him some long nails, for, as he explained, he meant now to nail it up to stand till judgment-day. The negro went with a laugh, half timid, half jest, saying that he wouldn't stay in that hole by himself not for the whole Red Rock plantation. While he was out Still was not idle. Doan had no sooner disappeared than the overseer seized the bundle of papers he had laid to one side, and hastily cutting the string which bound it extracted several papers.

"I thought I knew which one they were in," he muttered. "I didn't know when they were put in here as I'd ever git hold of 'em again." He held them up so as to get the light over his shoulder on them.

"Yes, that's the big one, with the paint on it."

He was so busy with the papers that he did not see the faces pressed outside against the window-panes, or hear Doan enter, and he did not know he had returned until his shadow fell across the hearth. He hastily slipped the papers into his pocket.

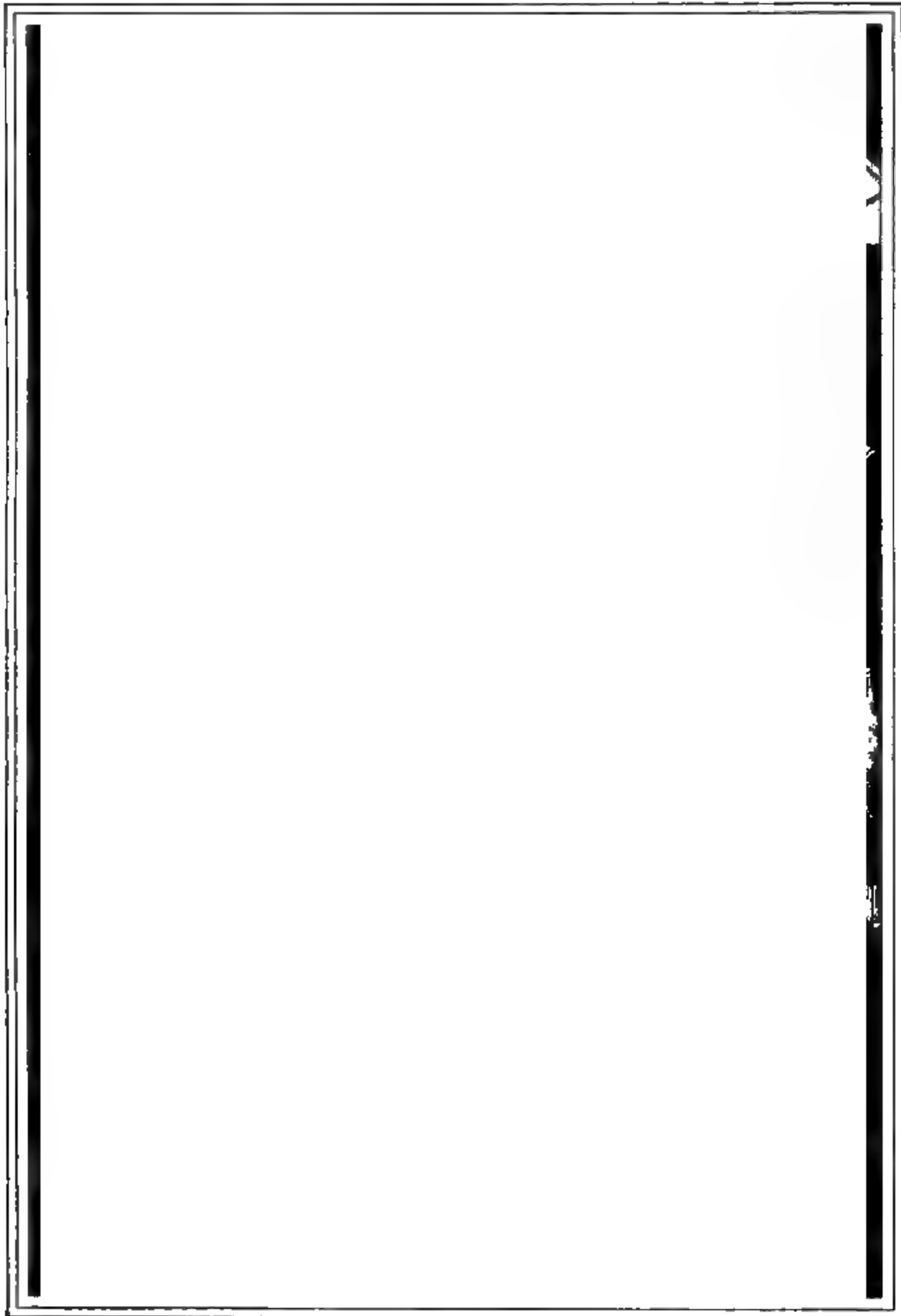
"How did you come in, fool?" he asked, with a start, as he rammed the papers back into his pocket.

"I come in by the do'," said Doan, sullenly.

The portrait was soon nailed back, this time Still driving the nails in to make sure they wouldn't come out again.

Meanwhile the ladies were making their way to the Court-house. It was quite dusk when they reached the county-seat, and to their surprise they found that the wagon had not yet arrived. Miss Thomasia was in great distress over it and was sure that Leech had executed his threat; but Mrs. Gray, though much disturbed, thought that they had more probably taken another road and had travelled more slowly. This, indeed, proved to be the case, and some hours later Leech and his prisoner turned up.

Meantime Mrs. Gray had not been idle. On reaching the Court-house she sent at once for General Legaie and drove to Mrs. Dockett's, where she knew the commanding officer had his quarters. There she found the family at supper, and it may be safely asserted that no meal was ever more unceremoniously interrupted. Mrs. Dockett no sooner heard Mrs. Gray's



Drawn by B. West Clineinst

He carried off in triumph a pair of old horse-pistols.—Page 297.

name, than she left the table and went to receive her, and having in the first two minutes learned the cause of her visit, swept back into the dining-room and swooped down on the two young officers with a volubility which, at least, terminated the meal and looked for a little while as if it would also terminate the relations of hostess and guest. She announced that Leech had broken into Mrs. Gray's house, assaulted her son and finally dragged him from his dying-bed and no doubt murdered him in the woods.

Middleton, with his quiet manner, could when he chose be impressive enough. He listened to Mrs. Gray's statement calmly, was very grave, but very polite to her, and though he did not promise to release her son, or indicate what would be done in the matter, he assured her that he should have proper treatment on his arrival, and promised that she should have access to him.

Suddenly Rupert, who had been crying on the way down whenever he could do so unobserved, stepped forward from behind his mother, where he had been standing.

"I struck him first, and I am the one to hang, not my brother." His face, which had been red when he began, paled sud-

denly and his lip quivered a little ; but his head was held straight and his eyes were steady and were filled with light.

Mrs. Gray started to speak ; but her voice trembled and failed her and she could only hold out her hand to the boy. Middleton's eyes softened.

"No one will be hanged," he said ; then added, gravely : "But you shouldn't have struck him."

"He called my brother a puppy," said the boy, defiantly, his eyes flashing, "and I'll let no one do that—not you nor anyone."

That night Thurston said to Middleton, "Gad, Larry, I said I ought to be a bishop, but you ought to be one—the way you preached to that boy : and I'd give a thousand dollars for him."

"I wish you were Captain," growled Middleton.

"He looked like a little game-cock, didn't he?"

So it was arranged, and when the prisoner arrived about midnight under his guard, they found everything ready for his reception, and his mother detailed to nurse him, to which probably the failure of Leech's and another's plan was due.

(To be continued.)

HATE

By Elizabeth Barton Pitman

O God, of all my dearest dreams
That Time will sweep away,
There's just one dream, do let me keep—
To help me live my day.

This dream that makes my heart's blood leap,
Rings not with shining gold ;
Nor shouts with Fame, nor boldly lies
That Love will ne'er grow cold ;

But this the dream my heart so craves,
And makes wild hopes to rise ;
The soul o' the man who won my hate,
Be barred God's Paradise !

THE MOMENT OF CLEAR VISION

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE gas-jet flared unsheltered above Thompson's head, painting the silhouettes of three men on the white plastered wall. Thompson's had an eagle nose and pointed beard (which tilted in the air, as he talked); the other two had each a mustache and a good, firm jaw. The three men were members of the Labor Council, although belonging to different trades. Thompson was a printer. He had been a drinking man, inclined to riot in his cups; but it was an open secret that Harry Leroy had made a reformed man of him; and now he merely smoked and swore to excess, and was on the best terms with the police force. The other two were hard-headed, conservative, skilful workmen of the class that does the most for the unions while needing them the least. The man with the heavy mustache was a carpenter, the man with the scanty flaxen mustache was a rougher in a steel mill.

All three were smoking, all three wore a troubled air, which in Thompson's case was tinged with irritation.

"Yes," said the carpenter, "the boys decided to keep on with the strike. Going to appeal to the Council to help 'em. That throws it all on us. If we say we'll support the strike, why, they'll keep it up; but if Harry can hold the Council back, there is a lot of conservative fellows, married men, you know, that'll be only too glad of a chance to take what's offered."

"They were offered about everything that they struck for, seems to me," Thompson grunted between puffs; "extra hour on Saturday, grinders got the rise they asked, and they promise to take on more men, so the fellers Haverly bounced can all get back."

"Will he take 'em back, though?" said the steel-worker, "he used 'em cruel rough; I guess he's made the strike, and 'long's he's there no man who has dared to stand up to him will feel safe. And they ain't going to give in about discharging him, you bet! That's the way. Nine times out of ten, in strikes, it's some fool boss makes the row; and then the firm,

"I've got something to propose to you, boys," said Leroy.—Page 313.

instead of giving him his walking papers, stand up and fight for him—'cause it's discipline. That was the way at Homestead. That was the way at Pullman. And that's it here."

"That's right," said the carpenter, "you don't catch me doing a turn in the Hollister Plough Works while Ike Haverly is Superintendent; and all the other concessions don't go while he stays."

"But he ain't going to stay," said Thompson, impatiently; "they won't discharge him under fire, that's true enough; but while you boys have been shouting and parading and howling at Harry because he won't let you boycott the other companies doing business with Hollister's, he's been quietly working and making sympathy for you and seeing folks that can talk up to Hollister; and Harry told me that Haverly's got another job offered him and he's going to take it. Next month. Harry says so."

Both listeners showed excitement. The carpenter whistled. "That ought to fetch 'em. Harry's a good 'un. But—will they

receive a committee from the Union and see West when he comes? Say West and Harry, West for the Unions, and Harry for the Labor Council?"

"Nit. That's where Hollister says he'll fight as long as he's got one brick left on another in his factory. He admits Haverly was in the wrong and the men have had grievances. He's willing to redress them; he'll see all the committees from his own men they want to send; but he won't see outsiders. That he swears."

"That's where they'll split, then," the steel man sighed. "West is as stiff as Hollister. He'll come down to-morrow night; and if he makes one of his razzle-dazzle speeches to the Council there'll be no holding the boys. They'll be for endorsing the strike, making an assessment, having a boycott, and anything else the hotheads ask."

"He ain't got half the sense in his speeches Harry has," snarled Thompson.

"Maybe," admitted the steel man, "maybe. Harry's pretty clear, and he talks sense every time; but the trouble with

Harry is, he ain't got no magnetism. And West is chock full of it. He gits them to shouting before they know it. It's the easiest thing in the world, I do believe, to make men do fool things. There's nothing tremendously exciting about sense—in fact, it's kinder dampening, usually; but you can make an awful fine speech about the way the laboring man is ground under by the Shylocks and the tyrants and the soulless corporations, and goading and prodding them! Besides, Victor knows lots of poetry and big words, while Harry's speeches—why, you can understand every blamed word Harry says."

"I *want* to understand!" said Thompson.

"So do I; but it ain't so grand. But the main thing against Harry is, he ain't fiery enough; he's all for law and order. If you knocked him down, I guess he wouldn't do more than call the police!"

"That's all you know of Harry—hush up, that's his knock!"

Thompson flung back the door and Leroy entered, mild, gentle, gravely courteous as usual. Even Thompson, looking at him, listening to his leisurely tones of greeting, swallowed a sigh. "I *wish* he didn't have that under-dog look about him," thought Thompson.

"I've got something to propose to you, boys," said Leroy.

Victor West sat, cramped and stifled, in the stuffy chair-car and gazed out of the rigid storm-windows that had been screwed into their winter position to repress lawless ventilation. The yellow kerosene flames swayed in the aisles, and the darkening landscape without was no more than a blur of trees and plain.

"I suppose the brakeman will call the place," thought West, "and anyhow Leroy telegraphed that he would be on two or three stations before. I wonder if he thinks he can move me." His lip curled; he had the impetuous nature's contempt for the moderate, cautious man. Leroy had seemed to him (during the two times of their meeting) to be timid and slow. "He can only do a retail business in anything," was West's notion; "probably he is not a physical coward, but he is scared of anything big, strikes or anything else. I must stir the boys up."

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He laid his head back against the soiled red plush; and the light showed how pale was the skin, how sharply cut the delicate features. Many a rough man had looked up at that haggard face and those burning brown eyes with a swelling of the heart. West had a charm; even his enemies admitted that. There was a sweetness in his boyish radiance of hope, his frankness, his eager cordiality to those of his own party; and no one in his company for half an hour could resist the assurance that he was absolutely sincere. While he rested, he was going over the heads of his speech. Argument, invective, appeal thronged tumultuously into his mind, to be dressed by every resource of his wit, and fancy, and passionate faith in his cause. At last, with a sigh of relief, he opened his eyes and muttered to himself, "Yes, that ought to fix them!"

Just at this moment the train jarred and moaned itself into a stop. The vast purr of the engine throbbed in his ears, pierced by a voice at his elbow. "Excuse me, Mr. West?"

West sprang up and made room for the new-comer to sit beside him. Leroy was the same neutral tinted, phlegmatic soul as ever, he decided—look at him now parting his coat-tails carefully as he sat; neatly arranging his overcoat across his knees; and trying to smooth the pocket-flaps over something that bulged out the pocket. What a Miss Betty he was! And such a fellow thought that he could fight *him*!

Victor was not conscious of vanity; considering everything, he was not especially vain; but the image of slow, stupid, moderate Harry Leroy, expecting to overquell his brilliant self, struck him as funny. And yet his sensitive nerves felt an attraction in Leroy. And he had a curious kind of pity for his sure defeat. He began the conversation in a kindly strain. Leroy went to the point at once. He told his story. They had really won everything for which they were fighting. Why not accept the terms offered and everybody go back to work?

"How about the Union?" said West, "will they meet us? Will they recognize the Unions?"

"They won't discriminate against any union man; they won't promise not to em-

ploy non-union labor ; but as a matter of fact about all the men do belong."

"Will they let you and me, or any of the Labor Council meet them, or do they demand that the members of the committee they see shall be their own men?"

"They want them to be their own men, but they may belong to any union. I understand the point you would make ; but I think we are risking the bone running after the dog that took it. If we go in now we shall get what we are fighting for ; if we stick it out for a point like that we shall lose the public sympathy, and the firm will gain it ; and feeling will get bad. It has been a very decent strike so far. The firm hasn't tried to get in new men. But they will if we stick it out ; and that means the devil of a time. I don't think we ought to risk it."

"But for a principle," said West, with his pleading smile. "I hate a strike ; but what are a dozen strikes if we win a principle like that? We must make them recognize organized labor."

"A lost strike ain't going to help us."

"Ah, but we sha'n't lose it ; and if we do, it will be after such a fight that they may be ruined men, or pretty near it."

"I'm hanged if I see how Hollister's men are going to be helped by ruining Hollister. In that case, they are out of a job for good and all."

"Someone else will take the factory ; and you may be sure that he will not be so ready to fight labor."

"Do you think it is so easy to sell factories? It may be six months, may be a year, may be *never*, and the men have got to live meanwhile ; there are their meat and grocery bills going on all the while, and their children's feet wearing through the shoes. You talk easily of ruin, but an employer's ruin ain't no fun to the men he employs."

Something in his tone nettled West ; it conveyed to him a biting idea that Leroy thought him young and crude, and unbusiness like. Because business was West's weak side he was the prouder of his capacity therein, and the more ready to flare up at any criticism. He swallowed his chagrin, but it rankled within him.

"I am not underestimating the hardships of the men in this strike ; but you must remember I have to look out for not

only them, but for labor in general. Individual hardships must be borne for the sake of the cause."

"If the cause is worth it ; but it ain't worth keeping decent, honest, hard-working men awake nights just to git a blazing triumph for the leaders in this strike, and that's what it comes to."

West reddened ; but Leroy checked the words on his lips by a gesture, while he continued : "I know you're only thinking of the real welfare of workmen. So'm I, Mr. West. I know you don't care for any personal glory, or victory, or any of that slush. You want the men to be the better, not the worse for this strike. And so do I. Say, can't we get together, somehow, and save these boys? They've spent all their money, and they're running up bills. They know they haven't got a chance if the Council don't help 'em out ; but if the Council backs them up the hot heads will win out and we'll all be in the mire together. We'll have to be assessed ; and if, as is likely, they ask a boycott on Hollister, then all the firms that have any dealings with him will be pulled into the muss. Here we are at Cochrane's, for example ; we're getting along all right, we've no kick coming. Cochrane is a square man ; I tell you in confidence, he's helped a deal to get this proposition from Hollister ; but he ain't going to throw his friends overboard at any union's dictation ; and before we know we would be walking out ourselves ! You see the situation?"

"I see what you mean, Mr. Leroy," said West, stiffly, "but I am obliged to differ."

Then they went over the whole ground again. This time, in the sleeper, where (as Leroy said) they could talk without interesting the men in front and behind them—and have some fresh air. Leroy paid for the seats. As West noted him fumbling in a lank pocket-book for a fifty-cent piece not too readily found, he remembered that Leroy had contributed more than any one to the strike fund ; and his secret irritation at the conservative man's criticism softened ; almost, he felt a moving of sympathy for the slow, stupid, timorous, honest fellow. He explained his position with courtesy, in fact with gentleness. Nevertheless Leroy was not so obtuse that he did not perceive that his words were wasted. He looked intently at West, whose pale

cheeks were flushed, and whose eyes sparkled as he talked. "You put your side well," he said, "I hadn't much hope I could make you see things differently. But—I'm sorry." He nodded his head so dismally West had to straighten his lips.

"Here we are," Leroy continued; and he motioned to the porter coming for the bag, "no, we don't want to be brushed." But he slipped a dime into the man's hand.

Before they were well on the platform the train was speeding its lights away.

"It's not so large a town as I expected," said West, blinking in the semi-darkness, and looking down the one long, dimly lighted street visible; "where are the boys?"

No one stood about the little shed that served for a station; a single shabby carriage was drawn up to the platform.

"There's the hack," said Leroy, "the boys must have thought the train would be late—it never is on time, scarcely—and stepped over to Ball's to get a glass of beer while they were waiting; I guess you'd better go in, while I stir them up. I'm sorry—this way, Mr. West."

West had no suspicions, although the reception struck him as cool, and he did not half like it. He got into the carriage, a weather-beaten country "hack," politely reassuring Leroy. It was undoubtedly all right, the committee would hear the train, and the carriage was there, which was the main thing. Leroy jumped in beside him.

"We best look 'em up, I guess," said he, while the horses, with a glance had told West were better than the vehicle, plunged off at a gallop.

"Are they running away?" cried West when Leroy had righted him, for he had tumbled across the seat at the start. Still he did not suspect; he took Leroy's answer for what it seemed.

"No, they're just a little fresh, that's all."

But when the breakneck speed continued with no check, and no sign of excitement on the box, a snake-like fear squirmed into West's consciousness.

Thought was not much quicker than his action, which was to grab the handle of the door. Instantly his arms were gripped from behind and Leroy's voice was in his ears, as pensive and drawing as before, yet, be it his imagination or not, informed with a sinister resolve, "Be still! Keep

quiet and you sha'n't be hurt; but if you try to git out, I'll have to hurt you."

"See here, this is kidnapping; let me go!"

"Better not try!"

The tussle was strong but short. West was no match for the moulder's muscles, and he sank back exhausted. Not a word had been said. "I suppose you'd shoot me rather than let me go?" he sneered.

"I'd hate to do that," said Leroy, gently.

There was a quality of such inflexible resolution in his tones that West felt a thrill crawl down his spine.

"Is it Harry Leroy, that made such speeches for law and order, talking?" he exclaimed. "What do you expect? What good will this do you? You can't mean——"

"I don't mean any harm to you, but I do mean you sha'n't go to the meeting and stir up a row to-night. I've thought this all out. I've got a pair of handcuffs in my pocket and if you won't be quiet I'm plenty strong enough to put them on you. And I will."

"It's all a plot, is it? I suppose luring me into the Pullman was part of it."

"They don't call out the stations there," said Harry.

"And I'm nowhere near Fairport or the Mississippi?"

"Not very near," said Leroy, rattling up the ragged shade.

Prairie, nothing but prairie, dun and dark under the stars, sweeping off in darker ploughed fields or lightening in the glistening yellow-gray stubble of shorn corn, and devouring shadows streaming ahead of their lamps and their horses' flying hoofs. The lights of the town were gone; he could not put his head out the window to find them. West began to feel a disagreeable, gooseflesh feeling. He recalled divers stories that he had slurred over lightly in the past—"The men had been carried away by their natural and righteous indignation; they misunderstood and went too far"—was that the damfool way he had talked himself? He knew better now. There was no safety in these appeals to the brute court of last resort, to-day his side, to-morrow it might be clean against him. He had not hated those things enough. They were all wrong. But

Leroy couldn't be meaning to do him a mischief—he had been seen with him, the conductor knew him—did he, though? Wasn't the reckless daring of Leroy's plan perhaps its best chance? Curse his own stupidity! The argument was only a trap. And he had let this fellow whom he despised entrap him! He could have torn his hair, but for the childishness of it. He did grind his teeth. Leroy never offered a word. They sped on, now splashing through mud and now rolling smoothly over the elastic turf.

West's fevered brain kept a whirl as rapid as the horses' hoofs. A new spectre flaunted before him. He might be kept in captivity and released drugged, with hideous slanders about him that would ruin him. He had from a sneerer at Leroy become willing to fear almost anything from his dare-devil cunning. His mind went back to his speech, whereupon involuntarily he groaned.

"I'm sorry to disturb you so much," said Leroy's soft accents, "but I take it it's better one man should suffer than four or five hundred, and maybe a great many more."

West disdained to answer, so spent was he with his unavailing wrestle and his fury that he was afraid, indeed, that his voice might break. Silence fell between them and lasted a long while. The horses' lope changed into a good, round trot that did not slacken until they jolted over the rails of an electric road, and West saw the glimmer from a car flood the seat and Leroy's features a second before it faded. The horses broke into their gallop again. In what seemed a half hour to West (but he was aware he was not likely to compute time accurately) the coachman silently pulled them up. The carriage stopped, and Leroy, raising his own window, whistled twice. The whistle was answered by a number of whistles in different keys.

"All right," said Leroy, "we stop here. If you don't resist or try to skip, no harm will be offered you. Please get out."

The coachman had extinguished the lanterns. By the starlight the forms of two men were dimly outlined in the shadow of the lilac bushes before a gate. West opened the door. He expected them to take him by the arm. They did not move, but he heard Leroy's footfall on the gravel

behind him. In front, at the end of a winter-stung garden of mingled flowers and vegetables, such as one meets in the Western farming country, was a two-story wooden cottage, painted some dark color, with the usual piazza and a withered vine clinging to the light pillars. The lower rooms of the cottage were lighted, but the shades were closely drawn. West thought of Dr. Cronin and the death-trap in Chicago. He halted. At the same instant he heard the noise of a carriage driving rapidly away, and, turning his head, he saw the swaying back of their "hack" as it jolted over the prairie.

"Please go on," said Leroy.

West walked up to the house in spite of himself, but at the piazza he stopped. "If you are going to murder me you can do it outdoors!" Those were the words on his tongue, but they never were spoken, because, even as his hands clinched and his lips parted for them, the door was swung open, and a voice cried, heartily, "Come in, Vi; what are you waiting for?"

West's heart gave a great jump of relief. Mighty well did he know that tall, square-shouldered shape, that bald head with grizzled curls about it, and those honest, twinkling gray eyes; and even better he knew the thin little woman behind, whose still comely features were palpitating with good-will.

Instantly he was wringing the man's hard hand, and reaching his free hand to the woman.

Why, he even knew the rag carpet on the floor and the Rogers group of "Weighing the Baby" that stood on a familiar marble-topped table in the corner.

"Why, Uncle Phil Smith!" he cried, "Aunt Maggie, is this really you?"

"It's us both, Vi," answered the man, "sorry and glad, both, to see you this minute; will you go to the kitchen sink to wash your hands like you used to, or go upstairs to your room? Supper'll be ready soon's you are."

West, bewildered, turned his head to find Leroy. Leroy was not in the room. The door was shut.

"It's locked, Vi," said Smith, quietly, "locked outside. And those shadows on the winder curtains, them's men. I hope you won't try to get out, Vi; it would only make you trouble."

A voice cried, heartily, "Come in, Vi; what are you waiting for?"—Page 316.

"Where's Leroy?"

"He's had to go back to town, by the 'lectric cars, to catch the next train for Fairport, so's he can speak in a meeting they have to-night."

"And you would keep me a prisoner here! Uncle Phil, I didn't think that of you, I did not."

"I got to do it, Vi," said Smith, quietly.

"Besides, he thinks it right to do it; and so do I," Mrs. Smith added. "Pa and I don't want those poor boys to keep up the strike any mor'n Harry does. Nor you wouldn't neither if you knew as much as Harry does about things; but I told Harry just how set you could be, for all you were the sweetest-tempered and kindest boy I ever knew except—except my Hughey!"

Her voice changed on the last word and she turned abruptly; and the man's eyes followed her as she went out of the room.

West gasped. He did not know as much as Harry Leroy! And Mrs. Smith, who had been almost a worshipper, to tell him! But he answered, civilly. "You don't realize the danger you're in. This is nothing better than kidnapping. I can have Henry Leroy arrested the minute I get to Fairport. It's against the law. I can send him to the pen!"

"You'd have to send us, too, then, Victor; and I don't think you'd do that." The elder man was smiling as he spoke.

"I suppose if I try to get out of this trap, you'll knock me down and sit on me. But you know I can't go back

on *you*. Oh, yes, Leroy is slick ! That's what he's banking on, is it ? "

" Why, you see, Victor," said Smith, " it ain't no use to git excited and throw open the throttle. If you do git back to Fairport to-morrow, by that time, Harry'll have the strike all called off and the men will be back at work again, and it won't be so easy. No, Victor, Harry's got the brakes on and you got to quit, and you

best quit easy. Ma's making them corn griddle-cakes you used to like so, and she's frying some sausages and potatoes and making coffee, and we got a good bed for you upstairs. And though it is a kinder queer way to meet again, and we wish you felt different about it, we're real glad to see you, Vi."

" If I must be in prison," said West, " I couldn't ask kinder jailors, that's sure ' "

" But, there, I stood scowling at him and wondering whether I wouldn't break his head."—Page 322.

He smiled his radiant, winning smile ; and it was a surprise to have Smith wince. Why ? But he was chilled and hungry and there would be no harm in watching his chance to escape and meanwhile eating supper. He had no kinship with the Smiths, although he called them " Uncle " and " Aunt " ; but when he came to Chicago, a lonely, ambitious orphan boy, he had boarded for five years with them. They were very kind to him. Years ago he had left them. At the time, his heart was warm, remembering a thousand little kindnesses, yes, and kindnesses not little ; and he expected to keep up the old intimacy always. But they were shy people, and he was a busy, rising man. Somehow the wave had lifted him and washed

them out of his sight. It had been years since he had seen them. Now his keen eyes were all over the room questioning the furniture. That was the old photograph on the table that he used to show to Hughey. No trace of Hughey, where was he ? The colored photograph was little Maggie. But where was she ? It would be awkward to ask and be told the child was dead. A sweet little creature she was, too, and so fond of him. He didn't like the looks of the room, either ; everything neat as wax, to be sure, but the furniture wasn't the old furniture, it was cheap and new and awful little of it. The table spread for supper didn't have as pretty dishes as he remembered, and where were those " solid silver " spoons

He pushed the vision out of his mind, yet he never again could be so lightly sure of his own judgment.—Page 323.

that had been Aunt Maggie's pride? He did hear that Smith had lost his engine in the '94 strike. Blacklisted, perhaps (and his heart swelled), "Papa Smith" as the boys called him, the most faithful man who ever rode an engine at death to save his passengers. He wished—but how could he keep track of folks that wouldn't try to look him up? Nevertheless, he began his inquiries at supper. "Uncle Phil," he said, "I tried to find you in '94, but you'd moved away."

"There!" cried the woman, impulsively, "I told you, pa!"

"So you did, ma," Smith admitted, "and I'm real glad you was right. Well, I knowed myself, Vi, if you knowed the fix we was in, you'd have come a running to help us, but *there!*"

"Why didn't you write me?"

Smith looked shamefacedly at his wife. "Why, fact is, I did write; asked if you happened to know of a job. But, fact is, I wasn't up to more than a postal card, then,"—he grinned awkwardly—"and I wrote it on that."

"I never got it," exclaimed West, promptly, but he changed color, remembering, abruptly, how he let the typewriter sort over his mail; and how little attention was paid to postals. He hastened to say that he had once gone out to their house in Kenwood.

"Yes, I lost the house," said Smith; "pretty rough. I had it half paid for, and I had to sell it for two hundred and twenty dollars. You see the engineers wasn't out; but I went to hear 'Gene Debs one night, and he worked me up so I didn't see straight. Hadn't any grievance, but I couldn't bear to leave the boys, and they were calling me a scab, and that speech tumbled me off my base. I jumped off my engine when I found the soldiers was going on my train. More'n that, being plumb crazy, I went out with the crowd. They were throwing rocks. I wasn't; but who was to know that? I looked up and I saw the old man himself, the president of the road, looking right at me. I 'spose they marked me down for a violent rioter, that minnit."

"And so they blacklisted you?"

"Well, you see there has been such a sight of men looking for jobs on railways, and such a awful few railroad jobs to give 'em that it was no more than nature for the railroads to stand by the men who'd stood by them, and give the other fellers who had made 'em such a lot of trouble the marble heart. And I got it. I'd an awful hard time. Once or twice I got a engine, sorter scrub engine, of course; but in a little while I'd be laid off. God knows whether 'twas the blacklist or they really didn't have the work, like they said. I had to go, anyway. We'd a hard time, Vi, a awful hard time. Ma, she went out as scrub-woman, she did, when we was at the worst—after little Maggie died. She caught cold one day and had a bad cough, and it got worse and—that's how. I ain't been the same man since, I guess. You remember how Maggie and me—I guess there never was a parent set more by a child; and there never was a child was better or brighter—and always laughing, don't you remember, Vi? fall down and hurt herself and scramble up on her little fat legs and lift up her little face with her lip a quivering, but laughing. 'Pa and Maggie don't cry!' says she—because I said that to her after I got burned in the accident, you know; she was pitying me so. And she made it her own word, ever afterwards."

"I hope—I wish I could have done something—Uncle Phil, this is awful!"

"She had every comfort, Victor," said Mrs. Smith.

"Yes, she did," said Smith, "'twas then I sold the house."

"And Hughey? Couldn't he help you?"

Mrs. Smith said something about cakes, and rose hastily, in spite of West's protest that he didn't wish any more cakes.

"I guess you ain't heard about Hughey, Victor"—sinking his voice—"don't speak about it before ma. You—you're about the only one of our friends I'd be willing to have know it, but I guess you know the sorter boy Hughey was, and you won't be hard on him; he jest went crazy, Hughey did—in that strike. He threw up his job's fireman; and after the strike was over he got to running with a awful bad lot that cursed all the rich folks and

said that property was robbery, and poor Hughey, he was always that tender-hearted you know, always from a child; and he fairly went wild. He heard about a job in Fairport, at Cochrane's, fireman to the stationary engineer. He didn't git much wages and his crazy friends was always at him. Well—they'd a safe, of course. There was two men, they got at Hughey. They got round him." The father looked appealingly at West. "You know how easy it was to git round Hughey. And he didn't think it was wrong. That's how it was. They caught them. Hughey only's got a year. Ma's been to see him. She says he feels a good deal changed. Harry Leroy, he's been awful good to him. He was a good friend of his at the trial, too. Telling about how faithful Hughey was at his work. Harry's been awful good to Hughey. It might be worse, don't you think, Vi? Cochrane says he'll take him back and give him another show. And Harry's talking to him 'bout them notions of his. I—would it be too much trouble for you when you're in Fairport to go see him, Vi? He thinks a lot of you. He used to git all your speeches when they'd come out in the papers."

"I'll be glad to go," said West. He spoke the truth; any kindness to the Smiths was a relief to his conscience. "But, see here, yourself?" West asked, "isn't there any way I can help *you*?"

Smith's brow cleared; he smiled like the old "Papa Smith" West used to know.

"That's jest like you. Ma! Victor's got his hand in his pocket"—which was true—"he wants to give us some of his mun."

"Not on your life, Vi," called Mrs. Smith, heartily. She pattered in, her hands full. Her eyes were red, but she was smiling. "You're jest the same Vi, if you have got famous. You keep your money; we don't need it, pa's got a good job—Pa, you tell Vi how you got your job!"

It was a relief to have Smith plunge into the new subject with a glance at his wife and a sputtering laugh. "Why, it was this way, Victor. I'd been tramping for most two years when I run into a job here. Got a stationary engine. Dirt train. She was the worst old terror I ever struck, running loose all the time, and kicking up

sech a noise you think she'd bust, next minnit. But I was awful glad to git her. And I did my darndest to please and hold my job. Hung on all spring, all summer. Feeling kinder easy when one day who should I see in front of me but the old man. Him! The pipe tumbled out of my mouth and me on all fours after it, to pick up the pieces. I felt like I was all crumpled up. He never said a word to me. No more I never said a word to him. Picked up the pieces of that pipe and he was gone off. First I thought I wouldn't tell ma; then, I thought I wouldn't want her keeping things from me; and I remembered we'd been through a good deal together; and, fact is, I *had* to tell her. And she advised me right straight to tell the old man the whole story, 'bout little Maggie and all. But I couldn't bring myself to that. I went back next day, in an awful sweat, figuring on brassing it out as John Smith. And I guess you could have wrung me out like a wet rag when I seen the old man bearing down on me. He's a little, fleshy man, and wears a brown overcoat that never's buttoned; and before the strike I used to think he was a real pleasant gentleman, and often had a word with him. He used to be a poor boy himself, you know. But, that day, when I seen him steering for me, and thought of Maggie at home and all the misery I'd seen, I was equal to murdering him, if we'd been off by ourselves. He was on me before I had got my story clear in my mind. 'What's the matter with that engine, Phil?' says he.

"'Nothing but age,' says I—then it come to me, I'd answered to my name. You see a man gits so infernally used to his own name it's hard to drop it. 'My name aint Phil,' says I, 'it's John William, they most generally call me John, here'—yes, they did, too, and lots of trouble I had remembering, and plenty of times I didn't remember and wouldn't answer quick. But, there, I stood scowling at him and wondering whether I wouldn't break his head if he gave me the bounce and, 'My name's John William Smith,' says I. 'You used to be an honest man, Phil,' says he, 'when I knew you. I was so sure of you in the strike I told Kane to have an engine ready for you, I knew *you* wouldn't be scared.' Then, somehow, I

remembered what ma said and it didn't seem so hard to do it; and it all come out. I told him the whole story, black list and all; and I stuck my eyes on the button in his vest—his overcoat was a flying, way it always had, no matter what the weather—and I couldn't see how he was taking it; but what I did see was three men come bustling up to him. And I stopped short and looked up at him; the men were right in hearing. What do you think he said? He said, 'That's all right, Phil!' It turned me so queer I most couldn't keep on my feet; and I couldn't tell either what he meant to do; but that night I found out, for the agent he come out and says he, 'You're always scouring up that old tub, Smith, but I guess I'd let the new man do that, to-night.' 'What in h—— do you mean?' says I, but I guessed I knew, else I wouldn't have spoke so rough; and I guess he did, too, for he laughed out, 'You lost your job, Smith; but you've got a better, you're to take out No. 253 on the freight in future; and you better be slinging your oil-can over there where it is waiting!' You bet I didn't mind them laughing at me, then. And yet, when I seen the president, that very next morning, me leaning out of my cab and feeling like—well, I can't tell you how I felt feeling an engine under me that could *go*!—will you believe I jest couldn't say nothing, couldn't do nothing but swaller and swaller and look like a fool. 'That's all right, Phil,' says he, again, and off before I could git my tongue loose."

West was not as ready as usual with a reply; but he said that he was heartily glad that Phil had his job back again. "I'm to have a passenger next month," said Phil, "I've got all my dues paid up. I'm square with the union. But, I guess you can see why I ain't stuck on strikes. And maybe a little why I'm helping Harry."

"I see," said West. He made an excuse to go up to his own room for a few moments while Mrs. Smith washed the dishes. He stood in the centre of the bare little room and thought hard. He was accustomed to regard himself as an honest man, a soldier of humanity, to be frank, as a fine fellow—only we never coarsely tell ourselves that we are fine fellows, we simply feel it, as we feel cold or warm or hungry. West had felt the delicate intoxication of

satisfied vanity ; but he had never dreamed that the glow and the elation came from vanity ; he credited it all to an approving conscience. Now, he looked at a strike from Harry Leroy's point of view. Poor Hughey ! what a tender-hearted little chap he was in those days, with a funny little face that would tie itself up in knots of anguish over West's tales of kidnapped children. And how Hughey and Mrs. Smith used to cheer him, that first year when he was admitted to the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, No. 8, by listening breathlessly to all his speeches and weeping all through the speech he made for Hiram Dixon's funeral. It was a little more than he had bargained to pay for his pathos, however, to have Mrs. Smith give up the treat she had planned and spend all the cyclorama money for flowers "for that poor motherless lad you were telling us about, Vi." Dixon was really only a subject for oratory to Victor ; but he suppressed his feelings and wove Mrs. Smith's and Hughey's self-denial into his speech, later, with gratifying effect. His heart softened, remembering how the two, mother and son, always came any distance to hear him speak. Often he would see the little woman and the boy sitting as near as they could get ; their faces glowing at every sentence. He could see the proud glances they exchanged ! And how happy they seemed on those few nights—confound it ! why were they not more ?—when Victor would make part of the toil-some car journey back with them !

Once, Mrs. Smith had looked troubled ; she even adventured a timid criticism at the end of the lecture. "Ain't you a little too hard on the plutocrats, Vi ? Some of them are good men, and I've known of their doing kind things right here in Chicago. You know Hughey takes everything you say for gospel." He wasn't to blame for Hughey. No, he wouldn't take that load on his soul ; the other men, the cursed railroad sharks—he laughed uneasily—or the cursed fools who ran men into a hopeless strike. And yet he wished that he had kept an eye on the Smiths. But he was so infernally busy, studying and working, burning the candle at both ends ; and they never pushed themselves. Why didn't they push themselves a little ? they had no right to expect him to do all the

seeking out, why didn't they hunt him up in their distresses ? But he stopped in the middle of a phrase ; for he remembered when the Smiths did hunt him up ; when he was hurt by the car and lay for a month at the hospital. Never a visiting day passed that one of them did not come, always with some little offering. Little Maggie worked him a pin-cushion and Hughey drew on his hoard at the savings bank to buy a bottle of port wine, and Smith had spent a whole afternoon, taking him to drive. West sank down in a chair and groaned. No, curse it, there was no use excusing himself ; Leroy had been a better friend to these trusting, loyal souls than he. For one sickening moment Leroy seemed to have the right of it in other ways. Then, his confidence in himself righted ; but it had changed places in that searing light. He pushed the vision out of his mind, yet he never again could be so lightly sure of his own judgment. And he knew it. With a long, long sigh, he rose. He called to Smith ; and when the latter answered him, he said, speaking a trifle more rapidly than his wont : "Say, Uncle Phil, your friend Leroy has more sense on his side than I thought ; will you get me off in time to catch the train for Fairport, if I'll give you my parole not to oppose Leroy, but let them settle the strike their own way ?"

Smith did not hesitate. "Why, that's what Harry told me to do, keep you here 'till you'd give your word not to fight him. He said he knowed you was white. He didn't expect you'd come round 'fore morning ; but I don't see as it makes any difference. I'll let you out ; and—say, if you'll promise not to stop Harry, you can take the freight-train to Fairport. I'll put you 'board."

"And we'll talk about Hughey on the way," resolved West.

The rougher shook his head, while he jammed the tobacco into his pipe with his thumb. "Queerest thing I ever did see. And West was as smooth as you'd want. How'd Harry fix him ?"

Thompson, to whom he spoke, wagged his head first at him, next at the carpenter. "I don't know any mor'n you do. Harry asked me to drive the hack. And I drove it. He got in like a lamb. They may

have mixed a bit inside ; but he got out like a lamb, when we got there. Then I had orders to drive off and get to Fairport in time for the meeting. I did it, too."

"All I know," said the carpenter, rubbing his chin, "is that Bob and I were to watch at the house and not let him git out ; and when Smith gave the word, *we* were to cut for Fairport. He didn't do a thing. And Smith gave us the word ; and we took the cars for the depot and came on to Fairport for the meeting ; and everything went like it had been greased."

"That's right," said the steel man, lighting his pipe and puffing thoughtfully.

"And all I know is 'twas West I reckoned would get there ; and he was so much smarter than Harry ; and yet Henry's got onto it with both feet."

"Maybe another time, you won't be blaming Harry so much for not being fiery," Thompson observed, a second later — the interval having been filled with smoke and meditation—"and you won't sock at him that he's so blamed law and orderly !"

"We won't," said the rougher, "and what's more, if Harry says Law and Order, Law and Order it's going to be, if we have to bust all the other fellers' heads !"

AT THE CORONATION.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

THE heralds cried, "Long live the King !"
In clamorous shouts the throng replied ;
The little children came to sing,
The gladness rippled far and wide.

But underneath the jewelled crown
The King nor lifted eye nor hand ;
His brow was furrowed with a frown,
His sadness blurred the smiling land.

For lo ! upon the fringing edge
Of that vast crowd, the King discerned
One, fast who held his broken pledge,
One whose hot scorn his sin had earned.

A crime's wan ghost returned once more ;
He faced a shadowy judgment-seat,
And all the path grew dark before
The monarch's shamed, victorious feet.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION—INDEPENDENCE

THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION

It would have been a very obvious part of good military judgment for the British commanders to endeavor to force Washington away from Boston by assailing his communications to the west and south, or by attacks in other important quarters, which would have then demanded relief from the main army. Military judgment, however, was not a quality for which the British generals in Boston were conspicuous. Still less is it conceivable that any of them should have taken a broad view of the whole military situation and sought to compel Washington to raise the siege by a movement in another direction, as Scipio, to take a very familiar example, forced Hannibal out of Italy by the invasion of Africa. This was one intelligent course to pursue. Another would have been to concentrate the war at Boston, and

by avoiding collisions and cultivating good relations with the people of the other colonies endeavor to separate Massachusetts from the rest of the continent. The British took neither course, and so lost the advantages of both. They did enough to alarm and excite the other colonies and to make them feel that the cause of Massachusetts was their own, and yet they did not do anything sufficiently effective to even distract Washington's attention, much less loosen his iron grip on Boston.

In October, 1775, Captain Mowatt appeared off Falmouth, in Maine, where the city of Portland now stands, opened fire and destroyed the little town by a heavy bombardment. It was an absolutely useless performance; led to nothing, and was hurtful to the British cause. Washington at once made preparations to defend Portsmouth, thinking that the New Hampshire town would be the next victim, but the

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

**The Destruction of Falmouth, now the City of Portland, Me.
In October, 1775, by a fleet under Captain Mowatt.**

British had no plan, not enough even to make their raids continuous and effective. They stopped with the burning of Falmouth, which was sufficient to alarm every coast-town in New England, and make the people believe that their only hope of saving their homes was in a desperate warfare; and which at the same time did not weaken the Americans in the least or force Washington to raise the siege of Boston.

In explanation of the attack on Falmouth, it could at least be said that it was a New England town and belonged to Massachusetts, and that all New England practically was in arms. But even this could not be urged in defence of the British policy elsewhere. In the middle colonies, where the loyalists were strong and the people generally conservative, little was done to hurry on the Revolution. The English representatives, except Tryon, who was active and intriguing in New York, behaved, on the whole, with sense and moderation, and did nothing to precipitate the appeal to arms.

In the South the case was widely different. The British governors there, one after the other, became embroiled with the people at the earliest moment; then, without being in the least personal danger, fled to a man-of-war, and wound up by making some petty and ineffective attack which could have no result but irritation. Thus Lord Dunmore behaved in Virginia. It is true that that great colony was like New England, almost a unit in the policy of resistance to England, yet she had committed no overt act herself, and good sense would seem to have dictated every effort to postpone the appeal to force. Lord Dunmore, however, after much arguing and proclaiming, betook himself to a man-of-war. There was nothing sanguinary or

murderous about the American Revolution, for it was waged on a principle and not in revenge for wrongs; but, nevertheless, Lord Dunmore apparently thought that his precious life was in peril. Having ensconced himself safely in the war-ship, with a delightful absence of humor he summoned the assembly to meet him at the seat of government, an invitation not accepted by the Burgesses. Then he dropped down the river, was joined by

some additional war-ships, made an attack on the village of Hampton, and was repulsed. Foiled there, he took position in rear of Norfolk, commanding the bridge, and drove off some militia. The Virginians, now thoroughly aroused, called out some troops, a sharp action ensued, and the British forces were beaten. Still unsatisfied, Lord Dunmore proceeded to bombard and destroy Norfolk, the largest and most important town in the colony. This was his last exploit, but

General William Moultrie.

From the painting by John Trumbull, 1791

he had done a good deal. His flight had cleared the way for an independent provincial government. His attack on Hampton and the fight at the bridge had brought war into Virginia, and her people, brave, hardy, and very ready to fight, had quickly crossed the Rubicon and committed themselves to revolution. The burning of Norfolk, wanton as it was, added to the political resistance a keen sense of wrong, and a desire for vengeance, which were not present before. The destruction of the Virginia seaport also had the effect of exciting and alarming the whole Southern seaboard, and brought no advantage whatever to the cause of England. Altogether, it seems that Lord Dunmore's policy, if he was capable of having one, was to spread the Revolution as fast, and cement the union of all the colonies as strongly, as possible.

Fort Moultrie, at the Present Day.

On the site of Fort Sullivan.

Unlike Virginia, the Carolinas were sharply divided in regard to the differences with the mother-country. In North Carolina there was a strong loyalist party, the bulk of which numerically was formed of Highlanders who had come to America since 1745, and conspicuous among whom was the famous Flora Macdonald and her husband. Martin, the Governor, went through the customary performances of British governors. He stirred up one part of the community against the other, set a

civil war on foot in the colony, backed himself to the hilt, and cried out for aid from England. The usual result followed. The loyalists attacked the min-

ute-men under Caswell, who had posted themselves at a bridge from which they had taken the planks. The Highlanders attempted to cross on the beams and were beaten back. The claymore was no match for the rifle. In this way the colony was alienated from the Crown, fighting was started, the party of revolution and resistance was left with a clear field and a free hand as the only positive force to set up an independent government and seize all authority.

In South Carolina there was a similar division between the people and planters of the seaboard, who were on the American side, and the herdsmen and small farmers of the interior, many of whom inclined strongly to the Crown. This division, Lord William Campbell—the Governor, made so merely because he was one of a noble family—did all in his power to foment. British agents were sent into the western counties to rouse the inhabitants, and not content with this, these same agents began to intrigue with the Indians. If any one thing was more calculated than all else to make the rupture with the mother-country hopeless, it was the idea of letting loose the Indians upon the frontier. To incite this savage warfare was to drive the Americans to desperation and to convert even loyalists to the cause of resistance and hatred against England. Yet the English Ministry resorted to this inhuman scheme,

Old St. Michael's Church,
Charleston, S. C.

The Steeple served as a beacon
for the mariners of the time.



Drawn by H. C. Jones

The Defence of Fort Sullivan, June 28, 1776.
With four hundred and fifty men General Moultrie successfully withstood the British cannonade.

and in the North their Indian allies fought for them diligently and damaged their cause irreparably. The Indian intriguing in South Carolina did not, at this time, come to much, but Lord William Campbell apparently felt that he had done enough. He had stirred up strife, incited the patriots to begin the work of fortifying Charleston Harbor, and then he departed to the customary man-of-war, leaving his opponents to take control of the government while he urged aid from England, and explained what cowards and poor creatures generally the Americans were from whom he had run away.

Georgia was weak, the youngest of all the colonies, and her Governor, Sir James Wright, was prudent and conciliatory. So the colony kept quiet, sent no delegates to the first, and only one, who was locally chosen, to the second Congress. The condition of

Georgia was a lesson as to the true policy of England had her Ministry understood how to divide the colonies one from another. But they seemed to think that the way to hold the colonies to England and to prevent their union, was to make a show of force everywhere. Such stupidity, as Dr. Johnson said, does not seem in nature, but that it existed is none the less certain. So in due course a small squadron appeared off Savannah. Immediately the people who had been holding back from revolution rose in arms. Sir James Wright was arrested, and the other officers of the Crown fled, or were made prisoners. Three weeks later the Governor escaped, took refuge in the conventional manner on a convenient man-of-war, and then announced that the people were under the control of the Carolinians and could only be subdued by force. Thus Georgia, menaced by England and desert-

ed by her Governor, passed over to independence and organized a government of her own, when she might have been kept at least neutral, owing to her position, her weakness, and her exposed frontier.

The actions of their governors were sufficient to alienate the Southern colonies and push on the movement toward independence, but a far more decisive step was taken by the English Government itself. In

October, 1775, the King decided that the South, which had thus far done nothing but sympathize with the North and sustain Massachusetts in Congress, must be attacked and brought by force into a proper frame of mind. The King therefore planned an expedition against the Southern colonies in October, and decided that Clinton should have the command. The manner in which this affair was managed is an illustration of the inca-

Robert Morris.

From a painting by Edward Savage, 1790.

capacity of English administration, which so recently, under Pitt, had sustained Frederick of Prussia, and conquered North America from the French. Not until February did the expedition under Admiral Parker sail with the fleet and transports from Cork. Not until May did Clinton receive his instructions, and it was the third of that month when the fleet, much scattered, finally entered Cape Fear River. The conduct of the expedition conformed with its organization, and differences between the general and the admiral began at once. Clinton wanted to go to the Chesapeake, while Lord William Campbell urged an attack on Charleston. The latter's council prevailed, and after Cornwallis had landed, destroyed a plantation, and roused the people of North Carolina by a futile raid, the fleet departed for the south.

It was the first day of June when news was brought to Charleston that a fleet of forty

Printed by H. West Lincoln

Washington showing the Camp at Cambridge to the Committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, appointed by Congress.

The instruments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from

Fac-simile of a Part of the Rough Draft of the Declaration of Independence
From an autotype by E. Bierstadt of the original in the Department of State, at Washington, D.C.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1791

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

View of Independence Hall from the Park Side

or fifty sail were some twenty miles north of the bar. The tidings were grave indeed, but South Carolina had improved the time since Lord William Campbell's departure under the bold and vigorous leadership of John Rutledge, who had been chosen President of the colony. Work had been pushed vigorously on the defences, and especially at Sullivan's Island, where a fort of palmetto-wood was built and manned under the direction and command of William Moultrie. Continental troops arrived from the North. First came General Armstrong of Pennsylvania, then two North Carolina regiments, and then the best regiment of Virginia. Also came General Charles Lee, to whom great deference was paid on account of his rank in the Continental Army, and still more because he was an Englishman. As usual, however, Lee did no good, and if his advice had been followed he would have done much harm. He made an early visit to Sullivan's Island, pronounced the fort useless, and advised its abandonment. Moultrie, a very quiet man of few words, replied that he thought he could hold the fort, which was all he ever said apparently to any of the prophets of evil who visited him. At all events, sustained by Rutledge, he stayed quietly and silently where he was, strength-

ening the fort and making ready for an attack. Lee, who took the British view that British soldiers were invincible, then proceeded to do everything in his power to make them so. Being unable to induce Rutledge to order Moultrie to leave the island, he withdrew some of the troops and then devoted himself to urging Moultrie to build a bridge to retreat over. Moultrie, like many other brave men, had apparently a simple and straightforward mind. He had come to fight, not retreat, and he went on building his fort and paid but little attention to the matter of the bridge.

But although Lee was doing all the damage he could by interfering with Moultrie, the government of the colony gave the

Stairway in Independence Hall

latter hearty backing and supported him by well-arranged defences. Fortunately, there was an abundance of men to draw upon—all the South Carolina militia, the continental troops, and the regiments from North Carolina and Virginia. Armstrong, who acted cordially with Moultrie, was at Hadrell's Point with some fifteen hundred men. Thomson, of Orangeburg, with nearly a thousand riflemen from the Carolinas, was sent to the island to support

army had been received. It seems almost incredible when time was so vital to success that the English should have given to their opponents such ample opportunity to make ready. But so it was. It was the first of June when Parker came off the bar with his ships, and a month elapsed before he attacked. Such inefficiency is not easily understood; nor is it clear why the English should have been so delayed. They seem to have simply wasted their time.

Room in Independence Hall in which the Declaration was Signed.

Moultrie. Gadsden, with the first Carolina regiment, occupied Fort Johnson, and there were about two thousand more men in the city. Charleston itself had been diligently and rapidly fortified when the government heard of the coming of the British. Warehouses had been taken down and batteries and works established along the water front. The skill, thoroughness, and intelligence shown in the preparations of South Carolina were wholly admirable, and to them was largely due the victory which was won.

Zealously, however, as these preparations had been made, they were in a large measure completed and perfected only after the news of the coming of the British fleet and

Not until June 7th did Clinton send on shore his proclamation denouncing the rebels. On the 9th he began to disembark his men on Long Island, having been told that there was a practicable ford between that place and Sullivan's Island where the fort stood, a piece of information which he did not even take the trouble to verify. On the 10th the British came over the bar with thirty or forty vessels, including the transports. What they did during the ensuing week is not clear. Clinton completed the landing of his troops, more than three thousand in number, on the island, which was a naked sand-bar, where the men were scorched by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes, forced to drink bad

water, and suffered from lack of provisions. Having comfortably established his army in this desirable spot, he then thoughtfully looked for the practicable ford, found there was none, and announced the interesting discovery to Sir Peter Parker. That excellent seaman was not apparently disturbed. Indeed, his interest in Clinton seems to have been of the slightest. He exercised his sailors and marines in the movements for entering a fort, and felt sure of an easy victory, for he despised the Americans, and was confident that he could get on perfectly well without Clinton. In this he was encouraged by letters from the Governor of East Florida, who assured him that South Carolina was really loyal, and that the fort would yield at once. He was still further cheered by the arrival of the *Experiment*, a fifty-gun ship. Thus strengthened, and with a fair wind, he at last bore down toward the fort on June 28th. Moultrie was ready. He sent Thomson with the riflemen down toward the east to watch Clinton on Long Island and prevent his crossing. With four hundred and fifty men he prepared to defend the fort himself. The attack began about ten o'clock in the morning. First two vessels shelled the fort, then four more (including the *Bristol* and *Experiment*, fifty-gun ships) anchored within four hundred yards of the fort and opened a heavy fire. The palmetto-logs stood the shots admirably. The balls sank into the soft wood, which neither broke nor splintered. Moultrie had very little powder and received only a small additional supply later in the day. He was obliged, therefore, to husband his supply, and kept up a slow, although steady, fire. It was, however, well aimed and very destructive. The *Bristol* suffered severely; her cables were cut, and as she swung to the tide the Americans

raked her. Three fresh ships that came up ran aground. The men in the fort suffered but little, and when the flag was shot away, Sergeant Jasper sprang to the parapet in the midst of the shot and shell and replaced it on a halberd. So the day slowly passed. The British kept up a heavy cannonade, and the Americans replied with a slow and deadly fire, striking the ships with almost every shot while the army on Long Island assisted as spectators. Clin-

ton looked at the place where the ford should have been and decided not to cross. He then put some of his men in boats, but on examining Thomson and his riflemen, perhaps with memories of Bunker Hill floating in his mind, concluded that to attempt a landing would be a mere waste of life. So he stayed on the sand-bank and sweltered, and watched the ships. At last the long hot day drew to a close and Admiral Parker, having suffered severely, and made no impression whatever on the fort,

Roger Sherman.

From the painting by Ralph Earl, 1787.

slipped his cables and dropped down to his old anchorage.

When morning came, the results of the fighting were apparent. The *Acteon* was aground, and was burned to the water's edge. The *Bristol* had lost two masts, and was practically a wreck. The *Experiment* was little better. Altogether, the British lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, and one man-of-war. The Americans lost eleven men killed, and had twenty-six wounded. It was a very well-fought action, and the honor of the day belonged to Moultrie, whose calm courage and excellent dispositions enabled him to hold the fort and beat off the enemy. Much was also due to the admirable arrangements made by the South Carolinians under the lead of Rutledge. Every important point was well covered and strongly held.

Drawn by H. A. Ogden

**Reading the Declaration of Independence to the Troops in New York, assembled on the Common, now City Hall
Park, old St. Paul's in the background.**

On the side of the British, to the long and injurious delays was added fatal blundering when they finally went into action. Clinton's men were stupidly imprisoned on Long Island, and rendered utterly useless. Parker, instead of running the fort and attacking the city, which from a naval point of view was the one thing to do, for the capture or destruction of the city would have rendered all outposts untenable, anchored in front of the fort within easy range, and tried to pound it down. It was so well built that it resisted his cannonade, and all the advantage was with Moultrie and his men, who with perfect coolness and steady aim cut the men-of-war to pieces, and would have done much more execution if they had been well supplied with powder. It was the same at Charleston as elsewhere. Parker believed that the Americans could not, and would not, fight, but would run away as soon as he laid his ships alongside and began to fire. He never stopped to think that men who drew their blood from England, from the Scotch-Irish, and from the Huguenots, came of fighting stocks, and that the mere fact that they lived in America and not in Great Britain did not necessarily alter their courage or capacity. So he gave them ample time to make ready, and then on the theory that they would run like sheep, he put his ships up as targets at close range and imagined that he would thus take the fort. No braver people lived than the South Carolinians. They stood their ground, kept the fort, and fought all day stripped to the waist under the burning sun. After ten hours Parker found his ships terribly cut up and the fort practically intact. Whether during the night he reflected on what had happened, and saw that his perfect contempt for the Americans was the cause of his defeat, no one now can say. Certain it is, however, that after exchanging recriminations with Clinton he gave up any idea of further attack. Clinton and his regiments got off in about three weeks for New York, and Parker as soon as he was able departed with his fleet to refit.

The British expedition, politically speaking, ought never to have been sent at all, for its coming simply completed the alienation of the Southern colonies. From a military point of view, it was utterly mismanaged from beginning to end. The victory

won by South Carolina and by Moultrie and his men was of immense importance. It consolidated the South and at the same time set them free for three years from British invasion, thus enabling them to give their aid when it was needed in the middle colonies. When war again came upon them the British had been so far checked that the North was able to come to the aid of the South. Washington's victory at Boston and the repulse of the British fleet at Charleston, by relieving New England and the South, enabled the Americans to concentrate in the middle colonies at the darkest time when the fate of the revolution was in suspense. The failure of England to hold her position in Massachusetts, or to maintain her invasion of the South, was most disastrous to her cause. Either by political management or force of arms, she should have separated this region from the great central provinces. She failed in both ways, and only did enough to encourage the Americans to fight and to drive the colonies together.

INDEPENDENCE

AFTER they had provided themselves with a general and an army, and the general had ridden away to Boston, Congress found themselves in a new position. They had come into existence to represent, in a united way, the views of the colonies in regard to the differences which had arisen with the mother-country. This duty they had performed most admirably. The State papers in which they had set forth their opinions and argued their cause were not only remarkable, but they had commanded respect and admiration even in England, and had attracted attention on the Continent of Europe. This was the work for which they had been chosen, and they had executed their commission with dignity and ability. They had elevated their cause in the eyes of all men, and had behaved with wisdom and prudence. But this work of theirs was an appeal to reason, and the weapons were debate and argument. While they were trying to convince England of the justice of their demands they had strengthened the opinions and sharpened the convictions of their own people. Thus had they stimulated the popular movement which

Tearing Down the Leadon Statue of George III , on Bowling Green, New York, Celebrating the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The lead was later moulded into bullets for the American Army

had brought Congress into existence, and thus did they quicken the march of events which bore them forward even in their own despite. While they resolved and argued and drafted addresses and petitions in Philadelphia, other Americans fought at Concord and Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga. While they discussed and debated, an army of their fellow-citizens gathered

around Boston and held a British army besieged. Thus was the responsibility of action forced upon them. They could not escape it. They had themselves helped to create the situation which made the battles in Massachusetts the battles of all the colonies alike. So they proceeded to adopt the army, make generals, and borrow money. In other words, under the

pressure of events, they who had assembled merely to consult and resolve and petition, suddenly became a law-making and executive government. For the first of these functions, thanks to the natural capacity of the race, they were sufficiently well adapted to meet the emergency. If they could pass resolutions and publish addresses and put forth arguments, as they had done with signal ability, they were entirely capable of passing all the laws necessary for a period of revolution. But when it came to the business of execution and administration, they were almost entirely helpless. That they had no authority was but the least of their difficulties, for authority they could and did assume. Far more serious was the fact that they had no assurance that anything they did or said would be heeded or obeyed, for they represented thirteen colonies, each one of which believed itself to be sovereign and on an equality with the Congress. They were obliged therefore to trust solely to the force of circumstances and to public opinion for obedience to their decrees, and although this obedience came after a fashion under the pressure of war, it rested on very weak foundations. They had no frame of government whatever, no organization, no chief executive, no departments for the transaction of the public business. Yet they were compelled to carry on a war, and war depends but little on legislation and almost wholly on executive powers. No legislative body is really fit for executive work, and able, wise, and patriotic as the members of our first Congress were, they could not overcome this fatal defect. They chose committees as a matter of course, and this

mitigated the inherent evils of the situation, but was very far from removing them. They were still a legislative body trying to do in various directions work which only a single man could properly undertake.

Here then was the great weakness of the American cause, and yet it could not be avoided. A Congress without power and forced to operate through thirteen distinct sovereignties was the only executive government with which the American Revolution began, and it never became very much better, although some improvements were effected. At the outset, moreover, the Congress was not clear as to just what it meant to do. They were en-

Thomas Paine.

From painting by C. W. Peale, 1783.

gaged in actual and flagrant war with England, and at the same time were arguing and reasoning with the mother-country and trying to come to terms of peaceful settlement with her. They despatched George Washington to beleaguer a British army, and at the same time clung to their allegiance to the British Crown. When events forced them to action under these conditions, the weakness of Congress as an executive government soon became painfully apparent.

They sent Washington off with nothing but his commission, and hoped that they could in one campaign come to a treaty with England. The New York Provincial Congress came forward with a plan of peaceful reconciliation, which was all very well, if England had been willing to listen to anything of that sort, and the National Congress still labored under the same delusion. Yet there were the hard facts of the situation continually knocking at the door and insisting on an answer. So, even while they were considering plans for peace,

they were obliged to act. Money had to be obtained in some way, for schemes of reconciliation paid no bills, and they had adopted an army and made a general. How were they to get it? They had no authority to impose taxes. It is true that they could have assumed this as they did much other authority, but they had neither the power nor the machinery to collect taxes if they imposed them. The collection of taxes could not be assumed, for it was something to be done by proper executive force, of which they were destitute. Thus pressed, they resorted to the easy and disastrous expedient of issuing continental bills of credit, merely pledging the colonies to redeem them, and without any provision for really raising money at all. Probably, this was the best that could be done, but it was a source of weakness and came near wrecking the American cause. They also adopted a code for the government of the army; authorized the invasion of Canada, and sent agents to the Indians to prevent their forming alliances with Great Britain.

This done, Congress turned again to the business for which they had been chosen, the defence of the American position; and on July 6th published a declaration of the reasons for taking up arms. This was done thoroughly well. They set forth the acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain,

and showed that the Ministry were trying to subdue them by force, which the Ministry certainly would not have denied. They declared that they preferred armed resistance to the unconditional submission which England demanded, and at the same time they protested that they were not fighting for "the desperate measure of independence," but only to defend themselves from unprovoked attack. Their statement was plain and truthful, and they honestly represented the public reluctance to seek independence. It would have been well if England had heeded it, but, unluckily, England was committed to another policy and this was all too late. The declaration, as it stood, under existing conditions meant war, and they should have followed it up by straining every nerve in earnest preparation. Some of the members, like John Adams and Franklin, knew what it all meant well enough, but Congress would not so interpret it. Instead of actively going to work to make an effective government and take all steps needful for the energetic prosecution of the war, they adopted a second petition to the King, which was drafted by Dickinson. The contradictions in which they were involved came out sharply even in this last effort of loyalty. They proposed a truce and a negotiation to the King, who had declined to recognize Congress at all. The King was

*Resolved, That Copies of the Declaration be
Sent to the several Assemblies, Councils,
and Councils of Safety, & to the several
Commanding Officers of the Continental
Troops, That it be proclaimed in each
of the United States, & at the head
of the Army.*
By order of Congress
John Hancock President

From the Resolutions Adopted by Congress, July 5, 1776.

Fac-simile of a part of the original draft belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

quite right in his refusal if he meant to fight, as he undoubtedly did. Congress was union, and union meant practical independence. How then could the King treat with a body which by its very existence meant a new nation? Yet this was precisely what Congress asked as the nearest way to peace and reconciliation. There could be no result to such a measure as this, unless England was ready to yield, and if she was, the difficulty would settle itself. They also adopted another address to the English people, a strong and even pathetic appeal to race feeling and community of thought and speech. At the same time they sent thanks to the Mayor and Aldermen of London for their sympathy. They intrusted the petition to the King to Richard Penn, and felt strong hopes of success, because of their concessions in regard to trade. They would not admit that the differences with the mother-country had now reached the point where the question was the very simple one, whether the people of the colonies were to govern America or the English King and Parliament. There was no lack of men who understood all this perfectly, but they were not yet in control, perhaps were not ready to be, and Congress would not admit that the case was hopeless and that they had reached the stage where compromises were no longer possible.

Even while they hoped and petitioned and reasoned, the relentless facts were upon them. Armies could not wait while eloquent pleadings and able arguments were passing slowly across the Atlantic. Washington wrote from Cambridge that the army was undisciplined and short in numbers; that there were too many officers, and not enough men; that he needed at once tents, clothing, hospitals, engineers, arms of all kinds, and gunpowder, and that he had no money. From Schuyler at Ticonderoga came the same demand and the same report. Congress had to hear their letters, and could not avoid knowing the facts. How were they to satisfy these wants, how deal with these harsh facts and yet not interfere with petitions to the King? A question not easy to answer. It is never easy to reconcile two conflicting policies, and still worse to try to carry both into effect. The result was that the army suffered because that was the only direction

in which anything could really be done, all petitioning having become by this time quite futile. It is true that Washington was authorized to have an army of twenty-two thousand men, but no means were given him to get them. Five thousand men were also authorized for Canada, and nothing was done toward getting them either. To make matters still worse, no enlistments were to be made for a time longer than that in which they could hear from the King, who was diligently gathering together fleets and armies to send against them. They organized a post-office, which was desirable, but not an engine of war; they also organized a hospital service, which was very desirable, but not aggressive; they issued more bills of credit, and decided that they should be apportioned according to population, and they failed to open their ports to other nations, their only resource for munitions of war, and renewed their non-exportation agreements. Franklin, looking out on this welter of contradictions and confusions, and seeing very plainly the facts in the case, offered a plan for a confederate government so as to provide machinery for what they were trying to do. It was a wise and statesmanlike measure in principle, and was laid aside. John Adams wrote indignant letters declaring that they should be at work founding and defending an empire instead of arguing and waiting. These letters were intercepted and published by the party of the Crown in order to break down Adams and the radicals, which shows in a flash of light what public opinion was believed to be at that moment in the great middle colonies. Whether the loyalists gauged public opinion correctly or not, Congress agreed with them and allowed everything to drift. Yet, at the same time they decisively rejected Lord North's proposals. They would not accept the British advances or even consider them. The King would not deal with them, and yet with all this staring them in the face they still declined to sustain the army or frame a government. They could not bear the idea of separation, the breaking of all the bonds of race and kindred, the overthrow of all habits and customs to which human nature clings so tenaciously. It was all very natural, but it was very bad for the American Revolution, and caused many disasters by keeping

us unprepared as long as possible, and also by fostering the belief in the minds of the people that all would yet come right and go on as before. Men are slow to understand the presence of a new force and the coming of a great change. They are still slower to admit it when they do know it, but meantime the movement goes on and in due time takes its revenge for a failure to recognize it.

Thus Congress, faithfully reflecting the wishes and feelings of a majority of the people, failed to do anything, where alone they could have been effective, tried nobly and manfully to do something where nothing could be done, hesitated on the brink of the inevitable, and finally adjourned on August 1st and left the country without any central government whatever. At the same time they left Washington with his army and the Canadian expedition and the siege of Boston on his hands, and nothing to turn to for support but the governments of the different colonies. Congress is not to be blamed, for they reflected the hesitation and haltings of a time when all was doubt. But their failure to act and their adjournment without leaving any executive officer to represent them, bring out in strong relief the difficulties which beset Washington, who with his army alone represented the American Revolution and the popular force, as he was destined to do on many other occasions and in much darker hours. It is well also to note that despite the inaction and departure of Congress the work of war was done in some fashion, the siege of Boston pushed, and the expedition to Canada set in motion.

The weeks of adjournment went by. Congress should have reassembled on September 5th, but a week elapsed before enough members were present to do business, an instance of unpunctuality which was ominous in a body that had undertaken executive functions. Helplessness was still supreme. John Adams, of the intercepted letters, was cut in the street by the excellent and patriotic Dickinson, to whom he had referred in those letters as a "piddling genius." All the New England members were regarded with suspicion by the great central colonies, but were sustained by the South. Hence much ill-feeling and animosity became apparent between the two parties, but the party with

hope for peace was still in the ascendant, still holding a majority which was weakening every day and yet shrinking from the inevitable, after the fashion of human nature under such trying conditions. Out of such a situation little could come. The time was wasted in much talk. Would they send an expedition to Detroit? A wise scheme but after much talk, rejected. England was prohibiting our fisheries and restricting the trade of Southern colonies. It was obvious that we should open our ports to the world. Nothing was done. Then came long discussions about expeditions, the boundary line of Pennsylvania, the rights of Connecticut in Wyoming, and the enlistment of negroes, this last decided in the affirmative despite Southern remonstrance. Meantime war was in progress as well as debate, and war could not be postponed. Washington, observing that England was replying to Bunker Hill with increased armaments and paying no heed to petitions, had no doubt as to the realities of the situation. Independence was the only thing possible now that fighting had begun, and to fail to say what was meant was simply ruinous. Moreover, his army was about to disappear, for terms of enlistment had expired, and he had no means to get a new one. Without an army a siege of Boston was plainly impossible, and so there came a letter to Congress from their commander-in-chief which roused them from their debates. Here was a voice to which they must listen, and a condition of affairs which they must face. They accordingly appointed a committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, to visit the camp. Three men, when one of them was Franklin, made a better executive than the country had yet had, and the result was soon apparent. The committee reached the camp on October 15th. Franklin, who understood the facts, had no difficulty in arranging matters with Washington. A scheme was agreed upon for a new army of twenty-three thousand men, and power given the general to enlist them. The Congress gave its assent, and the four New England colonies were to furnish the men and the money, while Washington was to get the work done. Meantime the Congress itself was going on with its debates and hesitations. One day Rhode Island demanded a navy, and after much struggle

vessels were authorized. Then came the cold fit again. Nothing must be done to irritate England and spoil the chances of the petition, so no prize courts were established, no ports were opened, and New Hampshire, when everything depended upon New England, was kept waiting a month for authority to establish an independent government.

Yet under all the doubtings and delays the forces were moving forward. The pressure for decisive action increased steadily, the logic of independence became constantly more relentless, more unavoidable. Washington and the army were clearly for independence, and they were now a power no longer to be disregarded. One colony after another was setting up a government for itself, and as each one became independent, the absurdity of the central government holding back while each of the several parts moved forward was strongly manifested. New England had broken away entirely. The Southern colonies, led by Virginia and mismanaged by their governors, were going rapidly in the same direction. The resistance still came from the middle colonies, naturally more conservative, with loyal governors, like William Franklin in New Jersey, who, except in New York, were politic and judicious. Pennsylvania, clinging to her mild proprietary government of Quakers and Germans, held back more resolutely than any other and sustained John Dickinson in his policy of inaction.

But the party of delay constantly grew weaker. The news from England was an argument for independence that could not well be met. Richard Penn, the bearer of the olive-branch, could not even present his petition, for the King would not see him. Chatham and Camden might oppose, other Englishmen, studying the accounts of Bunker Hill, might doubt, but the King had no misgivings. George meant to be a king, and the idea of resistance to his wishes was intolerable to him. It was something to be crushed, not reasoned with. So he issued a proclamation declaring the Americans rebels and traitors, who were to be put down and punished. To carry out his plans, ships, expeditions, and armaments were being prepared, and the King, in order to get men, sent his agents over Europe to buy soldiers from the

wretched German princelings who lived by selling their subjects, or from anyone else who was ready to traffic in flesh and blood. It was not a pretty business, or over-creditable to a great fighting people like the English, but it unquestionably meant business. It was not easy to go on arguing for reconciliation when the King shut the door on the petitioners and denounced them as traitors, while he busied himself in hiring mercenaries. Under these conditions the friends of Independence urged their cause more boldly, and the majority turned to their side, but now they waited until they could obtain unanimity which was in truth something worth getting. The change in the opinion of Congress was shown plainly by the change in their measures. They applauded the victories of Montgomery, they took steps to import arms and gunpowder, and export provisions to pay for them; they adopted a code for the navy, approved Washington's capture of vessels, and issued three million dollars in bills of credit. Most important of all, they appointed a committee on Foreign Relations, the first step toward getting alliances and aid from other nations. These were really war measures, and it was a great advance for Congress to have come to the point of recognizing that war measures were proper in order to carry on a war. They were so filled, indeed, with new-born zeal that after having held Washington back and crippled him by delays and by lack of support, they proceeded to demand the impossible and urge by solemn resolution that Boston be taken at once, even if the town were destroyed. This was a good deal better than being left without any government at all, but we can imagine how trying it must have been to the silent soldier who had been laboring for months to take Boston, and who now answered Congress in a conclusive and severe manner which did them much good.

Far stronger in its effect on Congress than the action of the King, or even the demands of the army, was the change in public sentiment, which was the result of many causes. From the time of the Stamp Act to the day of Lexington the American party in the colonies had steadily declared, with great fervor and entire honesty, that they had no thought of independ-

ence, which meant separation from the empire. They protested even with anger that the charge that they aimed at any such result was the invention of their enemies and made to injure their cause. When the first Congress assembled this was the universal feeling, and Washington was but one of many who asserted it strongly. Here and there was a man like Samuel Adams, radical by nature, and very keen of perception, who saw the set of the tide; but even these men said nothing and agreed to the views held by the vast majority. The change started at Lexington. When fighting had once begun, no other outcome but separation or complete subjection was possible. To carry their point by defeating the troops of Great Britain and yet remain an integral part of the empire was out of the question. At the distance of more than a century we see this very plainly, but it was not so easily understood at the time. Washington grasped it at once, and when he took command of the army he knew that the only issue must be a complete victory for one side or the other. Congress, still working on the old lines of reconciliation and peace, could not see it as he did, and hence their hesitations. They still thought that they could defeat the King's armies and remain subjects of the King. Every day that passed, however, made the impossibility of this attitude more apparent. Every ship that came from England brought news that stamped this idea of peace and union as false, and each colony that set up a government for itself gave the lie to such a proposition.

Outside of Congress there was constant discussion going on by which public opinion was formed. At the outset the loyalists had many able writers, chiefly clergymen of the Anglican Church, who opposed the arguments so vigorously urged in support of the American claims. The writers on the American side, however, not only possessed abundant ability but events were with them. Dickinson, in the "Farmer's Letters," before he became conservative; Alexander Hamilton, in his replies to Samuel Seabury, an Episcopal clergyman and author of the able letters of the Westchester Farmer; John Adams, and many lesser men had done much in shaping public sentiment. The satirists and the verse-

men were generally on the American side, and they reached the people through their humor, wit, and fancy. Some of them, like Hopkinson, Freneau, and Trumbull, were very clever men, who wrote often brilliantly and always well, and their excellent verses, full of pith and point, went everywhere and converted many a reader who had been deaf to the learned constitutional and political arguments which poured from the press. Newspapers were not as yet a power. It was through pamphlets that the printed debate before the people was conducted, and it was well and amply performed on both sides.

The same change which is apparent in Congress is apparent also in the literature * of this crucial time.

As events hurried on, supplying arguments for the American side and forcing the American party from legal opposition to war, separation, and independence, the tone of the loyalist writers gets lower. Many of the loyalist writers, too, had left or been forced to leave the country. On the other hand, the American writers grow more vigorous and more triumphant, and demand stronger measures. Thus public opinion, rapidly changing in tone in the winter of 1775-76, needed but the right man speaking the right word to send it irresistibly along the new path. It was just at this moment that John Trumbull published his satire of McFingal, and the sharp hits and pungent humor of the poem caught the public ear and helped to spur on the laggards in the American cause. But a mightier voice was needed than this, and it, too, came at the beginning of this new and fateful year of 1776. It gave utterance to the popular feeling, it put into words what the average man was thinking and could not express for himself, and it did it with a force and energy which arrested attention in America, and travelling across seas, made men over there listen too. This voice crying aloud to such purpose was not that of an American but an Englishman. The writer was Thomas Paine, staymaker, privateersman, exciseman, teacher, adventurer, and his pamphlet was

* In all I have to say about the literature of the time I desire to express my obligation in the fullest measure to Professor Tyler's admirable *History of the Literature of the Revolution*. This is particularly the case in regard to the chapter on the Declaration of Independence from the literary point of view, which is not only admirable but conclusive.

called "Common Sense." Paine, after a checkered career both in domestic and official life, had come over here with no capital but a letter of introduction from Franklin. He got a start in writing for the newspapers and threw himself into the life about him. He came a friend to the English connection. Looking about him with eyes undimmed and with mind unhampered by colonial habits, he reached the conclusion in the course of a year that independence was not only right but the only thing possible. So with but little literary experience he sat him down and wrote his pamphlet. He first argued about kingship and natural rights, and then in favor of independence. Critics have said of that first part that it was crude, unreasoned, and full of blunders, for Paine was not learned. Yet in that same first part he enunciated the great principle which lay at the bottom of the whole business, which James Otis had put forward years before, that in the nature of things there was no reason for kings, and every reason why people should rule themselves. And this was just what this quarrel had come to, so that it needed no learning but only courage and common-sense to set it forth. As for the second part, which concerned the practical question always of most interest to men, Paine knew his subject thoroughly and he argued the cause of independence in a bold, convincing, indeed unanswerable, fashion. He put forth his argument in a strong, effective style, roughly, plainly, so that all stopped to listen and all understood. His pamphlet went far and wide with magical rapidity. It appeared in every form, and was reprinted and sold in every colony and town of the Atlantic seaboard. Presently it crossed the ocean, was translated into French, and touched with unshrinking hand certain chords in the Old World long silent but now beginning to quiver into life. In the colonies alone it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in three months. This means that almost every American able to read, had read "Common Sense." Its effect was prodigious, yet with all its merits it is a mistake to glorify it as having convinced the people that they must have independence. The convictions were there already, made slowly by events, by the

long discussion, by the English policy, by the fighting around Boston. "Common Sense" may have converted many doubters, but it did something really far more important; it gave utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people; it set forth to the world, with nervous energy, convictions already formed; it supplied every man with the words and the arguments to explain and defend the faith that was in him. Many Americans were thinking what "Common Sense" said with so much power. So the pamphlet marked an epoch, was a very memorable production, and from the time of its publication the tide slowly setting in the direction of independence began to race with devouring swiftness to the high-water mark.

As the winter wore away and spring began, Congress still lingering behind the people continued to adopt warlike measures but did nothing for independence. The central colonies still hung back, but the movement for independent provincial governments went on unchecked, and the action in that direction of each separate colony brought nearer like action on the part of the continent. The rising of the Highlanders in the valley of the Mohawk under Sir John Johnson, easily crushed by Schuyler; a similar rising of the Highlanders in North Carolina, defeated in a sharp fight by the minute-men under Caswell; the evacuation of Boston, all drove events forward and forced the hands of Congress. The measures of Congress stiffened. More men and more money were voted, the country was divided into military departments, and Silas Deane was appointed an agent to France. Still they shrank from facing what they knew must be faced, but the friends of independence could no longer be kept silent. Even if Pennsylvania, not without great effort, was kept true to Dickinson and peace, the other colonies were coming into line, and the American party, virtually led by John Adams, began to argue for independence on almost every debate that sprang up. In some way the real issue appeared on every occasion, and the efforts to avoid it, or to pretend that it was not there, grew fainter and fainter. On May 10th John Adams carried his resolution to instruct all the colonies that had not yet done so to set up independent governments, a heavy blow to the Pennsylvania

peace party and a long step toward national independence. In the same month the Virginia convention, which established the State government, instructed the delegates in Congress to urge and support independence. With this decision from the oldest and most powerful colony, backed as it was by Massachusetts and New England, the final conflict in Congress could no longer be postponed. The American party was in the ascendant, and with their instructions from Virginia would wait no longer. The colonies, even those in the centre, were now all in line or fast coming there, and Congress could not hesitate further. On June 8th Richard Henry Lee, in the name of Virginia, moved that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that their allegiance to the British Crown ought to be dissolved. For two days the question was earnestly debated, and then it was decided, although the resolution clearly had a majority, to postpone the debate for three weeks, during which time plans were to be prepared for a confederation and for treaties with foreign powers, and the members were to have opportunity to consult their constituents, so that the great act, if possible, might be adopted with unanimity. To avoid any delay a committee was appointed to draft a declaration to accompany the resolution for independence. This committee consisted of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, and to Jefferson was intrusted the work of preparing the draft.

The three weeks slipped rapidly by. Congress heard from its constituents, and there was no mistaking what they said. New England and the South were already for independence. New York, menaced on the north by savages and on the south by the speedy coming of a powerful English fleet, wheeled into line. Maryland and Delaware joined readily and easily. New Jersey called a State convention to establish a State government, arrested their royal Governor, William Franklin, and elected five staunch friends of independence to Congress. Even Pennsylvania, after long debates and many misgivings, agreed to sustain Congress if it voted for independence.

All was ready for action when Congress met on July 1st. There were fifty members present, and they were the best and

ablest men America could produce. It was the zenith of the Continental Congress. However through inevitable causes it afterward weakened, however ill suited it was by its constitution for executive functions, it now faced the task for which it was perfectly fitted. No wiser or more patriotic body of men ever met a revolutionary crisis or took the fate of a nation in their hands with a deeper and finer sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon them. All that they did was grave and serious. They faced the great duty before them calmly, but with a profound sense of all it meant.

A letter from Washington was read showing how small his army was and how badly armed. A despatch from Lee announced the arrival of the British fleet and army at Charleston. Unmoved and firm, Congress passed to the order of the day and went into committee of the whole to consider the resolution "respecting independence." The mover, Richard Henry Lee, was absent at the Virginia convention. There was a pause, and then John Adams arose and made the great speech which caused Jefferson to call him the Colossus of Debate, and which, unreported as it was, lives in tradition as one of the memorable feats of oratory. With all the pent-up feeling gathered through the years when he was looked on with suspicion and distrust, with all the fervor of an earnest nature and of burning conviction, he poured forth the arguments that he had thought of for months, and which sprang from his lips full-armed. There was no need of further speech on that side after this great outburst, but Dickinson defended the position he had long held, and others entered into the discussion. When the vote was taken, New York, favoring independence, but still without absolute instruction, refused to vote. South Carolina, instructed but still hesitating, voted with Pennsylvania in the negative. The other nine colonies voted for independence. Then the committee rose, and on the request of South Carolina the final vote was postponed until the next day.

When they met on July 2d they listened to another letter from Washington, telling them that Howe, with some fifty ships carrying troops, had appeared off Sandy Hook. There was no quiver in

the letter ; he hoped for reinforcements, but he was ready to face the great odds weak as he was. No news came from Charleston, which might have been falling before the British fire even as they talked. The enemy was at the gates, but there was no wavering and their courage rose under the dangers upon them. With independence declared, they would have a cause to fight for. Without it they were beating the air. So they went to a vote. New York was, as before, for independence, but still unable to vote. South Carolina, knowing only that her capital was in danger, and still in ignorance that the battle had been won, voted for independence. Delaware was no longer divided, and Pennsylvania, by the intentional absence of Dickinson and Morris, was free to vote with the rest. So twelve colonies voted unanimously for independence, thirteen agreed to it, and the resolution passed. Henceforth there were to be no colonies from Maine to Florida ; a nation was born and stood up to prove its right to live.

The great step had been taken. It now remained to set forth to the world the reasons for what had been done there in Philadelphia on July 2, 1776.

Thomas Jefferson, to whom this momentous work had been intrusted, came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow-members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. It was in its way as wise and fortunate as the selection of Washington to lead the armies. This was not because Jefferson was the ablest man in the Congress. In intellectual power and brilliancy Franklin surpassed him, and John Adams, who, like Franklin, was on the committee, was a stronger character, a better lawyer, and a much more learned

man. But for this particular work, so momentous to America, Jefferson was better adapted than any other of the able men who separated America from England. He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth century closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then beginning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation ; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their liberty ; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than even he himself realized. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in the future, and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen.

The result was the Declaration of Independence. The draft was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who made a few slight changes. The influence of the South struck out the paragraph against slavery. It was read on July 3d. A debate ensued in which John Adams led as in that on the resolution, and on July 4th the Congress agreed to the Declaration and authorized the President and Secretary to sign, attest, and publish it. The formal signing by the members did not take place until August, and some signatures were given even later.

But the July 4th when the Declaration was adopted by Congress, was the day which the American people have set apart and held sacred to the memory of a great deed.

The Declaration when published was read to the army under Washington and received by the soldiers with content. It was a satisfaction to them to have the reality for which they were fighting put into words and officially declared. It was read also formally and with some ceremony in public places, in all the chief towns of the colonies, and was received by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement. There was no reason why it should have called forth much excitement, for it merely embodied public opinion already made up, and was expected by the loyalist minority.

Yet despite its general acceptance, which showed its political strength, it was a great and memorable document. From that day to this it has been listened to with reverence by a people who have grown to be a great nation, and equally from that day to this it has been the subject of severe criticism. The reverence is right, the criticism misplaced and founded on misunderstanding.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and secondly, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth in a series of propositions the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the king, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Independence has been solemnly read in every city, town, and hamlet of the United States to thousands of Americans who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death-warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood

successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear, and imposing.

Passing from the form to the substance, critics as far apart as John Adams and Lord John Russell have condemned the attack on George III. as a tyrant as unjust, bitter, and almost absurd. Yet, as the years have gone by, it has become very plain that George III. was making a final and very serious attempt to restore the royal authority, and by shrewd and more insidious methods regain what Charles I. had lost. He was steadily following out his mother's behest and trying to be a king. If the revolt had not come in America it would have come in England, and England would have defeated his plans and broken his power as his American colonies succeeded in doing. When the best of modern English historians, like Lecky and Green, admit this in regard to George III., we need not question that Jefferson's instinct was a true one when he drew the indictment of his sovereign. But Jefferson was right on broader grounds than this. He was declaring something much more far-reaching than the right of the colonies to separate from England. He was announcing to the world the right of the people to rule themselves, and that no one man was entitled to be king, but that every man had a title to kingship in virtue of his manhood. The logical step from this proposition was not to assail the people or Parliament of England, which would have been a contradiction of his own argument, but the man who represented the old-time theory of kingship and from whom as part of a system the evils he complained of came. Jefferson was instinctively right when he struck at the kingly power, for that was the real point of conflict.

John Adams's criticism that the doctrines and principles set forth were not new, but had been heard before from James Otis down through all the long controversy, was simply inept. The doctrines and principles, of course, were not new. That was

their strength. Jefferson was not a Frenchman bursting through the tyranny of centuries, to whom the language of freedom and of constitutional liberty was an unknown tongue. He was one of that great race which for five hundred years, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence, from Runnymede to Philadelphia, had been slowly, painfully, and very strenuously building up a fabric of personal liberty and free government. In all those long discussions, in all those bitter struggles, the words and principles of freedom and human rights had been developed and made familiar. This was the language that Jefferson spoke. Its glory was that it was not new, and that the people to whom he spoke understood it, and all it meant, for it was a part of their inheritance, like their mother-tongue. In vivid phrases he set forth what his people felt, knew, and wanted said. It was part of his genius that he did so. He was not a man of action, but a man of imagination, of ideas and sympathies. He was a failure as the war Governor of Virginia. The greatest and most adroit of politicians and organizers, when dangers from abroad threatened him as President, he was timid, hesitating, and inadequate. But when he was summoned to declare the purposes of the American people in the face of the world and at the bar of history, he came to the work which no other man could have done so well. His imagination; his keen, sure glance into the future; his intense human sympathies came into full play, and he spoke his message so that it went home to the hearts of his people with an unerring flight.

The last and best-known criticism is the bold epigram of Rufus Choate, most brilliant of American advocates, that the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering generalities." Again the criticism proceeds on a misunderstanding. The Declaration of Independence in its

famous opening sentences is made up of generalities, and rightly. That they glitter is proof of the writer's skill and judgment. It was not the place for careful argument and solid reasoning. Jefferson was setting forth the reasons for a revolution, asserting a great, new principle, for which men were to be asked to die. His task was to make it all as simple, yet as splendid as possible. He was to tell men that they must separate from the great empire of England and govern themselves, and he must do it in such a way that he who ran might not only read, but comprehend. It is the glory of Jefferson that he did just this, and it was no fault of his that the South dimmed one of his glowing sentences by striking out his condemnation of human slavery.

In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of his people. The "Marseillaise" is not great poetry, nor the air to which it was set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more swiftly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the American people. But the spirit of the time is there in every line and every sentence, saying to all men, a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness and the savage at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them.

THE MADONNA THAT IS CHILDLESS

By T. R. Sullivan

It chanced to be the afternoon of an April day when Beppe set forth from the northern gate of Lucca upon his adventurous expedition. But an April day in Tuscany has not that uncertain glory which elsewhere makes its treachery proverbial. Titanic, vaporous shapes, it is true, slowly raised their heads above the snowy peaks of the Carrara Mountains; they threatened no storm, however, near or remote, and were but customary fair-weather signals of the place and season; the well-known "Lucca clouds," which are spring-time features of this landscape as familiar as the vivid green of its grain-fields, spreading miles away in every direction from the city wall. The sky was cloudless overhead, and the sun shone almost with summer fierceness. Wall-flowers budded again in crevices of the old brick ramparts which still encircle Lucca, but, surviving their former use, serve now as supports for the trim plantations of a pleasure-ground. Here, in these hanging gardens, the dark ilexes that alone had worn their leaves all winter were no longer conspicuous. The oaks and elms had put on fresh, thick foliage, and even the slender, pallid sycamores already cast a grateful shade.

Down at the city level, under an angle of this peaceful promenade, stood the old glass-house which for years had made the retired and now deserted corner a very busy one. But a fire breaking out there, nobody knew how, in the dead of night, suddenly turned the place into a dismal ruin. Only its blackened outer walls were left, and the owner, losing heart, had determined not to rebuild them. Many of his workmen remained still out of employment, and among these Beppe Lunardi, upon whom the blow had fallen less heavily than upon others; for he was a boy of sixteen, with no family to support, practically alone in the world.

He had been an only child and remembered his parents very dimly. His father was of humble origin, an artisan of the silk-mills, with a talent for dreaming that

kept him poor. Encouraged therein by a devoted wife who, marrying beneath her station, longed to see her husband recognized and respected, he exhausted his resources in desultory artistic experiments that came to nothing. She had died believing that he was on the eve of a great discovery, a secret of enamel which should reproduce the best work of the Renaissance, or, even surpassing that, should make him famous for all time. But he had followed her into the grave too soon to establish this claim to recognition, leaving his son Giuseppe, or Beppe, as he was commonly called, in charge of the nearest relative, old Dr. Ridolfi, the boy's maternal grandfather. This good soul, though far from prosperous, received Beppe very kindly, sent him to school, and would have given him further advantages, if, in seeking to retrieve his own fallen fortunes, he had not been drawn into the folly of speculation. Weak and senile as he was, with his practice already dwindled, the worthy Dr. Ridolfi soon furnished an example of that distressing, genteel poverty which is by no means rare in Italian provincial cities. His black clothes grew shabbier and shabbier; even his skull-cap was too threadbare to be respectable. Certain treasures of art, collected long ago in brighter years, disappeared from his walls; last of all, a beautiful relief in terra-cotta, undoubtedly a genuine Andrea della Robbia, went the way of the dealers. After these things were sold, the doctor devoted hours to the melancholy pleasure of reviving them in his imagination, line by line. When the old man wandered silently among the vacant wall-spaces, Beppe understood what it meant; indeed, he, too, had learned the value of the lost treasures, many of which, and particularly the Robbia, he could have summoned back in a similar way, had he tried.

While Beppe remained at school these changes affected him little; he shouted with his companions, and played his game of *tocchetto* against the church wall as heart-

ily as the rest. But his childhood came suddenly to an end when he was set to work in the glass-house. There, in the glow of the furnace, began the day-dreams which were his natural inheritance, fostered rather than restrained by the associations of his grandfather's house. His imagination, taking flight, soared for awhile vaguely; then, through a chance discovery, it received a definite bent, of which, before, he had not dreamed.

Among his few worldly possessions was an old, worm-eaten cabinet which had belonged to his father, and now served as a clothes-press in Beppe's chamber. Its shallow upper drawer he seldom used; and one night, observing that this was not fully closed, he tried in vain to push it into place. A search for the obstacle brought to light some loose sheets of manuscript, irregularly folded, which, catching at the back of the drawer, had gradually worked their way behind it. They were so faded as to be scarcely legible; but Beppe, recognizing his father's hand, deciphered them, and found that these were notes of an experiment—the scheme, in fact, of that wondrous enamel, destined by its inventor to startle the world. Here was fuel for the lambent flames in Beppe's mind. Henceforth his dreams at the furnace were of this one thing which he longed to perfect. But poverty and ignorance stood in the way of a serious attempt, as he was well aware; and, keeping his own counsel, he lived his leisure hours alone, while all his artistic perceptions grew keener amid the favorable influences that surrounded him.

On the Sunday preceding the destruction of the glass-house Beppe had turned from the noon sunshine into San Frediano's dim aisles. The mass was over, as he had foreseen, and the few loiterers far up the nave were unlikely to disturb his reflections, which he now concentrated upon a certain Robbia "Annunciation," adorning a side wall of the great church near the door. Close by is a marble font of very early date, with quaint, mystical figures carved upon its basin. Under this Beppe seated himself, as he had often done before, for a long look at the Archangel and the Virgin, the sweet, cherubic faces of the border medallions, the heavy garlands illuminating the whole composition with a glow of color. How brilliant it was; as

if a rainbow, gleaming over the dark wall, by some secret process, had been held in suspension there for centuries! While he sat thus, shielded from chance observers, two men who were unknown to him stepped aside from the nave to consider the "Annunciation" critically, with no knowledge of the eager listener so near them.

"Yes," said one, at last; "it is a marvel! But ours, that I tell you of, are finer. The Robbias outdid themselves when they set up a furnace in our bleak hillside for its eternal glory. They left us masterpieces—not down in the books, it is true—but, nevertheless, wonders of the world. Come and judge for yourself if I have overrated them."

"The glaze—the glaze!" said his companion, half to himself, drawing nearer the wall and out of the discussion. "How did they produce it? The art died with them and is lost, never to be regained."

"Aha!" cried the other, with a triumphant smile. "How easily we in Barga might solve your problem! The answer was entrusted to us, and is still in our possession; but no earthly power shall ever compel us to disclose it to you."

"Pray, what do you mean by that, *amico mio*?"

"I mean that, though you have the air of doubting it, our Robbias in Barga contain figures to which these are as nothing; and that in one of them it pleased the master, crowning his best work, to conceal his great secret—the secret of the glaze. They smile at us with sealed lips, and which head holds the secret we shall never know; but, all the same, it is there; there, also, it will remain undiscovered, so long as we poor Barga folk are honored with its keeping."

"Upon my soul this is a fine tradition!"

"Scoffer! What is that but the well-spring of all history? The tale is a very old one, and it pleases me to find it credible. Come to Barga, and admit, at least, that the supreme beauty of the work justifies our fine tradition. There go the quarter chimes. I must make haste, or the diligence will be off without me."

Starting forward as he spoke, he slipped, made a violent effort to save himself, and slipped again. He would have fallen heavily upon the marble pavement, but that

Beppe, springing up, caught him in his arms. As he did so, a leathern case dropped from the man's pocket, and out of it flew a number of letters, which were scattered in all directions. Beppe hastened to collect them, and in picking up the last saw that it was addressed to Signor Saverio di Brocca, Barga.

When Beppe came back he found the man, whose name this proved to be, leaning against the font, laughing heartily. The other had joined him, and now inquired anxiously if his friend had hurt himself.

"No, no! thanks to this good fellow. My boy, you saved me from an ugly fall; I am more than grateful to you."

Beppe, flushing with pleasure, smiled, but made no answer.

"And in proof," continued Signor di Brocca, opening the pocket-book which Beppe had handed him, "I beg you to accept this." Then he drew out a note for ten *lire*, and offered it.

But Beppe, shrinking, turned now a deeper crimson.

"Signore, I asked you for nothing," said he, proudly. "What I did deserves no payment. Indeed, I will not take your money."

"Quite right!" returned Signor di Brocca, putting away the purse. "And I also was right in calling you a good fellow." Then, fumbling at his watch-chain, he detached one of its trinkets and offered that. "But you will not refuse to keep this trifle in remembrance of my wish for your good fortune."

It was a forked bit of red coral—a charm against the evil eye, as Beppe comprehended. "*Tante grazie, Signore*," he murmured, accepting the gift. Then, in sudden confusion, without a word more, he darted off into the nave. The men, laughing, went their way, and were gone; while Beppe, too late, repented his shyness. He had liked the stranger's looks. The man was well-to-do evidently, rich and powerful, perhaps. Why had he broken from him with such discourtesy? How stirring had been that talk of the Robbia reliefs, with their strange legend! Barga was not so far off; he must contrive to go there some day, for the sake of those masterpieces "not down in the books," for

another word with this good Signor di Brocca who had described them.

So, carrying the charm always in his pocket, that he might touch it the moment an evil eye should threaten him, Beppe returned to his work and its attendant dreams. The fire came like a thief in the night to steal away his resources. His fruitless search for a new employment grew daily more disheartening, until there seemed to be no comfort left for him abroad or at home, where his poor grandfather, inclining toward dotage, tottered with steps more aimless than his own. What would be the issue of this heavy trial? Were all ways closed to him, save one?

Suddenly, on this bright April afternoon, a way opened wide before him. He was alone upon the city wall, and, leaning over its outer parapet, looked darkly down into the valley. Behind him, in the shadow of San Frediano's tower, stood the great silk-mill where his father once had worked; and from the windows came a monotonous chant of the girls weaving at the loom. No other sound intruded upon the silence until there rattled out of the Santa Maria gate a two-horsed diligence, very shabby and old-fashioned. It was heavy and heavily laden; but the horses shook their heads as if rejoicing to be free of the city pavement, and, encouraged by the driver's shouts, dashed merrily along the level country-road.

"*Il postino!*" said Beppe to himself. "*Il postino di Barga!*" Then, in a flash, came the thought that the way they were going might also be his. "Barga!" he repeated. "I will go to Barga. The good man there will help me. He will have forgotten me, perhaps; but when I show him this gift of his he will remember. I shall see, at least, the great Robbias. And at the worst one may starve in Barga as easily as in Lucca."

The thought had become a fixed resolve, to be fulfilled without delay. Barga, as he knew, was sixteen miles distant up there in the mountains, and to reach it before nightfall he must lose no time. At the foot of the incline leading to the gate the revenue officials were lounging in the sun. They did not even look up, however, as he passed into the shadow of the archway. The eye of no living creature took note of

his first step forth into the world. Only the great marble Madonna, from her niche above the outer arch, smiled upon him placidly, with a wise look that appeared to read his purpose. And Beppe, making her a timid obeisance, quickened his pace, and was soon but a speck upon the broad, white highway which stretched straight across the fertile plain.

He did not turn again until he had reached the village of Ponte a Moriano, close under the hills. Here, after a sharp ascent, is a fork in the road, one branch of which bends abruptly to the left over the river Serchio. Beppe paused in doubt at the angle of the bridge, and looked down upon the river winding toward the city through the vineyards he had left behind him. There were fresh leaves in their festoons; and their dwarf trees, bound together by these luxuriant garlands, seemed like distorted creatures of some strange, new world, joining hands in a dance. The clustered roofs and battlements of Lucca stood out against the sky, scarcely recognizable at this distance. But one tall red tower, with four ilex-trees growing at its summit, formed Beppe's landmark. Close under it, as he remembered, was the dismantled house in which he had lived so long.

While he lingered there, uncertain which way to take, a light peasant's cart, gayly painted in red and blue, came up from the valley. The driver, letting the reins fall carelessly, had been humming a tune, half asleep; but at the cross-roads he roused himself to urge his horse toward the bridge. He was a handsome fellow, prematurely gray, with a neat little white mustache and chin-tuft. He wore a feather in his hatband, and his jaunty trimness gave assurance of geniality.

"Is this the way to Barga?" Beppe asked.

The man reined in his horse and smiled. "Yes, yes, we cross the river. You may see the road up yonder, far away." And he pointed with his whip toward the gray mountain-side. Beppe thanked him, drawing back to let him pass. But the man waited a moment longer.

"I am going to Barga," said he, "and my load is very light. I have only this sack of grain from the market in San Michele. One may sit upon it—not so comfortably

—but it is better than walking. Will you come with me?" Beppe repeated his thanks twice over, and, clambering into the wicker bottom of the cart, curled himself up there with his head against the yielding grain-sack. This was indeed better than walking.

Above were overhanging, rocky summits, wild and bare; but on the lower slopes pale, feathery olive-trees softened all the landscape through which the road wound by one small village after another; until, across the stream before them, rose five great arches of varied height and width, with one overtopping all the rest. Beppe's friendly guide explained that this quaint structure was a Devil's Bridge, of the fourteenth century, and that in the cluster of houses at its hither end they would rest for a time. The villagers hailed him as he drove on to a withered bush that marked the tavern door, and the host hurried out with a flask of wine, from which Beppe was given his share. Then, while the horse plunged his nose into the fountain, Beppe strolled out upon the bridge, which it had pleased the devil's architect to make but the narrowest of footways. Half-way up its inclined plane a tall man, wrapped in a cloak, gave the boy a searching look as he brushed him by. Beppe was sure that he had seen the man's face before, but could not remember where; and when he turned, the figure had passed out of sight between the houses. Dismissing it from his mind he perched among the weeds that grew in the crown of the big arch, and looked across the intervening mountains to their highest peak, a broad, truncated cone, capped with snow. He had seen that mountain often from the walls of Lucca; toward it they were tending, and as they drove up from the defile to the open tableland, the driver, whose tongue the wine had loosened, drew attention to its awful beauty and told Beppe that it was called *Il Paniere*.

"Barga lies close under it," said he. "You may see the town now, if your eyes are sharp enough."

"And do you know a certain Signor di Brocca who lives in Barga?" Beppe inquired, timidly. "Signor Saverio di Brocca?"

"Know him? *Altro!* Why, who does not? Everybody knows him in Barga."

"Ah!" said Beppe, faintly. "So he is a great man."

"He is the Syndic of the commune," returned Beppe's new friend, impressively; "and the richest man in all the country round. He has made a fortune in his wine-shop. He employs a score of men there, and his wines are known the world over. Have you business with him, then?"

Thus interrogated, Beppe, upon whom also the wine had exerted a communicative influence, opened his heart sufficiently to tell of the misfortune which had thrown him out of work, and of his small adventure with the important personage whose domain they were approaching. "I come to take advantage of his kindness," he concluded; "not as a beggar, but as one who seeks an honest livelihood, and asks no more than that. Yet I would rather turn back even now, than run the risk of a refusal. Tell me, since you know him, what it is best to do."

He was warmly assured that whatever might be the result of his quest, the great man would not fail to give it consideration. And the citizen of Barga hastened to display his own interest in the matter by demanding a look at the coral charm, which he professed to recognize, and then by inquiring the adventurer's name.

"Beppe," he repeated, with a sigh. "Strange! I had a brother who was called so. A fine fellow, strong as a lion—just your age, too, he would have been."

"He is dead, then?"

"Alas! yes. He had a fall and died in two hours. *Poverino!*"

"And your name, Signore?"

"Eh, mine is a common one enough. I am called Luigi—Luigi Landucci."

So chatting intimately with ever-increasing friendliness, they entered upon the last stage of their journey, a zigzag road of many steep ascents, closed at the hill-top by Barga's walls. The horse soon tugged so hard that they took to the road themselves and walked beside him through the twilight. Deep valleys opened to the right and left with tiny villages upon their slopes, all still and dark, like fabrics of a dream; and one slim campanile towered up in the gloom, so near their path that, as they passed, it seemed as if, by stretching out their hands, they might have swung its silent bells.

"One must climb to live among you," said Beppe, when they had toiled on in this manner for some time without exchanging a word.

"Yes," replied Luigi, catching the bridle at a rough place in the road-bed. "Our horses know that well; they are strong, but, alas! they are short-lived. Their very strength destroys them. It is a proverb with us. See! The lights are coming out above us. *Adagio!* Five minutes more, and we are there!"

It was quite dark when, resuming their places in the cart, they dashed along a wide esplanade of the outer precincts through the gateway of the inner and more ancient town, and climbed still farther up narrow streets, unlighted and roughly paved, to the highest point in Barga—a wind-swept area, opening toward the vast circumference of the night from the cathedral walls. On a terrace at its farther end the town-hall and prison frowned grimly under one roof. Between this and the church-apse the land fell off abruptly; and there, with these monumental buildings overhanging it, stood a small house, perched upon the very edge of the hill. As they drove up, Luigi explained that here he lived and cultivated his garden entirely alone. The hour was late; to disturb the prospective patron, then and there, would be unwise; Beppe must go no farther that night, since, for the time being, all this house afforded without ceremony had become his. Thus cordially welcomed, Beppe made no resistance, but took upon himself his portion of the household duties. Together they cooked an ample meal of eggs and macaroni; and when no morsel was left, Luigi, in the best of spirits, moved into the chimney-corner, smoking pipe after pipe, telling stories and cracking jokes, while his queer little chin-tuft twinkled in the firelight. Then Beppe's bed was made up in a box of a place, that must once have been an oratory, adjoining Luigi's chamber. A patch of sky shone upon him through one small window, high above his head. And there he dropped asleep in a starlit silence, such as before he had never known.

When he awoke day was well advanced, and he found Luigi already busy in his garden, which sloped to the south, all steeped in sunshine. Beppe declared it to

be the most beautiful spot in all the world. But his host laughed, and strolled out with him to the meagre cathedral front, where he stood face to face with the great mountain-range and its snow-capped *Pu-niere*, lost in wonder. Then, sending Luigi back to his work, he went down alone into the quiet streets, by church-doors and convent-walls, until, after many intricate windings, he came suddenly upon a little square, open on one side to the marvellous northern prospect. There, above the wine-shop door, he read the name he sought, and passed on, unchallenged, into a huge vaulted room, piled high with casks. At a rude table in one corner men were drinking, and the air was heavily charged with wine-fumes. Upon inquiring for the *padrone* he was shown at once into Signor di Brocca's presence. And now, to Beppe's unspeakable joy, the great man knew him instantly, and listened with evident interest to his little story—nay, even helped him on with it by kindly questions. Furthermore, when Beppe produced the cherished amulet, its former possessor, smiling pleasantly, laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder and promised that work should be found for him to do. He added a word of reproof, however, for the manner of Beppe's flight. "The good Dr. Ridolfi will be anxious," said he; "we must inform him that you are safe in our hands. Come to me to-morrow when the shop opens, that you may learn your duties. Since you are to be a citizen of Barga, go now and make acquaintance with the town."

"It is not the town that I desire to see," replied Beppe, emboldened by his good fortune, "but the treasures of art contained in it—those you talked of in the church at Lucca—the Robbias, I mean."

The boy, quite unintentionally, had chosen the surest way to win the favor of his patron, whose face now flushed with surprise and pleasure.

"Eh, what is this?" he cried. "I did indeed speak of these wonders with Cassella, the Florentine, who deals in such things, and even strives to reproduce them. You a pilgrim of the arts! *Meno male!* You shall see all, this day, and learn that I spoke truly." Thereupon he caught up his pen and jotted down his instructions. Beppe was to explore the convent chapel, the cathedral, the church of the *Frati*. In

these three sanctuaries the glories of Barga were enshrined.

Joyfully the pilgrim of the arts hastened back to tell Luigi all that had happened. "You will be one of us, then," cried his friend, embracing him; "and shall make your home with me." Beppe answered that he wished for nothing better, and that this was the most fortunate day of his life. So, with all the happiness of anticipation, he went forth to the great reliefs, always their only worshipper, until, in the little church of the *Frati*, where above its high altar the Madonna sits enthroned, the boy instinctively dropped upon his knees at the marble rail, subdued into awe-struck silence. He had never dreamed of loveliness like this; it was divine. No echo of the world intruded upon his thoughts. He knelt there a long time; then, as if a spell were cast upon him, lingering and looking back, he stole out again into the walled court before the church. Here he was suddenly confronted with another group, which, till then, he had not perceived—a Madonna, the size of life, built into a side-wall of the court at so low a level that he could examine it closely, touch it, even, if he pleased. He did not hesitate to do so, for the dark-red figures, untinted and unglazed, lacked the divinity of those within the church. But they were superbly modelled in very high relief. Evidently this, too, though unfinished, was a work of the master-hand. All Beppe's latent aspirations awoke anew as he stood before it, studying long and patiently the gentle mother's face, the expressive gestures of the child. He knew what colors the artist would have employed there; he could supply in his fancy the delicate creamy white of the figures, the glowing blue of the background; but, alas! none living knew the method of their application—the lost secret of the Robbia glaze! If his father were alive! Then, drawing out that legacy of futile endeavor which, from the moment of its discovery, he had carried with him always, Beppe read once more the faded proofs his father had failed to demonstrate, and half believed he held the secret in his hand. With untold wealth, he would have staked it all, like a desperate gambler, upon this delusive hope. That night, dreaming of riches in Luigi's oratory, he made the cast and won.

This vision of a Fortunatus-purse, with its resultant fame, was but scantily borne out, during the next few months, by the circumstances of Beppe's life in Barga. The patron, true to his promise, made room for the boy in the wine-shop, but only at the bottom of the ladder, as was entirely just, in view of the applicant's youth and utter ignorance of this new trade. His daily wants were supplied, and he could put by a little, even after buying, recklessly, a fellow-workman's watch, chiefly that he might hang his employer's gift upon the bit of ribbon which served him as a chain. All direct intercourse with that employer soon ceased. Beppe stood in the ranks as a mere private soldier, given to understand that promotion was dependent upon his own diligence and aptitude. These, certainly, did not fail him. And the overseer, whose power was absolute, took him into favor, quickly observing this new drudge to be a zealous one.

One day, when the shop was full, he was sent in great haste to the inner court for water from the well. As he rattled the bucket down, its wet rope caught the ribbon at his waist, and tore it into shreds. His watch was safe; but the amulet, the precious amulet, flew off into the depth beyond all hope of recovery. Beppe's superstitious soul at once found in this unlucky accident the worst of omens. From that moment he studiously avoided the man who had befriended him in his need, and for a long time contrived to keep out of Signor di Brocca's way. This course, once adopted, was easily pursued; for the Syndic of Barga, leading a very active life, was often absent, and when at home kept open house to entertain, with patriarchal hospitality, not only his friends but even those strangers who chanced to visit the commune. On feast-days a great company always gathered at his table. Then the laughter and the tinkle of glasses could be heard through half the town, and, if the wind were favorable, even in Luigi's garden.

Midsummer came, bringing with it the feast of San Giovanni. On that day the shops would close, and there would be a great service in the cathedral, of which Beppe heard much from Luigi and his comrades; but he liked their churches best when he could have them to himself, and

he privately resolved that he would devote these hours of freedom to a long-contemplated excursion. Down the valley, as he knew, some trace of the Robbia furnaces still existed. Their site, under a pine-grove on a rocky hill-side, within easy walking distance, had been pointed out to him; the spot must not only be charming in itself, but would have for his mind the additional charm of its association. When the morning dawned, accordingly, he rose while Luigi was still asleep, and taking with him a supply of bread and sausage, turned his back upon the festival preparations, to follow the same rough path up which he had once been guided in the twilight. Passing down into the valley he turned from the road and struck out across the country, with the pine-grove always in sight. The crows called overhead; once he started a hawk that whirled away with a shrill cry; but otherwise the whole land was silent, and after leaving the highway he met no one. The pines, as he approached them, proved to be of great age, but were warped into fantastic shapes by the prevailing winter wind, which had given them a one-sided growth. There was no wind now that Beppe could discover, yet from the topmost branches came a faint murmur like the echo of a sigh, which made him turn to assure himself that he was still alone. To his disappointment not a vestige of human handiwork remained above ground; but after careful search he found at last, overgrown with briars, some rough-hewn stones which must have formed part of the furnace-foundation. They were arranged in a semicircle, at the upper end of a grassy patch, where Beppe sat down to rest. Here was nature's own cathedral with its invisible choir, the best place in all the world for thorough enjoyment of the *fiesta*. He munched away at his provisions till no crumb was left. He pulled out his father's manuscript, and began to read it. Then, yielding to that desire for a *siesta* which overcomes the Italian laborer when his meal is finished, he stretched himself out upon the grass, and soon was fast asleep.

When Beppe awoke the sun recorded its decline in long, slanting shadows. As the dismal sigh of the pines struck his ear the suspicion that he was not alone came sharply back, and he hastened to gather up the

loose papers which lay just where they had fallen from his hand. Then, rising to look about him, he gave a startled cry at sight of a man's figure, wrapped in a cloak, moving slowly off between the tree-trunks. His face was turned away, but, upon the sound of Beppe's voice, he wheeled about and, as the boy stood still in dumb surprise, drew nearer. For a few moments Beppe stared at him, trembling without apparent cause, for there was no threat either in the man's demeanor or in his face, which looked rather agreeable than otherwise. Yet there was a kind of fascination in the look, incomprehensible to Beppe, unless it arose from the conviction that this must be the man whom he had met upon the Devil's Bridge, and whom he had certainly seen before that chance encounter, though where, he could not tell. The eyes, bent on his, held them calmly and coldly, as if with conscious power. Then, still holding him in their control, the man broke the silence, which had grown constrained and awkward, by a simple question.

"I am going to Barga," he said. "Will you show me the road?"

"To Barga!" Beppe stammered.

"Yes. I turned aside for this." And he pointed at the sunken stones. Beppe felt the gesture without seeing it. His eyes did not wander from the face, so strange, yet so familiar, which he scrutinized with eager, painful interest. The effort to recall its features wearied him unduly; inexpressibly. And when he spoke his voice faltered.

"I saw you on the *Ponte del Diavolo*," he said, faintly. "But where else?"

"At Florence, perhaps," replied the stranger, with a smile. "I am a Florentine."

A single word had cleared up the mystery. "Casella!" Beppe cried.

"Quite right; Casella is my name."

"Oh, pardon me!" continued Beppe, now overcome with confusion. "Signor Casella I meant to say. It was not at Florence but at Lucca, in San Frediano, with your friend, my good *padrone*, under the Robbia 'Annunciation.'"

"Under the Robbia 'Annunciation!'" repeated Signor Casella, slowly. "I remember now, and now I understand. To you, as to me, these records of the past are full of meaning. And so the worthy Syn-

dic has become your master! Will you show me now the way to Barga? Let us go together since we must follow the same road to the same end."

Beppe smiled and nodded, leading the way out into the open country with a light heart. If this new companion had cast a spell upon him, the influence was no longer alarming, and he soon ceased to be conscious of it. The interests they shared in common brought them very near together. By displaying, without arrogance, knowledge incredibly profound and tempered well with admiration of the great masters, the man disarmed the boy completely. Before they left the fields Beppe, won over by sympathetic questions, began to speak of hopes and desires never yet revealed to anyone; and as they climbed higher into the light of the golden afternoon, he laid bare his inmost soul. At a turn of the zig-zag road they sat down for a breathing-space. Then Beppe's hand, stealing to his breast, closed upon the papers there, and drew them out.

"Here," he said, "is the secret I have kept so long. You, who make experiments, who know so much, will perceive its value in a moment. You know all, Signore, I know nothing. Read, and judge for me."

Once more a smile deepened the lines of Signor Casella's face as he eyed indifferently the outstretched hand holding the faded leaves. "Put them away," he said; "for I already know the secret. Not to confess so much would be a waste of time."

"You know all that is written here?"

"Why should I deny it, since you are willing to confide in me? While you lay asleep I collected the scattered leaves and read them. But your secret is safe—all the more that it is worthless."

"Worthless! Ah, Signore——"

"Let me tell you the truth frankly. There is nothing in those papers of the smallest value. All they contain has been weighed, and found wanting. I take away a hope that would lead you on to hopeless failure. Out of the knowledge that springs from many failures I speak, and swear that this is true."

Beppe's eyes slowly filled with tears. Silently he put away the crumpled manuscript; then hid his face in his hands, and moaned.

"Courage!" whispered his companion.

"I have saved you from this false step—think of it no more. But though the secret of the glaze is lost, it may be found again by other means. Up, and strive with all your heart and soul for that discovery! A little strength of purpose shall make you glorious in the eyes of men!"

"Why do you say that?" cried Beppe, starting up to face the irresistible calmness of the stranger's look, and question it. "What is it that you mean?"

"I mean to be your friend, if your courage does not fail you. And in proof of that I place myself in your hands. Come, let us go on to Barga! I long to see the wonders there of which I have heard so much. Be my guide, and show them to me. But no more vain regret, no more groaning!"

So, as they climbed up toward the town, the boy gradually recovered his cheerfulness. The hope which had long sustained him had been destroyed by a single word, spoken in good faith, as he could not doubt. But his illusion was now replaced by another hope, still indefinable, yet strengthening at every moment. His new friend's interest in him was itself a promise. And each word he uttered seemed full of prophetic meaning. Barga's streets, when they entered them, lay all deserted under the setting sun. The *festa* was over, and the towns-people, with one accord, had turned indoors for the evening meal. Beppe, acting as guide, led the way, while Signor Casella inspected all that was shown him carefully and critically; but he said little, lapsing into moody silence when they turned back toward the church of the *Frati*, which Beppe had purposely left for the last. Half-way down the narrow street they followed; through an open window came a shout of many voices, then one man's voice, singing.

"That is the *padrone's* house," said the boy, as they passed. "Will you go in?"

"Not now," replied the Florentine, quickening his pace. "Let us make haste, my boy, before the darkness overtakes us."

In the court-yard of the *Frati* some repairs were in progress upon one of the church-windows, which was masked by a temporary staging. Under this stood a small iron furnace, used in melting lead for

the window-panes. But its fire was extinguished, for there had been no work that day. Signor Casella glanced idly at the ashes as they hurried by.

"The men are gone," said he.

"Yes," said Beppe. "They keep the *festa*. There will be no one to disturb us. This is the door."

Passing along the vacant aisle to the high altar, he pointed up with a triumphant smile. His friend gazed long at the altar-piece without speaking; then climbed the rail for a nearer view of it, and sighed.

"Hopeless!" he said at last. "We shall never rival that unless——"

"Unless——" murmured Beppe, struck with sudden fear, as the man stepped from the rail to the altar itself. "Signore, I implore you!"

"Unless the secret lies waiting for a hand bold enough to grasp it, as the Barga folk pretend!" returned the man fiercely, catching up, while he spoke, one of the metal candlesticks beside him. "What if I strike and bring it down?"

"In heaven's name, Signore!" cried Beppe, dropping upon his knees.

Signor Casella laughed, and, replacing the candlestick, leaped lightly to the pavement. "Fear nothing!" he said, as he seized the boy's hand and pulled him up. "I have little faith in these childish tales." Then, taking the lead, he strode off to the door. "Let us go now, since there is no more to see."

"Stay, Signore!" said Beppe, following him. "There is one thing more—here in the court. Look! One better than all the rest, even in its poor condition!"

"It is easy to say that," coldly replied Signor Casella, approaching the dark Madonna and laying his hand upon it. "We may carry work like this to any glorious result we please, in perfect confidence. Who can prove that our imagination plays us false? Strange!" he continued, thoughtfully, as his study of the work proceeded. "Why should this one thing be incomplete? Why should they bring this group from the furnace to its destined niche, a mere rough sketch, unfinished and unglazed? I could half believe in some mysterious purpose underlying it. If their fine tradition were, after all, well grounded!"

"Signore, what are you saying?"

"I am like you, my boy; I follow imagination to its utmost limit, and read in the Madonna's smile the secret of the Robbias. To think that it may lie hidden here—here, under my hand!"

Beppe caught his arm. "Even then you would spare the master's work, Signore!"

"My hand is not of iron," laughed the Florentine. "Were it and my faith a little stronger, who knows? I might commit the crime in the hope of absolution. At the very worst the world would lose so little! At best, in recovering the secret, I should repay its loss a hundredfold."

The words sank deep into Beppe's heart, as if they had been graven there. They moved away through the failing light, while he looked back at the wall with longing eyes. For one moment he felt an impulse to rush at the Madonna and dash himself to pieces in a wild effort to destroy it. The moment passed, leaving him appalled at the thought of sacrilege. Then he fled out into the silent street, where, coming to his senses all at once, he found that his companion walked beside him.

"Signore, will you go now to the *padrone's* house?" he asked, wearily.

"No. He keeps the *festa* with his friends, and I am in no mood for feasting. There should be an inn close by—I saw its door as we passed. Ah! This is the place. I will rest here alone to-night—rest, sleep, and dream! We shall meet to-morrow."

He stepped aside and disappeared in the blackness of an archway. Beppe walked on alone, starting at shadows, turning to look behind him, still haunted by the man's presence and by an inciting fury in certain of his words:

"A hundredfold!" he muttered. "And the world would lose so little. If one could know—if one could know!"

Luigi asked no questions, but made room at the table, where, in his own humble way, he was already keeping the *festa* with a friend and neighbor, the jailer of Barga. This good soul, whose duties were far from oppressive, led a quiet, hermit life among his empty cells. He was a mild old man of the gentlest manners, but Beppe, associating him with his office, had a wholesome fear of his kindly face. To-

night it grew more terrible than ever, and the boy shrank from it, nervously bolting his food, saying little. Then, at a favorable moment, when the men were absorbed in talk, he crept away to bed. But his sleep was troubled. In the dead of night he started up with a fearful shriek that roused Luigi, who rushed in and shook him roughly.

"In God's name," he cried, "wake up! What is the matter with you?"

"Will they put me in the prison?" Beppe moaned.

"*Per Bacco!* No! Unless you scare us into fits. There! go to sleep! We have no prison in Barga for honest men. *Dio mio!* I thought the devil himself was after you."

He growled a prayer, and composed himself again to sleep. But Beppe, tossing feverishly, slept no more.

The morning dawned in excessive heat with scarce a breath of air to relieve it. Through all his working-hours Beppe moved sluggishly, as though a weight were upon him. While his hands mechanically performed their task, his mind wandered out at the door, toward which he turned from time to time with an expectant look. "We shall meet to-morrow," Signor Casella had said at parting; and Beppe interpreted this to mean that he would visit the wine-shop with the *padrone*, who must now be aware of his presence in the town. But time dragged heavily on and neither came. The sultriness of the afternoon grew intolerable. Beppe longed, as he had never done before, for the signal of the *merenda*, which at five o'clock in summer gives a half-hour's respite to the Tuscan workingman. The hour struck at last, and his fellows trooped away. Then Beppe, following his thought, hurried down the street, out of the gate and along the dusty esplanade, to an old pine-tree of gigantic proportions which overspreads its southern end. The heat was still intense, and he lingered for a moment in the shade to watch a huge, black cloud that rose over the mountains, widening toward the city, with a promise of wind and rain. From this point to the inn-door is but a step, and Beppe, passing on, hovered timidly about the arch, in the hope of a friendly summons. But if Signor Casella was within he made no sign. "It is the

hour of the *siesta*," Beppe thought; "I must not disturb him." He looked at his watch. Scarcely five minutes of the resting-time had passed, and he strolled on to the open gate of the *Frati* court. The men had dropped their work, leaving the pavement littered with tools; there were live coals in the furnace. But the walled area, still and sunless, as Beppe entered it, echoed his footsteps. A long peal of thunder broke from the storm-cloud which had swept over the sky, and the sudden darkness that fell upon him sent a chill through all his veins. Out of the deep shadow the Madonna smiled in mockery, luring him toward her with an irresistible temptation. He could have sworn that she lived and breathed -- nay, that she had spoken. "Come!" she seemed to say; "I hold the secret. In one moment you may make it yours!" Trembling, he would have fallen upon his knees; but a hand grasped his shoulder, and he turned to meet the fierce eyes of the Florentine. The evil look controlled him to the very soul. "Yes, it is there!" the man whispered. "One blow will bring it down!" Then, with his eyes still fixed on Beppe's, he stooped, groped for the means, and, finding it, placed a workman's mallet in the boy's hand. "Strike!" he commanded. "Strike! and make your name immortal!"

Beppe raised his arm, aiming a blow full at the Madonna's face. But the heavy mallet slipped and glanced aside. The blow struck the figure of the infant Christ, which was dashed into a thousand pieces. From the head, as it broke upon the pavement, there flew out a folded parchment. Beppe sprang for it with a cry of triumph. But now he was clasped by strong arms from which he strove in vain to free himself; they dragged him back and threw him down. As he lay where he had fallen, helpless, weak with rage, his name was spoken in a stern voice which he knew instantly. He scrambled up and saw his patron, the master of the wine-shop, fling the prize, which was never to be his, unread, into the furnace coals. While the parchment curled with the heat one glowing word stood out upon it in fiery letters. Then it shrivelled into ashes, and the secret was gone forever.

"Viper!" cried his master, striding for-

ward, angrily. "What fiend prompted you to do this thing?"

The storm burst, and drops of rain pattered down between them. Beppe stared into the darkness with straining eyes.

"Casella!" he gasped. "Signor Casella! Where is he?"

"Casella—what do you mean?"

"The man, the Florentine! I saw him with you in San Frediano. He was here just now."

"Are you mad? Casella lives in Florence. He has never been in Barga. No one is here, no living creature but ourselves."

"He was here, I saw him, talked with him. *Padrone*, as I hope to be saved I swear it to you!"

A pitying look stole into the master's darkened face. "My poor boy!" he said, gently. "The fiend has tempted you. Come, come with me."

Beppe slipped aside, eluding him, only to be caught again and held in a grip of iron. He struggled desperately, losing ground, forced back at last against the wall. There came a blinding glare, a sharp report, a roar that deafened them. The masonry crumbled above their heads, while the man, stunned by the shock, staggered with loosened hold. And Beppe, darting off, fled as from the wrath to come, out of the gate, out of the town, he knew not where, away into the storm.

All night the tempest raged with unabated fury. But in the sunshine of a calm morning Luigi went from house to house, seeking news of his lost comrade, and learning nothing. About the church of the *Frati* he found a crowd collected. "See what the thunderbolt has done for us!" they cried, pointing at the Madonna and the ruined wall. Before the day was done every soul in Barga had visited the place—among the rest the Syndic, shaking his head gravely like the others, without a word of explanation. But the boy, Beppe, never came. Days, weeks, and months had passed before a peasant, crossing the mountain, discovered, in a cleft of the awful *Paniera*, his whitened bones. Then they brought him back and buried him in Barga, where now Luigi tends his grave.

There, in the wall of the *Frati* court, the Madonna to this day smiles on, empty-

handed. She is known far and wide as "the Madonna that is childless," and the blow which threatened her still passes for a lightning-stroke. To this day the peasant and the townsman of that quiet com-
mune repeat its favorite legend, believing firmly that the famous Robbia secret remains in their possession, still to be discovered. And the truth concerning it only the good Syndic knows.

MEMINISSE JUVABIT

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THE deep sea shines, unbearable in glory,
The green wood beckons, luminously dense,
Yet both will fade as a forgotten story
When we go hence.

We shall fare forth no more into the meadows,
The low, salt valleys of the water-plain,
Among the shallow, early-morning shadows—
No more again.

Here, in the oak-wood with the young trees flinging
Slim silver boughs athwart a purple sea,
The chill, sweet ripple of a robin singing
To you and me.

Although the hour has come—our hour is over—
Surely there seems some solace yet to know
In twilight time when Memory turns rover
Across the snow.

It may be it shall please you to remember
These silver stems, this shadowy woodland way,
To think upon one sun-perfumed September—
Perchance, some day.

In your late gloaming when the ghosts are thronging,
When daylight fails, and all the flowers are gray,
You may look back with wonder and with longing
Perchance—some day.

ROMANCE OF A CASH-BOOK

By Charles A. Briggs, D.D.

A CASH-BOOK is usually a very prosaic document. It is not infrequently of great importance to the person or corporation to whom it belongs, but is seldom of public interest. If one would consult an old cash-book he resorts to the safe of the company to whom it belongs. Sometimes cash-books are stolen or destroyed in order to conceal fraud, but their fate is commonly to be cast into the fire, after they have served their purposes of record for consultation by the generation first using them.

Cash-books are sometimes, however, full of important historical records, and are, therefore, carefully preserved in public libraries and halls of record, or in the safes of ancient companies. Many such are to be found in the Old World, and some of them are of public interest.

It is proposed in this article to tell the story of a cash-book of some historic importance, whose fortunes have been mysterious and romantic. It was the good fortune of the writer, some months ago, to discover such a book which had been lost for more than two hundred years—the cash-book of the oldest missionary society now existing—which contains valuable historical information relating to old England and New England that can be found nowhere else.

His attention was called by a friend to an old book of deeds in the Hall of Records of one of our State capitols which contained references to The Corporation for New England. This friend knew that I was interested in this Corporation and had published certain discoveries connected with it.* As soon as time could be found an investigation was made, and it became evident that a discovery had been made of the original cash-book of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, audited at the close of each year, and signed by the auditors. A rough copy was made and

taken to London to the office of the company, where the treasurer examined it and compared it with the other cash-books in his possession. It became clear that the cash-books in his possession were the second and later cash-books of a series; and that their first cash-book, so long lost, had been discovered in America. The last entry in the first cash-book, now discovered, corresponded with an entry in the second cash-book.

This discovery was not reported earlier because it was thought best to give the company an opportunity to recover their property before attention was called to its value. For this reason also the place where it was found is not now made known.

There is in the cash-book in America a remarkable omission of disbursements on folio 9, which at first excited suspicion that a dishonest motive had caused the removal of this cash-book from London to an American colony. But this omission was supplied in the second cash-book in the possession of the company, and the balance, carried over to folio 10, is the same. The reason for this omission was now plain: the second cash-book began with the reorganization of the company at the Restoration.

The first cash-book continued until March 24, 1664. Folios 9 to 12 were copied into the new book and the first cash-book was discontinued. Folio 9 begins with the following statement:

"The Statement of Mr. Henry Ashhurst his accompt, late treasurer to the late pretended Corporation for New England &c from y 20th of September 1660 to y 25th of March 1662"

The receipts for the period were entered, but disbursements were not recorded, because it was a period of uncertainty whether the corporation would be allowed to live or would be suppressed.

* Briggs: "American Presbyterianism," p. xxxvi.

On the front side of folio 10, in the middle of the page, is the following:

"Here begins the Account of y Corporation by virtue of their charter from the Kings most excellent Majesty date 7th Feb. 1661"

We have to do with the old method of dates. This is really 1662, according to our method of beginning the year with January.

The first entry is "Cash remayning in the hands of Mr Henry Ashurst Treasurer," March 25, 1662. It is evident, therefore, that the entries in folio 9 are entries of a treasurer who was doubtful of his position. The corporation was a "pretended" one because it did not exist under a royal charter, and it could not continue without a new charter. The treasurer also styles himself "late treasurer," because he had no legal status at this time under the royal government. He was simply holding his place and doing his duty with the funds intrusted to his care until he could make an account of them in a legal manner. Under these circumstances he deemed it best not to enter the disbursements during that time. He must have kept account of them in a private book, because they are entered in the second cash-book, and the balance is identical in both cash-books. Such a private book is indeed referred to elsewhere in this cash-book. It was a sort of a petty cash-book and has not been preserved. The disbursements are given on folios 10, 11, and 12, because the corporation was then in legal existence under the royal charter.

The acts of the corporation, during the period of the Commonwealth, were liable to be questioned, not only by the Government, but also by private parties, who might question the validity of the title to certain houses in London, and other landed properties in Suffolk and Northumberland. They had good reason, as we shall see farther on, to put their cash-book out of the reach of too inquisitive persons. It is altogether probable, therefore, that this cash-book was not stolen from the company, but was deliberately sent to an obscure American colony in order that it might be inaccessible

—possibly in the hands of a Mr. John Lloyd, whose name appears in this early book of Deeds, probably a relative of the first treasurer who died in 1660. This opinion is justified by the fact that another book of records, discovered at the same time in the same place, contains the original rent-book of the company for the same period. These two folio volumes, through the scarcity of stationery at that early Colonial time, were used for records of deeds and contracts in the county in which the man having them in charge ultimately took up his abode, and so they were lost to sight for more than two hundred years.

The corporation was founded in 1649, by an ordinance of the Long Parliament, as a perpetual corporation called "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England." It was authorized to receive and dispose of moneys in such manner as "shall best and principally conduce to the preaching and propagation of the Gospel among the natives and for the maintenance of schools and nurseries of learning for the education of the children of the natives." The original act of Parliament is quite rare, but a copy is in the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations. Another copy, found by the author of this article, is in the library of the Union Theological Seminary.

A general collection was appointed by Parliament to be made in all the counties, cities, towns, and parishes of England and Wales "for a charitable contribution to the foundation of so pious and great an undertaking." It was characteristic of the times that the whole English nation was summoned to take part in a great missionary enterprise by Act of Parliament. The cash-book gives us the only record, so far as is known, of the amounts contributed.

The first contribution entered is "The Army's Contribution." This also is characteristic of the times. The army was composed of pious men, who were evangelists, according to their notions, with arms in hand. They were prompt and ready to contribute liberally to the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England. It would be difficult to find an historic parallel to such a pi-

ous contribution as this from Cromwell's army.

The second entry is London's contribution, and this is followed by those of the nearest counties which are now included in London. The entries in the first folio are as follows :

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To the Army's Contribution, received as in the Book of Receipts.....	511	03	07
To London's Contribution, received of several parishes as in the Book of Receipts .	961	04	08½
To the Countie of Essex, Contribution, &c.	170	17	04
" " Middlesex, " " "	202	12	10½
" " Kent, " " "	365	06	10
" " Oxon, " " "	155	05	10
" " Devon, " " "	272	19	00
" " Warwick, " " "	100	00	00
" " Cornwall, " " "	281	06	08
" " Surrey, " " "	41	06	01
" " Darbies, " " "	100	00	00
" " Somerset, " " "	436	00	00
" " Wilts, " " "	100	00	00
To Personal gifts Recd, &c.	861	16	07
To Rents Recd, &c.	22	15	00
	4,582	14	06

The national response to the call to take part in a great missionary enterprise in time of civil war is a marvellous exhibition of faith and courage.

The credit side of the cash-book is also interesting, especially to the student of American history. It tells simply and plainly what disposition was made of these funds :

<i>Cr.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
1650, August 22. By Books paid for to Mr. Thomas Jemser, &c.....	30	00	00
1651, April 12... By goods sent to New England, consigned to Mr. John Cotton or Mr. John Wilson, by the ship New England, merchant, &c.	80	19	00
1651, June 12... More sent by the ship Mayflower consigned to Mr. John Cotton or Mr. John Wilson.....	275	08	00
August 23. For books	34	00	00
1652, April 26... Goods sent to New England by ship Canary, merchant, consigned to Edward Rawson.....	162	06	08
Sept. 11... More sent by the ship Johns Adventure, consigned to Mr. Edward Rawson....	387	17	06
Dec. 27... Disbursements at times....	359	07	05
Farm Rents bought of the State and paid for, including charges	320	19	05
By Bills of Exchange at times.....	158	00	00
1653, March 26. By Balance.....	2,773	16	06
Total.....	4,582	14	06

This is audited by:
 R^r. HUTCHINSON,
 THO. SPEED,
 GEORGE CLARK.

This page brings before us vividly the history of the times. The ships New England, Mayflower, and Johns Adventure, are well-known ships in the history of the colonization of New England. The Canary is not so well known. The Mayflower bears the same name as the ship which brought the Pilgrim Fathers from Leyden to Plymouth, December 15, 1620; but it is doubtful whether it is the same vessel.

It is well known that there were many of the name at that period; and that ship must have been very old at this time.

John Cotton is the famous New England divine. John Wilson, the eminent minister of Boston, was associated with him. Edward Rawson was the secretary of the New England Commissioners who were appointed to represent the Corporation in New England. Goods were sent on these ships instead of funds, because it was a common method of making remittances at these times, and the investment was likely to yield a profit.

We notice that certain farm rents were bought from the state. These were probably sequestered, and on that account the investment was imperilled at the Restoration.

The sale would not have been regarded as legal, because the government had no valid authority to make such a transaction. But the sale was probably made valid by the Chancellor at the same time as the other property, in connection with the new charter.

According to the rent-book these farms were at Woodborne and Winchester, in Northumberland. They were rented to three different parties for the aggregate sum of £11 10s. 16d.

We shall give a summary of the entire receipts from and including folio 1 until the end of folio 8, 1659. These were chiefly the results of the collections ordered by Parliament, which kept coming in until the Restoration.

The grand total of contributions for missions among the American Indians during the troublous times of the Commonwealth was, therefore, as shown by the following table (page 366), £15,939 18s. 2½d.

	£	s.	d.
The Army.....	3064	18	3
Personal Gifts	1241	19	1
The City of London	1095	8	3½
The City and County of York ..	1119	3	5½
County of Somerset	968	15	5
" Devon	966	7	5
" Suffolk	773	17	13½
" Kent	742	15	2½
" Middlesex	667	6	5½
" Wilts	576	18	8
" Essex	453	10	15
" Norfolk	405	16	0
" Cornwall	401	1	7
" Hereford	397	8	7½
" Surrey	380	12	4
" and city of Hampton	370	0	0
Carried forward			

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward			
County of Derby	323	0	7
" Sussex	294	10	9
" Oxon	274	15	11
" Bucks	254	19	8
" Worcester	205	17	5
" Berks	198	11	0
" Warwick	154	19	4
" Southampton	145	0	0
" Lancaster	123	13	5½
" Dorset	120	0	0
" Salop	102	15	4
" Lincoln	57	13	6
" Huntingdon	44	4	5
" Chester	13	16	8
Total Cities and Counties ..	11,633	0	10½
Grand total	15,939	18	2½

We shall classify the disbursements also without regard to folio.

Goods were sent to New England as follows :

April 25, 1653, by the New England	£39 12s. ood.
Sept. 20, 1653, by the Mayflower, both consigned to Edward Rawson	6 17s. ood.
March 14, 1654, by the Johns Adventure, consigned to Edward Hutchinson, merchant...	515 15s. obd.
May 24, 1656, by the Hopewell and Speedwell, consigned to the Commissioners for the United Colonies of New England.....	42 09s. ood.

Subsequent to this date no more goods were sent, but instead bills of exchange to the Commissioners of the United Colonies, as follows :

January 19, 1657, "for the use of the Indians there"	£500
February 12, 1657 (8), "for physickall drugs bought for the use of the Indians there"	10
April 1, 1658, "for the use of the Indian work there"	700
February 29, 1658 (9), "for the use of the Indian work there"	500
February 10, 1659 (60), "for the use of the Indian work there"	800
In all	£2,510

After the Restoration £800 was sent in 1662, and £300 in 1663. The ships Hopewell and Speedwell are well known names in the Colonial records.

The investments of the corporation are of interest. We have already considered

the first investment in the fee-farm rents. The second investment was made November 21, 1653, "when the manor of Ereswell and Chamborlynnes was bought" of Colonel Thomas Bodingfield for £7,000. The expenses for perfecting the purchase were £108 09s. 10d. This manor was in Suffolk, as we learn from the other books of the corporation, and consisted of seven thousand acres. It was rented according to the rent-book to two parties. Ereswell for £260 a year, and Chamborlynnes for £210 a year, more than six and one half per cent. on the investment. At the Restoration, the corporation being dead in law, Colonel Bodingfield repossessed himself of the estate, and at the same time refused to pay back the money he had received for it. But his rascality did not succeed. Robert Boyle used his interest with the Lord Chancellor Clarendon to prevent that act of injustice, and the Colonel was obliged to give up the estate, by the decree of the Chancellor.*

This valuable property was retained by the corporation until recent years, when it was sold to an East Indian prince for a hunting park for £120,000.

The corporation on February 16, 1656 (7), bought lands of Sir Robert Josselyn, called Suffolk Place, for £1,700, and on August 22, 1659, an adjoining piece of land from Anthony Cogan for £40. Whether these were included in the sale to the East India Prince the writer knows not. According to the rent-books this property was rented to Thomas Denham for £80 a year.

* See Birch's "Life of Boyle," p. 140.

On April 9, 1655, several houses were bought in London: some of them in Bucklersbury of Samuel Veassel for £2,103 19s., which were afterward rented to sundry persons for £160 a year; and a house in Trinity Parish, bought of James James for £653 1s. 10d., which was rented for £50.

The rent-book mentions twelve pieces of property owned by the corporation, and let by them before the Restoration. The cash-book records the rents received for the three years before the Restoration as amounting to £1,064 19s.; for the last three years under the royal charter, as £1,908 8s. 17d. This shows a very remarkable increase of values in property and advance in rents at that time.

In 1656 there is the first reference to the printing of that familiar series of books relating to the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians in New England. An expenditure was made of £12 14s. for paper and printing of three thousand books entitled "A Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel"; and "blue and marble paper, sewing and stitching 3,000 books above mentioned," £7 12s. This volume was published in 1655 under the title "A Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England." It was preceded by a number of similar works.

The first account of missions among the Indians of New England was published in 1643, "New England's First Fruits." In 1646, John Eliot began preaching to the Indians in their own language. The results were reported to London in a series of tracts.

(1) "The Day Breaking if not the Sun Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England," 1647, London.

(2) "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel Breaking Forth Upon the Indians of New England," London, 1648.

(3) "The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," London, 1649.

All these were printed before the Corporation was organized. Afterward were published:

(4) "The Light Appearing More and More toward the Perfect Day," London, 1651.

(5) "Strength out of Weakness," 1652.

(6) "Tears of Repentance," 1653.

So far as the cash-book is concerned there is no reference to payments for the publication of these volumes. Therefore the common opinion that they were published at the expense of the corporation, which was expressed in "American Presbyterianism, xxxvii.," must be given up. The first to be published at their expense was the seventh. They also published the eighth and ninth of these volumes. On May 27, 1659, is the entry, "Paper and printing 3,000 books 'A Further Account of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians of New England,' and for fine blue paper and stitching the said books, £24." June 27 and September 5, 1660, there are similar entries for printing 1,500 copies of a book of "The Further Progress of the Gospel." After the Restoration there is an entry, July 20, 1664, for "binding Indian Bibles, £10." September 19, 1660, is an entry of £5 18s. for passage of Marmaduke Johnson, and for other things; April 15, 1663, of "£29 paid Marmaduke Johnson, printer." He was brought over from New England to print the Bible. On February 16, 1664 (5), "salary of Marmaduke Johnson for printing Indian Bible, £35"; "paid Thomas Goring's for a font of letters, £31 17s. 08d." These are items of great interest for those who would know the value of such things in those days.

There is a record, September 11, 1660, of £30 paid on the salary of Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Jr.; and February 16, 1664 (5), of a gift of £50 "to John Eliot as a gratuity given him for his extraordinary pains amongst the Indians in New England."

This will suffice for the cash-book. We may, however, mention the subsequent history of this first missionary society.

The members of the company established by the royal charter at the Restoration, February 7, 1661 (2), were forty-five, including churchmen and dissenters. Robert Boyle was made the first Governor. He took a great interest in the society, giving them £300 and afterward willing them £100, recommending his executors that after all debts and legacies were paid to use the greater portion of the balance of his estate "for the advancement of the Christian religion amongst the infidels." Eliot continued

his work in New England and published Indian grammars, primers, a "Harmony of the Gospels," and a catechism. He also wrote the last tract of the New England Indian series, 1671—"A Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England, in the year 1670." Eliot resigned the charge at Roxbury in 1688 and died in 1690. The corporation also supported Thomas Mayhew in his work among the Indians at Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and Mr. Bourne, John Cotton, a son of the famous John Cotton, and Mr. Hawley in their work at Mashpee, fifty miles from Boston. A letter from New England in 1689 reports 6 Indian churches, 18 assemblies of catechumens, and 24 preachers.

The work of the corporation was carried on in New England until the war of the American Revolution. Then the funds were allowed to accumulate until 1786, when work was begun in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The funds were enlarged by a legacy of Daniel Williams, an eminent Presbyterian divine of

London, who died January 26, 1715 (6). The three funds, the Charter Fund, the Boyle Fund, and the Williams Fund, gave them ample revenue. The corporation continues its work among the Indians in Canada at the present time. It is a well-endowed corporation; it makes no appeal for charitable contributions. It labors in a quiet, unostentatious, but effectual way, having four missionary stations near the Grand River on the reserve of the Six Nations, also on the Rice and Chemung Lakes and on Kuper Island in British Columbia.*

It is very desirable that this first cash-book of the New England company should no longer remain buried among deeds and contracts of an American colony of the seventeenth century, but return to its original home, where, after an absence of two hundred years, it may be reclaimed by its real owners and where it may abide with its successors, along with the letters of John Eliot and other famous men of the seventeenth century, among the treasured historical records of this venerable corporation.

THE FRUGAL MIND

By Marie Frances Upton

LYDIA came to the front of the store and stood for a moment gazing down the dusty New England village street as though looking for someone. Then a querulous voice jarred upon her revery:

"Lyddy, have you weighed out that sugar?"

"Yes, father."

"Have you got Mrs. Zenas Holt's coffee done up?"

"Yes; all ready, father."

"Well, why don't Lyman get around with that wagon if he's ever going to start on that route?"

"He's coming," she answered.

Lydia was a small, dark, busy young person. For half-a-dozen years she had been her father's constant help in the store. The whole place was cool and shady, and

gave the impression of exceeding neatness. Inside the store Lydia had arranged the varied assortment of groceries, cotton goods, and hardware with a comfortable precision. The one large window showed forth a balancing series of glistening tins, glass jars of pickles, and golden-siruped fruits, arranged with her utmost skill; and in the vanguard, as it were, a thriving, happy-looking geranium scattered a scarlet-petalled shower.

There was another store in the village, but the Fairweather store was in an outlying neighborhood, and it had a small but steady and honest patronage. Lydia and her father had lived there all their lives, and were, of course, known to everyone.

* See "Sketch of the Origin and Recent History of the New England Company." By the Senior Member of the Company. London, 1884.

Their lives were simple, faithful, and uneventful. The village said of Lydia, "She is a good girl, and such a help to her father." Lydia's mother was dead, and her father's elderly sister kept house for them. Their home was a small white cottage in the shady grass-plot back of the store.

The fortunes of the store had for some time bettered an almost imperceptible bit every year. Before that their property had been mortgaged, for there had been sickness in the family. No one but Elias Fairweather knew how it was really the saving of penny upon penny, the careful frugality that wasted no scrap of any useful thing, that slowly diminished the debt, until now he was quite a free householder and independent merchant.

Within a year of this coveted freedom from debt they had bought a horse and a delivery-wagon as a business necessity, and a young man was hired to drive for them.

This clerk's name was Lyman Holt. At first he had been awkward about the store, and ignorant of their modest commercial ways. But they had hired him because he could look after the driving, and they could get him for small wages; for he was ignorant of town ways, and yet anxious to leave his mother's farm. Then, too, they thought he could learn to work up custom in the country while delivering the groceries, and farm tools, and packages of cotton and print, among the people where he was acquainted.

Lyman rapidly outgrew his first awkwardness, and with the ready wit and ingenuity of a Yankee boy he learned from Lydia how to handle packages of sugar and coffee quickly, and to weigh and tie up with neat precision. He remembered prices, too, and in the country, appearing among his old associates in his new ready-made suit and white-sleeved arms, driving the trim delivery-wagon, he seemed quite a city person, and they were proud to know and patronize him.

He drove up now to the store-steps while Lydia was looking approvingly at the horse and wagon, in which she felt such a personal interest. Lyman had been down to the store very early, to sweep and put out the boxes and barrels, but that was before Lydia was up. He walked into the village from his mother's small farm in the

gray and rose of the early morning; for he was not at all an indolent young man.

Now he sprang out of the light wagon with quite a show of manners, as he lifted his cap and said good-morning to Lydia. That was another late acquirement of Lyman's, an ease—almost an urbanity—of manner that he had learned in the store; and the village and country women found the manner very taking. The younger ones began calling him "Mr. Holt" because of it, and said he was getting to be "such a gentleman." Indeed, when he stood behind the counter, looking trim and business-like, with a sharpened pencil thrust through the light curls above his ear, Lyman could make almost a social event of the measuring of a yard of gingham, or of helping some young woman in the selection of a pattern of prints.

Lydia helped her father and Lyman put the packages in the wagon, and then she said to the young man, "Now be sure and trade for six dozen eggs, for we have calls for them right along."

"And mind you don't pay more'n eleven cents for them," Mr. Fairweather continued, as Lyman took up the reins. The young man said, "All right, Mr. Fairweather," lifted his cap once more, smiling at Lydia, and drove rapidly away.

Lydia looked after him a moment, then said, pleasantly, "Lyman is picking up to be right smart about the business, father; and he's sort of stylish about it too."

"Yes, smart enough," Mr. Fairweather slowly assented, as he turned indoors. "All I want is't he sh'd work up that route. I ain't paying for style."

"No, but did you see how sleek he keeps the horse, and how nice the wagon is washed?"

Mr. Fairweather did not answer. He was not a very sociable man. He seemed always preoccupied about his business. Perhaps that is why he made a success of it.

Lydia also turned in doors to copy out the bills of goods she had sent away. After that she went to an awning where she had piled alternating rows of fresh green onions, and ruddy radishes with rhubarb and asparagus, fencing off a dozen boxes of strawberries, in what she felt to be a decorative fashion. She selected four boxes of the berries, balancing them on her arm,

and taking her sun-bonnet from its nail back of the store-door, she went out at the side, and up the green-bordered path to the cottage kitchen. "Here are some berries, Aunt Sylvia," she said. "They are as cheap now as they are going to be, and these are a little bruised and won't keep fresh till night. I thought you might like to preserve them."

"Put 'em down," her aunt said. "I'm baking, and I can do 'em on the back of the stove, if ever I get time to hull 'em."

Lydia had set the boxes on a wide, freshly washed pine-table, and was turning away toward the store. She stopped in the doorway a moment, then said, "Well, Aunt Sylvia, I'll hull 'em for you."

"You'll be wanted at the store," the old aunt returned.

"No," Lydia answered. "We've got the things off for Lyman's route, and I'll sit here in the doorway, and I can see down the path if anyone comes. Father is sorting potatoes in the back of the store. I'll go caution him that I'll be here for a little while."

Before Lydia sat down to work she put on a checked work-apron. In the store, mornings, she wore a black one; afternoons and evenings she wore a white one; on Sundays, a better dress and no apron. Lydia's apron would have shown forth her virtues; a painstaking, steady-going care, and an abiding neatness. One could have known at any time of the year just what aprons she could be found in; just as one could at any time depend upon her steadfastness and truth and strength of character. She was the sort of New England young woman that New England boasts.

The new minister, a young person just from college, where he had shone in the study of Sociology, said that Miss Fairweather's face was Madonna-like, and that she was the sort of person one would like for an ancestor. Her younger friends thought her a trifle severe; the frivolous, ones said she was pretty, but somehow awfully stiff.

Lydia had not been ambitious for an academy training, a boon bestowed upon many of her schoolmates; but she was not without her ambition. She had naturally a sweet voice, and since she was sixteen had been a member of the village choir. Her one crowning definite ambition was to own

an organ, to have music in her home. This idea was tangled up with all her sweet girl's afternoon dreams—the dreams that went with the white aprons. As she sat in the store, waiting for any occasional afternoon customer, she crocheted edging for those aprons, for herself and for her aunt; and as she worked she crocheted her dearest fancies into her pattern.

These days she was planning that their delivery-wagon would soon be paid for, and then—"I believe father will let me buy an organ," she said to herself.

Lydia had no regular share in the profits of the store, yet she knew the value of her services, and she felt that it would be quite right for her to ask for the organ and the music lessons.

She was sitting at her own little desk by the store-window late in the afternoon, watching again for the delivery-wagon. Her pet kitten played with some ribbons of paper in the waste-basket. A lilac-bush by the open window nodded a few late blossoms. The honeysuckle on the porch was promising its yellow horns of fragrance.

Lydia was so happy that she almost surprised herself into saying so.

"The world is so lovely to-day, and I'm happy—yes, I'm really happy—I wonder what makes me so!"

Lydia would not have said all this to anybody but herself. She had a New England girl's reticence about any emotion. But she was friends with herself, on occasions, to an extent that no one realized, because on those days when she was happiest she went most softly, scarcely humming a bit of tune for all those lovely afternoons, and her faint, fair fancies. She had almost a cautiousness about being so openly friends with herself.

The delivery-wagon came at last. Lydia went to the door to help Lyman with the eggs and butter and vegetables he had gathered up in the country. From beneath the spring seat the young man brought out a great bouquet—lilacs and buttercups and ferns.

"I brought these for you," he said, smiling pleasantly into Lydia's eyes as he gave them to her.

"Oh, thank you, Lyman," she said, with a deep, quiet note of happiness in her throat. "Did you gather them?"

"Yes, out by Stony Brook, just this side of our farm. It's a pretty place there. I saw them yesterday, and I planned to get them for you," and again Lyman smiled down at the girl.

Lydia went into the store with her flowers and a basket of eggs. She got a brown earthenware pitcher from the shelves where she kept their stock of heavy tableware, and filling it with water from the wooden pail at the back of the store, she arranged the gorgeous yellow and the faded violet of the lilac blossoms in their setting of pale green, and placed the pitcher on the corner of her desk.

Before Lyman drove away to put up the horse he came in to Lydia's desk. There was just a trace of his old awkwardness remaining when he asked, "If there's not much doing in the store after supper, would you walk with me out to that brook?"

"Why, yes, Lyman," Lydia said at length, looking blissfully at her flowers and then frankly up at him, a wave of pretty color in her face.

"I'm glad," the young man said, speaking very low and with still awkward sincerity, "because—I want to tell you I—I love you." Then he had kissed her and had gone away, leaving Lydia standing before her flowers, an altar before which to keep yet an instant her vivid happiness.

"Lyman got the eggs?" demanded her father, coming into the back of the store.

"Yes, father." Lydia hoped he would go away for a little while. She so wished to be alone.

"Pay more than eleven cents?"

"I—I think not, father."

"Think! don't you know?"

"You better ask Lyman when he comes back, father, to make sure. I'll go and get ready for supper now." And taking up the brown pitcher in both hands, Lydia carried it away lovingly up the green-bordered path.

It was past eight o'clock when the young people returned from their walk. That was a late hour for them to be out strolling; so they felt, but there was so much to be said. And yet their young, unpractised natures were so lifted with emotion that they found themselves silent, almost without words for expression.

Yet it was plain that Lyman had thought it all out. He meant to work like a slave, so he told Lydia as they neared the little side-gate.

"Maybe some day I will be a partner in the store, if your father has no objection to me," he said, pausing, but holding still her hand.

Lydia smiled up at him reassuringly. "We'll be quite rich, some day, Lyman," she said. "Not that it matters—we're so happy—but we won't have to hire any help, you're getting on so well with the route, and I can always manage about the books——"

"No—no, Lydia," Lyman protested. "I won't have my wife working in a store——" and the late twilight made possible the kiss that was the only answer to so blissfully strange a suggestion.

In the peaceful quiet of the tidy old kitchen Mr. Fairweather sat waiting for Lydia. Her aunt had already gone to bed. Lydia sat down in the doorway. The crickets were making their steady din, so that the silence seemed arranged for their nightly performance. Lydia listened to them attentively for a little while.

"Go out to Lyman's place?" her father asked at length.

"Yes, but I didn't go in. We stopped this side, at the brook," Lydia answered.

"Likely place?" asked the old man.

"Yes, it is very pretty out there."

"Grow anything?" he continued, after another silence.

"Yes," Lydia answered. "Lyman says he's seeded it to grass, so he can be away from home. That doesn't need so much tending."

Mr. Fairweather made no further comment.

"Father," Lydia said, finally, with a pretty vibrant directness, "Lyman and I are engaged."

Her father answered nothing, but Lydia was not surprised. She knew her father's ways. That was why she had said to Lyman that she would tell him alone of their engagement.

"Do you care, father?" she asked softly, at length.

"Can't you do any better than marry a clerk?" he asked, when finally he did speak.

"Mother didn't," Lydia replied. The

crickets had arranged a series of solos, duets, and chorus, and their performance received complete attention for a long time.

"And she died poor—and in debt, in spite of all I could do." Lydia's father spoke reminiscently, almost to himself.

"Mother was delicate, father, and I am very strong," was her final argument; but Lydia arose, and with what seemed a strange, bold tenderness she went and kissed her father's forehead for good-night.

In that way the engagement became accepted, though neither of them referred to it again. Lydia's Aunt Sylvia recognized Lyman Holt as the young man who was "waiting on her niece," and on Sunday evenings, before the hour for church, the little parlor was made bright and airy to receive him. That was the village way.

Perhaps Mr. Fairweather was a trifle more stern toward Lyman in the store; he would not let it seem that he accepted the situation lightly.

The days were long and quiet. These calm, northern temperaments held steadily to each day's petty round. Lydia's still steady happiness shone in her eyes, perhaps, but she was the same quiet girl, with all her thoughts toward Lyman, and all her actions directed by her father.

By fall the last of their debt was lifted. Lydia herself paid over the money to the man who had sold them their horse and wagon. When they were alone in the store after the man had gone away, she said, "Father, I've been waiting to ask you something: May I save out money for an organ now? You know I have wanted one so long." Then she went on, timidly, "Lyman and I are going to wait a long time—two years. He is saving money to build a cottage, out at the farm, by the brook."

Lydia looked down from her desk to where her father sat by the open door. He sat there in his leisure moments, in an old armchair. She waited for him to answer, then again she asked, "Don't you think I might have the organ, father?"

"How much does it take?" he asked at length, looking up at her through his bushy brows. His eyes were clear gray, like Lydia's own.

"Eighty dollars," Lydia answered. "I can get it now, and pay for it gradually,

or I can save the money first." She was so eager!

Lydia really loved music, and then there would be another dear delight attaching to the organ: it would be the first piece of furniture for her little sitting-room in the new cottage.

Elias Fairweather was a gruff man. He seemed hard and unyielding, but in her heart Lydia did not believe that he was so. She was used to defending him to herself against her own accusations. She did so now, when he answered, "Save the money first; time enough to talk about spending it afterward."

With that Lydia made herself content. In her cash-drawer she had a thread-box marked on the inside of the lid, "Organ Money," and every day she put in a few cents.

Another of Lydia's new occupations, when the work was all settled for the day, was to plan the shape and furnishing of her little home. She planned vast amounts of needle-work for herself, household linen, and linen for her own small trousseau. It would have been plain to anyone who knew her thoughts that the diligent gentlewomen who were her ancestors were of the ones who had worked samplers, and whose chiefest pride was in their needle-work.

Lydia herself was one or two generations too late to have worked a sampler; but her grandmother's hung in its framed glass in Lydia's bedroom, a little old yellow square of linen, embroidered at the edges, darned, button-holed, and cross-stitched within. This, and an old clock with weights, and some spoons of thin silver, had played an important part in her grandmother's "setting out." Now Lydia would sew for her own "setting out," and the young girl was by no means ashamed of her needle-work. She felt this to be the supreme moment when needle-work was to show forth its own importance and her ability. She had a fancy for nice linen. Her table-ware should be very choice, and half, at least, of her pillow-covers and sheets should be really linen, and hemstitched.

It was a year from that fall before Lydia had saved up enough money for her organ; and then her father would not let her get it. He could not see his way, he said, into putting so much money into a

piece of foolishness. They had better lay the money up, "against a time of need came," and so he put it in the savings bank.

Lydia cried about the fate of her little hoard of savings. She had denied herself many a bit of finery in order to save that eighty dollars. Her father became irritable, seeing her cry. He said it was all a piece of foolishness, and that if it was music she cared for there was her voice. Didn't she sing in the choir every Sunday?

Lyman Holt was getting on very well with his country trade. He had driven a bargain with Lydia's father that gave him a commission on his buying and selling, and Lyman was more than ever popular along his route; so now he felt that his part of the business was almost as good as a partnership. He suggested to Lydia that they should not wait until the end of their two years' engagement, but should think of being married sooner, and he began to build their house.

They talked about it a great deal, and finally decided that Christmas should be their wedding-day. The house was all framed, and ready for the inside finishing. But when December came, Elias Fairweather was not willing that Lydia should be married then. He had heard of Lyman's fine idea that his wife should not clerk in the store, and he needed Lydia's help. She had no right to consider her own plans instead of other people's, so he told her. Besides they had not enough money laid up for young people to begin on.

Lydia was so used to the habit of obedience that she yielded to her father's demand, and postponed her marriage another year. At first Lyman had been furious about it, but finally he gave in to Lydia's persuasions.

"You see, we can't displease father," she said, "we'd better wait another year than lay up trouble between us; and besides, he owns the store. Aunt Sylvia sides with father, too, and says we've only a little while to be young folks, and we've got all our lives to be married in."

That was Lydia's dutiful way of making the best of a disappointment.

"Maybe father will get me the organ this year, if I wait," she said to herself as a sort of promised recompense.

In the spring Lyman began work again

on the cottage. The days were growing long, and instead of remaining at the store in the evening, taking supper with Lydia, as he had done for a long time, he now went early to his own home, and after six o'clock he was able to do much of the finishing about the house, saving the expense of a carpenter. He intended to do all the painting by himself.

Lydia had only been out to the house once since the floors were laid, but Lyman told her of the progress of his work. She thought he must be doing a great deal, and she cautioned him against working too hard.

"There's plenty of time, you know, Lyman," she said, with a half-lonesome note in her voice. He smiled his bright smile back at her.

"I like to work at it," he said.

One evening Lyman's sixteen-year-old sister, Dolly, invited Lydia to tea. She was a feather-headed school-girl, and she stood much in awe of Lydia's dignity; but she was receiving a friend on a week's visit, and felt that the occasion demanded some special display of hospitality, so she would invite her brother's betrothed to tea.

Lydia was seen at the Holts' home but seldom. She felt that it was not becoming that she should be there, or even at the new cottage too often. She would not seem to be pursuing Lyman.

Lydia sat with Mrs. Holt in the prim little parlor, working on some crotchet, while Dolly and her friend, Susie Temple, made things ready in the kitchen.

Lyman's mother was a half-paralytic, and Dolly was therefore in charge of the house.

At table, when tea was served, they were all somewhat constrained at first; but Lyman, looking his very best in a new light spring suit, strove to make their company feel at home, while he and Dolly helped their guests to hot biscuits, cheese, preserved cherries, sweet pickles, and cream-cake.

Mrs. Holt was able to pour the tea, and she had down some quaint old blue china cups and plates, of which she was very choice.

Lyman made jokes at the girls, and kept Dolly and Susie giggling. His mother said, "My, my, girls, how you and Lyman do train!"

"It's a good thing ; Lydia's solemn enough for both," Dolly put forth, as she brought in more of her light, golden biscuits, hot from the oven.

"Why, Dolly, am I solemn?" Lydia queried, pleasantly.

"Well, not just solemn," Dolly answered, "but kind of still, like."

"Something nobody ever accused you of, sis," her brother assured her.

"Maybe it's because Dolly isn't grown up yet," Susie Temple essayed.

"Neither are you, miss," Dolly retorted, and both the rollicking country girls were giggling again.

Lydia *did* feel herself much older than those chattering girls. She wondered how long it had been since she was as gay as they were. She doubted if she had ever been so silly.

Lydia's face was slightly flushed. Her gown was dark, close-fitting, and plain, but she had a bit of pink at her throat, and was very, very pretty ; so Susie said to Lyman Holt, as they were helping Dolly to clear away the tea-things :

"But my ! isn't she solemn !" Susie confessed further, "Solemn as an owl !"

"Oh, you only think so because you're so lively, Miss Susie," Lyman answered, as they passed to the kitchen-table.

Indeed Susie was an airy little person, with a decided eye for pretty gowns and handsome folks.

"I'm as quiet as a mouse !" she declared, poutingly, to Lyman, and then, flirting a shower of water at him from her little finger-tips, she flitted airily away.

When they had quite finished in the kitchen the young people went over to the new cottage. The steps were not finished yet, but Lyman handed his guests up to the doorway with charming gallantry.

Lydia paused at the front windows, scrutinizing the prospect up and down the way. It was so strange to her. She had planned minutely the furnishing of all the little rooms, and every window was curtained in her fancy, but yet she could not get over the strangeness of it.

She stood in the window a long time, while the others scampered about from cellar to garret.

Their house was on the site of the home built by Lyman's great grandfather. The old house had fallen to decay. Nothing

remained to show where it had been but a small orchard of gnarled and mossy apple-trees, a few great spreading cherry-trees, and the old lilac-bush from which Lyman had brought sweet spring blossoms on the day that Lydia had promised to be his wife. She had those blossoms still, in a little, fragrant box where she kept her girlish treasures.

Lydia looked long at the brave, ragged, old lilac, again putting forth its fragrant buds, and she thought of the home-making hands that had planted it there so long ago.

"Was theirs a happy home, I wonder?" she mused to herself as she stood long by the window. It had been a great care with Lydia that the old lilac, and the gnarled and neglected orchard trees should not be uprooted or injured in the new house building. She had a deep feeling of sentiment for the things that were so eloquent of the love and labor in those old New England fields. The mossy stone walls almost brought tears to her eyes, because she thought with what wearisome toil the stones must have been gathered from the fields. And now the patient toilers were gone. Some day she, too, would have vanished, and she wondered what of home-making love would survive her as those old mossy fences stood, the sole protectors of the small, barren pasture-lots, and the little grassy lane that led to the new dwelling.

Lydia started from her revery to find that it was growing late. She urged the two girls to walk with them when she had taken leave of Mrs. Holt, and Lyman was waiting for her.

At the brook the girls paused.

"Let's wait here till Lyman comes back," Dolly said. "It's too pretty an evening to go in yet, and mother won't want to go to bed for a long time."

They all felt that it had been a very social evening, and it was true that Mrs. Holt, whose life was quiet and lonely, wanted to sit and think it all over. She liked Lydia, and she was pleased to think her boy was going to do so well as to marry the store-keeper's daughter. That was better than that he should marry a farmer's girl, so she thought. She had been a farmer's daughter. Still, she felt that Lydia must see that she, too, was doing well. Lyman was getting right along

in business, and they would start free of debt. That was a great deal. And then, of course, Lydia must see how handsome Lyman was, and how polite.

The deep-scented spring was very pleasant, and yet the days were long to Lydia. She would be glad when Lyman had finished work on the house. Then he would be with her again as of old. She had grown so used to having him in the store evenings, that she hardly knew how to go back to her lonelier, more quiet life. Her sewing had been finished for her postponed Christmas wedding. Now she was knitting bright-colored scraps of cloth into a rug, with great wooden needles. And then Lydia had another solace: she was taking music-lessons of the choir-director, and every day she practised an hour on the church organ. At least she would be able to play hymns, if she ever had an organ of her own.

But into Lydia's placid, if somewhat lonely, spring, came a crushing, cruel blow. It came in the shape of a letter from Lyman Holt, and was mailed at a neighboring town. The message was this:

"LYDIA: I can't ask you to forgive me, and I haven't a word to say for myself.

"Susie and I are married. I will do whatever your father says about the route.

"Lydia, you are the best girl in the world, and I know I deserve whatever you will say of me. LYMAN HOLT."

Lydia was sitting at her desk when her father brought her the letter. It was time for Lyman to return from the route, but he had sent her the letter, and gone to Marston instead. He had left the store very early that morning, with scarcely a word to anyone.

Lydia sat looking at her father, her eyes wide, the letter shaking in her fingers. Then she laughed unpleasantly.

"It's the only love-letter I ever had, father," she said at length, and giving him the letter she went out of the store and up to the cottage to her own room. She did not come down that night. Her old aunt took her supper up to her.

"Please set it down outside, Aunt Sylvia," she said, holding her voice steady. But she took it in presently.

The next morning she came down-stairs with a large bundle. She went to the breakfast-table, nodded to her aunt, and said, "Well, father," as he sat looking at her furtively and dumbly. After a conscientious attention to her breakfast she went with him down to the store, carrying her bundle.

On her desk she found the letter as her father had put it back. For a moment she bowed her head on her arms, and her shoulders shook.

"He ain't worth it, Lyddy!" broke out her father's smouldering rage. "He's a worthless scamp, and you're well off to find it out in time!"

Lydia looked up quickly. There were no tears in her eyes, and she answered with an amazing sharpness, "He was all right Christmas-time!" She had never spoken so to her father before.

That day no wagon went out on the route. Lydia went about her work as usual, with a hardness that surprised even herself. Occasionally, as when she came to a little set of steps Lyman had made for her to reach more easily to the shelves, she bowed her head on the counter, and forced herself to control the fierce gnawing at her heart, but there were no tears. She met the village people who came in with a hard smile, and no one presumed to speak to her of Lyman's marriage.

That night she sat on the kitchen steps, her father indoors as usual. Presently, when her aunt had gone to bed, he said, "Lyddy, maybe I ain't done just right by you. I did feel the need of saving—and I couldn't see any other way; but if you want that organ——"

"Thanks, father, I don't! Not now," she added, more softly, after a long, dismal tickling of the clock. "I know you couldn't help it," she went on. "You got saving when it was necessary till you couldn't stop when it wasn't."

They said nothing more until her father arose at bedtime.

"Lyddy," and there was a suggestion of tears in the old man's tones. "You ain't to think I don't realize——" he broke off. He had no words to express an emotion. They parted with nothing further said.

The next morning Lydia's father arose early and put on the sleek black he usu-

ally reserved for Sunday. He was silent as usual, but preoccupied. As they went down to the store Lydia asked, "You are going away, father?"

"Yes," he said.

"To see Lyman Holt?" Her direct gaze met his own.

"Well, Lyddy, I can't let him go, on account of that route."

"*Father!*"

But the girl's indignation found no further words. As they went into the cool, darkened store, they were dominated by the forces that had so long controlled them; Lydia bent with mute, tragic submission to her father's will, while he pushed on to what he would have called — if he

had given it a name—"the best advantage."

When next Lyman Holt presented himself with the delivery-wagon, to get the goods for his route, Lydia met him with the package she had brought down from her room.

"Give these to Susie," she said, in even tones, as she faced Lyman, directly and calmly. "I made them for—you. They will do for a wedding present."

It was Lydia's needle-work; the hem-stitched linen and muslins and towels.

Lyman took them without a word. As he turned away to the delivery-wagon the tears rolled down his weak, handsome face, and he lifted his cap to Lydia.

LUTETIA

1856

By H. C. Bunner

OFTEN in visions of the night I seem
 To pace thy avenues with enchanted feet;
 Walk thy broad boulevards from the mid-day heat
 Till myriad gas-jets through the calm dusk gleam;
 See moonlight crown Napoleon's tower supreme;
 Watch in the Latin Quarter's darkest street
 From revelling in some cavernous retreat,
 Strange student-shapes into the cool night stream—
 Young hungry gods of genius—or where beam
 Lights of Lampsakian gardens: where is blown
 White hot the fire of folly, to turn again.
 Yet ever flies the spirit of my dream
 To that high garret, where, sick, blind, alone,
 Lies Heine on his pallet-prison of pain.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE only regret about the Life of Tennyson which is at all common is that it costs so much. A great many people want to read it who have not read it yet, though almost everyone who cares at all for literature has got some notion of the quality and dimensions of the biography from the reviews. It is a book that many readers find it more convenient to get from libraries than to buy, which is a pity, since it is excellent company and the sort of book one likes to have within reach and live with a little while, the association being genial and elevating, and too good to be hurried. There is no disillusion in knowing Tennyson better. The biography is filial, as it ought to be, but one feels that it is a true book, and that, whatever principle of selection has been followed, the real man, in all essential thoughts and feelings, has been shown to us. It is the same man we have known so long, but brought nearer and seen more familiarly. Tennyson has always been picturesque. The "Life" shows more plainly what was already evident—that he was so because he was natural and let his inward man appear in manners and externals. In so far as he was a hero, he must have been a hero even to his valet, provided he ever had a valet; certainly he was a poet all the time, without apology or affectation, and in all companies. He was born to it, bred to it, devoted to it. His strength showed in nothing more clearly than in the inflexibility of his resolution to honor and heed the promptings of his spirit, and claim and take possession of his birthright. He would be a poet and nothing else. His dearest interests, the strongest promptings of his affections, had to wait their turn. He did not marry until he could marry as a poet, notwithstanding that the long delay of his marriage must have been a great hardship to him. Still he seems to have been neither selfish, nor egotistical, nor inconsiderate of any other person's happiness, but only faithful to a high calling. There never was a poet for whom there were fewer excuses to be made. This man had patience and worldly wisdom and thrift. He was a

wise man. He professed to be able to take care of himself, and was willing to make his conduct square with all sound standards of upright living. He loved his friends and they loved him. Other great men of his time were his correspondents, and some of them his familiar friends. His correspondence with them shows impressively how very, very little a title and a seat in the House of Lords had to do with making him a peer of England. Long before he finally became Lord Tennyson, there had ceased to be any man in England whose place was higher than his, or more naturally and easily taken, or more generally realized and acknowledged. The man was great, the place he occupied was necessarily a great place, and there was no more argument about it than about the relation of McGregor's seat to the head of the table. He assumed very little. His realities declared themselves. He had a taste for solitude, but it was wholesome; he had a touch of austerity, but it was tonic; he had a certain grimness of manner, but it was the proper bark of a mighty tree, and behind it the sap ran full and strong from deep-sent roots up into spreading growths.

The letters which form the most indispensable part of the "Life," are important, among other reasons, for the showing they make of Tennyson's humor and of his prose. It is delightful to find this poet, whom most of us know only through measured utterances, most carefully weighed and polished, letting him loose in free words in letters to such correspondents as Monckton Milnes. When he jokes and laughs about ordinary matters, it gives a reader something of the sensation that one gets from George Washington's brief notes of his fox-hunting dissipations with Jacky Custis. There is the real Washington, the same man and the same sort of man we always knew, but out of regimentals and all the garb of office. So here, in the familiar letters, is the real Tennyson, not different or in any strong contrast with the one we knew, but easier, less restricted, playing, laughing loud, and so strenuous in his sports! When Carlyle told him to stick

to prose he gave bad advice, but still it was advice which, followed, would have seemed to justify itself. The prose would have been great prose; there are letters which make that manifest. Let us be thankful that he stuck to his true bent, looking inward more than far abroad, and recording the imperishable concerns of the spirit of man and the heart of nature.

MR. FREDERIC BURK, discussing, a few months ago, in the *Atlantic*, the educational code accepted by the normal schools of Massachusetts, touched upon a line of thought which has great significance for educators, and which to some other persons, interested earnestly if not professionally in educational problems, is calculated to bring the sense of relief that always accompanies the clear recognition of a difficulty commonly, and often wilfully, ignored.

The Education of the Unconscious.

Mr. Burk takes arms against the old, but still almost universal, assumption that the mental processes of childhood can be traced by the light of adult reasoning, and the logic of the adult mind infallibly applied to the proper direction and development of these processes. He lays stress on the fact, abundantly demonstrated by biology and embryology, that an organism may have many tendencies undoubtedly opposed to its best final ends, yet entirely necessary, in their own time and place, as conditions of transition, without a complete unfolding of which the next higher step in evolution would either not be reached at all, or reached in a partial and an imperfect manner only; and he insists that the mass of teaching, by omitting to take account of this hint, too often lops off, as unseemly and atavistic, the pollywog's tail; thereby effecting, when the right moment comes, that there shall be no properly developed frog. The old system of pedagogy chose, in short, to give but the smallest importance or attention to the mysterious forces that work below the level of consciousness; and the new, on the other hand, says that one cannot begin to give enough, if only one could understand these forces — which, as yet, no one has in the least been able to do.

It is not about these general principles, however, that I wish to linger, but about the particular fact of which Mr. Burk reminds us, that there are periods in child-growth essentially and exclusively absorbent, during which

the sub-conscious activities are preparing the materials of thought and character, and in which there is a paralysis of the expressive power. Now, most persons must know, from their own experience, that such periods do not by any means cease with childhood or adolescence, but recur through life; certainly, those persons who live in and by the mind, people of artistic, literary, scientific pursuits, know it only too well. Men whose mental output is, as to quality, of the finest, suffer acutely from the intermittent visitations of these times of stagnancy. I say they suffer, because the absorbent periods are not always quiescent, lethargic periods; were they so, those artistic and literary spirits called "snoozers" could, at least, be happy enough. But they are, rather, often periods of great unrest and desire for production; and therefore, the discrepancy between the wish and the ability being so large, the resultant psychic discomfort is of the greatest.

The adult learns certain tricks for abridging these inarticulate "periods of dryness," as with application to spiritual things they are named by the Church. Practical tests have taught him the value of travel, of change of scene, of some stirring emotional experience, of hygienic reading, of that instinct in reading which the student acquires, and which yields alternatives, sedatives, stimulatives, curative agents for every state of mind-sickness, according as he has developed the *flair* to know just what to choose to read, and when to choose it. Physical means also men have tried, to lessen the duration of the uncreative times of apathetic dulness; poets drinking for inspiration, and one writer, at least, being known to have hit upon the original discovery that he could bring blood and thoughts to his brain by lying down with his head to the fire. But children have no such means of circumventing nature. They pass through stages when, while they may really be taking in much, they appear absolutely to have no power to give out anything; and for these stages education, as we commonly have it, makes no provision. The most intelligent teacher is apt to lose patience with what looks like stupidity or sloth; and, in any case, the teaching progresses in the customary order, with a constant pressure on the pupil for proofs of visible acquisition, regardless of whether the internal forces are intent upon other, and, at the instant, more imperative functional duties or no.

It is true that some children have more of these absorbent periods, and longer ones, than others; but it is also true that these eventually do not prove to be the dullest children, but often the reverse. In conclusion of the whole matter what one would like to have answered is this: Are times of this sort, in which it seems impossible for the brain to discharge, or even to acquire, anything of value, to be considered as part of the inevitable constitution of things, something no more to be fought against than the farmer can fight with his fields because they must lie periodically fallow if they are to bear good crops; or can education, thanks to the newer and more enlightened recognition of mind-stages in which all growth goes on below the surface, so treat these stages in childhood that they will be less troublesome in later years? Do the semi-comatose mental periods come within the physician's jurisdiction—are they matters of bile or lymph, liver or spleen—or will future teachers reach them? Are they physical wholly, or also psychic? We know of instances, surely, where they have been triumphantly forced off, during a brilliant childhood and adolescence, by intensive instructors and a stimulative educational régime; and where, also, the pupil thereafter collapsed into insignificance, showing no power further of any sort, much less the enviable power that is ever available, in hand, ready for use.

This inquiry is not a light one; it is of great importance. Endless loss of time and irreparable loss of opportunity befall many mortals because of their inability to command their faculties with some evenness and regularity; and not infrequently they are those who have the best gifts. This will never be wholly obviated. The wind of inspiration bloweth when and where it listeth. But is some sort of education of the unconscious processes never to be practicable in childhood? This is still unknown land. May not data be accumulated in time that will help to map it out? Our fingers are ever busy with the child-mind; we seek to mould and bend it. If we more often should simply turn it toward the light, should place it in a rich and fruitful *milieu*, there to let it grow awhile of itself—educate itself by passive absorption of rich influences—we should perhaps strengthen some fibre of communication between the conscious and what lies beneath, that, later on, would give men the power to express themselves without the many lapses, the frequent hiatuses, that now distress us.

REREADING Tennyson's Memoir, the other day, I pondered long over a passage on page 14 of the second volume about the composition of blank verse; where his son, quoting the poet's words, cites among the essentials "a fine ear for vowel-sounds, and the kicking of the geese out of the boat (*i.e.*, doing away with sibilations)." Then he goes on: "But few educated men really understand the structure of blank verse. I never put two 'ss' together in any verse of mine. My line is not, as often quoted,

When Poets
Disagree.

And freedom broadens slowly down—
but

And freedom slowly broadens down."

This emphatic rule of Tennyson, to which reference is made again later in the volume, seemed to me, upon reflection, needlessly severe. And I found myself wondering if other great poets would have insisted so strongly upon it. Then, choosing one who unquestionably did understand "the structure of blank verse"—the late William Shakespeare—I began to repeat detached lines of his from memory. In a moment I had recalled a remarkable one of "Macbeth":

This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

And in a moment more I had followed this up with another quotation, almost equally familiar:

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Now, in the first instance at least, the effect of the line seems actually heightened by the "s" contact. The second instance is drawn from one of the finest scenes in all Shakespeare, the first of the second act in "Othello," and I looked it up, to verify my quotation. The lines conclude Othello's greeting to his wife when he lands in Cyprus, and Desdemona answers him:

The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Another "s" contact in the second line! And Othello's reply has still a third in its last clause:

That e'er our hearts shall make!

After this, I read on through the scene, finding no less than six other transgressions of

Tennyson's law in its half-dozen pages. Then, plunging into the first act at random, I discovered many more, four of them being in Othello's splendid address to the Senate. I turned to "King Lear" with a similar result, and, finally, opening "Hamlet," which Tennyson calls the greatest creation in literature, I came at once upon

The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold—
following this up with

I am thy father's spirit—
Give me that man
That is not passion's slave—

And so on, *ad infinitum*.

I have pursued investigation no farther than the four great plays. For aught I know, there may be some dark Baconian significance in these oft-recurring sibilations. I cannot speak of this ; but it is quite clear to me that Shakespeare had no such formula of their avoidance as Tennyson invented. The poet of all time valued the "s" sound as much as any other. He chose the best words he could command to suit the sense, and trusted his ear to bring them into line harmoniously. He did not "kick the geese out of the boat" ; he only taught them when and where to hiss. It is amazing to me that Tennyson, who loved Shakespeare, took no note of this divergence in dwelling upon his inexorable rule. There

could be given, perhaps, no better short example of the difference between these two great men. Turning from Shakespeare to the "Idyls of the King," we find all there stately, musical, correct, polished to the last degree, flawless almost as King Arthur himself, yet somewhat cold withal. Tennyson's work suggests the beauty and splendor of the pearl, but Shakespeare's has the ruby's fire.

In the second volume of the "Memoir," at page 308, there is printed a short poem, hitherto unpublished, addressed to Gladstone at a political crisis. Here is its fourth line :

This goes straight forward to the cataract.

And from King Arthur's last speech to the Queen, in "Guinevere," I quote :

And all is past, the sin is sinned—

as well as

Where I must strike against my sister's son.

Here we have Homer nodding with a vengeance ! This would seem to indicate that Tennyson, when he said "never," made the reservation of Captain Corcoran in Mr. Gilbert's libretto, and really meant "hardly ever." The whole comparison serves to show how dangerous it is to rely upon a technical formula in the matter of style, and how even the wisest law-giver may go astray when he lays down his law too rigidly.



THE FIELD OF ART

GREIFFENHAGEN.

TO most of us Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen has been known, until recently, as the author of some clever and very modern pen drawings, made for such publications as *Pick-me-up*, and of a well-known poster for the *Pall Mall Budget*. It may, therefore, be a surprise to many to find in him a very serious painter, in a vein entirely different from the "modernity" of such drawings.

The right to be one's self, and to see with one's own eyes, is a right that has always had to be fought for. Hard and fast formulæ for art were set by the old classic school, and any attempt at personal vision was

frowned down. The men of 1830 revolted against the tyranny of these formulæ, and the history of painting in the nineteenth century has been the history of this revolt and of the slow conquest of the right to individuality. The landscape painters, the realists, the impressionists, have, each in turn, discarded one or another of the old traditions, and have set up the standard of individual perception. With the triumph of the last of these movements we might hope that the battle was finally won, and that henceforth every artist should be free to paint what he sees and feels as he sees and feels it, without having to fear set rules of criticism. Alas! Intolerance is immortal, and, in the hour of triumph, modernity and impressionism seem not a little

Greiffenhagen's "Judgment of Paris."

(By permission of the National Art Gallery, New South Wales.)

disposed to proscribe in their turn, and the law "thou shalt be modern" seems to have taken the place of the law "thou shalt be classic." Admiration is reserved for those who have added "something new" to the study of nature or the practice of art, or at least to those who are doing the newest thing they know, and young painters make as much effort to be "in the movement" as young women do to be in the fashion.

So, when a young painter finds that the qualities which most appeal to him in art are not new qualities, but old ones—when he finds himself caring more about line or light-and-shade or color than about atmosphere or "plein air," and more about beauty than about modernity—his work is quite likely to seem strange to us, and his right to his point of view to need defending.

The point of view of Mr. Greiffenhagen, as shown in his "Judgment of Paris," is undeniably reminiscent. One feels that the painter has thought much of Titian and, perhaps, a little of Rubens, and there is something here also of Watts and the English Preraphaelites. The picture is certainly not realistic; it is not modern or original in the sense in which those words are ordinarily used. There is nothing "new" in it—the elements are as old as painting and as permanent as art. Only, those old elements are rearranged by a new personality and serve to express a new mind. Out of nature and out of the art of the past the artist has chosen what suited him, and he has put these things together in his own way. No other man could have produced just this result, and in no other century could just this sentiment have been felt or expressed, and, therefore, in the best and truest sense, the picture is both modern and original.

There is a peculiar glory for the great innovators in art, and to lead a movement requires vast and singular ability; but to stand aside from its march shows, perhaps, as much individuality as to join in it. And whether or not any artist belonged to any particular movement will shortly be of so very little importance! There is an historical interest in studying the sequence of the schools and the filiation of artists, but in the long run it is only the quality of art as art that counts. Schools pass, but art remains. It is one of the most permanent of all things, and what is good will remain good for all time, in spite of changes of manner and of fashion. The

final question about any artist is, "Did he produce good work—work of essential artistic quality in any manner?" If he has done this, it does not matter what that manner is. Contemporaries may even have a special welcome for an artist whose manner is *not* that of the school most in vogue, and may thank him for reminding them of the qualities of art that are in danger of being neglected.

With regard to Mr. Greiffenhagen, this fundamental question may be safely answered in the affirmative. This picture is a distinct achievement and a greater promise. Its largeness of composition in a restrained space, its decorative flow of line, the absorption of mere form in the general glow of light, the fulness of color which even the photograph suggests—all these are admirable qualities, and all the more interesting because they are not the qualities most common in the work of to-day. It is not without faults, but were it more faulty than it is, it should be welcome as the revelation of a new and interesting temperament, and as a recombination of some of the great elements of art into a new vision possessing beauty, charm and distinction. It is the work of an artist, and before the work of any true artist we can afford to forget all questions of school or style and be content to enjoy and to admire.

K. C.

A PORTRAIT BY SARGENT

IN one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art now hangs a new portrait of Mr. Marquand, the president of that institution, by Mr. Sargent. On the other side of Lerolle's big picture of the "Organ Rehearsal," which it flanks, is M. Bonnat's portrait of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, the first president. Mr. Sargent has placed his sitter in the familiar camera-obscura, on a white-wood chair, over the back of which his right arm is hooked comfortably, while the elbow of the left is supported on a little table at his side, the hand being brought up to the cheek. The little table, on which it was at first proposed to place some rare object of art, is one of Mr. Sargent's favorite articles of furniture, found by him in Italy, and the portrait was executed in his London studio in the summer of 1897, Mr. Marquand giving him a number of sittings. The quality of the white of the chair is a faint echo of the olive curtain which hangs perpendicularly behind it to the left;

John S. Sargent's portrait of Henry G. Marquand.
(By permission of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

the flesh-tints furnish pleasant, warm, complementary tones, and there is good color and a suggestion of fine material in the dark-blue suit which the gentleman wears. Notwithstanding the irritating reflections of foreign objects in the glass plate which covers the picture, it is evident that this is the work of a portrait-painter who has a great regard for color.

The flesh of the face and hands is constructed and painted with all Mr. Sargent's extraordinary ability, with that apparent summariness of procedure which is so striking.

There is his usual complete avoidance of those muddy and slaty shadows in the flesh which the conventional painter employs, and which this one replaces with certain grayish-orange-pinks, sometimes deepening into almost vermillion, and certain greenish-grays which suggest raw umber and cobalt. These colors are not truly those actually seen in flesh, and the opaque bluish shadow is generally nearer to what the painter, and certainly the layman, really sees; but, as is known, good painting is effected only by declining to believe implicitly in our eyes, and

by supplementing their testimony with general analytical knowledge. Certainly Mr. Sargent's pleasant translucent tones give very much more nearly the impression of what we see in human flesh, and what we know is in it, than do, *e.g.*, M. Bonnat's almost dirty shadows. The prodigious ability in the construction of the head and hands excites frank admiration; the careful rounding of the high forehead, the rendering of the lack of symmetry between the two sides of the face, the glassy quality of the eyes, which, at the same time, retain their curious, intent look; the very summary modelling and painting of the hands, which are full of action, and the action of which is of the greatest importance in the composition and in the general presentation of the living man.

All this very superior technical ability is supplemented by much of the true portrait-painter's instinct in divining character, general judgment as to what aspect of the character to present, and by a courage that is truly surprising. The result is a personification in paint of a living being that is so very vivid that even the usual indifferent Sunday-afternoon visitor to the galleries is arrested by it. Mr. Sargent's decision and hardihood are not the least surprising articles in his technical equipment. M. Bonnat, of the Académie, for instance, a few feet farther on, would never have ventured to present so distinguished a sitter in such an alert, momentary pose, and with such an almost querulous intensity of gaze. The contrast between Mr. Marquand and Mr. Johnston extends to every detail of the conception and the execution. The latter sits in a helpless condition in an upholstered chair, his body—wearied with the long sitting—settling down on itself, his face looking at you with an intelligent lack of expression of any kind, and his plump hands (very dirty in the shadows, these) clasping the tips of each other's fingers before him in a dull sort of way that was probably not in the least characteristic, and never should have been painted, if it were. The lack of real distinction, of style, of the best expression of character, extends even to the position of the legs, to the black velvet coat and gray trousers, and the commonplace red plush chair.

On the other hand, as there is no exact ground in the metaphysics of these processes which undertakes to represent immaterial things by tangible ones, there will never be unanimity over the peculiar side of his sitter's

individuality which the painter selects to perpetuate. That, in this case of Mr. Sargent's, there is a superlative presentation of the sitter in one aspect, "in his habit as he lived," there is no doubt; there is only room for speculation as to whether there was not another superlative presentation possible of another—perhaps a more comprehensive, less momentary—aspect of complex human character.

W. W.

The placing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the valuable portrait criticised in the above notice gives occasion to comment upon the fitness of its presence there, and the great benefaction which, in a sense, it commemorates. Mr. Marquand's gifts to the Museum have been so great that their number and their pecuniary value alone make them very notable; but this is in comparison a trifle, nor is the mere extent and cost of the gift unexampled. That which makes remarkable this donation of Mr. Marquand's to the Museum is its high quality; the variety, at once, and the precious nature of the works of art included in it.

This is all spoken of together as one gift, although the works of art have been given at different times. It is fitting so to consider them together, as a single donation, because there has been an incessant following up of one gift by another. That beneficent spirit has never been weary, nor has the wisdom of choice ever been less visible than it was at first. The Museum is enriched by Mr. Marquand's purchases in a way in which assuredly no Museum was ever enriched before; they are so admirable in their choice as well as so abundant and varied in their kind.

It has not been given to Mr. Marquand's administration to put the Museum on the firm basis of intelligent and scientific management. For organization, for arrangement, for cataloguing, for the development of each department in the hands of a competent expert, for the true creation of a permanent museum-establishment, we have still to go to our neighbor city on Massachusetts Bay. What has been Mr. Marquand's work he has done exceptionally well, and when the time comes for skilful and scholarly management of the great institution in Central Park, the managers will find a wealth of material in their hands of which a most notable proportion is the gift of Henry G. Marquand.

R. S.

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Drawn by W. K. Leigh.

THE WORKERS.—THE POLICE-STATION BREAKFAST.

~ See page 429.

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NO. 4

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON—TRENTON AND PRINCETON

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON



Part of Tablet, Placed in Brooklyn by the Sons of the Revolution, Marking the Line of Defence at the Battle of Long Island.

WHILE Congress was coming to a decision upon the great question of Independence, the war was entering its second stage, and, as it proved, that in which the American Revolution narrowly escaped shipwreck. When the

British undertook to coerce the colonies by force, they expected little resistance. They did not measure at all the task before them, and they were, therefore, taken by surprise when the people rose up and sprang upon them. The British governors were expelled one after another without any serious conflict, and the colonies passed rapidly and easily to the condition of independent States. The political management of the king and his ministers was so clumsy that a firm union of all the colonies was formed before their very eyes, and this one absolutely essential condition of American success was made sure at an early day. In a military way they had fared no better. Their ill-considered raid on Concord had resulted in a disorderly retreat. Their victory at Bunker Hill had been purchased at

an enormous sacrifice of life, and had only served to encourage the Americans. They had been compelled, by the superior generalship of Washington, to evacuate Boston, and their blundering attack on Charleston had been repelled with loss and humiliation. All the solid advantages, both military and political, during the first year of revolution, had been wholly on the side of the Americans. This was due to the wilful ignorance of the English as to their opponents, whom they despised, and who for this reason took them unawares and defeated them, and to the further fact that a people in arms was a new force of great power, upon which neither they nor anyone else had calculated.

These conditions could not, in the nature of things, endure. The British, recovering from their surprise, proceeded to make arrangements for conquering their revolted provinces in a manner commensurate to the work before them, the seriousness of which they had so entirely underestimated. George III., who took a deep personal interest in the war, which, consciously or unconsciously, he felt to be the test of his schemes and the trial of his power, set his agents running over Europe to buy soldiers from anybody who had men to sell.

His first effort was in Russia. Gunning, the English Minister, interpreted some flowery compliments and sounding

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fusil. Hence,
much disappoint-
ment in England,
where the Russian
soldiers were confi-

dently expected. George fared no better in Holland when he asked for the Scotch Brigade. The Prince of Orange was sufficiently ready, but the States-General hesitated, and the only result was a polite offer to let England have the brigade provided they should not be called upon to serve out of Europe, which was equivalent to a refusal. Among the little states of Germany, George had better luck. Some of the petty princes offered troops voluntarily, and in others he had no difficulty in making a bargain. The wretched grand dukes, electors, princes, and other serene persons exacted a heavy price for the men whom they sold, but still Eng-

Battle Pass, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Showing a part of the battle-field.
The tablet designates the line of defence.

land got the men, and in large numbers, especially from Brunswick and Hesse Cassel. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, as a man and a German, regarded with feelings akin to loathing this sale of men by the lesser German princes. At a later time he would not even permit England's mercenaries to cross his territory, for he had no sympathy with George, and being not only a great man but a clear-sighted and efficient one, he looked with contempt on English incompetence and blundering, and predicted the success of the colonies. Why a brave and powerful people like the English should have bought soldiers to fight their battles in a civil war is not easy now to understand. It was, however, due to the general inefficiency which then prevailed in British administration, and was a very costly expedient apart from the money actually spent, for it injured England in Euro-

pean opinion, encouraged and justified the colonies in seeking foreign aid, and smoothed the path for American diplomacy. It also spurred on the Americans to fight harder because foreign mercenaries were employed against them, and it embittered their feelings toward the mother-country. The allies obtained by the British Ministry in Europe were, nevertheless, in the highest degree creditable and desirable, compared to those they sought and procured in America itself. That they should have enlisted, paid, and organized regiments of American loyalists, was proper enough, but when they made alliances with the Indians and turned

Drawn by H. W. Ditzler

The Retreat from Long Island.
Washington superintending the transfer of the troops across the East River.

them loose on the frontier settlements and against American armies, they took a step which nothing could palliate or excuse. To make allies of cruel fighting savages and set them upon men of their own race and blood, was something that could not be justified and met with its fit reward. The Americans knew well what Indian warfare meant, and when England sent Indians on the war-path against them, it roused a burning hatred which nothing could appease. If it was the King's plan to drive the Americans to desperation and make the retention of the colonies absolutely hopeless, this alliance with the Indians was the surest way to accomplish that result. Yet without her Hessians, Indians, and loyalists it must be admitted England would not have had even a chance, for she seemed unable to furnish any adequate number of troops herself. It was all part of the amazing blundering which characterized English administration in the American Revolution, and for which we have no explanation except in the fact that the King was undertaking the work of government and carefully excluded all men of the first order from his councils.

From the American point of view at that time, however, these considerations, as well as the ultimate effect of England's policy in getting allies, were by no means apparent. All they saw was that the men

had been procured, and that powerful armies and fleets were coming against them. This was what Washington had to face. It was no use discussing the morals or the policy of buying Germans. There they were under the English flag, and they were there to fight.

Washington certainly was under no illusions. He knew that England would make a great effort and was a great power. He knew, too, that New York would be the first object of British attack. It was the essential strategic point, without which any attempt to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, by controlling the line of the Hudson, would be utterly barren. Without any delay he quitted Boston, the scene of his victory on March 17th, and was in New York by April 13th, bringing with him all the troops he could gather. The outlook there was dark enough. The city was undefended; most of his troops were new recruits; there was a powerful Tory party, and Tryon, the last British Governor, was actively intriguing and conspiring with the loyalists from his station on a man-of-war. Congress, on the other hand, was struggling with the question of independence and did little to aid him, while the provincial committees had neither the experience nor as yet the determination of those he had left in New England. Nevertheless, all that man could do was done. Defensive works were completed or erect-

Present View from Old Fort Putnam (now Fort Greene), Brooklyn.

This Fort formed a part of the defences on Long Island.

GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE, 1783

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF



Ruins of Old Stone Block-house, 123d Street and Amsterdam Avenue (Morningside Park), New York City—Looking West.

(One of a series of defences in Harlem.)

ed on Brooklyn Heights, on Manhattan, at Kingsbridge, and along the East and Hudson Rivers. The army was drilled and disciplined after a fashion; the Tory plottings were checked, and every preparation was made that energy and ability, ill supported, could devise.

Yet the result of all these labors when the hour of conflict approached and the British army had arrived, was disheartening. Washington had been able to gather only 17,000 men. Nearly 7,000 of these were sick or on furlough, and he had fit for duty only 10,000 men to cover his necessarily extensive line of works. With this small force, ill armed, inexperienced, and ill provided, he was called upon to face and do battle with a British army of 31,000 men now assembled on Staten Island, well-disciplined regulars, thoroughly equipped and provided and supported by a powerful fleet to which Washington

had nothing to oppose. It seemed madness to fight against such odds and run the risk of almost certain defeat. But Washington looked beyond the present and the immediate military situation. As usual, political considerations had to be taken into account. To give up New York without a struggle, and to have saved his army intact by an immediate retreat and without fighting, however wise from a military point of view, would have

chilled and depressed the country in a dangerous degree, and to carry on a pop-

ular war the public spirit must be maintained. More important than this even was the danger which Washington saw plainly far away to the north. There Carleton was pressing down the line of the lakes. If Sir William Howe and his army succeeded in advancing rapidly and meeting him before winter set in, it would mean the division of the northern colonies by the British forces and a disaster to the Americans which could probably never be repaired. Even the sacrifice of an army would be better than this. So Washington determined to hold his ground and fight. He said that he hoped to make a good defence, but he was not blind to the enormous risk, to the impossibility almost, of holding his long line of posts with so few men and with an enemy in command of the sea. Even while he wrote cheerfully as to holding his positions he exhibited the condition of the army to Congress in the plainest terms, and constantly demanded more men. But even if he had known defeat to be certain he still had to consider the wishes of Congress and the state of public opinion, and he likewise felt that present defeat would result in a larger ultimate victory, if by delay he could prevent the junction of the main British army with the forces from the north.

Washington was unable to tell just where the attack would come, which compelled him to spread out his small force in order to cover so far as possible every point. This put him at an additional disadvantage when the British moved, as they did on August 22d, landing 15,000 men on Long Island, and following this up on the 25th with the German division under Heister, with forty cannon. The Americans had

about 8,000 men, half in the works at Brooklyn and half outside to meet the British and defend the approaches. The whole position was untenable in the long run because the English controlled the sea, and yet New York could not be held at all if Brooklyn Heights were in the hands of the enemy. It was a choice of evils,

and it is easier to point out Washington's military error in trying to hold Long Island than to say what he should have done. It was also a serious mistake to divide the troops and leave half outside, and to this mistake, for which the commander-in-chief was finally responsible, was added a series of misfortunes and small blunders. The command on Long Island had been intrusted to General Greene, the best officer Washington had. Just before the British landed, Greene was stricken with a violent fever,

and the command passed first to Sullivan and then to Putnam. Both were brave men. Neither was a soldier of great ability nor a strategist, and they were alike ignorant of the country which Greene knew by heart. Sullivan held the outposts. Putnam remained at Brooklyn Heights and did not come out when the fighting began. The British fleet opened a heavy fire on the New York works early on August 27th. Meantime the British forces skilfully divided, and well guided during the previous day and night, had got round to Sullivan's rear by undefended roads. Sullivan, hemmed in on all sides, made a vigorous effort to retreat, but it was useless. Some of the Americans, by desperate fighting, broke through, but many were captured, including Sullivan himself. Lord Sterling, in command of the other outlying American force, fared

General Israel Putnam.

From a portrait by H. I. Thompson, after a pencil-sketch from life by John Trumbull.

almost as ill as Sullivan. Attacked on both sides, he had no line of retreat, except across Gowanus Creek. His men made a gallant stand, and most of them succeeded in crossing the creek, but Sterling himself and many of his division were taken prisoners. The Americans outflanked, outgeneralled, and outnumbered four to one, were badly beaten in these two actions. They lost 970 men killed and wounded, and 1,077 captured, while the British loss was but 400.

Washington, when he heard of the British landing, had sent six regiments to Brooklyn, and came over on the day of the action only to witness with anguish the utter rout of the detachments under Sullivan and Sterling. The situation was

grave in the extreme. The troops were thoroughly demoralized by their losses, and many of the militia actually deserted. It looked as if the American army were doomed. But the British delayed, and, mindful of Bunker Hill, instead of at once assaulting the Brooklyn intrenchments, which alone protected the shattered American army, they broke ground for a siege. This gave Washington time, and time was all he needed. He brought over reinforcements, encouraged his men and strengthened his works. But he did not mean to fight there except as a last resource. He had no idea of staking his whole army on a single action against overwhelming odds if he could avoid it. While the men labored on the intrenchments, he quietly gathered boats, and seeing on the 29th

that the British meant to come on his rear with their fleet, he embarked his whole army that night and crossed successfully to New York. It was a masterly retreat. In the face of a strong enemy lying within gunshot, with a hostile fleet close at hand,

he got 9,000 men into boats ferried them across a broad stream with strong tides and currents, and left behind only a few heavy guns. The wind was light and a thick mist helped to cover the movement. Washington, in the saddle and on foot for forty-eight hours, watched over everything, and was the last to leave. As he followed his heavily laden boats through the kindly mist and darkness he must have felt a sense of profound relief, for he had grasped

a fortunate chance and had rescued his army from an almost hopeless position. The Americans had been beaten in two heavy skirmishes, but the American army had escaped. It was possible to make the raw militia who had been defeated in their first open action into veterans, for they lacked nothing for becoming good soldiers but experience. But if the only American army in the field had been destroyed at the very outset of the contest, the Revolution would have been in great peril. Washington's one thought was to hold his army together and fight as often as he could, but whatever happened, that army which he commanded must never be dissolved. He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten, and saved his army from the brink of destruction, taking full



The Jumel Mansion, Washington Heights, New York City.
For a time Washington's Headquarters.

Written by Howard Pyle.

The Retreat Through the Jerseys.

The Point at which Washington Crossed the Delaware River.

(As it now appears.)

advantage of the mistakes of his opponents. Now, on Manhattan Island, he faced the enemy once more, ready to fight again.*

Some time after the Battle of Long Island Jay wrote that he had often thought during the previous spring that it would be best to destroy New York, desolate all the country about it, and withdraw up the river. This suggestion came from Greene at the time, and after the retreat from Long Island Washington took it up and submitted it to Congress. From a military point of view the destruction of the city was the just conception of an able general. It sounded desperate, but it was really the wisest thing to do. If carried out it would have forced the British to abandon New York and the mouth of the Hudson, it would have left them on the edge of winter without quarters, and in the end would have probably shortened the war. But it was too strong a measure for Congress, and Washington was obliged to drop the idea. As the city was clearly untenable with the forces at his command, there was no further resource but retreat, and on September 10th, although a majority of his offi-

cers were still loath to abandon the town, Washington began his preparations for withdrawal. While he was thus engaged, Howe, on the 14th, repeated the Long Island manœuvre, intending to threaten the city in front and on the North River with the fleet, while with his army crossing the East River and landing on the left flank he could cut off and destroy the American army. In accordance with this plan, Howe, on September 15th, landed at Kip's Bay and drove the militia posted there in headlong flight. Washington hearing the firing, rode to the landing, only to see his men fleeing in all directions. The sight of their panic and cowardice was too much for him. The fierce fighting spirit that was part of his nature broke through his usually stern self-control in a storm of rage. He rode in among the fugitives and made desperate efforts to rally them. He exposed himself recklessly to death or capture, and was almost dragged from the field by his officers. Yet despite this disaster he managed to get his army together, and although Putnam with the rear-guard had a narrow escape, Washington finally succeeded in bringing his whole army safely to Harlem Heights. While the victorious Howe took possession of New York, and proceeded to look about him, Washington intrenched himself strongly on the Heights. He also sent out detachments under Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and Major Leitch, and at-

* The best statement in regard to the battle of Long Island and by a professional soldier is that of General Carrington, U. S. A., in his "Battles of the American Revolution." The whole chapter should be carefully studied. I can only quote here a few lines. General Carrington says (p. 212): "The Battle of Long Island had to be fought. . . . The defence was doomed to be a failure from the first, independent of the co-operation of a naval force. . . . Washington was wise in his purpose to make the acquisition as costly as possible to his adversary. . . . The people of the country demanded that New York should be held to the last possible moment."

Printed by G. A. Shipley

Washington's Troops Disembarking on the Trenton Shore of the Delaware River

tacked the British light troops who were in an advanced position. The light troops were defeated and forced back to the main line, but the Americans, who fought well, lost both Knowlton and Leitch. That Washington, with a demoralized army, in the midst of disaster and retreat should have assumed the offensive and made a successful attack, is an instance of his power and tenacity, of which many instances were yet to come. It was this iron determination to fight at every opportunity, whether after victory or defeat, which enabled him to constantly check and delay the British, and what was far more impor-

hantan Island. So he occupied the passes, and when Howe—it was now October 14th—attempted to land, he held him back until he had withdrawn his army to the right bank of the Bronx, holding a strong line from Fordham to White Plains. After five days the British advanced again, meeting Glover's brigade, who skirmished vigorously and fell slowly back to the main army. By the 28th the two armies were face to face, and Howe prepared to fight a great battle and end the war. They undertook first to turn the American left, and made a heavy attack on Chatterton's Hill. Twice they were repulsed and driven back



Old King Street (now Warren Street), Trenton.

On the right is a building which was occupied by the Hessians. On the site of the monument, in the background, was stationed the American artillery, which commanded this street and Queen Street, along which the Hessians were quartered.

tant, turned his raw militia into an army of steady, disciplined fighters with a blind confidence in their chief.

Howe, having considered the situation, decided that the Harlem Heights were too strong for a front attack, and set about a repetition of the flanking movements of Long Island and Kip's Bay. His control of the water with the fleet, and his superior numbers, enabled him to do this with success. Washington seeing just what was intended, for he perfectly understood by this time the British generals who were not given to complicated intellectual operations, had no mind to be shut up on Man-

with severe loss. Rahl, with his Germans, meantime crossed the Bronx and turned the American right, so that General McDougal was forced to abandon Chatterton's Hill and fall back, fighting stubbornly, to the lines at White Plains. The great and decisive battle failed to come off. The Americans, moreover, were learning to fight in the open. In this action they lost one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, the British two hundred and thirty-one, something very different from the Long Island result. The next day Howe considered the propriety of an assault, but thought the works too strong. Then Lord Percy ar-

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Surprise at Trenton.

The Hessians poured out from their barracks but were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge.

A "Call to Arms."

Reproduced for the first time in fac-simile (reduced) from the original document
(By courtesy of the owner, William R. Weeks, Esq.)

rived with reinforcements, but it stormed on the following day, and then Washington quietly withdrew, leaving the British looking at the works, and took up a new and stronger position at Newcastle.

While Washington was awaiting a fresh attack, the enemy began to move to Dobbs's Ferry, whither Howe himself went in person on November 5th. The Americans, suspecting a movement into New Jersey, sent troops across the river, leaving a small force at Peekskill to guard the approach to the Highlands. But Howe's object was not what the Americans supposed. He went back for the purpose of capturing Fort Washington. This fort and Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the Hudson, were intended to command the river, a purpose for which they were quite inadequate. Washington, with correct military instinct, wished to abandon both, but especially Fort Washington, when he retreated from Manhattan. He gave way, however, to the judgment of a council of war, and especially to the opinion of Greene, who declared that the position was impregnable. His yielding to his

council was a mistake on this, as on other occasions, and his too great deference to the opinion of his officers in the early years of the war, when existing conditions very likely forced him to subordinate his own views to those of others, was usually unfortunate. In this instance the correctness of his own judgment and his error in not standing to it were soon and painfully shown. Greene was no doubt mistaken in declaring the fort impregnable, but if it had been it could not have withstood treachery. It is now known, through a letter which came to light some twenty years ago, that William Demont, the adjutant of Colonel Magaw, went into the British lines and furnished Lord Percy with complete plans of the works and a statement of the armament and garrison. This, as we now know, was the news that took Howe and his army back to New York. Washington started for the fort as soon as he learned of the British movement, but was turned back by word that the garrison were in high spirits, and confident of maintaining the place. They did not know that they had been betrayed,

and Howe, thoroughly informed, made a skilful attack at every point, and carried the outworks. The Americans, driven into the central fort, were exposed on all sides. They could not even hold their ground until night, at which time Washington promised to come to their relief, desperate as the attempt must have been. They therefore surrendered on that day and over 2,000 men fell into the hands of the British, who had lost 454 in the assault, despite the advantages which Demont's treason gave them.

After the fall of Fort Washington, Howe crossed over into New Jersey, and the first campaign for the Hudson came to an end. The Americans had been beaten in nearly every engagement, and they had suffered a heavy loss by the capture of the fort. Yet the British campaign had none the less failed. With his undisciplined troops broken and demoralized by defeat, Washington had outmanœuvred his adversary. He had avoided a pitched battle, he had moved from one strong position to another, and, although so inferior in numbers, he

IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY,

PHILADELPHIA, *December 8, 1776.*

S I R,

TH E R E is certain intelligence of General Howe's army being yesterday on its march from Brunswick to Princetown, which puts it beyond a doubt that he intends for this city.—This glorious opportunity of signalizing himself in defence of our country, and securing the Rights of America forever, will be seized by every man who has a spark of patriotic fire in his bosom. We entreat you to march the Militia under your command with all possible expedition to this city, and bring with you as many waggons as you can possibly procure, which you are hereby authorized to impress, if they cannot be had otherwise—Delay not a moment, it may be fatal and subject you and all you hold most dear to the ruffian hands of the enemy, whose cruelties are without distinction and unequalled.

By Order of the Council,

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, Vice-President.

To the COLONELS or COMMANDING
OFFICERS of the respective Battalions of
this STATE.

TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE Enemy are at Trenton, and all the City Militia are marched to meet them.

Reduced from a Broadside Issued by the Council of Safety.

had forced Howe to undertake slow and time-wasting flank movements. Howe consumed two months in advancing thirty miles. This in itself was defeat. Winter was upon him. Carleton had been forced to retire from Crown Point; the line of the Hudson was still in American control, and the American army, much as it had suffered, was still in existence. The British incompetence and the ability of Washington were signally shown during this period of unbroken British success, when all the odds were in favor of Howe and against his opponent.

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

IT is easy to see now that while the British had been highly successful in their immediate objects, they had been defeated in the greater object upon which the fate of the war really turned. It is easy, too, to appreciate the ability with which Washington had fought losing fights in such a way as to defeat the essential purpose of the English campaign. But at the time none of these things were apparent and could not be understood. At the moment the country saw only unbroken defeat, and the spirit and hope of the Americans sank. The darkest hour of the Revolution had come.

Fort Washington fell on November 16th. This rendered Fort Lee useless, and Washington ordered its immediate evacuation. While the necessary preparations were being made, the enemy landed and Greene was forced to withdraw in great haste, saving his men, but losing everything else. He at once joined the main army, and it was well he could do so, for the situation was critical in the extreme. Washington was now in an open flat country. He could not slip from one strong position to another, and hold the British in check as he had done on the Hudson. His army, too, was going to pieces. The continued reverses had increased desertions, and the curse of short enlistments, due to the lack of foresight and determination in Congress, was telling with deadly effect. When their terms expired, the militia could not be induced to stay, but departed incontinently to their homes. Washington sent urgent orders to Lee, who had been left

behind in the Highlands with 3,000 men, to join him, but Lee, who thought Washington "damnable deficient," and longed for an independent command, disobeyed orders, lingered carelessly, and talked largely about attacking the enemy in the rear. While thus usefully engaged he was picked up by a British scouting party and made a prisoner. At the time this was thought a disaster. The colonial idea that Lee was a great man because he was an Englishman was still prevalent. As a matter of fact, it was a piece of good fortune, for he was a mere critic and fault-finder, and an endless trouble to the American general.

Washington, holding up as best he might against all these reverses, and with hardly 3,000 men now left in his army, was forced to retreat. He moved rapidly and cautiously, holding his little force together and watching the enemy. The British came on, unresisted, to Trenton and contemplated an advance to Philadelphia. There all was panic, and the people began to leave the city. In New Jersey many persons entered the British lines to accept Howe's amnesty, but this movement, which might easily have gathered fatal proportions in the terror and depression which then reigned, was stopped by the actions of the British themselves. Parties of British and Hessian soldiers roamed over the country, burnt and pillaged houses, killed non-combatants, ravished women, and carried off young girls. These horrors made the people desperate, and they stopped seeking amnesty and took up arms.

All this alarm, fortunately, came to nothing. The winter was so advanced that the British decided not to go to Philadelphia, but nevertheless the panic continued there for some days. After Washington had been forced to cross to the west bank of the Delaware, Congress, thoroughly frightened, adjourned to Baltimore. Before going, however, they passed a resolution giving Washington "full power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operation of the war." Thus they put all that was left of the Revolution into his hands and made him dictator. They could not have done a wiser act, but they were imposing a terrible burden on their general.

The Battle of Long Island.

Redrawn from an old map, showing the positions of the American and British armies.

Never did a dictator, indeed, find himself in greater straits. In all directions he had been sending for men. By every method he sought to hold those he had. Yet, as fast as he gathered in new troops others left him, for the bane of short enlistments poisoned everything. He was not only fighting a civil war, but he had to make his army as he fought, and even for that he had only these shifting sands to build on. "They come," he wrote of the militia, "you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, waste your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." He was as near desperation as he ever came in his life. We can read it all now in his letters,

but he showed nothing of it to his men. Schuyler, always faithful, sent him some troops. Sullivan, too, came with those that Lee had tried to lead, and then it was found that the terms of these very troops were expiring and that by the New Year he would be left with only fifteen hundred, although at the moment he had between five and six thousand men still with him and in outlying detachments. Opposed to him were the British, 30,000 strong, with headquarters in New York, and strong divisions cantoned in the New Jersey towns. Outnumbered six to one, ill provided in every way, and with a dissolving army, it was a terrible situation to face and conquer. But Washington rose to

the height of the occasion. Under the strain his full greatness came out. No more yielding to councils now, no more modest submission of his own opinion to that of others. A lesser man, knowing that the British had suspended operations, would have drawn his army together and tried to house and recruit it through the winter. Washington, with his firm grasp of all the military and political conditions, knew that he ought to fight, and determined to do so. He resolved to attack Trenton, where Colonel Rahl was posted with twelve hundred Hessians. To assure success, he made every arrangement for other attacks to be combined with that of his own force, and they all alike came to nothing. Putnam was to come up from Philadelphia, and did not move. Ewing was to cross near Trenton, but thought it a bad night, and gave it up. Gates had already departed from Bristol, whence he was to support Washington, and had gone after Congress to get support for himself. Cadwalader came down to the river, thought that it was running too fiercely, and did not cross. They all failed. But Washington did not fail. Neither river nor storm could turn him, for he was going to fight. On the night of Christmas he marched down to the Delaware with twenty-four hundred men, who left bloody footprints behind them on the snow. The boats were ready. Glover's Marblehead fishermen manned them, and through floating ice, against a strong current, in the bitter cold, the troops were ferried over. It was four o'clock before they were formed on the Jersey side. They were late in landing, they had still six miles to march and a driving storm of sleet and snow beat in their faces. Washington formed his little force in two columns, one under Greene, one under Sullivan. As they marched rapidly onward Sullivan sent word that the muskets were wet and could not be fired. "Tell your General," said Washington, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." So they pressed forward, the gray winter light slowly brightening around them.

In the town to which they were bound all was comfort. While the Americans had been rowing across a swollen river amid floating ice and marching with blood-

stained steps through storm and darkness, the Hessians had been celebrating a hearty German Christmas. They had caroused late and without fear. Rahl had been warned that Washington was planning an attack, but contempt for their foe was again uppermost in the British councils, and he laughed and paid no heed. From their comfortable slumbers and warm beds, with the memories of their Christmas feasting still with them, these poor Germans were roused to meet a fierce assault from men ragged, indeed, but desperate, with all the courage of their race rising high in the darkest hour, and led by a great soldier who meant to fight.

Washington and Greene came down the Pennington road driving the pickets before them. As they advanced they heard the cheers of Sullivan's men, as with Stark in the van they charged up from the river. The Hessians poured out from their barracks, were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge, and then, trying to escape by the Brunswick road, were cut off by Hand's riflemen, thrown forward by Washington. Rahl, half-dressed, tried to rally his men, and was shot down. It was all over in less than an hour. The well-aimed blow had been struck so justly and so fiercely that the Hessians had no chance. About two hundred escaped. Some thirty were killed, and nine hundred and eighteen, with all their cannon, equipage, and plunder, surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The Americans lost two killed and six wounded.

The news of the victory spread fast. To convince the people of what had happened, the Hessian prisoners were marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and a Hessian flag was sent to Baltimore to hang in the hall of Congress. The spirits of the people rose with a great rebound. The cloud of depression which rested upon the country was lifted, and hope was again felt everywhere. Troops came in from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the New England men agreed to stay on after the expiration of their term of enlistment.

The blow struck by Washington fell heavily upon the British. Even with their powerful army they could not afford to lose a thousand men at a stroke, nor would their prestige bear such sudden disaster. It

The Battle of Princeton.

The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm.

day with stubborn skirmishing ; he had no intention of fighting a pitched battle with his ill-armed men, inferior in numbers to their well-equipped opponents, who would receive reinforcements in the morning. Cornwallis had given him all he wanted, which was time, a gift constantly conferred on Washington by the British generals. He had checked the enemy all day, and he had now the night in which to act. So he had the men go to work on in-

trenchments, lighted camp-fires along the river-bank, and having convinced Cornwallis that he would be there in the morning, he marched off with his whole army at midnight, leaving his fires burning. Cornwallis had left all his stores at Brunswick, and three regiments of foot and three companies of horse at Princeton. Thither then Washington was marching that winter night. He meant to strike his superior enemy another blow at a weak point. By day-break he was near Princeton, and moved with the main army straight for the town. Mercer was detached with three hundred men to destroy the bridge which gave the most direct connection with Cornwallis.

Stony Brook Bridge, near Princeton.

The Americans destroyed it to cut off the pursuing British, rebuilt 1792.

was clear even to the sluggish mind of Howe that the American Revolution was not over, and that Washington and an American army still kept the field. Trenton must be redeemed, and they determined to finish the business at once.

Washington with his fresh troops moved first, and reoccupied Trenton. Cornwallis set out against him with 7,000 men on December 30th. He outnumbered Washington, had a perfect equipment, and intended to destroy his opponents. As he marched from Princeton on January 2d, the Americans, under Hand, Scott, and Forrest, fought him at every step, falling back slowly and disputing every inch of the ground, as Washington had directed. It was noon before they reached Shabbakong Creek, and they were two hours crossing it. Then came a fight at Trenton, where they suffered severely from the American fire, but when they charged, the Americans, having but few bayonets, gave way, retreated from the town and joined the main army, which held a strong position on the south side of the Assanpink. The British opened a heavy cannonade and then made an attempt to cross the bridge, which was repulsed. Many officers urged a general and renewed attack, but the short winter day was drawing to a close, and Cornwallis decided to wait until morning. Washington had worn out the

Stony Brook
 40 Miles to Phil^a
 36 Miles to N. York

Quaker Meeting-house, near Princeton.

Near which Washington formed his troops before the battle.

The enemy had started at sunrise, and one regiment was already over the bridge when they saw the Americans. Colonel Mawhood at once recrossed the bridge, and both Americans and English made for some high commanding ground. The Americans reached the desired point first, and a sharp fight ensued. The American rifles did great execution, but without bayonets they could not stand a charge. Mercer was mortally wounded, and his men began to retreat. As Mawhood advanced

he came upon the main
marching rapidly to the

The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington forgetting, as he was too apt to do, his position, his importance, and everything but the fight, rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm.

Wavering ceased, the Americans advanced, the British halted, and then gave way. The Seventeenth Regiment was badly cut up, broken and dispersed. The other two fled into the distance, made a brief stand, gave way again, and were driven in rout to Brunswick.

Washington broke down the bridges and, leaving Cornwallis, who had discovered that he had been outgeneralled, to gaze at him from the other side of the Millstone and of Stony Brook, moved off to Somerset Court-house, where he stopped to rest his men, who had been marching and fighting for eighteen hours. It was too late to reach the magazines at Brunswick, but the work was done. The British suffered severely in the fighting of January 2d, although we have no figures of their losses. But on January 3d at Princeton they lost nearly four hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and their detachment at that point was shattered and dispersed. Cornwallis

gave up the plan of immediately crushing and destroying the American army, stopped his pursuit, withdrew all his men to Amboy and Brunswick, contracted his lines, and decided to allow the effacement of the American army wait until spring.

The Trenton and Princeton campaign was a very remarkable one, both from a military and a political point of view. Washington found himself, after a series

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treat, face to face with an enemy outnumbering him in the proportion of six to one. In little more than a week, in the dead of winter, with a dwindling army of raw troops shifting and changing under his hand through the pernicious system of short enlistments, he had assumed the offensive and won two decisive victories. He had struck his vastly superior foe twice with superior numbers on his own part at the point of contact, so that he made his victory, so far as was humanly possible, sure beforehand. With a beaten and defeated army operating against overwhelming odds, he had inflicted upon the enemy two severe defeats. No greater feat can

be performed in war than this. That which puts Hannibal at the head of all great commanders was that he won his astonishing victories under the same general conditions. There was one great military genius in Europe when Washington was fighting this short campaign in New Jersey—Frederick of Prussia. Looking over the accounts of the Trenton and Princeton battles, he is reported to have said that it was the greatest campaign of the century. The small numbers engaged did not blind the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen. He did not mean that the campaign was great from the number of men involved or the territory conquered, but great in its conception, and as an illustration of the highest skill in the art of war under the most adverse conditions. So, in truth, it was. Washington was, by nature, a great soldier, and after the manner of his race, he fought best when the tide of fortune seemed to set most strongly against him. He had complete mastery of the whole military situation, and knew exactly what he meant to do while his opponents were fumbling about without any idea, except that the Americans were beaten and that they must crush the audacious general who would not stay beaten. This perfect knowledge of all the conditions, including the capacity of the generals opposed to him, combined with celerity of movement and the power of inspiring his men, were the causes of Washington's success. And this is only saying in a roundabout way that Washington, when the pressure was hardest, possessed and displayed military genius of a high order.

But there was another side than the purely military one to this campaign, which showed that Washington was a statesman as well as a soldier. The greatest chiefs in war ought also to be great statesmen. Some few of them in the world's history have combined both state and war craft, but these are on the whole exceptions, and Washington was one of the exceptions. He not only saw with absolute clearness the whole military situation, and knew just what he meant to do and could do, but he understood the political situation at home and abroad as no one then understood it. During the eighteen months he had been in command, he had dealt with Congress and all the State govern-

ments and had gauged their strength and their weakness. He had struggled day after day with the defects of the army as then constituted. The difficulties to be met were known to him as to no one else. He had watched and studied popular feeling and was familiar with all its states and currents. He had seen the rush of the first uprising of the people, and had witnessed the power of this new force which had invaded Canada, seized Ticonderoga, and driven British armies and fleets from Boston and Charleston. But living as he did among difficulties and facing facts, he also knew that the first victorious rush was but a beginning, that a reaction was sure to come, and that the vital question was whether the war could be sustained through the period of reaction until the armed people could arise again, more soberly, less enthusiastically than before, but disciplined and with set purpose determined to win by hard, slow, strenuous fighting. The first rush passed. The inevitable defeats came in New York. The period of reaction set in deeper and more perilous perhaps than even Washington anticipated. If he closed his campaign in defeat and retreat, the popular spirit on which he relied would not probably have an opportunity to revive, and the American Revolution would never see another spring. After the retreat up the Hudson, the loss of New York, and the falling steadily back in New Jersey, Europe would conclude that the moment England really exerted herself, the rebellion had gone down before her arms, and all hopes of foreign aid and alliance would be at an end. Without a striking change in the course of the war, the cause of the American people was certainly lost abroad and probably ruined at home. This was the thought that nerved Washington to enter upon that desperate winter campaign. He must save the Revolution in the field, before the people, and in the cabinets of Europe. He must fight and win, no matter what the odds, and he did both.

The result shows how accurately he had judged the situation. After Trenton and Princeton the popular spirit revived, and the force of the armed people began to stir into a larger and stronger life. The watchers in Europe doubted now very

Nassau Hall, Princeton, Erected 1756.

Seized by the British in 1776, retaken by Americans at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. Here met, from June 26, 1783, to November 4, 1783, the Continental Congress, and here General Washington received the grateful acknowledgments of Congress for his services in establishing the independence of the United States.

seriously England's ability to conquer her colonists, and began to look on with an intense and selfish interest. The American people awoke suddenly to the fact that they had brought forth a great leader, and they turned to him as the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. The democratic movement destined to such a great future had passed from the first stage of victorious confidence to the depths of doubt and reaction, and now after Princeton and Trenton it began to mount again. Congress had given all power into the hands of Washington, and left the united colonies for the time being without civil government. Washington took up the

burden in his strong hands in the darkest hour, and bore it without flinching. All that was left of the American Revolution during that Christmas week was with Washington and his little army. How they fared in those wintry marches and sharp battles, in storm and ice and snow, chilled by the bitter cold, we know. The separation of the North American Colonies from the mother-country was probably inevitable. It would have come sooner or later, either in peace or war. But it is equally certain that the successful Revolution which actually made us independent, was saved from ruin by George Washington in the winter of 1776.



Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

The monk continued to gaze steadily at the blue waters.—Page 421.

THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

FIRST PART

THE private terrace of the hotel Grand Bretagne, at Tangier, was shaded by a great awning of red and green and yellow, and strewn with colored mats, and plants in pots, and wicker chairs. It reached out from the King's apartments into the Garden of Palms, and was hidden by them on two sides, and showed from the third the blue waters of the Mediterranean and the great shadow of Gibraltar in the distance.

The Sultan of Morocco had given orders from Fez that the King of Messina, in spite of his incognito, should be treated during his stay in Tangier with the consideration due to his rank, so one-half of the Hotel Grand Bretagne had been set aside for him and his suite, and two soldiers of the Bashaw's Guard sat outside of his door with drawn swords. They were answerable with their heads for the life and safety of the Sultan's guest, and as they could speak no language but their own, they made a visit to his Majesty more a matter of adventure than of etiquette.

Niccolas, the King's major-domo, stepped out upon the terrace and swept the Mediterranean with a field-glass for the third time since sunrise. He lowered it, and turned doubtfully toward the two soldiers.

"The boat from Gibraltar—has she arrived yet?" he asked.

The two ebony figures shook their heads stiffly, as though they resented this introduction of a foreign language, and continued to shake their heads as the servant addressed the same question to them in a succession of strange tongues.

"Well," said Colonel Erhaupt, briskly, as he followed Niccolas out upon the terrace, "has the boat arrived? And the launch from the yacht," he continued, "has it started for shore yet?"

The man pointed to where the yacht lay, a mile outside the harbor, and handed him the glass.

"It is but just now leaving the ship's side," he said. "But I cannot make out who comes in her. Ah, pardon," he added, quickly, as he pointed to a stout elderly gentleman who walked rapidly toward them through the garden. "The Gibraltar boat must be in, sir. Here is Baron Barrat coming up the path."

Colonel Erhaupt gave an exclamation of satisfaction, and waved his hand to the new-comer in welcome.

"Go tell his Majesty," he said to the servant.

The man hesitated and bowed. "His Majesty still sleeps."

"Wake him," commanded Erhaupt. "Tell him I said to do so. Well, Baron," he cried, gayly, as he stepped forward. "Welcome—or are you welcome?" he added, with an uneasy laugh.

"I should be. I have succeeded," the other replied, gruffly, as he brushed past him. "Where is the King?"

"He will be here in a moment. I have sent to wake him. And you have been successful? Good. I congratulate you. How far successful?"

The Baron threw himself into one of the wicker chairs, and clapped his hands impatiently for a servant. "Twelve thousand pounds in all," he replied. "That's more than he expected. It was like pulling teeth at first. I want some coffee at once," he said to the attendant, "and a bath. That boat reeked with Moors and cattle, and there was no wagon-lit on the train from Madrid. I sat up all night, and played cards with that young Cellini. Have Madame Zara and Kalonay returned? I see the yacht in the harbor. Did she succeed?"

"We do not know, the boat only arrived at daybreak. They are probably on the launch that is coming in now."

As Barrat sipped his coffee and munched his rolls with the silent energy of a hungry man, the Colonel turned and strode up and

down the terrace, pulling at his mustache and glancing sideways. When the Baron had lighted a cigarette and thrown himself back in his chair, Erhaupt halted and surveyed him in some anxiety.

"You have been gone over two weeks," he said.

"I should like to see you accomplish as much in as short a time," growled the other. "You know Paris. You know how hard it is to get people to be serious there. I had the devil's own time at first. You got my cablegram?"

"Yes; it wasn't encouraging."

"Well, I wasn't hopeful myself. They wouldn't believe a word of it at first. They said Louis hadn't shown such great love for his country or his people since his exile that they could feel any confidence in him, and that his conduct in the last six years did not warrant their joining any undertaking in which he was concerned. You can't blame them. They've backed him so many times already, and they've been bitten, and they're shy, naturally. But I swore he was repentant, that he saw the error of his ways, that he wanted to sit once more before he died on the throne of his ancestors, and that he felt it was due to his son that he should make an effort to get him back his birthright. It was the son won them. 'Exhibit A,' I call him. None of them would hear of it until I spoke of the Prince. So when I saw that, I told them he was a fine little chap, healthy and manly and brave, and devoted to his priest, and all that rot, and they began to listen. At first they wanted his Majesty to abdicate, and give the boy a clear road to the crown, but of course I hushed that up. I told them we were acting advisedly, that we had reason to know that the common people of Messina were sick of the republic, and wanted their king; that Louis loved the common people like a father; that he would re-establish the Church in all her power, and that Father Paul was working day and night for us, and that the Vatican was behind us. Then I dealt out decorations and a few titles, which Louis has made smell so confoundingly rank to Heaven that nobody would take them. It was like a game. I played one noble gentleman against another, and gave this one a portrait of the king one day, and the other a miniature of 'Exhibit A' the next,

and they grew jealous, and met together, and talked it over, and finally unlocked their pockets. They contributed about £9,000 between them. Then the enthusiasm spread to the women, and they gave me their jewels, and a lot of youngsters volunteered for the expedition, and six of them came on with me in the train last night. I won two thousand francs from that boy Cellini on the way down. They're all staying at the Continental. I promised them an audience this morning."

"Good," commented the Colonel, "good—£9,000. I suppose you took out your commission in advance?"

"I took out nothing," returned the other, angrily. "I brought it all with me, and I have a letter from each of them stating just what he or she subscribed toward the expedition—the Duke Dantiz so much; the Duke D'Orvay, 50,000 francs; the Countess Mattini, a diamond necklace. It is all quite regular. I played fair."

The Colonel had stopped in his walk, and had been peering eagerly down the leafy path through the garden. "Is that not Zara coming now?" he asked. "Look, your eyes are better than mine."

Barrat rose quickly and the two men walked forward, and bowed with the easy courtesy of old comrades to a tall fair girl who came hurriedly up the steps. The Countess Zara was a young woman, but one who had stood so long on guard against the world, that the strain had told, and her eyes were hard and untrusting, so that she looked much older than she really was. Her life was of two parts. There was little to be told of the first part; she was an English girl who had come from a manufacturing town to study art and live alone in Paris, where she had been too indolent to work, and too brilliant to remain long without companions eager for her society. Through them and the stories of her wit and her beauty, she had come to know the King of Messina, and with that meeting the second part of her life began; for she had found something so attractive, either in his title or in the cynical humor of the man himself, that for the last two years she had followed his fortunes, and Miss Muriel Winter, art student, had become the Countess Zara, and an uncrowned queen. She was beautiful, with great masses of yellow hair and wonderful

brown eyes. Her manner when she spoke seemed to show that she despised the world and those in it almost as thoroughly as she despised herself.

On the morning of her return from Messina, she wore a blue serge yachting suit with a golf cloak hanging from her shoulders, and as she crossed the terrace she pulled nervously at her gloves and held out her hand covered with jewels to each of the two men.

"I bring good news," she said, with an excited laugh. "Where is Louis?"

"I will tell his Majesty that you have come. You are most welcome," the Baron answered.

But as he turned to the door it opened from the inside and the King came toward them, shivering and blinking his eyes in the bright sunlight. It showed the wrinkles and creases around his mouth and the blue veins under the mottled skin, and the tiny lines at the corners of his little bloodshot eyes that marked the pace at which he had lived as truthfully as the rings on a tree-trunk tell of its quiet growth.

He caught up his long dressing-gown across his chest as though it were a mantle, and with a quick glance to see that there were no other witnesses to his *deshabille*, bent and kissed the woman's hand and taking it in his own stroked it gently.

"My dear Marie," he lisped, "it is like heaven to have you back with us again. We have felt your absence every hour. Pray be seated, and pardon my robe. I saw you through the blinds and could not wait. Tell us the glorious news. The Baron's good words I have already overheard, I listened to them with great entertainment while I was dressing. I hoped he would say something discourteous or foolish, but he was quite discreet until he told Erhaupt that he had kept back none of the money. Then I lost interest. Fiction is never so entertaining to me as the truth and real people. But tell us now of your mission and of all you did; and whether successful or not, be assured you are most welcome."

The Countess Zara smiled at him doubtfully and crossed her hands in her lap, glancing anxiously over her shoulder.

"I must be very brief, for Kalonay and

Father Paul are close behind me," she said. "They only stopped for a moment at the custom-house. Keep watch, Baron, and tell me when you see them coming."

Barrat moved his chair so that it faced the garden-path, the King crossed his legs comfortably and wrapped his padded dressing-robe closer around his slight figure, and Erhaupt stood leaning on the back of his chair with his eyes fixed on the fine, insolent beauty of the woman before them.

She nodded her head toward the soldiers who sat at the entrance to the terrace as silent and immovable as blind beggars before a mosque. "Do they understand?" she asked.

"No," the King assured her. "They understand nothing, but that they are to keep people away from me—and they do it very well. I wish I could import them to Paris to help Niccolò fight off creditors. Continue, we are most impatient."

"We left here last Sunday night, as you know," she said. "We passed Algiers the next morning and arrived off the island at mid-day, anchoring outside in the harbor. We flew the Royal Yacht Squadron's pennant, and an owner's private signal that we invented on the way down. They sent me ashore in a boat, and Kalonay and Father Paul continued on along the southern shore, where they have been making speeches in all the coast-towns and exciting the people in favor of the revolution. I heard of them often while I was at the capital, but not from them. The President sent a company of carbiniers to arrest them the very night they returned and smuggled me on board the yacht again. We put off as soon as I came over the side and sailed directly here.

"As soon as I landed on Tuesday I went to the Hôtel de Messina, and sent my card to the President. He is that man Palaccio, the hotel-keeper's son; the man you sent out of the country for writing pamphlets against the monarchy, and who lived in Sicily during his exile. He gave me an audience at once and I told my story. As he knew who I was I explained that I had quarrelled with you, and that I was now prepared to sell him the secrets of an expedition which you were fitting out with the object of re-establishing yourself on the throne. He wouldn't believe that there was any such expedition, and said it was

blackmail and threatened to give me to the police if I did not leave the island in twenty-four hours—he was exceedingly rude. So I showed him receipts for ammunition and rifles and Maxim guns, and copies of the oath of allegiance to the expedition, and papers of the yacht in which she was described as an armored cruiser, and he rapidly grew polite, even humble, and I made him apologize first, and then take me out to luncheon. That was the first day. The second day telegrams began to come in from the coast-towns, saying that the Prince Kalonay and Father Paul were preaching and exciting the people to rebellion, and travelling from town to town in a man-of-war. Then he was frightened. The Prince with his popularity in the south was alarming enough, but the Prince and Father Superior to help him seemed to mean the end of the Republic.

"I learned while I was down there that the people think the Father put some sort of a ban on everyone who had anything to do with driving the Dominican monks out of the island and with the destruction of the monasteries. I don't know whether he did or not, but they believe he did, which is the same thing, and that superstitious little beast, the President, certainly believed it; he attributed everything that had gone wrong on the island to that cause. Why, if a second cousin of the wife of a brother of one of the men who helped to fire a church, falls off his horse and breaks his leg, they say that he is under the curse of the Father Superior, and there are many who believe the Republic will never succeed until Paul returns and the Church is re-established. The Government seems to have kept itself well-informed about your Majesty's movements, and it has never felt any anxiety that you would attempt to return, and it did not fear the Church party because it knew that without you the priests could do nothing. But when Paul, whom the common people look upon as a living saint and martyr, returned hand in hand with your man Friday, they were in a panic and felt sure the end had come. So the President called a hasty meeting of his Cabinet. And such a Cabinet! I wish you could have seen them, Louis, with me in the centre playing on them like an advocate before a jury. They were the most dreadful men I ever

met, bourgeois and stupid and ugly to a degree. Two of them were commission-merchants, and one of them is old Dr. Gustavanni, who kept the chemist's shop in the Piazza Royale. They were quite silly with fear, and they begged me to tell them how they could avert the fall of the Republic and prevent your landing. And I said that it was entirely a question of money, that if we were paid sufficiently the expedition would not land and we would leave them in peace, but that——"

The King shifted his legs uneasily, and coughed behind his thin, pink fingers.

"That was rather indiscreet, was it not, Marie?" he murmured. "The idea was to make them think that I, at least, was sincere, was not that it? To make it appear that though there were traitors in his camp, the King was in most desperate earnest? If they believe that, you see, it will allow me to raise another expedition as soon as the money we get for this one is gone, but if you have let them know that I am the one who is selling out, you have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. They will never believe us when we cry wolf again——"

"You must let me finish," Zara interrupted. "I did not involve you in the least. I said that there were traitors in the camp of whom I was the envoy, and that if they would pay us 300,000 francs we would promise to allow the expedition only to leave the yacht. Their troops could then make a show of attacking our landing-party and we would raise the cry of 'treachery' and retreat to the boats. By this we would accomplish two things—we would satisfy those who had contributed funds toward the expedition that we had at least made an honest effort, and your Majesty would be discouraged by such treachery from ever attempting another attack. The money was to be paid two weeks later in Paris, to me or to whoever brings this ring that I wear. The plan we finally agreed upon is this: the yacht is to anchor off Basnai next Thursday night. At high tide, which is just about daybreak, we are to lower our boats and land our men on that long beach to the south of the breakwater. The troops of the Republic are to lie hidden in the rocks until our men have formed. Then they are to fire over their heads and we

are to retreat in great confusion, return to the yacht and sail away. Two weeks later they are to pay the money into my hands, or," she added with a smile, as she held up her fourth finger, "to whoever brings this ring. And I need not say that the ring will not leave my finger."

There was a moment's pause, as though the men were waiting to learn if she had more to tell, and then the King threw back his head and laughed softly. He saw Erhaupt's face above his shoulder, filled with the amazement and indignation of a man who as a duellist and as a soldier had shown a certain brute courage, and the King laughed again.

"What do you think of that, Colonel?" he cried, gayly. "They are a noble race, my late subjects."

"Bah," exclaimed the German. "I didn't know we were dealing with a Home for old women."

The Baron laughed comfortably. "It is like taking money from a blind beggar's hat," he said.

"Why, with two hundred men that I could pick up in London," Erhaupt declared, contemptuously, "I would guarantee to put you on the throne in a fortnight."

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed his Majesty. "So they surrendered as quickly as that, did they?" he asked, nodding toward Madame Zara to continue.

The Countess glanced again over her shoulder and bit her lips in some chagrin. Her eyes showed her disappointment. "It may seem an easy victory to you," she said, consciously, "but I doubt, knowing all the circumstances, if any of your Majesty's gentlemen could have served you as well. It needed a woman and——"

"It needed a beautiful woman," interrupted the King, quickly, in a tone that he would have used to a spoiled child. "It needed a woman of tact, a woman of courage, a woman among women—the Countess Zara. Do not imagine, Marie, that we undervalue your part. It is their lack of courage that distresses Colonel Erhaupt."

"One of them, it is true, did wish to fight," the Countess continued, with a smile. "A Frenchman named Renaud whom they have put in charge of the army. He scoffed at the whole expedition, but they told him that a foreigner could not understand as

they did the danger of the popularity of the Prince Kalonay who, by a speech or two among the shepherds and fishermen, could raise an army."

The King snapped his fingers impatiently.

"An army of brigands and smugglers!" he exclaimed. "That for his popularity!" But he instantly raised his hands as though in protest at his own warmth of speech and in apology for his outbreak.

"His zeal will ruin us in time. He is deucedly in the way," he continued, in his usual tone of easy cynicism. "We should have let him into our plans from the first, and then if he chose to take no part in them we would at least have had a free hand. As it is now, we have three different people to deceive; this Cabinet of shopkeepers, which seems easy enough; Father Paul and his fanatics of the Church party, and this apostle of the divine right of kings, Kalonay. And he and the good Father are not fools——"

At these words Madame Zara glanced again toward the garden, and this time with such evident uneasiness in her face that Barrat eyed her with quick suspicion.

"What is it?" he asked, sharply. "There is something you have not told us."

The woman looked at the King, and he nodded his head as though in assent. "I had to tell them who else was in the plot besides myself," she said, speaking rapidly. "I had to give them the name of some man who they knew would be able to do what I have promised we could do—who could put a stop to the revolution. The name I gave was his—Kalonay's."

Barrat threw himself forward in his chair.

"Kalonay's?" he cried, incredulously.

"Kalonay's?" echoed Erhaupt. "What madness, Madame. Why name the only one who is sincere?"

"She will explain," said the King, in an uneasy voice; "let her explain. She has acted according to my orders and for the best, but I confess I——"

"Someone had to be sacrificed," returned the woman, boldly, "and why not he? Indeed if we wish to save ourselves, there is every reason that it should be he. You know how mad he is for the King's return, how he himself wishes to get back to the island and to his old position there. Why, God only knows, but it is so. What

pleasure he finds in a land of mists and fogs, in a ruined castle with poachers and smuggling fishermen for companions, I cannot comprehend. But the fact remains, he always speaks of it as home and he wishes to return. And now, suppose he learns the truth, as he may at any moment, and discovers that the whole expedition for which he is staking his soul and life is a trick, a farce? That we use it only as a bait to draw money from the old nobility, and to frighten the Republic into paying us to leave them in peace? How do we know what he might not do? He may tell the whole of Europe. He may turn on you and expose you, and then what have we left? It is your last chance. It is our last chance. We have tried everything else and we cannot show ourselves in Europe, at least not without money in our hands. But by naming Kalonay I have managed it so that we have only to show the written agreement I have made with the Republic and he is silenced. In it they have promised to pay the Prince Kalonay, naming him in full, 300,000 francs if the expedition is withdrawn. That agreement is in my hands, and that is our answer to whatever he may think or say. Our word is as good as his, or as bad; we are all of the same party as far as Europe cares, and it becomes a falling out among thieves, and we are equal."

Baron Barrat leaned forward and marked each word with a movement of his hand.

"Do I understand you to say," he asked, "that you have a paper signed by the Republic agreeing to pay 300,000 francs to Kalonay? Then how are we to get it?" he demanded, incredulously. "From him?"

"It is made payable to him," continued the woman, "or to whoever brings this ring I wear to the banking-house of the Schlevingens two weeks after the expedition has left the island. I explained that clause to them by saying that Kalonay and I were working together against the King, and as he might be suspicious if we were both to leave him so soon after the failure of the expedition we would be satisfied if they gave the money to whichever one first presented the ring. Suppose I had said," she went on, turning to the King, "that it was either Barrat or the Colonel here who had turned traitor. They

know the Baron of old, when he was Chamberlain and ran your roulette wheel at the palace. They know he is not the man to turn back an expedition. And the Colonel, if he will pardon me, has sold his services so often to one side or another that it would have been difficult to make them believe that this time he is sincere. But Kalonay, the man they fear most next to your Majesty, to have him turn traitor, why—that was a master-stroke. Even those boors, stupid as they are, saw that. When they made out the agreement they put down all his titles, and laughed as they wrote them in. "Prince Judas" they called him, and they were in ecstasies at the idea of the aristocrat suing for blood-money against his sovereign, of the man they feared showing himself to be only a common black-mailer. It delighted them to find a prince royal sunk lower than themselves, this man who has treated them like curs—like the curs they are," she broke out suddenly—"like the curs they are!"

She rose and laughed uneasily as though at her own vehemence.

"I am tired," she said, avoiding the King's eyes, "the trip has tired me. If you will excuse me, I will go to my rooms—through your hall-way, if I may."

"Most certainly," said the King. "I trust you will be rested by dinner-time. Au revoir, my fair ambassadrice."

The woman nodded and smiled back at him brightly, and Louis continued to look after her as she disappeared down the corridor. He rubbed the back of his fingers across his lips, and thoughtfully examined his finger-nails.

"I wonder," he said, after a pause, looking up at Barrat. The Baron raised his eyebrows with a glance of polite interrogation.

"I wonder if Kalonay dared to make love to her on the way down."

The Baron's face became as expressionless as a death-mask, and he shrugged his shoulders in protest.

"—Or, did she make love to Kalonay?" the King insisted, laughing gently. "I wonder now. I do not care to know, but I wonder."

According to tradition the Kalonay family was an older one than that of the House of Artois, and its name had always been the one next in importance to that of

the reigning house. The history of Messina showed that different members of the Kalonay family had fought and died for different kings of Artois, and had enjoyed their favor and shared their reverses with equal dignity, and that they had stood like a rampart when the kingdom was invaded by the levelling doctrines of Republicanism and equality. And though the Kalonays were men of stouter stuff than their cousins of Artois, they had never tried to usurp their place, but had set an example to the humblest shepherd of unflinching loyalty and good-will to the King and his lady. The Prince Kalonay who had accompanied the Dominican Monk to Messina was the last of his race, and when Louis IV. had been driven off the island, he had followed his sovereign into exile as a matter of course, and with his customary good-humor. His estates, in consequence of this step, had been taken up by the Republic, and Kalonay had accepted the loss philosophically as the price one pays for loving a king. He found exile easy to bear in Paris, and especially so as he had never relinquished the idea that some day the King would return to his own again. So firmly did he believe in this, and so keenly was his heart set upon it, that Louis had never dared to let him know that for himself exile in Paris and the Riviera was vastly to be preferred to authority over a rocky island hung with fogs, and inhabited by dull merchants and fierce banditti.

The conduct of the King during their residence in Paris would have tried the loyalty of one less gay and careless than Kalonay, for he was a sorry monarch, and if the principle that "the King can do no wrong" had not been bred in the young Prince's mind, he would have deserted his sovereign in the early days of their exile. But as it was, he made excuses for him to others and to himself, and served the King's idle purposes so well that he gained for himself the name of the King's Jackal, and there were some who regarded him as little better than the King's confidential blackguard, and man Friday, the weakest if the most charming of his Court of Adventurers.

At the first hint which the King gave of his desire to place himself again in power, Kalonay had ceased to be his Jackal and would have issued forth as a commander-

in-chief, had the King permitted him, but it was not to Louis's purpose that the Prince should know the real object of the expedition; so he assigned its preparation to Erhaupt, and dispatched Kalonay to the south of the island. At the same time Madame Zara had been sent to the north of the island, ostensibly to sound the sentiment of the old nobility, but in reality to make capital out of the presence there of Kalonay and Father Paul.

The King rose hurriedly when the slim figure of the Prince, and the broad shoulders and tanned head of the monk appeared at the farthest end of the garden-walk.

"They are coming," he cried, with a guilty chuckle; "so I shall run away and finish dressing. I leave you to receive the first shock of Kalonay's enthusiasm alone. I confess he bores me. Remember, the story Madame Zara told them in the yacht is the one she told us this morning, that none of the old royalists at the capital would promise us any assistance. Be careful now, and play your parts prettily. We are all terribly in earnest."

Kalonay's enthusiasm had not spent itself entirely before the King returned. He had still a number of amusing stories to tell, and he reviewed the adventures of the monk and himself with such vivacity and humor that the King nodded his head in delight, and even the priest smiled indulgently at the recollection.

Kalonay had seated himself on one of the tables, with his feet on a chair and with a cigarette burning between his fingers. He was a handsome, dark young man of thirty, with the impulsive manner of a boy. Dissipation had left no trace on his face, and his eyes were as innocent of evil and as beautiful as a girl's, and as eloquent as his tongue. "May the Maria Santissima pity the girls they look upon," his old Spanish nurse used to say of them. But Kalonay had shown pity for everyone save himself. His training at an English public school, and later as a soldier in the École Polytechnique at Paris, had saved him from a too early fall, and men liked him instinctively, and the women much too well.

"It was good to be back there again," he cried, with a happy sigh. "It was

good to see the clouds following each other across the old mountains and throwing black shadows on the campagna, and to hear the people's patois and to taste Mes-sinian wine again and to know it was from your own hillside. All our old keepers came down to the coast to meet us, and told me about the stag-hunt the week before, and who was married, and who was in jail, and who had been hung for shooting a customs officer, and they promised fine deer stalking if I get back before the snow leaves the ridges, for they say the deer have not been hunted and are running wild." He stopped and laughed. "I forgot," he said, "your Majesty does not care for the rude pleasures of my half of the island." Kalonay threw away his cigarette, clasping his hands before him with a sudden change of manner.

"But seriously," he cried, "as I have been telling them—I wish your Majesty could have heard the offers they made us, and could have seen the tears running down their faces when we assured them that you would return. I wished a thousand times that we had brought you with us. With you at our head we can sweep the island from one end to the other. We will gather strength and force as we go, as a landslide grows, and when we reach the capital we will strike it like a human avalanche.

"And I wish you could have heard him speak," Kalonay cried, his enthusiasm rising as he turned and pointed with his hand at the priest. "There is the leader! He made my blood turn hot with his speeches, and when he had finished, I used to find myself standing on my tiptoes and shouting with the rest. Without him I could have done nothing. They knew me too well, but the laziest rascals in the village came to welcome him again, and the women and men wept before him and brought their children to be blessed, and fell on their knees and kissed his sandals. It was like the stories they tell you when you are a child. He made us sob with regret and he filled us with fresh resolves. Oh, it is very well for you to smile, you old cynics," he cried, smiling at his own fervor, "but I tell you, I have lived since I saw you last!"

The priest stood silent with his hands hidden inside his great sleeves, and his head

rising erect and rigid from his cowl. The eyes of the men were turned upon him curiously, and he glanced from one to the other, as though mistrusting their sympathy.

"It was not me—it was the Church they came to welcome. The fools," he cried, bitterly, "they thought they could destroy the faith of the people by banishing the servants of the Church. As soon as a mother's love for her children by putting an ocean between them. For six years those peasants have been true. I left them faithful, I returned to find them faithful. And now——" he concluded, looking steadily at the King as though to hold him to account, "and now they are to have their reward."

The King bowed his head gravely in assent. "They are to have their reward," he repeated. He rose and with a wave of his hand invited the priest to follow him, and they walked together to the other end of the terrace. When they were out of hearing of the others the King seated himself, and the priest halted beside his chair.

"I wish to speak with you, Father," Louis said, "concerning this young American girl, Miss Carson, who has promised to help us—to help you—with her money. Has she said yet how much she means to give us," asked the King, "and when she means to let us have it? It is a delicate matter and I do not wish to urge the lady, but we are really greatly in need of money. Baron Barrat, who arrived from Paris this morning, brings back no substantial aid, although the sympathy of the old nobility, he assures me, is with us. Sympathy, however, does not purchase Maxim guns, nor pay for rations, and Madame Zara's visit to the capital was, as you know, even less successful."

"Your Majesty has seen Miss Carson, then?" the priest asked.

"Yes, her mother and she have been staying at the Continental ever since they followed you here from Paris, and I have seen her once or twice during your absence. The young lady seems an earnest daughter of our faith, and she is deeply in sympathy with our effort to re-establish your order and the influence of the Church upon the island. I have explained to her that the only way in which the Church can regain her footing there is through my return to the throne, and Miss Carson has

hinted that she is willing to make even a larger contribution than the one she first mentioned. If she means to do this, it would be well if she did it at once."

"Perhaps I have misunderstood her," said the priest, after a moment's consideration, "but I thought the sum she meant to contribute was to be given only after the monarchy has been formally established, and that she wished whatever she gave to be used exclusively in rebuilding the churches and the monastery. I do not grudge it to your Majesty's purpose, but so I understood her."

"Ah, that is quite possible," returned Louis, easily; "it may be that she did so intend at first, but since I have talked with her she has shown a willing disposition to aid us not only later, but now. My success means your success," he continued, smiling pleasantly as he rose to his feet, "so I trust you will urge her to be prompt. She seems to have unlimited resources in her own right. Do you happen to know from whence her money comes?"

"Her mother told me," said the priest, "that Mr. Carson before his death owned mines and railroads. They live in California, near the Mission of Saint Francis. I have written concerning them to the Father Superior there, and he tells me that Mr. Carson died a very rich man, and that he was a generous servant of the Church. His daughter has but just inherited her father's fortune, and her one idea of using it is to give it to the Church, as he would have done."

The priest paused and seemed to consider what the King had just told him. "I will speak with her," he said, "and ask her aid as fully as she can give it. May I inquire how far your Majesty has taken her into our plans?"

"Miss Carson is fully informed," the King replied, briefly. "And if you wish to speak with her you can see her now; she and her mother are coming to breakfast with me to hear the account of your visit to the island. You can speak with her then—and Father," the King added, lowering his eyes and fingering the loose sleeve of the priest's robe, "it would be

well, I think, to have this presentation of the young nobles immediately after the luncheon, while Miss Carson is still present. We might even make a little ceremony of it, and so show her that she is fully in our confidence—that she is one of our most valued supporters. It might perhaps quicken her interest in the cause."

"I see no reason why that should not be," said the priest thoughtfully, turning his eyes to the sea below them. "Madame Zara," he added, without moving his eyes, "will not be present."

The King straightened himself slightly, and for a brief moment of time looked at the priest in silence, but the monk continued to gaze steadily at the blue waters.

"Madame Zara will not be present," the King repeated, coldly.

"There are a few fishermen and mountaineers, your Majesty," the priest continued, turning an unconscious countenance to the King, "who came back with us from the island. They come as a deputation to inform your Majesty of the welcome that waits you, and I have promised them an audience. If you will pardon me I would suggest that you receive these honest people at the same time with the others, and that his Highness, the Crown Prince, be also present, and that he receive them with you. Their anxiety to see him is only second to their desire to speak to your Majesty. You will find some of your most loyal subjects among these men. Their forefathers have been faithful to your house and to the Church for many generations."

"Excellent," said the King, "I shall receive them immediately after the deputation from Paris. Consult with Baron Bar-rat and Kalonay, please, about the details. I wish either Kalonay or yourself to make the presentation. I see Miss Carson and her mother coming. After luncheon, then, at say three o'clock—will that be satisfactory?"

"As your Majesty pleases," the priest answered, and with a bow he strode across the terrace to where Kalonay stood watching them.

(To be continued.)

THE TOILING OF FELIX

A LEGEND ON A NEW SAYING OF THE CHRIST

(DEDICATED IN FRIENDSHIP TO WALTER A. WYCKOFF)

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

PRELUDE

HEAR a word that Jesus spake,
Eighteen centuries ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake :
There the bread of life He brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With His lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary hearts in time of need.
Art thou hungry ? Come and take ;
Hear the word that Jesus spake :
'Tis the sacrament of labor ; meat and drink divinely blest ;
Friendship's food, and sweet refreshment ; strength and courage, joy and rest.

Hear this word the Master said,
Long ago and far away—
Lost in silence many a day,
Buried with the silent dead,
Where the sands of Egypt spread,
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping ;
While the River Nile between
Rolls its summer flood of green,
Rolls its autumn flood of red—
There the word the Master said,
Written on a frail papyrus, scorched by fire, wrinkled, torn,
Hidden in God's hand, was waiting for its resurrection morn.

Hear the Master's risen word !
Delving spades have set it free.
Wake ! the world has need of thee.
Rise, and let thy voice be heard,
Like a fountain disinterred,
Upward springing, singing, sparkling
Through the doubtful shadows darkling ;
Till the clouds of pain and rage
Brooding o'er the toiling age,

As with rifts of light are stirred
 By the music of the word;
 Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the laborer's cry;
"Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and there am I."

LEGEND

LISTEN, ye who look for Jesus, long to see Him close to you,
 To a legend of this saying; how one tried, and found it true.

Born in Egypt, 'neath the shadow of the crumbling gods of night,
 He forsook the ancient darkness, turned his young heart toward the Light.

Felix was the name they gave him, when his faith was first confessed;
 But the name was unavailing, for his life was yet unblest.

Seeking Christ, in vain he waited for the vision of the Lord;
 Vainly pondered all the volumes where the creeds of men were stored;

Vainly shut himself in silence, keeping vigil night and day;
 Vainly haunted shrines and churches where the Christians came to pray.

One by one he dropped the duties of the common life of care;
 Broke the human ties that bound him; laid his spirit waste and bare;

Hoping that the Lord would enter to that empty dwelling-place,
 And reward the loss of all things with the vision of His face.

Still the blessed vision tarried; still the light was unrevealed;
 Still the Master, dim and distant, kept His countenance concealed.

In the darkness of the temple, ere the lamp of faith went out,
 Felix knelt before the altar—wearied, sad, and full of doubt.

"Hear me, O Thou mighty Master," from the altar-step he cried,
 "Let my one desire be granted, let my hope be satisfied!"

"Only once I long to see Thee, in the fulness of Thy grace:
 Break the clouds that now enfold Thee, with the sunrise of Thy face!"

"All that men desire and treasure have I counted loss for Thee;
 Every task have I forsaken, save this one—my Lord to see.

"All Thine other gifts and blessings, common mercies, I disown;
 Separated from my brothers, I would see Thy face alone.

"Let them toil and pray together, let them win earth's best reward,
 This shall be my only glory—I alone have seen the Lord.

The Toiling of Felix

" I have watched and I have waited as one watcheth for the morn :
Still Thou hidest in the heavens, still Thou leavest me forlorn.

" Now I seek Thee in the desert, where the holy hermits dwell ;
There, beside the saint Serapion, I will find a lonely cell.

" There at last Thou wilt be gracious ; there Thy presence, long-concealed,
In the solitude and silence to my heart shall stand revealed.

" Lo, Thy pilgrim kneels before Thee ; bless my journey with a word ;
Tell me now that, if I follow, I shall find Thee, O my Lord !"

Felix listened : through the darkness, like the whispering of the wind,
Came a secret voice in answer : " Seek aright, and thou shalt find."

Long and toilsome was his pathway through the heavy land of heat ;
Egypt's blazing sun above him, blistering sands beneath his feet.

Still he plodded slowly onward, step by step and mile by mile,
Till he reached the rugged mountain, beetling high above the Nile,

Where the birds of air assemble, once a year, their noisy flocks,
Then, departing, leave their sentinel perched among the barren rocks.

Far away, on wings of gladness, over land and sea they fly ;
But the watcher on the summit lonely stands against the sky.

There the eremite Serapion in a cave had made his bed ;
There the bands of wandering pilgrims sought his blessing, brought him bread.

Month by month, in deep seclusion, hidden in the rocky cleft,
Dwelt the hermit, fasting, praying ; once a year the cave he left.

On that day, one happy pilgrim, chosen out of all the land,
Won a special sign of favor from the holy hermit's hand.

Underneath the narrow window, at the doorway closely sealed,
While the afterglow of sunset deepened round him, Felix kneeled.

" Man of God, of men most holy—thou whose gifts cannot be priced !—
Grant me thy most precious guerdon ; tell me how to find the Christ."

Breathless, Felix bowed and listened, but no answering voice he heard ;
Darkness folded, dumb and deathlike, round the Mountain of the Bird.

Then he said, " The saint is silent—he would teach my soul to wait ;
I will tarry here in patience, like a beggar at his gate."

There the wandering pilgrims found him, watching still without complaint ;
Soon they came to call him holy, fed him as they fed the saint.

Day by day he saw the sunrise flood the distant plain with gold,
While the River Nile beneath him, silvery coiling, seaward rolled.

Night by night he saw the planets range their glittering court on high,
Saw the moon, with regal footsteps, climb her throne and sway the sky.

Morn advanced and midnight fled, in visionary pomp attired ;
Never morn and never midnight brought the vision long desired.

Now at last the day is dawning when Serapion makes his gift ;
Felix kneels before the threshold, hardly dares his eyes to lift.

Now the cavern-door uncloses, now the saint above him stands,
Blesses him without a word, and leaves a token in his hands.

'Tis the guerdon of thy waiting—look ! thou happy pilgrim, look !—
Nothing but a tattered fragment of an old papyrus book.

Read ! perchance the clue to guide thee, tangled in the words may lie :
" Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me ; cleave the wood, and there am I."

Can it be the mighty Master spake such simple words as these ?
Can it be that men must seek Him, at their toil, 'mid rocks and trees ?

Disappointed, heavy-hearted, from the Mountain of the Bird
Felix mournfully descended, questioning the Master's word

Not for him a sacred dwelling far above the haunts of men :
He must turn his footsteps backward to the common life again.

From a quarry by the river, hollowed out below the hills,
Rose the clattering voice of labor, clanking hammers, clinking drills.

Dust, and noise, and hot confusion made a Babel of the spot :
There, among the lowliest workers, Felix sought and found his lot.

Now he swung the ponderous mallet, smote the iron in the rock—
Muscles quivering, tingling, throbbing—blow on blow and shock on shock ;

Now he drove the willow wedges, wet them till they swelled and split,
With their silent strength, the fragment—sent it thundering down the pit.

Now the groaning tackle raised it ; now the rollers made it slide ;
Harnessed men, like beasts of burden, drew it to the river-side.

The Toiling of Felix

Now the palm-trees must be riven, massive timbers hewn and dressed—
Rafts to bear the stones in safety on the rushing river's breast.

Axe and auger, saw and chisel, wrought the will of man in wood :
'Mid the many-handed labor Felix toiled, and found it good.

Every day the blood ran fleeter through his limbs and round his heart ;
Every night his sleep was sweeter, knowing he had done his part.

Dreams of solitary saintship faded from him ; but, instead,
Came a sense of daily comfort, in the toil for daily bread.

Far away, across the river, gleamed the white walls of the town
Whither all the stones and timbers, day by day, were drifted down.

Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes, and towers,
Felix cried, in exultation : " All the mighty work is ours."

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm-grove, every raftsmen at the oar—

Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,

March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare :
Honest toil is holy service ; faithful work is praise and prayer.

So through all the heat and burden Felix felt the sense of rest
Flowing softly, like a fountain, deep within his panting breast ;

Felt the brotherhood of labor, rising round him like the tide,
Overflow his heart, and join him to the workers at his side.

Oft he cheered them with his singing at the breaking of the light,
Told them tales of Christ at nooning, taught them words of prayer at night.

And he felt the Master's presence drawing closer all the while :
Though the Master's face was hidden, yet he knew it wore a smile.

Once he bent above a comrade fainting in the mid-day heat,
Sheltered him with woven palm-leaves, gave him water, cool and sweet.

Then it seemed, for one swift moment, secret radiance filled the place ;
Underneath the green palm-branches flashed a look from Jesus' face.

Once again, a raftsmen, slipping, plunged beneath the stream and sank ;
Swiftly Felix leaped to rescue—caught him, drew him toward the bank ;

Battling with the cruel river, using all his strength to save—
Did he dream?—or was there One beside him walking on the wave?

Now at last the work was ended; grove deserted, quarry stilled,
Felix journeyed to the city that his hands had helped to build.

In the darkness of the temple, at the closing hour of day,
Once again he sought the altar, once again he knelt to pray:

“Hear me, O Thou hidden Master; Thou hast sent a word to me;
It is written—Thy commandment. I have kept it. Look and see.

“Thou hast bid me leave the visions of the solitary life;
Bear my part in human labor; take my share in human strife.

“I have done Thy bidding, Master; raised the rock and felled the tree;
Swung the axe and plied the hammer, working every day for Thee.

“Once it seemed I saw Thy presence through the bending palm-leaves gleam;
Once upon the flowing water—Nay, I know not—’twas a dream!

“This I know: Thou hast been near me: more than this I dare not ask.
Though I see Thee not, I love Thee. Let me do Thy humblest task!”

Through the dimness of the temple slowly dawned a mystic light;
There the Master stood in glory, manifest to mortal sight:

Hands that bore the mark of labor, brow that bore the print of care;
Hands of power, divinely tender; brow of light, divinely fair.

“Hearken, good and faithful servant, true disciple, loyal friend!
Thou hast followed Me and found Me; I will keep thee to the end.

“Well I know thy toil and trouble. Often weary, fainting, worn,
I have lived the life of labor, heavy burdens I have borne.

“Never in a costly palace did I rest on golden bed,
Never in a hermit’s cavern have I eaten idle bread.

“Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round Me stood,
Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled, and found it good.

“They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

“Where the many toil together, there am I among My own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone.

The Toiling of Felix

"I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life.

"Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to man, is done to Me.

"Thou hast learned the peaceful secret; thou hast come to Me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labor, thou art, Felix, doubly blest.

"Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there."

ENVOY

THE legend of Felix is ended, the toiling of Felix is done;
The Master has paid him his wages, the goal of his journey is won;
He rests, but he never is idle; a thousand years pass like a day
In the glad surprise of that Paradise, where work is sweeter than play.

But I think the King of that country comes down from His tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it the most;
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead:
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts His hand to their burdens, He enters their homes at night:
Who does his best, shall have as a guest, the Master of life and of light.

And courage will come with His presence, and patience return at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love Him much;
And the cries of envy and anger will change to the songs of cheer,
For the toiling age will forget its rage, when the Prince of Peace draws near.

This is the gospel of labor! ring it, ye bells of the kirk:
The Lord of Love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

II—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED (CONTINUED)

No. — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO,
Saturday, December 19, 1891.



WHEN life is lived in its simplest terms, one is brought to marvellous intimacy with vital processes. And through this intimacy no disclosure is more wonderful than that of nature's quick response. Exhausted by hard labor, until your muscles quiver in impotent loss of energy, you sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to the play of a physical revival wherein you are renewed by the mystery of intussusception, and your responsive mood quickens to the tension of the involution whence life's energies flow new and fresh again. Another hour may bring as great a change, and the full tide of your rising spirits may set swiftly back. It is as though you were a little child once more, and your moods obedient to little things.

When living is a daily struggle with the problems of what you shall eat and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed, you take no anxious thought for the morrow, quite content to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself, for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Your heart will leap with hope at any brightening of your lot, and will sink in deep despair when the way grows dark. The road of your salvation is by the strait gate and the narrow way of courage and persistent effort and provident foresight, and whence are these to come to you whose courage is born of warmth and a square meal, and whose despair comes with returning hunger? A world all bright with hope can be had on the terms of heat and food, and the sense of these can be induced for a nickel in a "barrel-house."

When Clark and I awakened in the early morning, after our first night in the

station, the dull gray dawn was dimming the gas, and in the lurid light we could see a writhing movement in the prostrate, coiling mass of reeking humanity about us. We had lost the feeling of hunger, but a feverish thirst was burning to the roots of our tongues. We could scarcely move for the pain of sore and stiffened muscles, and I thought at first that my right leg was paralyzed from the night-watchman's kick. Only a few hours before we had entered the station-house from the streets in eager willingness for any escape from their cold exposure, and now with intensified desire we longed for the outer air at any cost of hardship.

But we were not free to go out at once. The officer on duty brusquely ordered us back among the men when we approached him with a request to be allowed to leave. We were greeted with a burst of mocking glee as we walked back to our places, and among the comments was a call to me: "What have you pinched, whiskers?"

The reason for the delay was soon apparent, for in a few moments we were all marched down the main corridor and into the passage which opened nearest to the registrar's desk. There we waited, closely huddled, the iron door locked upon us, while an examination was made as to whether any of the prisoners had been robbed. When all was reported right, the door was unlocked and we were allowed to file slowly out past the entrance of the kitchen. There stood the cook with an assistant, and he gave to each man as he passed a bowl of steaming coffee and a piece of bread. We drank the coffee at a gulp, and each man was eating bread with wolfish bites as he climbed the steps and walked out into the street.

Every succeeding breath in the outer air seemed to carry its cleansing coolness farther down into our lungs. It was like the

feeling of cold water to a parched throat. The sky was overcast, but the storm had ceased, and the temperature had fallen to several degrees of frost, and this gave a freshness and vigor to the air which brightened the world for us amazingly.

We could walk dry-shod in the measure that we could walk at all. Clark was rather stiff at the start, and I could make scarcely any progress alone, but Clark generously lent me a shoulder, and his arm was frequently around me at the street crossings. All this was most naturally done. The thought of deserting me because I had gone lame seemed never to occur to him. He must have known that his own good

chances were seriously lessened by his having me upon his hands, but he accepted this as though it were inevitable. There was no mawkish sympathy in his manner; he was in for practical helpfulness only, and now and again he would withdraw his support, and, standing off, would watch me execute his command: "Now take a brace, partner, and let's see you go it alone."

At Van Buren Street we turned to the Rock Island Railway station, and in the waiting-room we quenched our thirst as best we could at the drinking-fountain. Many of the men had taken the direction of South Clark Street. I asked Clark why.

"Now take a brace, partner, and let's see you go it alone."

Here we knelt among the broken fragments of ice and bathed our faces and hands.

"There's barrel-houses down there," he explained.

The word had come upon me repeatedly in the last day, with only a dim suggestion of its meaning, and so I owned to my ignorance.

"A barrel-house?" said Clark. "That's a dive where they keep cheap whiskey on tap; you can get a pint for a nickel. It's about the size of the whiskey you want for the thirst you get in a station-house, I'm thinking," he added. And then more to himself than to me: "I'm damned if I don't wish I had some now to wash that air out of my mouth."

His face was very wry, and there was returning to it the expression of hopelessness which it had worn while we crouched for shelter in the doorway on the night before. It cut you to the quick. His light-blue eyes, which had drawn me from the first by the honest directness of their gaze, now began to lose that human, speaking

quality and to take on the dumb, beseeching look of a hunted beast.

The bread and coffee and clean air had revived us both. I dreaded a swift relapse, and so I urged a wash, in the hope of its bracing effect. But where could we achieve this simple need? Certainly not in the wash-room of the station, for we had trespassed dangerously far in drinking at the fountain, and the eye of more than one employee was already upon us. There was no hotel into whose public lavatory we could pass unchallenged, and not so much upon Clark's account as upon mine. There remained the open lake; so we walked up Van Buren Street and across the Lake Park and the railway tracks to the edge of the outer harbor. Here we knelt among the broken fragments of ice and bathed our faces and hands. It was vigorous exercise to rub them dry before they chapped in the winter wind. It warmed us, and the feeling of relative cleanness was enhearten-

"Out you go, now!"—Page 437.

ing. And then I sat down and dipped up water in one hand, and applied it until I had a cold saturated cushion against the bruise on my leg. This wrought wonderful relief until the wet cloth froze, and then it chafed the bruise badly for a time.

But I could walk alone and fairly well now. We turned up Michigan Avenue and followed it to the river, discussing, as we went, a plan of action. Clark was for going at once to the far North Side in search of employment at various iron works and foundries there, of whose existence he had learned. I longed for the means of early relief from the reviving pangs of hunger through some chance job which I hoped

that we might obtain. This was a new idea to Clark. He was a raw recruit in the army of the unemployed. That he might look for other work than that which was in the line of his trade had not yet presented itself to him as a possibility. He shrank from it with the instinctive dislike of a conservative for a new way. And all our early essays confirmed him in his aversion. We went from door to door of the great wholesale business houses at the head of Michigan Avenue. Large delivery trucks stood lined up along the curb on both sides, and there was the bustle across the pavement of much loading and unloading of wares. Workmen in leather aprons were handling

"We'll feed, partner, we'll feed!"—Page 437.

packed boxes with the swiftness and dexterity of long practice. At half a score of houses we sought out an overseer or a superintendent and asked to be set to work; but, without a moment's hesitation in a single case, we were told, with varying degrees of emphasis, that we were not needed, not even for some chance, exceptional demand.

It is difficult to describe the discouragement which results from such an experience. All about you is the tumultuous industry of a great city. You feel something of the splendid power of its ceaseless productivity; you guess at its vast consuming; and in the din of its noisy traffic you watch the swift shuttles which weave the varied fabric of its business. Its complexities and interdependencies bear down upon you

with an inspiring sense of the volume of human life spent in ministering to life. Its multitudes throng you upon the streets, and you read in countless faces the story of unending struggle to keep abreast with pressing duty. Work? Everywhere about you there is work, stupendous, appalling, cumulative in its volume and intensity with the increasing momentum of a world-wide trade, which is driven by the natural forces of demand and supply and keenest competition. Men everywhere are staggering under burdens too grievous to be borne. And here are you idle, yet counting it the greatest boon if you might but add your strength to the mighty struggle.

Is there then no demand for labor? There is most importunate, insatiable demand for all work of finer skilfulness, for

all men who can assume responsibility and give new efficiency to productive forces, or direct them into channels for the development of new wealth. But in the presence of this demand Clark and I stood asking hire for the potential physical energies of two hungry human bodies, and, standing so, we were but two units in a like multitude of unemployed.

walked west until we had crossed State and had come to the corner of Dearborn Street. Walking became increasingly difficult, for the pavements were piled high with boxes and barrels and crates full of all manner of fruits and vegetables, and wooden coops packed with live game and poultry. A narrow passage remained between the piles. Through this we picked our way, carefully

"Wake up, my man, wake up!"—Page 439.

When we reached the river I had difficulty in dissuading Clark from his confirmed resolve to pass on to the North Side in pursuit of his earlier plan. He had no thought of leaving me behind. He urged that a chance job was as probable along his route as any other. But he consented at last to another hour of search in the immediate vicinity.

We were in South Water Street; we

avoiding empty boxes and hand-trucks and stray measures that lay strewn about. On each side of the street buildings of brick or stone, fairly uniform in height, rose four-storied and many windowed, with the monotony of their straight lines relieved by the curves of arched windows, each bearing a protruding keystone. Over the wide fronts of the shops sagged awnings in various stages of faded color and unrepair, their

She drew back and looked at me perplexed. -Page 441.

iron frames lying uncovered and unsightly against the fluted canvas. Along both curbs were backed continuous rows of drays and trucks and market-wagons. The lines of horses stood blanketed in the cold, facing each other across a narrow opening down the stone-paved street, and more than anything else they resembled lines of picketed cavalry.

We soon felt the friction of the crowd as it steered its devious course along the littered pavement, brushing against groups of purchasers who stood examining sample wares, and against idlers leaning to the doorposts with hands in their trousers' pockets, and through the cross currents of drivers and shopmen who busily took on or discharged the loads.

The very confusion and hurry of the scene, while they suggested the chance of work, were really an added embarrassment to our search. More than under other circumstances we shrank from asking employment from men hard driven by the "instant need of things." And this instinctive feeling was fully justified in the course of the actual quest. Of common hands there was an abundance, and ours, held out for sale, were of the nature of a provocation to men cumbered by complex care. Occasionally we could not get access to an employer; and when we did, we sometimes received a civil "no," but commonly an emphatic one in a vent of evil temper.

At one moment an old gentleman was looking up at us over the tops of his spec-

tacles as we stood at the foot of his desk. There was much shrewdness in his eye, and his face was deeply lined, but his speech revealed the frankness of a courteous nature.

"No, I'm sorry," he was saying, "I'm sorry that I can give you nothing to do. The fact is, I've got to lay off three men at the end of the week. My business don't warrant my keeping them. I hope you'll be more fortunate elsewhere."

A minute later we were standing waiting for the attention of a square-shouldered, thick-necked dealer who was in angry dispute with a subordinate. His face was still distorted when he turned upon us, and his dilating eyes sought mine with an expression of growing impatience.

"We are looking for a job, sir," I began. "Can you give us a chance to work?"

"No, I can't, — you! Out you go, now!" And then to a man near the door: "— your soul, Kelly, I've told you to keep these bums out of here. If you let in another one, I'll fire you as sure as hell."

The hour was nearly up, and there was apparently nothing for it but to start north in accordance with Clark's plan and in hope of better fortune. I felt as though I could not go. I was fairly faint with hunger, and a curious light-headedness had possessed me. The sights and sounds about us took on a strange unreality, and I could not rid myself of the feeling of moving and speaking in a dream. Again and again I was conscious of a repetition of identical experience, recalling the same circumstances in some faintly remembered past, and even before I spoke at times, I had an eerie sense of having uttered the coming sentences before under precisely similar conditions. The one fact to which consciousness held with unshaken certainty was the strong craving for food. And this was not so much a positive pain, as it was a sickening, benumbing influence. My hand would all but go out in reach for fruit that lay exposed about me, and the thought that the act would be wrong, and would get me into trouble, followed the impulse afar, and was forced into action as a checking conviction by a distinct effort of the will.

We turned into one shop more. The pavement in front was heaped with crates packed with oranges and bound around

the centre and the ends with iron bands. Three high they stood on end, and four and five in a row along the curb, while backed up against them were two empty trucks with slats sloping capaciously at the sides.

There was confusion within the shop. A dealer and two drivers were swearing loudly, each on a line of independent grievance. Two or three shopmen were bustling about in zealous execution of orders. Men who may have been customers were waiting impatiently for attention, and clerks added to the confusion as with papers in hand they passed quickly in and out of offices at the rear. It appeared the most unpromising place for us that we had entered, and we were prepared for a refusal more than commonly emphatic, when to our almost overwhelming surprise the dealer hailed us:

"Say, you men, do you want a job? Go out and load them oranges, and I'll give you fifty cents apiece."

We did not stagger nor clasp each other's hands in an ecstasy of relief; we simply turned without a word, and hurrying to the street, we began to lift the heavy crates into the box of an empty truck.

Clark was the first to speak.

"Fifty cents, partner, fifty cents!" he kept repeating in an awed undertone. He seemed to be trying to get firm hold of the fact of our almost incredible good fortune, and then, in a voice that was thick with a heaving sob, he said:

"We'll feed, partner, we'll feed!"

But we did not "feed" at once when the money was actually in our possession. The first load had gone fairly well, for the certain prospect of food nerved us to such a degree that, weakened though we were, we scarcely felt the effort of loading, and we were quite unaware that our bare hands were being scratched by the sharp ends of iron bands about the boxes until we felt the flow of blood. But before the second load was half on, our nerve began to fail us. Each succeeding crate went on board with a greater effort. And the task itself grew harder, as the tiers of boxes rose higher in the truck. It seemed as though the driver would never be satisfied with the load; but at last he called a halt, and, mounting his seat, drove off in the direction in which the other truck had gone.

We were paid at once, Clark a half-dol-

lar coin and I two silver quarters. We held our money with the grip of drowning men upon a saving support. We sat down upon a doorstep to rest. We were panting hard, and the circles under Clark's eyes had grown darker, and his thin bloodless lips were quivering as with cold. But his spirits were rising, and his eyes grew brighter every moment, and his pale face, already flushed with exercise, glowed again with the pleasure of anticipating the sure breaking of our fast.

When we set off, Clark was in the full swing of a provident plan.

"There's lots of saloons," he said, "where you can get a free lunch with a glass of beer." And he began to point them out to me all along our route. Large signs in front competed for the drifting trade. On one was painted a huge schooner brimming over with frothing beer, and it bore the legend: "The largest glass of beer for five cents in Chicago." Another sign claimed for its shop, "The best free lunch in the city," and others told of hot sausages with every drink, or a certain number of oysters in any style, or hot stews at choice, and bread and cold meats and cheese in unstinted abundance.

All this so exactly met our needs. And there were warmth and shelter and companionship within the saloons, and having drunk at the bar and eaten at the free-lunch counter, we should be free to sit at ease about the fire. And how cheap it all was! For fifteen cents, Clark was saying, we could get three fair meals a day, and even ten cents would save us from the actual pain of hunger. There was no other chance that compared with this. The utmost that five cents would buy in the cheapest eating-houses was a cup of coffee and two small rolls. There were ten-cent meals to be had, but they were not the equals of a free lunch and a glass of beer. To get their equivalent in a restaurant you must spend fifteen cents at least.

My objections were wholly unintelligible to Clark. From these he would bring the argument back to the question of wise management, and there he had me. Presently he lost his temper, and told me that I was a "damn fool," and that I might go "to a restaurant, or to hell," as I chose, but that for his part he was going in for a free lunch and a glass of beer. But before we sepa-

rated he was so far pacified that he agreed to meet me in the early evening in front of the shop where we had earned our money.

It was at the juncture of Dearborn and Madison Streets that we parted. Not far from there I found a restaurant whose placards in the windows offered tempting dishes at astonishingly cheap rates. "Roast beef and baked potato, fifteen cents," was printed on the one that lured me most. I walked inside and sat down at a small round table, spread with a cloth which was faultlessly clean. A long line of such tables reached down the centre of the deep room in inviting whiteness, and was flanked on each side by a row of others, oblong in shape, pressed close in against the walls. To a height of several feet above these tables the walls were wainscoted with mirrors, and the white ceiling was gay with paper festoons. Customers were streaming in, for it was about noon. Most of these were evidently men from neighboring business houses, but there were workmen, too, some of them in blue jeans; and the first fear that I felt at entering, the fear of having come to a place too respectable to accept me as a guest, vanished completely, and gave place to a feeling of security and comfort.

A corps of colored waiters were hurrying through the narrow passages between the tables, bearing aloft tin trays heaped with dishes; to the noisy clatter and hum of the diners, they added a babel of discordant sound as they shouted in unintelligible phrase their varying orders into the dim regions at the rear, whence answered a muffled echo to each call.

My order came in a deep dinner-plate, a slice of roast beef, generous and juicy, shading from brown to the rich, raw red of the centre that oozed with a strengthening flow. With it was a large baked potato, piping hot, and when I broke it upon the table with a blow of my fist, the fragrant steam rose in a cloud to my face.

At the end of a fast of thirty-six hours, which had been relieved only by a few swallows of coffee and a little bread, I knew enough to eat slowly. But I was unprepared for the difficulty which this precaution involved. As when one swallows cautiously in quenching a consuming thirst, and checks by sheer force the muscles which would drink with choking draughts,

so it was only by a sustained restraint that I ate carefully, in small morsels, until the brutish hunger was appeased. And when all the beef and potato, and an amazing quantity of the bread, with which the table was abundantly supplied, were gone, I could not forego the expenditure of five cents more for a cup of coffee, by the aid of which another deep inroad upon the bread was soon accomplished.

At the desk where I paid the amount stamped upon a check which the waiter had left at my place, I inquired for the manager. When I received his assurance that he could give me no work as a dishwasher, nor, in fact, in any capacity in his restaurant, and that he knew of no opening for me anywhere, I walked out into the streets once more and found my way to the public reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. There I looked through the advertising columns of the morning newspapers. Of applications for positions there was an almost countless number, but of openings offered there were few, and not one of these was promising to a man whose only resource was unskilled labor. Reading on somewhat aimlessly through the day's news I presently fell asleep, and was soon awakened by a young secretary, who was shaking me vigorously by the shoulder.

"Wake up, my man, wake up!" he was saying. "You can't sleep in here. You must keep awake, or go out."

I went out. It was easier to keep awake in the streets than in that warm room, and besides, I must not slacken the search for work.

By the time that I had fully recovered possession of my senses I found that an aimless walk had taken me near to the railway station, at whose fountain Clark and I had drunk in the morning. A crowd of newly arrived passengers was issuing into VanBuren Street, many of them carrying hand-luggage. With a flash of association there came to my mind the recollection of the boys and men who follow you persistently on Cortlandt Street between the Pennsylvania station and the elevated railway, with importunate offers to carry your bag for a dime. I wondered that this industry had not occurred to me before as a resource in my present need.

In a moment I was plying it with high

hope of success, but in the next I stood agape at a fierce onslaught of street Arabs and men. One or two had picked up stones with which they menaced me. All of them were shouting oaths and violent abuse, and one half-grown boy, who was the first to reach me, held a clenched fist to my face, as he screamed hoarsely profane threats, and his keen dark eyes blazed with anger, and his lean face worked convulsively in the strength of violent passion. It appeared that I had trespassed upon a field which was pre-empted by a "ring" well-organized for its possession and cultivation, and for the further purpose of excluding competition.

I fell back to a safe distance. On the opposite side of the street I saw a gentleman carrying a heavy portmanteau. He was well past the beat of the organized ring about the station. In an instant I was beside him, and was offering to carry his load. He seemed disinclined to pay any heed at first, but he stopped in a moment with the remark:

"I'll give you a quarter to carry this bag to my hotel."

I assented joyfully. I swung the bag to my shoulder, and passed on ahead, while the traveller walked close behind me in the crowd, and directed me to his hotel in Wabash Avenue, where, together with what I already had, I was soon fifty-five cents to the good.

That afternoon yielded nothing more either in prospect of a steady job or in the fruit of chance employment, and at dusk I stood again in South Water Street anxiously awaiting Clark's return. It was dark when he came at last, and as he approached me in the fierce light of the electric arc which gleamed from the top of the high iron post near by, I could see that he was paler and more careworn, and deeply dejected. We sat down for a few moments upon a doorstep. The street was nearly deserted, and the lights shone dimly through its blackened length. Clark began to tell me of his afternoon. No chance of work had been revealed beyond the vague suggestion of one boss that he might need an extra man in a week or two. Moreover Clark had found the shops so far away that he had been obliged, both in his going and return, to take a Lincoln Avenue cable-car, and so was out a fruitless ten cents in fare.

He said very little beyond the bare statement of his afternoon's experience. He was sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, with his hands clasped, and his flaxen head bowed almost to his arms. I knew that he was struggling with thoughts and feelings which he could not analyze, nor in the least express, and I waited in silence beside him.

The whole experience was new to him. He had been out of work before, but he had had a home, and in its shelter he could tide over the depression which had cost him his job. Now his home was gone, and he was adrift without support. But he was young and strong and accustomed to work, and all that he sought was a chance to win his way. And yet his very struggles for a footing seemed to sink him into deeper difficulty. The conditions which he was forced to face seemed to conspire against the possibility of his success.

It was the feeling inspired by this seeming truth, a dim, dull feeling vaguely realized, yet awful, that bore hard upon him, and that loomed portentous as with remorseless fate. He was struggling with it in an agony of helpless discouragement, and presently he found utterance for it in concrete form.

"One boss I struck for a job, I thought he was going to give it to me sure," he said. "He asked me where I'd worked before, and why I'd quit, and how long I'd been at the trade. And just then I felt something crawling on my neck. It was a crumb, — it! The boss seen it, too. He got mad, — him! and he chewed a rag, and he said if he had twenty jobs, he wouldn't give one to a lousy hobo like me." Clark was growing increasingly vehement in his recital. He rose to his feet and bent over me, while the hot words came hissing between his teeth:

"I ain't never been like this in my life before, and, great God Almighty! I'd be clean if I could!" After a moment he added, in a hard, clear tone:

"We've got some money, partner, let's go and get a drink."

My extra quarter flashed into my mind as a hopeful resource. I held out the two quarters and a nickel on the palm of my hand where the street light would strike them. I told Clark of my windfall, and of

the possible chance of many another such to help us out in the future.

"I earned this in ten minutes," I said, holding out a quarter, "and I know where twenty cents of it will buy us each a hot stew and all the bread that we can eat. And then I've found a lodging-house in South Clark Street where we can each get a wash and a fairly decent bed in good air for fifteen cents, and we'll have enough left to keep us in food to-morrow."

Clark hesitated. I enlarged on the attractiveness of the restaurant and the comfort of eating at leisure at one of its clean tables, and the long, unbroken rest that we should have at the lodgings. Clark was tired to the bone, and he yielded. It was my turn now to give him a shoulder as we walked to our evening meal.

We were soon seated opposite each other at one of the side tables of the restaurant. The lights were reproduced in myriad reflections in the mirrors, and we seemed to be sitting near the centre of a vast dining-hall with multitudes at its countless tables and its farther portions fading in the perspective of dim distance. The Irish stew and bread were indescribably good, and in the company of other diners we felt that we were among our fellow-men and of them, and we were free for the time from the torment of that haunting isolation which keeps one unspeakably lonely even in the thronging crowd.

Light-hearted and full of hope again we walked to the lodging-house, and after a wash we were soon fast asleep, each on a rough cot in a wooden closet, the electric lights streaming in upon us through the wire netting which was spread over the tops of long lines of such sleeping booths, that stood separated by thin board partitions like the bath-houses at the sea.

Friday and Saturday came and passed with the same vain search for work, and with varying fortune in odd jobs. We took separate routes through the day, but always agreed at parting upon an hour and place of meeting. The Young Men's Christian Association rooms became our rendezvous. When we met there on Friday evening I had a quarter and Clark was high-spirited and opulent with forty-five cents to his credit. He was full of his good fortune. In the middle of the forenoon he had chanced upon the job of shifting coal

in the cellar of a private house. The work having been finished he was allowed to wash himself in the kitchen with an abundance of hot water and soap and the luxury of a towel. And then he sat down at the kitchen table to a dinner of hot turkey and cranberry sauce, and any number of vegetables, and all the bread and coffee he wanted, and finally a towering saucer of plum-pudding. Fifty cents was added to the dinner in payment for his work, and, as he had had a dime left in his pocket after breakfast, he did not hesitate at an expenditure of fifteen cents in car-fare to facilitate his search for work.

My quarter had come, as on the day before, by way of a porter's service—only this time from a woman. I caught sight of her as she was crossing the Lake Front from the station of the Illinois Central Railroad at the head of Randolph Street. Under her left arm were parcels of various shapes and sizes, and with some apparent effort she carried a bag in her right hand. The parcels were troublesome, for now and again she was obliged to rest the bag upon the pavement until she had adjusted her arm to a surer hold upon them. She was a woman nearing middle life, well dressed in warm, comfortable, winter garments which bore the general marks of the prevailing mode.

So completely had the present way of living possessed me that I fear that my first impulse at sight of her was born of the hope of a porter's fee and not of the thought of helpfulness. But I grew more interested as I neared her, and increasingly embarrassed. There was a touch of beautiful coloring in her round, full face, and about the mouth was an expression of rare sweetness, while her dark-blue eyes looked out through gold-rimmed spectacles with preternatural seriousness. But my eye was drawn most by the hair that appeared beneath her bonnet; a heavy mass it was, and tawny red like that of Titian's "Magdalene" in the Uffizi. She might have been a shopkeeper's wife come to the city from the suburbs or from some provincial village, and she was nervous in the noisy atmosphere of the unfamiliar. I had not yet offered my services in this new capacity of street porter to a woman, and I found myself puzzled as to how I should approach her. But the actual situation solved the difficulty, for when we were but

a few steps apart, her bundles fell again into a state of irritating insecurity under her arm and she was again obliged to adjust them.

Instantly I was beside her, bowing, hat in hand:

"I beg your pardon, madam; won't you let me help you?"

She drew back and looked at me perplexed, and I could see the gathering alarm in her wide, innocent, serious eyes.

"Oh, no, thanks!" she said, and I knew that all that she had ever heard of bunco-steerers and of the wily crafts of the town was mingling in terrifying confusion in her mind with thoughts of possible escape.

My distress was as great as her own. I had forgotten for the moment how dismaying to a woman must be an unexpected offer of service from a sudden apparition of full grown, masculine, street poverty. I felt guilty as though I had wantonly frightened a child. A parcel had fallen to the ground. I picked it up, and returned it to her with an apology most spontaneous and sincere. But as I turned away in haste to escape from the embarrassment of the situation, I found myself checked to my great surprise by a timid question:

"Perhaps you can tell me the shortest way to number — La Salle Street?" she said.

My hat was off at once.

"It will give me great pleasure to show you the way," I replied, and not waiting for a refusal, I set off with, "Won't you follow me, pray?" over my shoulder.

At the curb of the first crossing I waited for her.

"Keep close to me," I said, "and I'll see you safe across the street." But I ignored the parcels, which were once more awry. On the opposite pavement she stopped.

"Would you mind holding my bag," she asked, "while I get a better grip on these bundles?" I accepted the bag with an assurance of the pleasure that it gave me. It was soon followed by a parcel, the largest and most unwieldy of the lot. She finished adjusting the others, and then extended her free hand for the remaining parcel.

"We'll carry this between us," I said, "and I'll walk with you to the place."

Without a word of demur she took firm

hold of the short twine with which the parcel was tied, and thus linked we set off together down Randolph Street to La Salle. Conversation was nearly impossible, for we were edging our way for the most part along crowded pavements.

When we stood for a few moments at a crossing, waiting for a check in the tide of traffic, she confided to me that she had come to Chicago from "—ville" to see a lawyer.

"You are often in the city," I suggested, delighted to talk on the pleasant, easy terms which were springing up between us.

"Oh, no! I ain't," she said, and then she was innocently superior to the compliment implied in my feigned surprise, and she began to question me about myself.

"What do you do for a living, young man?"

"I am out of work, and I am looking for a job," I said, evasively.

"What is your line of work?" she continued; for the bucolic mind was bent on a sure footing from which to launch out into further inquiry.

"I shall be glad of any work that I can get," I said. "Any work at all," I reiterated, thinking that she might put me in the way of a job.

"Where do you live when you're to home?" and the question indicated a new tack in the quest for certitude.

"I came out here from the East," I answered; "I have no home here."

"I guess you ain't been doing just right, or else you wouldn't be ashamed to tell," she said, while a graver look came into her sober eyes.

The situation was so keenly delightful that I lacked the moral strength to do aught but prolong it.

"Ah, madam, if you but knew!" I said, and I fear that my tone conveyed to her a tacit confession of deep depravity.

We had reached the required number in La Salle Street. I led the way to the elevator, and found the door of the lawyer's office. The woman stood for a few moments in the passage; I was evidently on her conscience.

"Haven't you got any family or friends?" she continued in a voice tender with sympathy.

"I had both," I replied.

"Then, young man, you take my ad-

vice, and just go back to your family, and tell them you're sorry that you done wrong, and you mean to do better. They'll be good to you and help you." Her words were swift with the energy of conviction.

"I am sure that you are right," I agreed.

And now a well-filled open purse was in her hand, and I saw her fingers hesitating among some loose coins. Presently she held out a quarter.

"You've been real nice to me," she said, "and I want to ask you not to make a wrong use of this money. You'll not buy liquor with it, will you?"

"Indeed I will not," I assured her. "I have little temptation to do that, for I can quench my thirst for nothing; it is food that I find it hard to get. And, madam," I continued, "I am deeply grateful to you for your good advice."

She smiled upon me, her pretty mouth and dimpled cheeks and dark blue eyes all playing their part in the friendly salutation.

"You will go back to your friends, won't you?" she said, persuasively.

"I will indeed," I replied. "Already I look forward to that with keenest pleasure."

Then richer by a quarter and all aglow with the sense of human sympathy I returned to the streets, and to the exhausting, dreary round of place-hunting.

That this in itself should be such hard work is largely due, I fancy, to the double strain, both on your strength and on your sensibilities. Certainly it is strangely enervating. Even when you are not weakened by the want of food, you find yourself at the far end of a fruitless search worn out beyond the exhaustion of a hard day's work. And then the actual ground covered by your most persistent effort is always so sadly disappointing. You may begin the day's hunt rested, and fed, and full of energy and resolve; you may have planned the search with care, taking pains to find out the various forms of unskilled labor which are employed within the chosen area; with utmost regard to systematic, time-saving expenditure of energy, you may go carefully over the ground, leaving no stone unturned; and yet, at the day's end, you have not covered half the area of your careful plan, and your whole body aches with weariness, and your heart is heavy and sore within you. Nor does the task grow

easier with long practice. You acquire a certain facility in search; you come, by practical acquaintance, to some knowledge of the ins and outs of the labor market; but you must begin each day's quest with a greater draft upon your courage and resolution. For the actual barriers grow greater, as the outward marks of your mode of life become clearer upon you, and you feel yourself borne upon a tide that you cannot stem, out from the haven of a man's work, where you would be, to the barren wastes, where drift to certain wreck the lives of the destitute idle who have lost all hold upon a "sure intent."

All the days of this vagrant living were not equally hard. Some were harder than others. Saturday was a case in point. After an early frugal breakfast, for which Clark paid his last penny, we separated with an agreement to meet again at six o'clock in the evening in the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association. We were bent on different quests. Clark was determined to find work at his trade if he could, and I had no choice apart from unskilled labor. For odd jobs we were each to have out an eye, and our acquaintance thus far with such a course made us fairly confident of at least the means of bare subsistence.

But nothing is less predictable than the outcome of this fortuitous living. The days vary with the variability which belongs to existence. Things "come your way" at times, and then again they have another destination which your widest and closest search fails to reveal.

It was hard, but it was not impossible through that Saturday morning to keep one's purpose fairly firm. From the ebb of the city's traffic in the darkness before the dawn I felt it flowing to its full tide. However destitute a man may be he cannot fail to share the quickening to waking life of a great city. The mystery of deepest night enfolds the place, and from out its veiling darkness the vague conformations of streets and buildings gradually emerge to the sharp outlines of the day's reality. An occasional delivery wagon from the market, or a milkman's cart goes rattling down a street, awakening echoes as of a deserted town, or a heavy truck laden with great rolls of white paper for the printing-press passes slowly, drawn by gigantic horses whose flat, hairy hoofs

patiently pound the cobbles in their plodding pace, while whiffs of white vapor puff from their nostrils with their deep, regular breathing. The driver's oath can be heard a square away.

Standing at the curb along an open space in front of a public building are a few "night hawks." The horses are heavily blanketed and their noses buried in eating bags. The cabmen have drawn together in social community on the pavement, where, as they gossip in the cold, they alternately stamp the flagging with their feet and clasp themselves in hard, sweeping embraces of the arms to stir the sluggish blood to swifter movement. An empty cable-car goes tearing round a "loop" with noise to awake the dead, and sets off again to some outermost portion of the town with a sleepy policeman on board and a newsboy, his bundle, damp from the press, upon his lap, who is bent on being first with news to that suburban region. The cars fill first with workingmen who are bound for distant factories and workshops and their posts along the lines of railways.

The streets are echoing now to the sounds of increasing traffic and to the steps of the vanguard of workers. These are the wage-earners, men for the most part, but there are women, too, and children. Here is humanity in the raw, hard-handed and roughly wrought for the Atlasian task of sustaining, by sheer physical strength and manual skill, the towering, delicate, intricate structure of progressive civilization.

The first of the salaried workers follow these, and youth swarms upon the streets moving with swift steps to the great co-educational schools of practical business. There are countless "cash" children in the throng, and office boys, and saleswomen and men, and clerks, and secretaries, and fledgling lawyers. There are marks of poverty on the faces and in the garments of the children, but most of the older ones are dressed in all the warmth and comfort of the well-to-do, while the young women who form so large a portion of the crowd step briskly in dainty boots carrying themselves with figures erect and graceful, clothed with the style and *chic* which are theirs as a national trait. Many of the men are, in contrast, markedly careless and unkempt.

All these are at work by eight o'clock, the wage-earners having been at it an hour

already. Then come, mingling in the miscellaneous concourse of business streets which have taken on the full day's complexity, the superintendents and managers, and the heads of business houses and of legal firms, and bankers, and brokers, and all the company of rare men, whose native gifts of creative power or organizing capacity or executive ability, joined to great energy and resolution, have placed them in command of their co-workers, and made them responsible, as only the few can be responsible, for the lives and well-being of their fellows.

I recognize an eminent lawyer in the moving crowd, who, in democratic fashion, is walking to his office. He is a nobleman by every gift of nature, and his sensitive, expressive face, responsive to the grace of passing thought, is an unconscious appeal to my flagging courage, and to that, perhaps, of many another man in the pressing throng.

I see in a jolting omnibus a noted merchant, his head bowed over a morning paper as he rides to his business house. He holds a foremost place in business, yet it is fully equalled by his standing as a Christian gentleman and as a wise and most efficient philanthropist.

Almost touching elbows we pass each other on the street a fellow-alumnus of my college and I, he an inheritor of great wealth and of a vast enterprise far-reaching in its scope to distant portions of the earth. And yet, so unmarred has he remained under the lavish gifts of fortune that his is already the dominant genius in the administration of immense productive power, and his influence is increasingly felt as a helpful and guiding force in great educational institutions of the land.

But this resurgence of the city's life, while it quickens the pulses for the time, is not an inspiration to last one through a day of disappointing search. By noon I had been turned many times away, and a sharp refusal to a polite request to be given a chance to work cuts deeper than men know who have never felt its wound. You try to ignore it at the first, and you bring greater energy to bear upon the hunt, but your wounds are there; and, in each succeeding advance, it is a sterner self-compulsion that forces you to lay bare again the shrinking quick of your quivering sensibilities. How

often have I loitered about a door, passing and repassing it again and yet again before I could summon courage for the ordeal of a simple request for work!

Early in my experience I learned never to ask after a possible vacancy. Employers have no vacancies to be filled by such an inquirer. I simply said that I was looking for a job, and should be glad of any work that I could do; and that, if I could be given a chance to work, I would do my best to earn a place.

This request in practically the same terms produced often the most opposite effects. One man would answer with a kindness so genuine and a regret so evidently sincere that it was with an utmost effort at times that I could control myself. And but a few minutes later another man might answer, if not with oaths and threats of violence, yet with a cynical sharpness which would leave a sorer rankling.

Despondency had almost conquered hope at last, and well-nigh worn one's courage out, and all but brought your drooping spirits to the brink of that abyss, where men think that they can give the struggle up. It is marvellous how the external aspect of all things changes to you here. The very stones beneath your feet are the hard paving of your prison-house; the threatening winter sky above you is the vaulted ceiling of your dungeon; the buildings towering to nearly twenty stories about you are your prison walls, and, as by a keen refinement of cruelty, they swarm with hiving industry, as if to mock you in your bitter plight.

Suddenly there dawns upon you an undreamed of significance in the machinery of social restraint. The policeman on the crossing in his slouching uniform bespattered with the oozing slime of the miry streets where he controls the streams of traffic, even as the Fellaheen direct the water of the Nile through the net-work of their irrigation ditches, is the outstretched hand of the law ready to lay hold on you, should you violate in your despair the rules of social order. Behind him you see the patrol wagon and the station-house and the courts of law and the State's prison and enforced labor, the whole elaborate process by means of which society would reassimilate you, an excrement, a non-social being as a transgressor of the law, into the body po-

litic once more, and set you to fulfilling a functional activity as a part of the social organism.

+ This result, with the means of living which it implies and the link that it gives you to your kind, even if it be the relation of a criminal to society, may become the object of a desire so strong that the shame and punishment involved may lose their deterring force for you.

There are simple means of setting all this process in motion in your behalf. Men break shop-windows in full view of the police, or voluntarily hold out to them hands weighted with the spoils of theft.

Perhaps it is in the moving crowds upon the pavements that one, in such a mood, feels most of all this change in external aspect. The loneliness, the sense of being a thing apart in the presence of your work, your kind, a thing unvitalized by real contact with the streams of life, is the seat of your worst suffering, and the pain is augmented by what seems an actual antagonism to you as to something beyond the range of human sympathy.

* By the middle of that Saturday afternoon I had fairly given up the search for work, and I found myself on State Street, wandering aimlessly in the hope of an odd job. Hunger and utter weariness were playing their part, as well as the loneliness and the sense of imprisonment. One had the feeling that, if he could but sit down somewhere and rest, all other troubles would vanish for the time at least. And there were, I knew, many public rooms to which I could go in unquestioned right or privilege, but once within their warmth, I was well aware that to keep awake would tax all my power of will, and that, as a sleeping lounger, I should soon be turned adrift again.

The street was coated with a murky mire, kneaded by hoofs and wheels to the consistency of paste, and tracked by countless feet upon the pavements, where it lay as thick almost as on the cobbles. The skyline on both sides was a ragged *sierra*, mounting from three to five and seven stories, then leaping suddenly on the right to the appalling height of the Masonic Temple, and grotesque in all its length with rearing signs and flagstaffs that pierced the smoky vapor of the upper air, while the sagging halyards fluttered like fine threads

in the icy gusts from off the lake. Whole fronts of flamboyant architecture were almost concealed behind huge bombastic signs, while other advertising devices hung suspended overhead, watches three feet in diameter, and boots and hats of a giant race.

The shop windows were draped with the scalloped fringes of idle awnings, and merely a glance at their displays was enough to disclose a commercial difference separated by only the width of the thoroughfare, a difference like that between Twenty-third Street and the Bowery.

From Polk Street and State I drifted northward to the river. No longer was there any stimulus in contact with the intermingling crowds. All that was hard and sordid in one's lot seemed to have blinded one to all but the hard and sordid in the world about. Beneath its structural veiling, you could not see the warm heart of life, tender and strong and true. Multitudes of human faces passed you, deeply marked with the lines of baser care. Human eyes looked out of them full of the unconscious tragic pathos of the blind, blind to all vision but the light of common day; eyes of the money grubbers, sharpened to a needle's point yet incapable of deeper insight than the prospect of gain; eyes of the haunted poor, furtive in the fear of things, and seeing only the incalculable, threatening hand of fateful poverty; eyes of ragged children who are selling papers on the streets, their eyes old with the age of the ages, as though there gazed through them the unnumbered generations of the poor who have endured "long labor unto aged breath;" eyes of the rich, hardened by a subtler misery in the artificial lives they lead in sternest bondage to powers in whom all faith is gone, but whom they serve in utter fear, scourged by convention to the acting of an unmeaning part in life, seeking above all things escape from self in the fantastic *stimuli* of fashion, yet feeling ever, in the dark, the remorseless closing in of the contracting prison-walls of self-indulgence narrowing daily the scope of self, and threatening life with its grimmest tragedy, in the hopeless, faithless, purposeless *ennui* of existence.

And now there passed me in the street two sisters of charity walking side by side.

Their sweet, placid faces, framed in white, reflected the limpid purity of unselfish, useful living, and their eyes, deep-seeing into human misery and evil, were yet serene in the all-conquering strength of goodness.

It was in some saner thought inspired by this vision that I walked on across the river to the comparative peaceful quiet of the North Side. I needed all the sanity that I could summon. The setting sun had broken for a moment through snow-laden clouds, and it shone in blazing shafts of blood-red light through the hazy lengths of westward streets. Its rays fell warmly upon a wide, deep window as I passed, and the rich reflection caught my eye. For some time I stood still, a prey to conflicting feelings. Just within the window with the shades undrawn, sat a friend in lounging ease before an open fire, absorbed in his evening paper. There flashed before me the scene of our last encounter. We stood at parting on a wharf in the balmy warmth of late winter in the far South. Behind my friend was the brilliant carpeting of open lawns and blooming beds of flowers, and beyond lay the deep olive green of forests of live-oak with palmettos growing in dense underbrush, and the white "shell road" gleaming in the varied play of lights and shadows until it lost itself, in its course to the beach, in the deepening gloom of overdrooping boughs weighted with hanging moss in an effect of tropical luxuriance. And from out that vivid mental picture there came again, almost articulate in its reality, the graceful urging of my friend that I should visit him in his Western home.

It was so short a step by which I could emerge from the submerged, and the temptation to take it was so strong and inviting. The want and hardship and hideous squalor were bad enough, but these things could be endured for the sake of the end in view. It was the longing for fellowship that had grown to almost overmastering desire, the sight of a familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice, the healing touch of cultivated speech to feelings all raw under the brutalities of the street vernacular.

And after all, what real purpose was my experiment to serve? I had set out to learn and in the hope of gaining from what I

learned something worth the while of a careful investigation. I had discovered much that was new to me, but nothing that was new to science, and the experience of a single individual could never furnish data for a valid generalization and all that I had learned or could learn was already set forth in tabulated, statistical accuracy in blue books and economic treatises. Moreover it was impossible for me to rightly interpret even the human conditions in which I found myself, for between me and the actual workers was the infinite difference of necessity in relation to any lot in which I was. How could I, who at any moment could change my status if I chose, enter really into the life and feelings of the destitute poor who are bound to their lot by the hardest facts of stern reality? It was all futile and inadequate and absurd. I had learned something, and as for further inquiry of this kind, I would better give it up, and return to a life that was normal to me.

The sense of futility was strong upon me. Never before had the temptation to abandon the attempt assailed me with such force. It was no clean-cut, definite resolution that won in favor of continued effort. Not at all. I think that when I turned away I was more than half-resolved to give over the experiment. But even as a man, who, contemplating suicide, allows himself to be borne upon the aimless stream of common events past the point of many an early resolution to the deed, so I found myself gradually awaking to the thought, "Ah, well, I will try it a little longer."

It was in this mood that I went to find Clark at our rendezvous. Our eyes met in quick inquiry, and before either of us spoke, we knew each the other's story. But Clark wished the confirmation of actual confession.

"Ain't you had no luck too?" he whispered, his eyes close to mine, and contracting with a sense of the incredibility of such a result, which might be altered, if one would only insist strongly enough upon its being other than it actually was.

"No," I said, "I've had no luck, nor anything to eat since morning." We were speaking in the low tones which were permitted in the reading-room.

"Well, I'll be ——." And Clark's

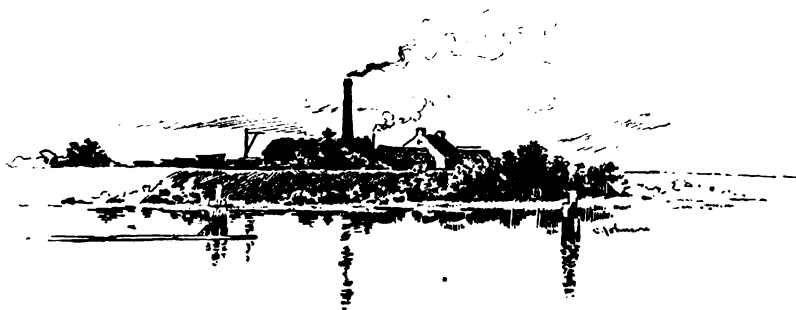
drawling oath seemed exactly suited to the absurdity of the situation. We both laughed softly over our coincident dilemma, and by a mutual impulse we walked out into the street, where we spent an agreeable half-hour in discussing the placards in the windows of two restaurants.

There was an especial attraction for us in the lower window where there stood a *chef* all white from his spotless cap to where

his white garments were lost to view behind a gas-stove of ingenious contrivance, on whose clean, polished upper surface he was turning well-browned griddle-cakes. I do not know what the association was, and it was in entire good-humor that Clark suddenly turned to me with the remark :

"Say, partner, we'd get all we want to eat, if we'd heave a rock through this window."

(To be continued.)



THE SWEETEST SINGER

By Sarah Piatt

WHO is the sweetest singer? None
Have looked upon his face.
He is the first, last, only one
Of his undying race.

You hear him, and you start and turn
To catch some glimpse ; but, oh,
'Tis he that eats the seeds of fern
On St. John's Eve, we know !

Ah, many a time when I was young,
I, from my window, still
With stars, have listened while he sung
His love-songs with a will.

I knew he sang the same in Troy
About one casement dim—
Till Priam's jealous archer-boy
Shot many a shaft at him.

The Sweetest Singer

I knew he sang the same, with sighs
 Much like great Cæsar's, while
 You charmed him with your burning eyes,
 My Serpent of old Nile !

I knew he sang the same unto
 The young Semiramis,
 And heard her old dove-nurses coo :
 "We've had enough of this !"

I knew he sang the same to all
 The legend-ladyes, fair
 As—moonshine on a graveyard wall !
 I knew, and did not care.

I did not care : "When I am dead,
 I know how it will be ;
 He'll sing to other loves," I said,
 "As now he sings to me !"

Yet sometimes in the moon, I feel,
 From lips a-stir with breath,
 From cheeks in bloom with life, he'll steal
 To some waste place of death—

To wail, in the long, lonesome grass
 Forgot by mortal feet,
 (And call me sweeter than I was)
 The old, old song, too sweet.

Then some shall hear, when night is deep,
 This wild, upbraiding cry :
 "You sleep, and leave your dead to sleep !"—
 And wake, they'll know not why.

"It is the Wind !" so men shall say,
 And sleep again. . . . Ah me !
 It would be passing strange were they
 As constant—half, as he !

JIM CHENEY, PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN

By William R. Lighton



In personal aspect he was very much of a nondescript. His was a face which might be often seen and then easily forgotten. He was lean and sallow, with bent shoulders and shambling gait. Energetic vitality seemed at a low ebb. He might only be saved from inclusion in a very large and common class by his wide, bulging forehead and large, clear eyes. His eyes he kept habitually downcast; when he lifted them on rare occasion, they held a disconcerting assurance of seeing many things. His speech was low, slow, and evenly regulated—at his lowest and slowest when his mind was most intently concerned with what he said.

He was an eccentric wheel in the party political machine. His real character was not easy of discovery; indeed, those who knew him most intimately were those who confessed, with each recurring campaign, that they knew him not at all, for he was a man of rich, varied, and surprising resource. His largest trait was taciturnity; but a close second to this was boldness in the execution of such political trusts as exacted delicate tact, unscrupulous courage, and careless disregard of everything but success.

Occupation he had none beyond such employment as came to him during a campaign, as nurse for some weak cause or candidate, or during legislative sessions, as foster-father of some weak bill. It happened, therefore, that in the intervals between such seasonal activities, he would often grow seedy and forlorn in appearance and spirit, only to take fresh hold upon the tail of prosperity with recurrent demand for his services.

No one knew anything of the private side of his life, beyond the bare fact that he lived quite alone.

Once, in olden time, he had held a place with other men, not without credit. A woman had figured in his life at that time, and had then dropped out of it

altogether, to all outward appearance. After fifteen years a man's memory might be supposed to have grown misty upon such circumstance, inasmuch as man's memory and steadfastness of thought are commonly accounted treacherous. But Cheney had not forgotten. It was from that time that there began the steadily continued decline and loss of that force which makes and moulds a man's character into respectability. He had taken to new views and theories of life. As to a jaundiced man all things put on a sickly yellow guise, so Cheney, in his own lowered estate, came to place very low valuations upon all human pretensions to worth—such low and mean valuation that it was disquieting to find how often his appraisal proved just and accurate. It was this which made him serviceable and valuable in politics. This was Jim Cheney at the time of this history's beginning.

Dishevelled and dismantled humanity swarmed, clustered, and buzzed in and about the double store-room where the State Central Committee had established head-quarters, and whence it sent forth its forces to do biennial battle for party success. It was what is known in the parlance as a "hot campaign," and by popular repute the Central Committee was provided with ample means for the conduct of a gorgeous struggle, according to the dearest tradition of the professional politician. The would-be Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General, and Secretary of State were men of independent wealth; other candidates had contributed as they could to the general fund. Nor had other and obscurer members of the party been remiss in this duty; so that popular repute was doubtless in the right. However that might be, the crowd was willingly credulous. Those of the hangers-on who might be included in the class of professional manipulators of State politics were there with the unshamed purpose of getting their own hands "into the barrel," under the gauzy pretext of "putting the

money where it would do the most good." Others there were, less known to fame but not less noisy, dirty, and disreputable, who were content to hang about, bawling, spitting, smoking such free cigars and drinking such free drinks as offered, and shining with brief gleams of reflected glory when some big or little "boss" vouchsafed nod or word of notice. Clean men, decent men, there were few or none in the crowd; the rabble was made up of unkempt, scraggy, and ill-favored loafers. Sometimes a reputable citizen would enter the wide doorway, only to elbow and crowd his way as rapidly as possible through the throng, seeking seclusion and protection in the little box of a room partitioned off in a far corner, where the members of the committee held court; then hurrying out with equal despatch to the free air of the street.

On fair days the mob would spread itself abroad somewhat, small groups of men blocking the sidewalks without, listening with lazy open-mouthed interest to impromptu curbstone oratory or debate, which ebbed and flowed from early morning to late night; several officers of the police overseeing the course of things, now and again interfering to quell the boisterous noise of a group wherein a dispute was growing too vituperative and profane. But the weather of this October was, as a rule, damp and chill; therefore the crowd kept for the greater part of the time within doors, packed together so closely that one might only move in or out by dint of vigorous effort. The floor was slimy with mud and tobacco; the air hot and fetid; the whole wretched scene enveloped in a pall of uncleanness. The goddess of our liberties was big with impending delivery! Heaven save us and our "institutions!"

On a certain day, when the campaign was within three weeks of its end, a smooth-shaven, clean-featured man came to the street-doorway, there pausing abruptly, as though finding the mass of bad odors a palpable obstruction. He wore a plain suit of black, with gold-framed spectacles, and his linen was obtrusively clean. He was in appearance a gentleman, and clearly out of place. The assemblage had small liking or sympathy for such as he, and was little disposed to

make way for him until a well-known and ill-favored "boss"—a man of whose hands and shirt-front dirt and diamonds were fairly dividing possession—hailed him noisily:

"Hello, there, Doc! Why, you're a devil of a chap to be trotting in this class, ain't you? Why ain't you come around and got acquainted with the boys? What kind of a way's that to treat us, anyway? Hell! The committee's been hollerin' for you for a week. Come on here."

Then the loud whisper started and spread that this was Dr. Adams, the party's nominee for the office of Governor, and a passage was cleared for him through the crowd so that he might pass in the care of his boisterous mentor to the committee-room. When the door was closed behind them, buzz of comment rose free and strong among the loafing on-lookers.

"Ain't he a picture! Kid gloves! Didn't know anybody, did he? and acted as if he didn't want to, neither. What got into the boys to put up such a mark as him, anyway?" There was unbroken concert of opinion upon him.

Those who constituted the party "machine"—the political midwives officiating at the birth of the campaign—had found serious complications to exist in the case; complications not to be ignored, but making necessary the resort to heroic measures—nothing less heroic than the placing upon the ticket of one or two "clean" men; which, being interpreted, means men whose common honesty might bear scrutiny. This departure from precedent was not born of spasmodic principle, but of politic expedient, as possible offset to late public scandal attaching to party management of State affairs and funds. The choice of such men by the convention was attended with much difficulty. Many clean men the party held; men whose strength, courage, and integrity had been tried and proven. Such, however, were to be sedulously avoided. While public outcry was to be made upon the reputed strength of the nominees, the real desideratum was weakness—such weakness as should be wholly amenable to party discipline and to the domination of the party leaders. New men, unknown in State politics, must be chosen. So it came

about that Dr. John Adams was named for the first place upon the ticket, with much hue and cry during the campaign about his "record;" which, if altogether colorless, was certainly clean—as clean as his late-fashioned linen. He was taken as an eleventh-hour caucus compromise; was not even in attendance upon the convention, and was only informed of his elevation when the nomination had been made. Then, after mild, perfunctory protest, he had yielded, wholly ignorant of conditions and consequences, but pleased and flattered upon being raised from the obscurity of his local medical practice to a State-wide notoriety. And at his evident pleasure, the makers of the ticket were also pleased, for they judged that they had found their man.

On this morning, as he passed through the rooms of the head-quarters, he was observed with more than passing interest by two men who stood together near the doorway. One of these was the Honorable Alf. Winch, the renominated candidate for the office of Attorney-General; the other was Jim Cheney, professional politician.

The character of Winch was evident at once. He was a big, bulky man, dressed with careless disregard of appearance, as becomes one who appeals for Western votes. His face was round and flabby, shaven smooth but upon the chin, where grew a tuft of stubby beard. His head was broad at the base, but of small upper dimensions. A thick nose, wide thick lips, and small, shifty eyes under shelter of lowering, hairy brows, completed his unprepossessing make-up. He was one of those officers of the closing administration whose public acts the party managers were now trying to obscure. He was merely keeping "shady," working quietly through such media as Jim Cheney, his companion of this morning.

As Dr. Adams passed, a grin widened the already too-wide mouth of the Honorable Alf.

"What do you think of him, Jim?" he asked.

"I ain't saying anything," Cheney answered, with characteristic avoidance.

"Had anything to do with him?"

"No."

"Haven't met him yet?"

"Not lately. A long time ago. Before I'd taken a hand in politics."

"That must have been a good while ago," the Honorable Alf. agreed.

"Back in '80," Cheney answered.

"Eighty? He must have been pretty near a kid then."

"Yes. He was just out of medical college in Chicago. Came to my town to begin practice. Lives there yet. 'Tain't my town any more, though."

From a plug of tobacco Winch cut a generous chew, cuddling it in his cheek through a few moments of silence. Then he spat noisily upon the floor.

"Must be a queer duck," he said, adhering to the subject of discussion. "The convention boys thought they'd found just what they wanted, but the committee's having all kinds of trouble."

"Are they?" Cheney asked, listlessly—a listlessness which did not check Winch, who knew the other's ways.

"Just because he's got notions," Winch went on, mumbling his quid. "When the boys agreed to let Slade nominate him, it was because Slade said he knew him and would guarantee his coming in line when he was told. But Doc's sprung some wormy old Colonial chestnuts about honor and integrity, and all that—Well, you know. Says if he can't be elected without doing what the committee says, he'll stay where he is. Chances are he'll stay, too. Anyway, he'd feel terrible lonesome, wouldn't he, if he was elected? Slade, being chairman of the committee, has to do most of the worrying; and it's a lesson to him. Doc holds off from us like we were infected. Slade had hard work to argue him into coming down to see the committee, even."

Winch was talking for the pure joy of it. He knew that this must of necessity be old news to Cheney, who knew everything. But Cheney kept his accustomed silence. Silence was so easy and so apparently apathetic as to be a paying policy, for it sometimes betrayed others into reckless speech which might be turned to after account.

Meanwhile, within the small committee-room good vigorous English was in requisition. Tom Slade, the chairman of the committee, had greeted Dr. Adams with fine semblance of heartiness of voice, de-

liberately revealing real lack of heartiness of feeling. Here was a recalcitrant who must be disciplined.

"Sit down, Doctor," Slade said, indicating a chair opposite his own, and Adams took the proffered seat, fidgeting with his gloves while he studied the heavy face of the chairman. Anticipation of what was likely to come of the interview rendered him uneasy. Thus far in the campaign he had felt his complete isolation from his compatriots on the ticket, and he had also been made to feel, of late, the displeasure of the campaign managers.

"We haven't seen much of you, Adams," Slade said; "not as much as we ought. You fail to appreciate the stress of a campaign like this. We've got a good deal at stake."

"Yes," Adams agreed, nervously.

"A good deal at stake," Slade repeated. "Not only the candidates with their personal ambitions, but we've got to think of the party as a whole, too. All these things count." He turned to the man in whose care Adams had entered. "Billy, step out a minute, will you? You stenographers can go, too, till I call you." When the room was cleared, he drummed upon the table with his fat fingers for a few moments, and so the two sat regarding each other, each waiting for the other to begin.

"Doctor," Slade said at last, his small fat eyes growing smaller, and his manner brusque, "there's one or two things that have to be talked of and settled. You haven't been at all tractable in this business, as we had a right to expect, under the circumstances. We've needed your help, and we haven't had it. You've been a hindrance, rather, and the boys don't like it."

Such manner was not calculated to reduce Adams to obedience. His thin cheeks gathered a little color under the effrontery.

"Yes," he said, leaning forward upon the table which separated them. "Now go ahead. I've had hints of this—some pretty broad ones—before, in your letters and from some of the papers. Now, I want you to go on and say just what you mean. There's no need of holding back anything. Then I'll say just what I mean. That'll lead to an understanding, if that's what you want."

"Well," Slade answered, aggressively, "the principal thing is that you've balked at our work. You, who know absolutely nothing about political campaigning, have presumed to set your notions above those of men who've been born and cradled in politics. The trouble is, you're on a pedestal and you don't want to come down. But you've got to."

"Slade," the other returned, with an emphasis of his own, "I didn't seek this nomination. You know that."

"No," Slade answered; "but you took it when it was offered, didn't you? What then? I got you the nomination, and I ain't asking only what I think's due me in return."

"Yes, I took it when it was offered," Adams said. "But as it came voluntarily, without my asking, I supposed I took it on my own terms—that it should consist with my own fixed principles. There was nothing said about these conditions you're trying to make now, or I should never have taken it. I tell you I *have* certain principles which are fixed, and I have no thought of sacrificing them."

Slade's creasy cheeks wrinkled into a broad smile.

"That's what you complain of, isn't it?" Adams asked. "I know it is; I've understood as much."

"Oh, no; no, no," Slade answered, lightly. "Keep your principles. They're all right. Nobody's kicking about them." Then with return to his heavier manner: "You know what I mean. You've played too fast and loose with your vagaries. You've antagonized Ed Walsh and his faction in Smith County. They were solid, and doing good work, and they led a big following in two or three other counties out there. Now Ed swears he'll quit. That's one thing."

Adams's whole bearing had grown intent through Slade's speech.

"Walsh!" he cried. "Walsh is an infernal scoundrel. He came to me with solicitation of a bribe—there's no other name for it. Wanted me to put up money for the support of his gang. I made his villainy public. You don't expect me to countenance such things? I won't do it."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" Slade scoffed, lightly. "Doctor, look here. We're giving you a chance to make your political fort-

une. That don't come to a man every day. You're ambitious, I take it. And you're a grown man, dealing with men. These notions of yours would do scant credit to a puling school-boy. You're enough of a man of the world to know that when you're dealing with unprincipled opponents you have to meet their methods. You've got to take their weapons and make them your own."

"That's exactly it," Adams broke in. "But I don't deal with unprincipled opponents; I let them alone."

"Oh!" Slade grunted, in impatient disgust. He swung himself around in his big chair, teetering back and forth. Here was a truly promising political ward!

"Well," he broke forth at last, "have you got anything more to say?"

"Haven't I said enough?" Dr. Adams asked in return.

"No; you haven't said enough to justify such damned foolishness as yours." Slade's voice was harsh; not so much from anger as from his strong though wholly unsuccessful effort to hold his speech within conciliatory and pacific bounds. He was not used to this sort of thing, and found it very galling.

"I can only repeat myself," Adams said. "I can't give aid or countenance to this Walsh business, nor to anything like it. You're the one at fault—the one who's responsible for this state of things. You've blundered in your judgment of my character. And I'm glad you have. I'd have a mighty poor opinion of my integrity if it agreed with your ideas concerning me."

"Oh, to hell with all that!" Slade exploded, fiercely, utterly unable to simulate further. "You insignificant weakling! Don't come to me with your twaddling homilies!"

Dr. Adams rose stiffly, putting on his gloves. His eyes were fiery and his lips drawn into a tight, close line; but he held his tongue. Then Slade made a strong effort to suppress his anger. He had very much at stake. He arose heavily and came to stand by Adams's side, laying his hand upon the stubborn shoulder.

"Look here, Doctor," he pleaded, in softened voice; "this won't do, old man. We mustn't separate this way. We can't

afford it—you can't; I can't. We're risking everything—personal reputations and the reputation of the party. We've simply got to win; that's all—got to. Your principles are all right—no fault to find with them. I respect a high-principled man; upon my soul I do. But the biggest part of a man's education in public life is learning when and how to apply his principles. If he don't know that, his principles'll be the ruination of him. I tell you we've simply got to succeed, and we've got to lose sight of every other principle but that."

"That's where we disagree," Adams said, stiffly.

"At least," Slade continued his hopeless plea, "if you can't take part in what's being done—if you can't do it, why, don't. Only you *can* keep your mouth shut and your hands off, can't you?"

"No, sir," Adams said, emphatically, "I can't. If I find any such deviltry going on as that with Walsh I'll expose it as willingly in my own party as I would on the other side. More willingly, because I'd like to have a hand in purifying my party and making it respectable."

"That's all?" Slade asked, ominously.

"That's all," Adams repeated.

"Well, then," Slade said, with broad gesture of dismissal, "you can simply make up your mind to ignominious defeat." And with that they parted.

When Adams was gone, Slade swore; swore lightly at first—tangentially; then in short but widening arcs of the circle; then going to the centre and swearing in radii and segments; finally in sweeping periphery, inclusive of everything. Then he dropped his head upon his arms, folded upon the table before him.

Soon he sat up, smoothing his hand over his grizzled hair and toying abstractedly with the pens and small furnishings upon the table.

"Damn him!" he growled. "I swear I hate to lay down to such a nincompoop. I think I'll give him one more chance. If Jim can't fix him, I'll have to let him go, I reckon."

He called for one of the committee clerks and despatched him to seek through the crowd outside for Jim Cheney, who soon slouched in and slouched into a chair, where he sat silently awaiting orders.

"Jim," Slade said, "I reckon this Adams business is a case for you."

Cheney could find nothing in this speech requiring answer; so he stuck his hands into his pockets and kept silence, his glance upon the floor.

"He's an egregious and ungrateful ass!" Slade went on, feelingly. "You're a pretty good ass-driver. I'm going to let you try him."

Still Cheney held his peace.

"He's clear out of my class," Slade confessed. "I don't understand such as him. He's simply broken clear away from control of the committee, paddling along according to his own crazy notions of what he calls honor. Honor!" Slade spat out the word as though it had a strange and distasteful flavor. "Did you ever go against one of him, Jim?"

To the direct appeal, Cheney felt need of answering.

"Ass-driving ain't the word," he said.

"Why not? What do you mean?" Slade asked.

"Just because it ain't," Cheney answered. "He's no jackass. That's where you're wrong. I reckon you've been trying the driving way with him yourself, haven't you?"

Slade nodded thoughtfully. His was an aggressive, driving nature. He could hardly appreciate any other manner of dealing with men. He had a large opinion of the importance of his position, and was accustomed to have his authority in these matters pass unquestioned. So he had to take several minutes for the digestion and assimilation of Cheney's words.

"Maybe you're right, Jim," he said; "and then I'm all wrong. I can't blarney a man. What Irish blood I've got is too dead in me for that. I've got to have plain talk, straight out. You go tackle him."

Then came another interval, while Slade's face was puckered, Cheney's passive.

"Here," Slade continued; "I reckon he's gone back home on the eleven-ten. You'll have to go out to his place. You've got a good chance to make a record for yourself."

Still Cheney sat silent, his chin upon his breast.

"Well," Slade said, with some impatience, "will you go?"

Cheney slowly raised his eyes, till his glance met Slade's.

"Oh, sure," he said; "I'll try it, if there's anything in it."

Slade had anteceded this suggestion in his own thoughts; so he answered, promptly:

"Jim, I want you to go to him and get him to agree to stand clear aside and keep his mouth shut and let us manage this business. I'll put up a hundred, anyway, and if you get him I'll give you five hundred. That's good money, Jim. That's the best you've had in a hell of a long while."

Cheney's only answer was briefest nod.

He worked his way slowly through the crowded outer room and into the street. His face had passed from its usual listless, sombre aspect to an expression of more active thoughtfulness. So occupied was he that he passed many professional acquaintances without recognition. He went directly to his rooms, in a remote and neglected quarter of the city, there to sit down and lose himself completely in the mazes of intricate thought. The room was very poor and bare. The small rusty stove held no fire, and the air was cold. These were matters which he appeared not to heed in the least, for he sat almost immovable for an hour. By and by he aroused himself and got on his feet.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" he said, aloud. "What a muddle it is!" He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, went to a battered trunk in a corner of the room, unlocked it, and, getting upon his knees, rummaged in the tangled litter of odds and ends which the trunk held. After a time he brought to the surface a small parcel wrapped in mused brown paper. Sitting upon the floor, he opened the packet, holding in his cold-stiffened hands a photograph and a letter. The photograph showed a young man and woman seated together in conventional photographers' pose. By the woman's dress it was easily to be seen that the picture was old. The woman's face was very bright, smiling, and cheerful; not notably beautiful, but with a comfortable air of good companionship in its expression. The face of the man was commonplace enough—one of a great number of faces to be seen daily everywhere, and hardly to be distinguished one from an-

other ; the only noteworthy features of the pictured face being wide bulging forehead and large direct eyes. The trinket seemed to fascinate Cheney. He held it before him for many minutes, studying it intently. Then with a deep sigh he laid it upon his lap, and gently unfolded the letter. He read it through slowly, from beginning to end ; then let it fall upon the photograph. In a few moments he took it up again, turning the sheets until he had found one paragraph which he sought, and this he read once more. The words were not difficult of identification as those of a half-developed girl's mind—impulsive, not ill-humored ; saying a hard thing, not without compassion :

"I count upon your forgiving me for this. I count upon it most of all because I think you do truly love me and want to see me happy, as I truly want to see you happy. But I know that after what I have said I could not make you happy, for I should never be able to forget that I do not love you as I have grown to love John. Even when I should be trying my best to be happy with you and to make you happy, I should be thinking of him. It would be like seeing a ghost. Now, you mustn't think I never cared for you, for that wouldn't be true. I have cared for you, and shall never cease to care for you in the same good old way. But that feeling is so different from the feeling I have for John—just as different as you two men are different. You know that I have talked with you about your lack of ambition to be something in life. And dear, good Jim, I don't want to pain you, but I must say it : John is all that I have missed in you, and it is that which makes me love him most dearly. He will make a place for himself in the world and he will do it honorably, for his honor is even greater than his ambition."

A poor and feeble letter, with its prating of happiness as something tangible and to be laid hold of. Not a very large rock, nor one to be suspected of causing wreckage of large craft. But it was the rock upon which Cheney had struck, going to pieces and sinking slowly through fifteen years.

After a time he arose and stood before his small mirror. He studied his reflected face intently, comparing it with his pictured

image. The comparison was much in favor of the picture. The face in the picture had life in it, while the live face seemed almost without life, heavy and inert.

But this inactive humor did not last. A train would leave in a few hours for Adams's village home, and despatch was required. He went back into the business portion of the city, sought a cheap furnishing-store, and bought a modest suit of clothing, with such other things as were needed to make him presentable. When he was supplied with these, he went to a barber-shop and surrendered himself to the unaccustomed operation of a hair-cutting.

"Take my mustache off, too," he directed, briefly. He suddenly remembered that the face in the photograph had been smooth-shaven.

A Western village changes very much in fifteen years. Cheney had expected to find change ; but a man is never wholly reconciled to finding his early home made over new. It was quite a respectable town now, with a gaudy railroad station replacing the small dark-red structure of old time ; new brick blocks along the business street, and a three-story brick hotel. In old time the streets had been shadeless, for the most part ; now there were many maples and cottonwoods along the avenues and ways. Pretentious homes there were, too—a few, and the boundaries of the village had widened to include what in those other days had been pastures and cornfields. But these changes left only passing impression upon Cheney's thoughts. He inquired directly for Dr. Adams's home and bent his steps thither. It was a pretty home ; a cozy cottage in a large yard, the lawn planted with shrubs and the rapid-growing cottonwoods.

Those who knew Cheney back at the head-quarters would have wondered had they known how fiercely his heart knocked as he walked slowly up the gravelled path to the house. If they had thought at all of his heart, they would have thought of it as a staid organ, doing most perfunctory service. But his heart did beat so wildly that he had difficulty in asking of the trim servant at the door whether he might see Dr. Adams. Dr. Adams was away on a professional call, but would soon return. The gentleman would please walk in and wait.

As the servant drew the curtain from the doorway of the neat parlor, Cheney saw that a woman was seated at a piano, her back toward him. She turned as he entered, and stood in formal attitude of greeting, her eyes upon his face.

"You wish to see my husband, Dr. Adams?" she asked, and Cheney bowed stiffly, dropping his eyes after that first glance. She had grown a little stouter of figure, and her face was matronly, but holding the old expression of good companionship. It was a softened and refined face—the face of a happy, contented woman.

Knowing every one in the village, she knew this man to be a stranger, and divined his mission. Her thoughts were filled with her husband's impending fame; wife-like, she soon began talking of him and of many things concerning him and his campaign, Cheney contributing but little to the talk; sometimes brief word of comment or encouragement. He was satisfied to find that she was proud and happy in her womanly notions of her husband's glory; satisfied to hear her speak of his honor and good name. And through those long minutes while she talked to him, looked at him, even when she heard him speak, there was not the slightest token or symbol of recognition. It was a blessed relief to have the trim servant enter with word that the doctor would see his visitor in his small office at the other side of the house.

Cheney's abashed manner faded when he stood face to face with Adams; there he put on light assurance.

"Good-afternoon to you, Governor," he began, and his alert eyes noted the gleam of pleasure at the title.

He spoke his own name here fearlessly, for he guessed rightly that the husband must, man-like, have long since forgotten it and its associations. So they sat down together.

Cheney knew his own skill, and like an open page he read the nature of his intended victim. There must be no precipitate directness. So through a long hour he talked lightly; talked of former campaigns, with their battles and skirmishes; talked of men who had taken part in them; talked of men who had risen to places of grandeur and since faded into

obscurity. Not altogether profitless had been his years of campaigning; for he had a memory well stored with such reminiscence as delights the thirsty and hungry soul of a man who is preparing to walk in paths wherein other men have walked to fame. It is a thirst which knows no quenching; a hunger which knows no satiety. The hour's end found Adams dazzled and gasping.

"But it's a strange thing," Cheney said at last, "how completely most men lose themselves in their office. That marks a man as weak, don't it? They get filled with notions of political prestige and authority, and there's the end of them. We've had some good men go into office and come out bad. Funny, but we've never had a Governor in this State—not one; have we?—who seemed to appreciate what he might be and do if he'd keep there the character he had before he went in. I'm curious to see whether you're an exception."

It was a good stroke, touching Adams in the vital centre of his moral nature.

"Why," Cheney went on, "what the people of the State want is an honest administration of affairs. That ought to prove itself. It's a common mistake of public officers that they're best serving their own interests by hoodwinking the people. If the people once get an honest administration, they'll know where to look and what to do afterward. It's popular disgust that has left the management of affairs so much to political machinists and whipsters. One good honest administration would come pretty near knocking the machine to pieces; don't you know it?"

Adams did not reply in words, but his gray eyes held answer enough.

"I've had a hope that maybe we'd get to try it this time," Cheney said; "but it's going to be close—mighty close. You've heard how the other side's organized—solid. There are just a few county leaders and local authorities here and there who are going to hold the balance of power. Everything depends on how they're worked. The other side isn't stopping at anything to win. We have a good central committee, as politicians go. Slade's a good man in the present state of things—bull-headed and obstinate and all that, of course; but he appreciates con-

ditions as they are, and he knows how to hang on to these little leaders. Oh, of course, he's tricky ; but no man can get into the office now, no matter who he is, in the present listless state of public feeling, unless the machine helps him in. After that, if he's the right sort, he can simply lay a mine under the machine and blow it up. He don't have to turn traitor, or anything like that, you know. The people will take hold and do it themselves."

There was another hour of this, and Cheney saw that he had won.

"The boys out in Smith County didn't understand you," he said at the last, "and they took your action pretty hard. You didn't understand them either, I guess. At least you couldn't have understood how necessary it is that they be kept in line. It's better to have a good man go in than a bad one, with the same methods used on both sides. And you know what Gratton would be if the other side won."

It ended in Adams drawing a check, upon Cheney's earnest solicitation, for the pacification of the leaders in Smith County.

He had succeeded in his mission, and with the success which he had sought. As he walked down the gravelled path, with the folded check gripped in his hand, his face had fallen from its late persuasive geniality to its accustomed sombre dullness.

"Easy, easy!" he said. "And that's the measure of my integrity!"

Success! A glorious and radiant success, Slade would have adjudged it ; nor would any one of Cheney's compeers have entertained any sentiment upon the matter beyond admiration, admixed with green envy. It would easily make him the foremost of the State's multitude of professional political workers.

But, strangely enough, only a fleeting shadow of this crossed Cheney's own mind, as he shambled aimlessly down the avenue toward the hotel. Strangely enough, his thoughts were hardly concerned at all with Adams or with the crumpled check in his hand. It was a woman's face which he saw ; a bright, matronly face, carrying expression of happy content.

"God Almighty!" he groaned.

He reached the hotel and set foot upon

the steps ; then turned abruptly away. Not by any effort of will, but upon impulse stronger and subtler than will, he walked toward the older part of the town, searching eagerly for familiar places—for the house where he had lived, and for the homes of those whom he had known. Myriad gentle associations came to his mind, and strong feeling possessed him. He was not the same man as on yesterday—rather, the man of fifteen years ago. Most of all, he sought for those places whose memory was hallowed by the one passion of his life ; places where he had passed happy hours with the one woman whom he had loved, whose loss had meant so much to him, and whose life was now so peaceful and contented. Darkness, hardly noticed, came upon him ; then passed at last, merging into the first hint of dawn. Through the whole night he had walked the quiet streets. He had lived a long time in that night ; had lived his own past life, and another life besides—a life which might have been his.

In the early hours of the morning, while the half-clouded sky alternately glowed with rose and faded into gray, half awakening and falling back into a luscious after-noon, Cheney came again to Adams's cottage and rang the bell. Not unused to such calls, Dr. Adams himself answered the summons ; dishabille, but alert and ready. When he saw Cheney his surprise was evident.

"I want to see you a minute, Doctor," Cheney said. "Let's go into your office. It'll only take a minute, I reckon."

His face was haggard, his eyes feverish, and his voice was the high-pitched voice of a tired man. Dr. Adams led the way to his office, his thoughts filled with wonder and speculation. His first judgment was that Cheney had been debauching, and involuntarily he hardened his heart against what might be coming.

"Doctor," Cheney began, in strained tones, "I suppose you consider that I may have done you a service yesterday?"

Dr. Adams bowed awkwardly, unwilling as yet to commit himself to words.

"Say it," Cheney insisted. "Did you think it a service?"

"Really," the other answered, "I suppose it was a service. Yes ; it was a service."

"I thought so," Cheney said. "But now I'm going to do you the real service."

He opened his overcoat and searched through his pockets until he had found and brought forth Adams's check, now soiled and crushed.

"Watch!" he said briefly; then found a match, struck it and held the tiny flame against the paper, which flared into blaze, then fell to the floor in ashes.

"There," he said; "that's the real service."

Startled wonder held possession of Adams's face. Speak he could not.

"Doctor!" Cheney cried, in pathetic, trembling eagerness, "don't do it! For your own sake, and for your wife's sake, and for God's sake, don't you do it!" Then suddenly borne down beyond resistance, he turned away, hiding his face in his hands and sobbing like a boy.

Half comprehending now, Dr. Adams came close and laid his hand on the poor fellow's arm, patting it with attempt at reassurance.

"There," he said, quietly; "don't do that, man. Tell me."

"Oh!" Cheney cried, passionately, "it's what manhood I've got that's talking now, and what manhood you've got must listen to me. I tell you you can't do it. I played the scoundrel yesterday. That's what I was sent here for. But I can't carry it any farther. I want to have you keep as you are and have been, and let the rest go to the devil, where it belongs."

He drew his sleeve over his eyes, and by degrees quieted himself.

"You came down ignominiously before what little art I have," he said, harshly. "How easy you'd be before others! They'd ruin you; they'd ruin your self-respect, and they'd ruin you in the eyes of your wife and everyone that loves you. You'd be a plaything, and a mighty simple one, in the hands of tens and dozens of men like me, but who wouldn't treat you as I'm treating you now. For God's sake, man, let it go!"

In his eager anxiety he had laid his hands upon Adams's shoulders, and stood looking into the fine clear face, now flushing crimson.

"Is that all true?" Adams asked, helplessly.

"True!" Cheney repeated. "As true as anything you know. It's absolutely true. Yesterday ought to prove it to you. You ain't proof against villainy. It's just a question of the kind and degree of villainy that's brought against you. Slade couldn't do it, nor one like him; but one of my sort could. I did."

Adams's slender form drew erect, every nerve and muscle tense. His constant habit of self-scrutiny enabled him to see clearly the poor figure he had made in the eyes of this trained handler of men. It was a painful revelation of pitiful weakness; such revelation as no man relishes who has nursed and cherished thought of his own strength. He walked to the window and stood silently looking out, thinking deeply, paying no heed to Cheney, until at last Cheney spoke:

"I'm going now, Doctor. I must go back home."

Dr. Adams turned sharply and came to stand by Cheney, looking keenly into the rough face.

"There's one thing I don't understand," he said. "What's brought you back? You're not a novice in this business; you've proved that to me, to my shame. I'd like to understand why you've weakened."

There was accent of suspicion in the voice; light of suspicion on the face. Poor Cheney!

"Good God, John!" he cried, bitterly. "Don't you remember me at all? Jim Cheney? Fifteen years ago?"

Then like a burst of sunlight the truth flashed upon Adams. The color faded from his face and his hands dropped heavily at his sides.

"Not—Jim Cheney!" he gasped, weakly.

"Yes, it is," Cheney said. He stood for a moment, passing his tongue over his dry lips. "It ain't for you I've weakened. What the devil do I care for you? You didn't think me a nerveless philanthropist, did you? It's on her account. Understand?"

Adams's mind was reduced to elemental chaos, with coherent speech impossible.

"You poor fool!" Cheney said. "Maybe I'm a fool, too. We're all touched with it, I reckon. I don't suppose Annie's free

from it; but she's a happy fool, anyway, and I'd hate to spoil her happiness. That's all."

For the moment Cheney's shoulders had straightened, and his face was quickened into life; only for the moment.

"Oh, well," he said, wearily; "I'm going now. You do what you please. I'm tired of it all." He slouched to the door, and his hand was upon the knob before Adams found his tongue.

"Cheney!" he called. "Jim! Don't go in that way, man. I don't feel much like a man any more, but I'd like to shake a man's hand."

Cheney turned. "Then—I'm to be the first to congratulate you on your defeat?" he asked.

"Yes," Adams said, with shamed frank-

ness. "I'm going to keep my honor—the mighty little there is left to me."

In the afternoon Cheney pushed his way through the crowd and into the committee-room. Slade looked up eagerly, but the inert face told nothing.

"Well?" Slade asked, with sharp impatience.

"No good," Cheney said.

Slade's face clouded, and he stood for a moment pondering. Then he spat deliberately upon the floor and deliberately wiped the spot away with his heavy foot.

"Well," he said, with the air of one yielding himself vanquished; "I've failed; you've failed. I reckon he must be an anomaly."

"Yes, I reckon he is," said Cheney.

ARBUTUS

By Frank Dempster Sherman

ALONG the woods' brown edge
The wind goes wandering
To find the first pink pledge—
The hint of Spring.

The withered leaves around,
She scatters every one,
And gives to wintry ground
A glimpse of sun.

And to the woodland dumb
And desolate so long
She calls the birds to come
With happy song.

Then the arbutus! This
The pledge, the hint she sought,—
The blush, the breath, the kiss,—
Spring's very thought!

LETREÏS, BRITTANY

By Cecilia Waern

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER

THERE is a little corner in Brittany so suggestive in its peculiar beauty, so fresh in its complex charm, that the desire to project on to the imagination of others a faint shadow of this beauty and a vague notion of this charm, comes as irresistibly as if all the world were young and prose portraits of places still a desirable form of literature.

Letreis—the name is not to be found on the maps and no guide-book will conduct you thither—Letreis and the country round have that rare distinction, a local physiognomy, as full of character as a face by Lionardo, but also as elusive. Our very point of view never remains the same. It shifts and varies like the sands at the mouth of the river, or the ferry-barge on the bosom of the tide; and withal the mystery remains the same, profound, alluring, suggestive. Who can travel, with eyes and mind open, and not feel that places, like people, have physiognomies, inscrutable perhaps, but unmistakably fashioned into features that suggest the same characteristics to all receptive minds by immaterial agencies beyond our ken? Who can feel the intense individuality of a place like this thrill and elude him like the golden song of the larks high up in the trembling air, and not feel himself in the presence of a beautiful world of spiritual phenomena, that no reasoning can deprive him of?

These are cliff-walk fancies, born of idleness and sun-filled sea-breezes in this delicious corner of Brittany, where there is nothing of interest, no dolmens or menhirs, no famous Pardons or rambling farm-houses in decayed Renaissance manors, yet where you feel the true happiness of travel descend on your spirit with a message for which gratitude can find no words. There is a breeze to-day and a slight mist. The sea is a pale bluish-green, with a quantity of filmy white mixed in with it. There are large purple shadows; the long island, at times so near, is very far away; shifting half-lights, dissolved in mist, are hanging

over the yellows and greens of the farther headland. Six fishermen in a row are drawing in their net on the dull golden beach of the river below. Their clothes are all blue to-day and their legs bare, gleaming a brilliant rose-pink in the afternoon sun. Five minutes' walk, nay two minutes' walk across the corn-fields that wave their ripening ears almost over the very edge of the cliff, bring me to a collection of stone hovels, called by courtesy a village. It is milking-time and the dark Breton kine are waiting in the enclosure, the dark Breton women, not unlike cows themselves in the slow patience of their heavy movements, and the large masses of dark blue, dun and white of their working dresses, are making hay in the home-field while the peasant and his broad-hipped wife are piling the sea-weed on to the compost.

Letreis is a village, too, or rather a fragment of one; the rest is somewhere else, as is the custom in Finistère. It is a little settlement of houses on a little spit of ground on a sharp bend in the river; some seven or eight houses in all, whitewashed and smiling, and wearing an indefinable air of strangeness, half southern, half maritime, in this dark-green setting of heavy Breton hills. Fig-trees luxuriate in the neglected back-garden of the dependance, while lilies twist and bend freely into shapes of delight among old cans and crocks and straggling gooseberry bushes. The branches of one fig-tree, accessible from outside, are the store-house for oars and spars, slung up by odd ends of rope. From my seat in the garden I catch curious glimpses of masts and pennons, gliding silently by above the top of the old wall; between spreading fig-leaves and tangles of ivy I hear the sayings and doings on the other side of the wall, the gossip of the *douanier* and his wife, the "inspecteur de poisson" haranguing his troublesome subjects, the fishermen, queer little human animals in ragged petticoats, playing with themselves like squirrels, while

The Headlands.

humming quaint refrains through their noses. From my window in the front room I command a view of the centre of interest, the jetty at the ferry and the broad sweep of golden beach beyond, with the filmy screen of festooned nets to the right and the double rows of bending, pulling, swaying fishermen. The fishermen are not always there, of course, but very often, and one never tires of taking in the rugged expressiveness of their movements and of watching the crescendo of their excitement, as the magic semicircle of the salmon-seine shrinks and contracts until the splashing, leaping creatures of silver are landed and after some trouble counted on the shore.

The river is tidal, and my view varies ; at low tide there is often a display of color over the shoals and sands and watery furrows, full of revelations of harmony. Some passages are indeed so fine and uncommon, that one can spend whole afternoons of absorbed study of cause and effect. Thus the sands often give a warm gold, running into rosy purples in the pools,

merging into broad stretches of dark mother-of-pearl in the shade, varied indefinitely by reflection and contrast, local color and shadow, into wide bands and soft gradations of color, and marked by soft veinings of delicate blue from the moving water in the runnels. In places there is a shimmer of vivid, unmistakable green, as of some glittering goldsmith's fretwork, due to wide fringes of pale-green sea-weed. There is also often a narrow, wavering line of brilliant purple, in places along the farther shore, as distinct as it is baffling. It is not due to contrast alone, the green is not always there ; it moves, besides, and sometimes disappears altogether like the rosy fire in the opals which it resembles. The mystery and the wonder are not diminished when one finds that it is due to sunlight, reflected through moving water from the scoop of warm-hued sand along the shore. . . . And all this is so beautiful, so full of definite rhythms and infinite suggestion, that one can follow the development for hours with a pleasure as great as if one were listening to music, and this

Breton Woman.

only one page of many from this score that has no end.

As the afternoon wears on, the cows come down the road on the opposite shore, imbibing the sunlight and walking in single file across the firm sands down to the sea pastures in a grand, proud, unconscious, and yet predetermined way, that inspires the observer with a dreamy wish to be as one of these in simple, entire absorption of the bountiful loving-kindness and mysterious grandeur of nature.

The mysterious grandeur of nature is indeed very near one in this curious little place, quaintly mingling with the restful prose the humorous actualities of artistic life in a primitive inn. At high tide the river, which rushes by your very door,

represents the most stimulating of swims. You don your bathing garb and a cloak, slip down the jetty, and find yourself in a briny current that not even (Swinburne's) Tristan himself would have scorned, rushing up swiftly from the sea into the loving embrace of the hills.

It is at Letreis that the meeting takes place, and this circumstance doubtless adds much to the composite charm of the spot. There are more picturesque fishing villages, there is grander ocean scenery, and more perfect sylvan landscape ; but as there is only one Letreis in imaginative fascination, so there are but few places that so happily combine such different elements of beauty and interest. . . . Seawards there is the free and glorious tableland, where the corn ripens in the sun and waves in the breeze ; there are windswept

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farms and chestnut-groves, paved
lanes and hill-side orchards. Women, in
black and white, wash their linen at the
fountains, in the half-light under the trees,
low stone walls ramble up hill and down
hill and parcel off the ground into quaint
shapes and wedges. A touch of something

more wild and free is given by the steep,
breezy hillsides, half covered with scrub
and broom, abutting on to the river ; but
the general character is heavy, rustic, cir-
cumscribed. The river is the living link
between all these different elements. The
very hay is brought to the barn, from the
lary up-river region, in barges, and
ded at the good pleasure of the tide :
ep-sea fishermen bring in their crafts
elter when their mother the sea is

vatched them once preparing their
with Madame's permission, over the
fire in the kitchen, where it was al-
so tempting to linger and keep in
with human nature such as it is in
imaginative surroundings. Some-
was seething in a cauldron, which
looked like some kind of a lye, as a
gray scum was rising to the surface
: time. It proved to be fresh sar-
boiling in water. Presently, the
ron was lifted off the fire, but the
was not taken off, as I expected ;
salt was added by pouring the
water off into a large earthen-
ware dish containing coarse salt,
and then back and forth from the
cauldron into the dish, and from
the dish into the cauldron, until
the hard grains of salt were at
least partially dissolved. Finally,
the fish was piled on the remain-
ing salt, while the water, or lye,
was served as soup. This, with
bread and cider, constituted a ban-
quet, served at the long wooden
table in the mud-floor *buvette*.

Women, in black and white, wash their linen at the fountains.

The fishermen were as rudimentary as their food (Michelangelesque was the word of an American painter)—rough, uncouth, shaggy, tall, and wild ; rather given to brawling in unintelligible lingo, when the patron had been too liberal with the cider money, but always kindly to the stranger.

The kitchen deserves more than a passing mention. It has certain distinguishing features, as beseems the importance of the family in the community—a wooden floor, a

in the kitchen and farmyard and the affairs of the community in general.

She is a portly lady, with many flabby wrinkles, eyes red and bleared with smoke, yet with a presence full of dignity, as well as a heart full of kindly wisdom, though her life has been spent, literally, in this one spot since she was brought here as a young wife, to manage the farm and cope with the fishermen when Monsieur was plying his vessel down to Bordeaux along the coast.

Sunday.

good-sized window. The rest is Breton ; all except the little counter for the " Débit de Tabac " and sale of liqueurs, which pipes its vulgar little wayside note drolly and, on the whole, ineffectively, by the side of the aristocratic reserve of the old seignorial presses, with long brass hinges, on either side of the open fireplace. There are corner cupboards, too, and the great feature of a Breton kitchen : the long table, standing straight out from the window, with broad benches on both sides, both benches and table being at the same time coffers full of accumulated stores. At this table drinks are served to customers above the *buvette* in importance, and occasional meals. Here Madame Kerouët presides over the doings

She has not even seen " le Grand Sable," the beach and embryo watering-place, alas ! about one mile distant ; when she was young, she was too busy with her house and children—" one always in the cradle, and one ready to come "—and now it is too late, though they do say that it is very fine. Yet many a fine lady, familiar with several continents, might envy her the true experience and mellow sympathy which a life of many cares in this one spot has brought her and the deference shown her. She needs both firmness and kindness to manage the queer little community that nestles under her wing in summer. It is mostly composed of artists, but there are also staid Breton curés, jolly Parisian artisans,

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The Ferry.

and waifs and strays of every kind, except the primly conventional. But Madame is equal to them all, even to the whims and antipathies of the artists. When possible she humors them, and long-suffering Fine of the clattering sabots has to serve three or four dinners at once in the old and the new *dépendance*, because subtle Americans do not get on with athletic Britons, or imaginative, susceptible artists with paint-rag, voluble women. When impossible, she lays down the law, "*ils mangeront tous ensemble*," with a firmness from which there is no appeal. She is equally inflexible when one suggests joining forces with the sympathetic *curés* — they are

DETERMINED AGAIN ON ASKING them to sit down to meat with fishermen in the *huvette*. Thus all is kept as it should be, and there is no confusion. Except, indeed, on Sundays, when excursionists pour down from the neighboring town for a bath on the beach, a long and noisy breakfast indoors, and loud-voiced prowlings into the haunts of the fairies which most effectually dispel the charm that hangs over the place when they are absent. This charm seems stronger than ever on Sunday mornings as one sits on the headland listening to the larks in the Sabbath stillness, and watching the warm, white mist dispel over the sea, while the sweet sounds of the bells come out of the inland mist like voices from far away . . . from this great

mystic and fervent past that seems so near one in Brittany.

It is hard to have this broken in on by Sunday crowds; it is harder still to realize what this means for the future. The crowds will be gone on Monday, and the fascination will be felt again, as great and as mysterious as ever. But meanwhile their representatives, the villas, go on mul-

umphant in all these last strongholds of the imaginative and mystic past.

But let us leave these melancholy fancies and listen to the sea, which comes pouring in as grandly as if it were conscious of its immeasurable superiority over its younger sister, the land. Progress may tear asunder our living connection with the past, may stamp out and obliterate all this

Gathering "Goemon" (Seaweed).

tipling, and obtruding their perky and vulgar sky-line in all this finely balanced harmony of eloquent line suggesting indefinable and far-reaching speculations as to the agencies that have modelled it and the chords it strikes responsive in all receptive minds. Meanwhile the voices from far-away recede farther and farther into the mist, and the day will come when the bourgeois and the 'Arry will reign tri-

that it has taken centuries to elaborate, the sea will always be there with its grandeur and freedom, and the unassailable beauty and unfathomable mystery of its splendid rhythms, its fugitive glimpses of exquisite line.

On days of sunlight and sun-pierced mist, the attraction of the table-land and coast-line is irresistible. Summer is wonderful everywhere, with its revelation of

Fisher Folk.

the actuality of things that winter had led one to doubt of. But nowhere is it more wonderful than along the shores of La Noire Bretagne.

The inland scenery is indeed as sombre, heavy and withal mysterious, as the black-browed and inscrutable faces of the women. Even on sunny days the green clothing of the rounded hills has a heavy blue tinge, and the main impression brought home from a walk is one of strange undefinable weirdness—of low, dark granite houses with sombre eaves and an almost Cyclopean style of architecture; of Druidical pools; of darkling lanes, high-arched overhead, and black underfoot, or quaint pollard hedge-rows, that twist their gnarled roots into patterns as involved and fantastic as the Dragon scrolls of the Irish Celts. The very elms and poplars, so correct and stately elsewhere, grow into shapes of imaginative suggestion which no Symboliste painting can cheapen.

But summer days along the coast have a glory of radiance and an infinite vari-

ety of charm such as few coast-lines can equal. Numberless motives, each one of which seems to sum up the essence of summer and the sea, present themselves as one follows the cliff-walk. Skirting the cornfield, the billowing plumes of the rye are relieved in tender green against the distant soft blue of the sea; then, continuing along the coast-line, one peers down from the crags at the suggestive but baffling play of shadow with local color and of reflections with both, in the clear water below crossing the white billows of sand-dune, gay with the indescribable delicate blue of the thistles. Again you watch the surf break on the wide, sweeping beaches, and try in vain to gauge the beautiful secret of line in motion—this long ripple of linked curves, running joyously along the top of the wave, until it finally breaks in a crest of foam—in vain to arrest the lovely pattern of the tracery left in silver on the sand by the little waves as they advance and recede, obeying some hidden law

Surf Beating on the Rocks.

of beauty that one would fain catch a glimpse of.

Then there are days of dream-like loveliness, when the blue sea is studded with sails, and the wonderful blue air is filled with the strains of larks. At times one feels the larks to be the most distinctive feature, truly "the embodied Joy" of the place. They run their golden embroidery through dull days of soft gray, and seem to give a voice to the radiance of sunny days; they fill the white mists of warm mornings with an invisible rapture, that makes it all seem like a bit of heaven. And I have lain on the headland after sunset, when the sky

light all
and heard
ing above,
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ianus or Devon, but in structural characteristics, in color, in line, Brittany is at once more definite in form

and arrangement, and more subtle in character, or in a word more Gallic, with features and elements, here of Japanese picturesqueness, there of pure Latin beauty.

And the deeper note of Breton mystery and Breton sadness is never absent, even from days of the most entrancing loveliness. Sometimes it seems to lurk in the half-formed mists that suddenly veil the horizon. I have sat on the cliffs at low tide for hours, perhaps pretending to read, but in reality watching the play of color over the sands till it seemed as full of "Stimmung" and variation as lovers' moods playing into one another, and all merging into

a background of heavy sadness undefined—until a cast shadow comes, bringing movement and life across all this aimless mood of color, like a real sharp shadow of pain, which brings thought.

In some places, a deeper note is struck by the reminders of the life of the people. This is most noticeable on the heights of the farther cliff-walk, where the rock scenery is so full of heroic beauty and grandeur of form. To watch the struggle of the powers of light and darkness, as the sun penetrates and conquers the mist, is to follow a grand epic with one's eyes. But the harbors for the sea-weed only speak of toil and storm—the solitary stone houses, tall and gaunt, with steep outside stairways—only of indifference and privation.

On days of summer radiance, when storms seem impossible, and fogs are forgotten, the swarthy, sombre Bretons seem like aliens in their own beautiful land. It is of course impossible to tell how far the grand and subtle features of line,

which all artists feel to be so characteristic—spiritual in type, and full of imaginative suggestion—have tended to influence the development of the mystic and imaginative qualities of mind, that meet us in Breton legend and Breton poetry—and that seem to look out at us from the deep-set, inscrutable eyes of these dark, weird creatures. Superstitious they certainly are, and reticent, but beyond that, the only characteristics that show on the surface of every-day intercourse are prosaic, friendly and stolid.

A correspondence there certainly is everywhere between man as moulded by nature and nature as modified by man, and nowhere more noticeable than here. No one can see the quaint, clumsy lines of the inland valleys, with their queer-shaped orchards and low rambling walls, without seeing how this and the sabots belong together. . . . Do the deep, dark pools, gleaming with weird reflections and the deep-set eyes also belong together?

he said one day when he was down at the Chats. Another will tell you that he had no touch of savage about him; that his mother was a white girl and his father a Spaniard from the Silver Islets in the Great Superior, and that Welly just wandered and came East for the love of life. It was true he was known from Spanish River to the Montagnais country: and the tradition about his burning eyes has something Spanish running through it.

But another will lead you aside when he hears these vain stories, and with awe

in his mouth will tell you that Welly Legrave was a child of the spirit which lives in the pine woods, and that he was found after a great storm on the shore of Lake Temiscamingue by a party of trappers wrapped in a red shirt which vanished when the human hand touched him, and that a voice like thunder roared in the forest. He will offer to show you the very point of land, and here you will find a rude cross with the initials W. L., for no one would dare to cut the letters of his name.

The exploits of the hero are sometimes visionary and sometimes human, and their color depends upon the character of the minds which have preserved them and handed them on from one generation to another. Now there is Laurent Pombère who can remember his grandfather, and whose grandfather could remember Welly Legrave. He has many a story of him, some of them deep in the charm of the woods, and others full of the strange life and the turmoil, wild intrigue, and sudden spring of danger in those old days when the toil of the lumbermen on the Ottawa had a dash of romance.

Sometimes Laurent Pombère will talk,

remembering the things his grandfather told him; sometimes you could not get him to utter the name of Welly Legrave; and he will for hours remain as dumb as an idol, smoking his pipe, until it has come time to tread on the fire. Then you know that another evening has gone by and the oracle has not spoken.

When he begins to hum! then you should listen. He will begin to hum, fixing his pipe, maybe, by the light of the fire, or maybe splicing a favorite paddle that has given under strain. The humming will go on, formless, and avoiding tune; then you will catch a word or two, then under his breath he will chant something that has both tune and words; then he will say, without looking up, as if he were talking to himself—"You never heard about that? eh!"

"About what?"

"About that Welly Legrave."

"That story about Welly Legrave you told the other night, about the Wendigo?"

Then he will look up at you in a pitying way, with such innocence in his face that you will begin to wonder whether he did really tell you the story.

"Who told you the story about Welly

They saw the speck of the boat farther down the river —Page 476.

Legrave and the Wendigo? Nobody knew that story but my grandfather; he wouldn't tell me."

Then he will relapse into silence and you will fancy you have blundered, and have yourself to thank for nothing instead of a new yarn. But he will break out again.

"You heard what that fool Batiste Laroque tried to sing at the portage today; you remember now. He made it go—

The Remacs roar and The Remacs call,
Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave.
Where are the boys that went over the fall,
Welly Legrave?
ApJohn was the only one to tell,
Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave,
How Billy Dormandy went to hell,
Welly Legrave.

That's the way they all sing it, but they don't know what they mean. You ask them; you ask Batiste Laroque now, and he will tell you nothing at all, for he don't know. He will say, 'Oh, you ask Laurent Pombère; his grandfather told him everything; he knows.' But that's a story in

those verses. I will tell that in my grandfather's way. He's dead now, and gone to heaven, if God has forgotten his sins. He was a wild one, I tell you—no holding him—he was a wild one.

"That Welly Legrave they make the verses about, he was on this river fifty years ago; he was never an old man and never a young man; he was always the same; he came one day, and many days after he went away, and that was all there was to it. Many people said he had the magic, and that when he liked he could call up a spirit that came out of the water like a black snake. My grandfather he used to laugh at that, but when I asked him, Well you don't believe that? he would shut up his mouth, and would not say he did not believe it. My grandfather said he was a grand man, not too big, but iron all over and great brains in his head; quick and cunning as a wild thing, and he was something else besides. But it was queer that when my grandfather tried to tell what *that* was he would get muddled up and begin to talk as if he had swallowed too much brandy.

"Those were the days of the square timber on the river. They never put any trash into the water then, and there was mighty little sawing done. Those pieces were squared off and bound into cribs, and the rafts came down like cities. Those were great days. Now, this Welly Legrave was a great man on the river; great in every way. He knew the woods as a priest knows his mass-book. He knew every bit of the river, asleep or awake. He knew trees, and no one had any timber that he knew half as well as Welly Legrave knew it. And he knew men, too; whenever a new man came along he took his measure and set him just over where he belonged.

"Now all this made the big men wild to get hold of him, but they couldn't. He wouldn't come for wages; you might offer him a bake-kettle full of money, and he would turn his back on you. He wouldn't come for fair talk or for anything under the sun, so far as anyone could see, but he would go just where he pleased and leave when he pleased, and no man was his master. And whoever he took up with was a happy man, for he got the best of his timber; and he got it to Quebec quicker and safer than anyone else.

"There was another queer thing, and that is at the bottom of this story that they sing about: he would never be foreman, no; some other fellow was always the foreman, and Welly Legrave was head over him; and if they pulled together, all right, and if they pulled apart, all the men pulled with Welly Legrave, and the foreman just bossed himself. And sometimes it happened just so—on one side one man, big as a house, with all the power, and him drawing the pay, mad, mad all the time; and on the other that Welly Legrave, smiling all the time and the whole gang pulling with him.

"Now, it was one winter a long time ago my grandfather said they were working on a limit back on the Coulonge for old Mc-Tavish Hamilton. It was a terrible winter—the snow was deep and the frost was heavy all the time; but that wasn't the worst of it. They had for foreman a man called ApJohn, a man from Wales, and he was a son of the prince of devils. Nothing ever suited him, no matter how it went. If the work was bad, he seemed to like it

better, for he could strike then; and if it went well he could only swear. He could strike, too; strike men, beat them; and when he once hit a man he went wild and everyone had to stand clear. He hit pretty freely that winter, but all of a sudden he stopped.

"It was one night when he and the only man who was friendly with him, by name Dormandy, came in on snowshoes, about twenty miles from a camp back in the bush. His supper wasn't ready, for the cook had frozen his heels and couldn't walk very lively; and when they came in there were two of the men helping him—my grandfather over the soup-kettle, and a man by name Lemab Seriza making batter for pancakes. When he saw his supper wasn't ready he flew on the nearest like a wolf, which happened to be Lemab, and hit him over the head with an iron pan, the first thing he laid hands on.

"Lemab turned half round after the first blow, caught another full in the face, and went into the fire on his back. My grandfather wasn't very much afraid of anything, so he went right under ApJohn's nose and pulled Lemab out. He would have burned up, for he lay on the floor like stone, his hair singed off and blood on his face. ApJohn went raging round so wild he didn't know what he was wild about. The men got into corners, and my grandfather and the cook held Lemab. In a few minutes his soul came back and he sat up on the floor. He looked at ApJohn, who had got himself down a bit, and tried to get onto his feet. He did at last, and my grandfather held him, for the cook had to stand on his toes and was no good when it came to holding a half-dead man on his legs. There they stood, swinging to and fro, my grandfather, and Lemab, with ashes in his burnt hair and the scar on his face, with his eyes on ApJohn, fierce as an otter. He spoke the English well and after awhile he let out on him:

"'Me cooking your supper, and you to come behind and strike me, you cowardly devil. You're a mean man and a bully. Your mother made you a strong man, but you'd break your own mother. There's no marrow in your bones, but they're as iron as your heart.'

"My grandfather, trying to hold him

steady, mind you, and ApJohn, standing up stiff and horrible, looking ready to kill them both when Lemab got through. But Lemab wouldn't stop.

"Come on, hit me again, now you have half-killed me, and take me down the river lashed to the crib-timber to show the Bytown people how you bossed the job on the Coulonge. If you leave me alive, day nor night will I rest till I have my revenge of you. I'll see you whine for your life yet. There is one man on the river that'll do for you, and that's Welly Legrave. Ah! you shiver at his name, and everyone sees the coward you are."

"Now, no one knew where Welly Legrave was that winter; he was in none of the camps and there was talk that he had gone back to the Spanish River, but no one knew. My grandfather said he wondered that ApJohn didn't kill them both when Lemab taunted him with Welly Legrave, but something that happened made him hold his hand. You must know that it was a perfectly still night—not a sound, no wolves or anything, when suddenly, just as Lemab called out Welly's name for the first time, something began a long way off like a cry, and it grew and grew till it came so loud about the shanty that no one could bear the sound, worse than a jam when it breaks and the logs roar in the water. There stood Lemab and kept calling out, 'Welly Legrave, Welly Legrave!' and everyone thought he had gone crazy. What with that terrible cry outside and Lemab shouting like a fool inside, my grandfather thought he would lose his wits. But the noise outside and Lemab stopped at the same time, and just when everybody thought the silence would end with killing, the door opened and in stepped Welly Legrave!

"My grandfather said it was a great sight that, and it was great to hear Welly say, as quiet as you like, 'Put that boy in his bunk.' Oh, dear, but it was a great sight to see ApJohn, with never a word out of his head, stand and have Welly look him over as if he was a steer for sale.

"There was no more bullying or striking after that. ApJohn might as well have taken to snowshoes and gone down to the depot. No one paid any attention to him but Dormandy. The whole gang worked for Welly with a song, as merry as a fid-

dle, and the Welsh devil and Billy Dormandy had their heads down all the time like two bear-cubs at a honeycomb; but it wasn't honey they were chewing. They were brewing some plot all the time and skimming the pot whenever they got alone; and my grandfather didn't spy on them, but the wind one day brought him over what they were saying:

"And you will write the letter to-night?" said Dormandy.

"I will write it to-night," said ApJohn.

"And you will make it plain that the men are drunk all the time?"

"I will so, and no stroke of the work doing at all."

"Well, I will take it to the depot myself."

"And that night my grandfather watched ApJohn working his pen, and the next morning away went Dormandy with the letter. But the boys never paid any attention, they just worked away with Welly. Dormandy came back, black as a cloud, and my grandfather saw he brought no joy with him.

"My grandfather didn't take the letter, but it dropped out of ApJohn's pocket and the wind blew it over to him. It was English, and Lemab read it out to my grandfather. It told that Welshman that he would be docked five dollars for every word if he wrote a letter like that again, and everybody could see that the boss at the depot was wild that Welly had come, and he knew that McTavish Hamilton would be a glad man, for he said, 'And I have written to Mr. Hamilton every word you wrote me.'

"So these plotters were not very well pleased, as you may well know, being cut so short by the boss at the depot, and they began to hold their hate as a cloud holds lightning, ready to drop it anywhere, when the time came.

"The time came. Winter went away with a rush, as a hard winter often does, and they had plenty of water for the drive, and the dear spring was very good to enjoy after that winter, and the young summer, too, when they slept out on the cribs they were building at the mouth of the Coulonge. They were building them up solid out of that good white pine; solid, so that when they passed all the rapids and slides, and came into the coves

at Quebec, they would be as good as a ship. Welly Legrave was a great hand at building a crib, and the men worked with him and there was no fighting in any way, but there was Billy Dormandy and John ApJohn. Sometimes they would work and sometimes they wouldn't work; but 'just as you please, my gentlemen.' Nobody paid any attention to them, but treated them well, polite to them! for the gang was in good-humor. Sometimes my grandfather would get the right side of the wind and hear them use great words against Welly Legrave and the men. But it wasn't until the raft was all bound up and well on the way to Bytown that he heard anything but hard words. Just the day before they got to The Remacs he heard something different.

"The Remacs is a bad rapid. Many a man has got into The Remacs and never come out again. It has an evil name, and many a heart living and dead remembers that name for something wicked and cruel. Every raft that comes there has to be broken up, and crib after crib goes down alone into the rapids, crosses the middle stream, and then back again to shore, and if you don't get back—well, the timber gets through, stick by stick, but never any live men. Now what my grandfather heard the day before they got to The Remacs was this, and he told it to Welly Legrave, for he thought it was curious. He was dead asleep and suddenly he was wide-awake, and he heard ApJohn and Dormandy talking outside in the moonlight. All that he heard was, 'And the crib will go into the rapids and over the rapids, and what will come out do you think?' and it was Dormandy's voice saying the words. He could not hear any more for the wind was springing around and tossing water at the edge of the raft.

"Welly Legrave didn't seem to think much of what my grandfather heard; but he took it into his head, and the next day they came to The Remacs, and the whole raft was tied up. Two days they worked taking the cribs down, and the second night nearly half of them were down safe. The crib with the little houses where Welly and the men slept was to go down the first thing the next morning. My grandfather said they had music that night after supper, and Lemab danced and Welly Legrave

told a story, and it was night before they thought of turning in. There was a bit of a fire on the crib and the wind from off shore blew little sparks from it out on the dark water. The moon was up and in clouds, and the clouds moved along slowly; when the light came full you could see the little dark houses covered with green boughs, and flags standing out to the river, and the men sitting round smoking. One by one they went to their bunks until there was only Welly and my grandfather left. But there was ApJohn and Billy Dormandy sitting on the next crib away from the rest of the boys all evening. And Dormandy spoke up:

"'We are thinking of going back to a dance at LaBelle's to-night.'

"'It is five miles to LaBelle's,' said Welly Legrave.

"'We will be back before morning.'

"'Mr. ApJohn is the foreman!' said Welly.

"'We were not asking your leave,' said ApJohn, as wild as he dared to be.

"'You were just telling me and Mr. Pombère?' answered Welly with a little rise in his voice.

"'We were that,' said Dormandy.

"'And you will not be back till morning?' said Welly.

"'We will be back in time for the work,' said Dormandy again, for ApJohn, with rage, was long past speaking.

"'Well, we will sleep sound,' said Welly as they started over the raft to the shore, ApJohn springing over the logs and looking back, every little while, over his shoulder, to curse Welly.

"Well, everyone was gone to bed and so went Welly and my grandfather, and the moon got into a grove of clouds, and the night got dark. It got still, too, and the wind made the only sound with the flags and the cedar-boughs on the houses, and the water slapping on the side of the raft. Before three hours there were two men coming over the raft from the shore. It must have been a short dance at LaBelle's when ApJohn and Dormandy were back so soon; five miles away and the LaBelle girls as pretty as *Belle de Jour* in a garden-bed. They came along slowly and without any noise until they were on the crib. Instead of going to their bunks, they began to work in the dark, stooping

over the edges of the crib. They were cutting the withes which bound the crib to the raft. After awhile they both rose up, and, standing on the crib, began to shove against the raft with pikepoles.

"In a moment there were inches of black water between the crib and the raft; soon there were feet; soon no man could jump across. Then they could no longer lean against the pikepoles; they drew them in quietly. There they were, leaving the raft slowly; it grew more like the shoreline, and the fringe of cedars on the bank seemed rooted on the dark level. Pulled up half way upon the crib, with her stern in the water, was one of the boats with the ropes coiled in her, and the oars.

"The wind was off shore and the current set out to the centre of the river half a mile away. It was no work to take a crib out there, but to get it back when the rocks were passed and when the growl of The Remacs could be heard! Six men it would take to do that, and now there were only two. Dormandy had an oar at one end, and ApJohn an oar at the other, and they never took them out of the water. Soon they came to the only cross current, where they had to work to keep her from swinging. ApJohn was pulling at his great oar, but Dormandy let her slew a bit. She might have swung round, but ApJohn braced himself on his oar like a rock and they got through safely. They let her float now, and came together, whispering alongside one of the houses.

"You could know, my grandfather said, that Dormandy made up this scheme.

"Is it time yet to take to the boat?" said ApJohn.

"Not till we have them well into the current. Then we'll go and you'll hear no more of Welly Legrave on this river."

"Will they find us out, do you think?" said ApJohn, with his mind always turning coward.

"Never. We just had time to save ourselves, and that is our story."

The water began to grow rougher; the current pulled like an ox at the skidway, between the crib and the north shore the river was gray with foam, and the hammering of the rapids came up louder.

"Now we'll start," said Dormandy.

"It was just at that point where the men began to work the cribs back toward the

shore into the safe current. To remain where they were for five minutes would be dangerous, the current would carry the crib beyond all hope of escape into the bad places of The Remacs, where the dead men never come away.

"They turned to the boat. But there was no boat there; the edge of the crib was as clear as a table, and the black water ripped by.

"The boat, the boat!"

It was Dormandy crying out, for it came over him that he couldn't swim a stroke. Just then the moon turned out of a cloud as you might take a lantern out of your coat, and they saw the speck of a boat farther down the river, moving like a shadow in a faster current. Then they knew, both together, that when they had come through the cross current the water had caught the boat and pulled her off the crib.

"They just looked at it a second or two; then ApJohn, who was foxy when he was in danger, with plenty of pluck, yelled,

"Boys, turn out, the crib's broke loose. Welly Legrave, Pombère, Lemab.' He knew their only chance was to set the whole gang at work, and there would be time, maybe, to pull into the safe current. He expected to see the boys tumble out, blind with sleep, Welly Legrave at their head.

"But there was silence in those little houses. No one moved. Dormandy was in pieces from fear. ApJohn rushed into the nearest house and tore at the bunks. Nothing but blankets—blankets rolled up as if men were inside them, but not a live boy on the whole of that crib but Dormandy and ApJohn.

"Now, what do you think of Welly Legrave?" my grandfather used to say. 'He wasn't very much asleep, was he? with those brave boys safe as the world, and only the two foxes alone in The Remacs. Oh! he understood!' And to have found out the whole thing from just those words my grandfather heard, and he couldn't understand them, but Welly Legrave had understood, and all the brave lads had slipped away when Welly gave them the word, and the great plotters with their backs turned making play to go to LaBelle's!

"When ApJohn came out to the danger

his face was set like stone. The moonlight had left the boat and was feeling its way across the black water ; then it broke all around the crib. It showed the men the swift river and the eddies going like spindles, and the long lines of current twisted like wire ropes.

ApJohn looked a moment and knew what his one chance was. In a second he was pulling off his heavy boots and socks. Dormandy watched him with a white face, with terror crawling over it.

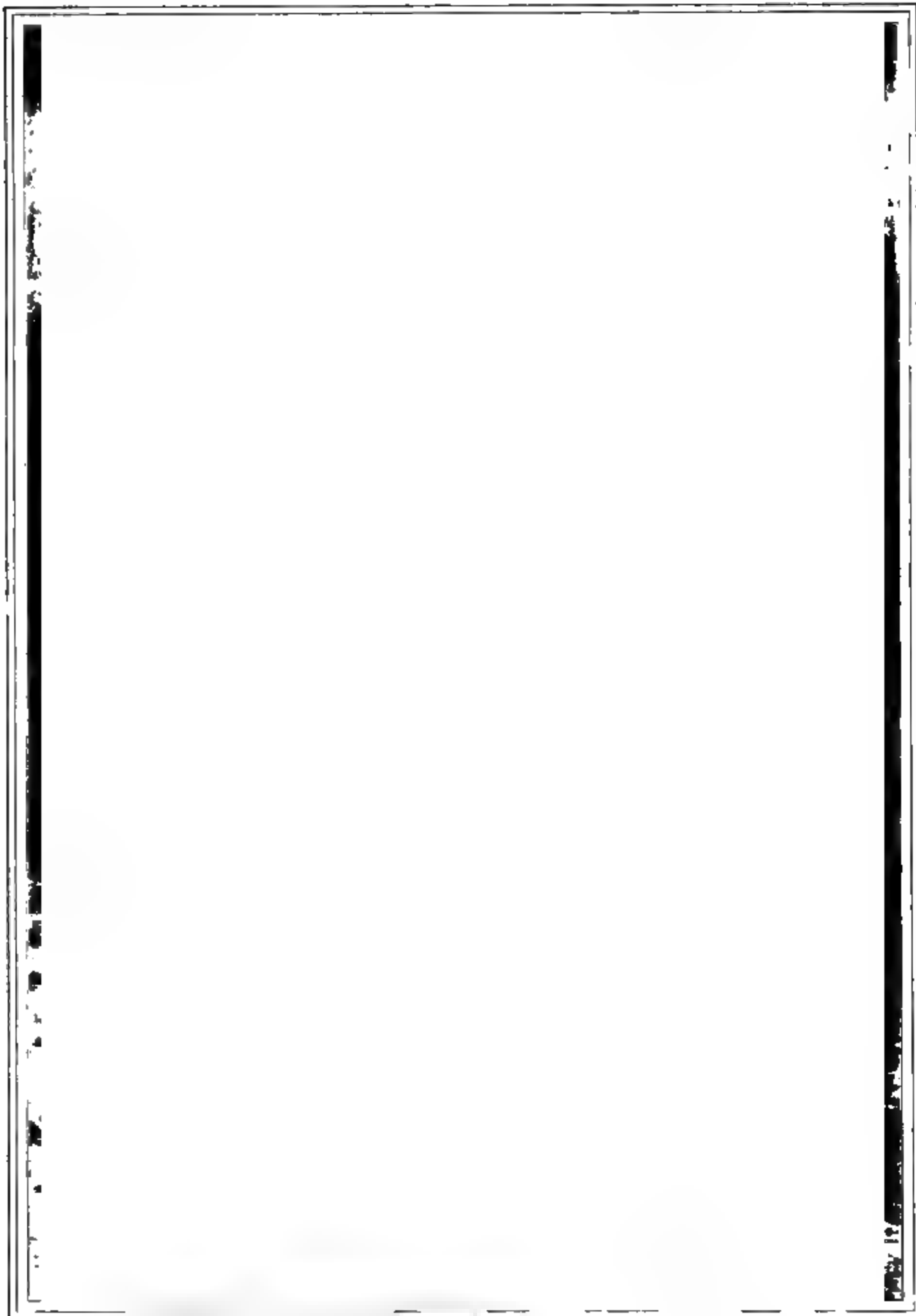
"'You're not going to leave me?' he cried.

"'I am that. Every man for himself ; you planned this, and you put yourself

against Welly Legrave, and now you can swim for it and take your chances.' Dormandy took one look at the water he hated and sprang upon ApJohn. But he had been watching for him ; he leaped away and Dormandy fell between the crib-timbers.

"'I waste no strength on you,' he cried ; 'you stick to the crib,' and with never another word he leaped as far into the water as he could.

"Then Dormandy stood up and looked after him into the water, and he knew then in his heart that the life was surely gone out of him. My grandfather told grandly how he put his hands in the water and pad-



"Welly—Legrave—save—me!"—Page 479.

dled there like a dog, afraid to swim, and howled, and ran along the crib, where the foam came up white to look at him and went away when he caught at it. And how the crib began to heave in the long waves,

and the logs to play and grind against one another until the water twisted them and came crawling over the whole length of the timber, and how, when the boilers came up from below, the withes broke up and

out spread the logs like a fan, and there was Dormandy astride of two, like a man with his feet on the backs of wild horses, with the light from the moon and the foam crossing his white face. And how there came a roar and a plunge, with a great hill of foam and black water, and the big timber sticks playing like feathers in the air, and never any more on the river or in the woods a boy to answer to the name of Billy Dormandy, and make his mark on the pay-roll when scores were settled, and the work all over and done.

"My grandfather would tell you how ApJohn swam, who could swim like an otter, how he fought with the current when he had to fight, and how he floated with the eddies and struggled with the whirlpools, and lay to rest in the dead water, then out again, when the current came against him like the shoulder of a strong man, and he had to work and force himself by inches; and how the drift-wood caught at his throat, and him with no breath at all in his body; and how the moon followed him; and how he heard Dormandy cry, going down to death in the heavy water.

"But by and by he got in under the south shore, and the moon, like a good friend, showed him where he was and a pier that he knew, and he got his breath. He would need it to get to that pier, across a bit of current that ran like a tail-race. He swam slowly up with the eddy until he was a hundred feet above the pier. Then he went into the current with a dash. The heart almost went out of him when he felt it tug—he was drawn down like a chip. He was throwing himself through the water, but just as he was under the pier something rose up like a whale out of the blackness under his hand. It was a bit of boom timber, chained at one end to shore, kept swinging by the current. His strength was all gone when he grabbed it, but he might as well have tried to hold lightning. It was slippery with ooze and slime, and the current dragged him down the whole length of it while one lights a match.

"But his hand caught in the hole at the end of the stick, and there were a few links of chain, and there he clung for a few minutes more of dear life. The cur-

rent played him out like a bit of flag on a pole; he could not draw himself up against the strong water, so well-done was he; and the boom dipped and rolled. The water washed over him when it liked and the boom dragged him up and down. There he floated, losing strength like a maskalonge at the end of a line.

"Then the moon turned into a clear sky and he looked up at the pier, not fifteen feet away. There he saw, standing up against the sky, the brave boys he wanted to drown, all of them, standing in a row with their arms locked looking down at him. And he was so far gone he thought they were happy spirits, or the holy saints in the parish church, and he called them by name to help him.

"*'Lemab Seriza,'* he cried, *'save me!'*

"No one answered and the boom swung far with him.

"*'Laurent Pombère'* (and that was my grandfather), *'save me!'*

"No one said a word and he went down for the first time out of sight in the black water.

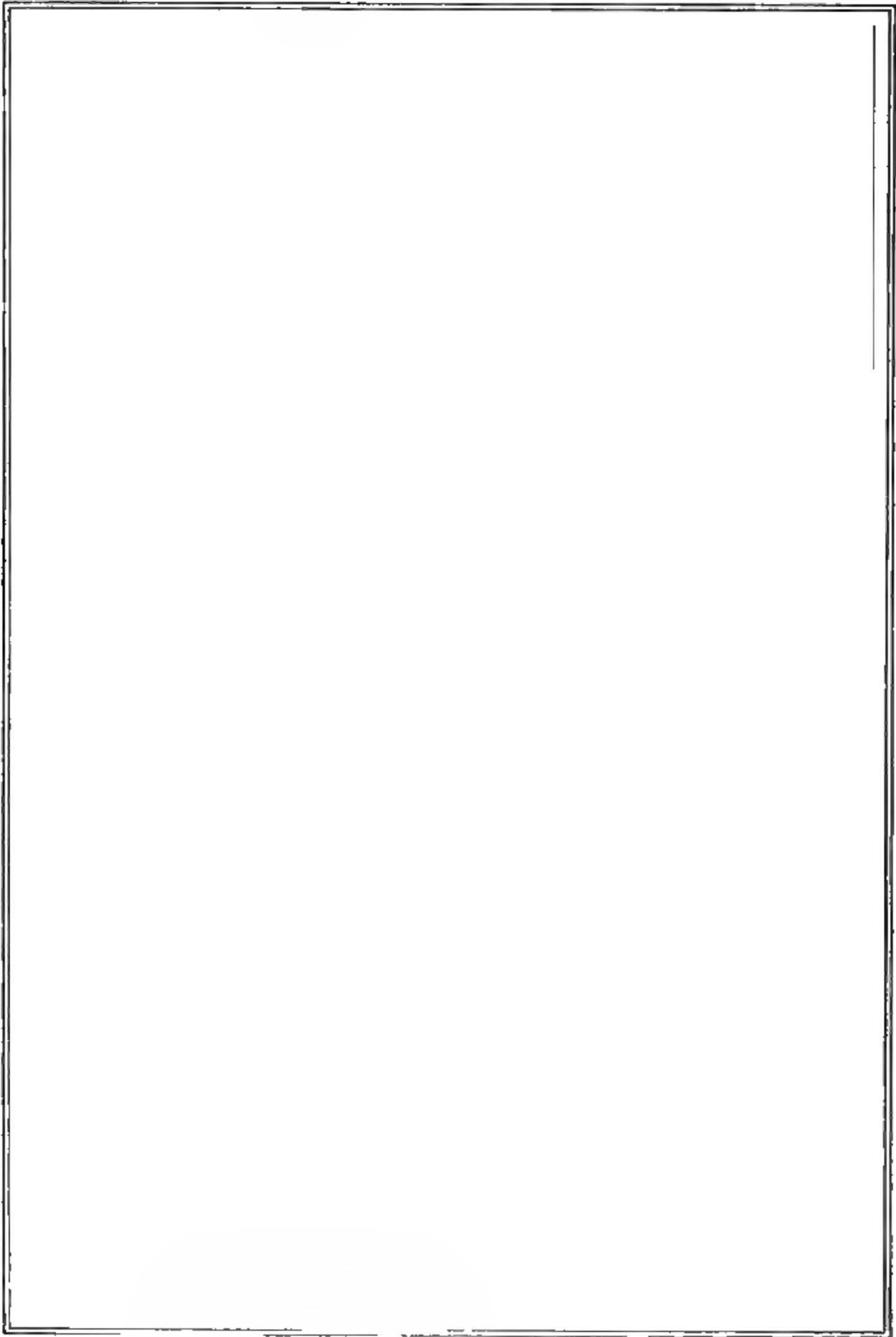
"*'Alexis Lachance—save me!'*

"No one moved and he lay straight in the current. One by one he called them as he sank and struggled, until there was only one left. He came up just for a moment, and he knew then for sure they were ghosts standing there so calm with not a movement. But when his face came into the moonlight he just said, under his breath,

"*'Welly—Legrave—save—me!'*

"And then Welly sprang off that pier, a leap that made my grandfather swear ever after that he flew, and lit on that boom swinging there in the black water, as a hawk lights on a blue pigeon, and took ApJohn by the arm with such a grip that he broke both the bones of it, and dragged him alive right up out of the throat of the current, and laid him down in the moonlight on the shore.

"And that's the story my grandfather told me about those verses the men sing, and he told me many another story of Welly Legrave and of those days when there were men on the river and big trees in the forest."



She gave him a rolling pin and he set to work,—Page 492.

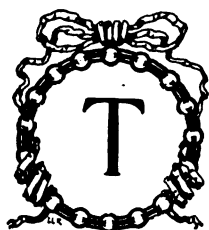
RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XII



HE roughness of the treatment Jacquelin had received at Leech's hands caused his wound to break out afresh, and for a time he was dangerously ill. But he had some compensations. Every girl in the neighborhood deemed him her especial favorite and charge. Blair Cary came down to visit a friend just outside the village, and enabled him to while away some of the hours of his tedium. Middleton passed by one evening, and saw her sitting on the rose-bowered veranda by Jacquelin's lounge, reading to him. A strange pang of loneliness shot through him. That far-away visit in the past seemed to rise up before him, and the long years were suddenly obliterated.

Jacquelin was a handsome, bright-faced boy again, and Blair was a little girl with those wonderful eyes and confiding ways. He wondered if he should suddenly turn, and walk in on them with a reminder of that old time, how they would receive him. He was half-minded to do it, and actually paused. He would go in, and say, "Here, the war is over—let's be friends." But suddenly a man passed him, and glanced up into his face, and saluted. It was Leech, and Middleton saw him look across to where the invalid and his fair young nurse sat on the shaded veranda, and knew what his thoughts were. The spell was broken. He passed on, to give his orders for the evening.

Jacquelin's arrest came near breaking up the "entertainment," a name which had been substituted for ball, to meet the scru-

ples of Miss Thomasia and some other pious ladies. But this Jacquelin would on no account hear of. Besides, after the order forbidding public gatherings at night, it would never do to postpone it further; it would look like truckling. As the assembly could not be held at Red Rock in the family's absence, and it was decided to have it at the Court-house, where Jacquelin now was, this concession was made. The largest and best building there for such an entertainment was one used as a Masonic hall, and occasionally as a place for religious services. This hall was selected. Who was responsible for it was not actually known. Thurston told Middleton that when he said he ought to have been a bishop he placed his abilities far too low, that really he ought to have been a pope. But he did not appear in the matter at all, except to meet the objections raised by Leech, and to silence that official. Steve Allen was the chief advocate of the hall, and took the lead in its selection and also in its defence, for some objection was made by others than Leech to having a party in the building, and on very different grounds. Miss Thomasia and some persons who were not entirely satisfied anyhow about dancing, thought that it was certainly more likely to be wrong in a room which had been sometimes used, however rarely, for religious services, and it took some skill to overrule their objection. Thurston said to Mrs. Dockett that it had never been consecrated. "So far from it," said Mrs. Dockett, "it had been desecrated." (The last service held in it had been held by a Union chaplain, who had come up from town and preached in it to the soldiers, with Leech on the front bench.) Steve said to Miss Thomasia that he and she had more religion than all the rest of the Court-house combined, and he for one

was satisfied. And, as someone else said, it would at least show the Yankees that whatever they thought of themselves, they were not smart enough to manage the ladies, the building was finally selected.

Miss Thomasia, being for once in accord with both Thurston and Steve, gave in, and actually lent her aid and counsel, at least so far as related to the embellishment of the hall, and of some who were to attend there. She ventured her advice to Steve in one matter only relating to the outside. Having found him at work one evening on a short rustic bench which was to be placed under one of the trees in the yard, she said she hoped he did not intend that for two people, and that young man scandalously replied that he was making it short on purpose for her and the General; and, in the face of her offended dignity, impudently added that the General had engaged him to do it, and had given him the measurements.

"Steve Allen, I am too old for you to talk to me so," said Miss Thomasia.

"Tain't me, Cousin Thomasia, 'tis the General," teasingly persisted Steve, and then as the little faded lady still remained grave and dignified, he straightened up and glanced at her. Stepping to her side he slipped his arm around her like a big, stalwart son, and looking down into her face with kindly eyes said, tenderly:

"Cousin Thomasia, they aren't any of 'em like you nowadays. They don't make 'em so any more. The mould's broken." He seated the little lady gently on the bench, pleased and mollified, and flung himself on the grass at her feet, and the two had a long confidential talk from which both derived much comfort and Steve much profit (he said). At least, he learned something new, and when, as the dew began to fall, Miss Thomasia rose, it was with a higher opinion of the reckless young fellow and a better insight into his nature; and Steve, on his part, had a new feeling for Miss Thomasia and led her in with a new tenderness. For Miss Thomasia had told the young man what she had never admitted to a soul in all her life; that the reason the General or anyone else had never won her was that long ago her heart had been given to another ("the handsomest, most brilliant man I ever knew," she said), who had

loved her, she believed, with all his soul, but had not been strong enough to resist even for her sake the temptation of two besetting sins: drink and gambling; and she had obeyed her father and given him up.

Steve was lying full length on his back at her feet, his face turned to her and his clasped hands under his head.

"Cousin Thomasia, who was he, and what became of him?" he asked, gently.

"He was your father, Steve, and you might have been——" the voice was so low that the young man did not catch the last word. He unclasped his hands, and placed one forearm across his face and lay quite still for a minute or two. Then he moved it. Miss Thomasia was sitting quite motionless, her eyes in her lap, and the fading light of the evening sky slanting under the trees and resting on her face and soft, silvered hair. She sighed so softly it might have been only breathing.

"I never knew it," said Steve, gently; "but I might have known."

He got up slowly and leaning over her kissed her tenderly, and she laid her head on his shoulder.

"Yes, Steve, now you know."

And Steve said yes, and kissed her again like a son.

"Cousin Thomasia," he said, presently, "I will not say I will never drink again, but I will promise you not to gamble again, and I will not drink to excess any more."

"Oh, Steve, if you knew how I have prayed for you," said the little old lady, softly.

"Well, maybe, Cousin Thomasia, this is in answer to it," said Steve, half seriously.

The day of the entertainment drew near, and there was as much preparation for it as there had ever been in the old times for the greatest reception given at Red Rock or Birdwood. Some of the guests from distant neighborhoods came several days beforehand, to be in time or to help superintend, and stayed at the houses of their friends near the county-seat. Even the General's bachelor establishment was transformed for the occasion into a nest of doves, who, it was said, put up more little knick-knacks than he had ever seen, and made the old fellow

more comfortable than he had ever been in all his life.

Thus the little village, which for some time had been hardly more than a camp overrun with negro camp-followers, suddenly took on a new air and freshened up, with young girls in cool dresses and big hats on the streets, or making pleasant groups under the trees in the yards, and on the slopes outside, from which laughter and singing to the music of guitars floated down to the village below. The negroes themselves joined in and readily fell into old habits, putting themselves in the way of the visitors, whom they overwhelmed with compliments and claims and offers of service.

Middleton and Thurston went in and out quietly, attending to their duties, drilling and inspecting and keeping their eyes open less for treason than for the pretty girls who had come suddenly upon them like the flowers after a spring rain. They met a few of them casually either through Steve Allen or Mrs. Dockett, whose house was filling up with them; but the newcomers treated them with such undeniable coolness that there was little encouragement to prosecute the acquaintance. Even plump Miss Dockett stiffened perceptibly and treated Lieutenant Thurston with more severity than she had ever exhibited since he had made those wonderful bargains.

Only one man in the whole village appeared absolutely out of humor over the stir and preparations, and that was Leech. Still was in constant if secret conference with him. The plan which they had laid down to prevent the assembly having failed, Leech determined to break it up at all hazards. They had told Sherwood and Moses that they could prevent it. If it was held in spite of them, it would prove that they were less powerful than they pretended.

Leech determined to go to town and obtain a peremptory order forbidding this very meeting.

"Have it made out so you can give it yourself," counselled Still. "Wait till the last minute and then spring it on 'em. We'll show 'em we're not to be treated as they please. They don't know me yet; but they soon will. I've got that as will make some of 'em wince. I'll show 'em who Hiram Still is."

So it was decided, and Leech went off to the city to use his influence with Colonel Krafton, while Still was to prepare a foundation for him through Sherwood and Moses and Nicholas Ash.

That evening there was a little more stir among the negroes about the Court-house than had been observed before. Sherwood and Moses were there, sent down by Still, and that night they held a meeting—a religious meeting it was called—at which there was some singing and praying, and much speaking or preaching, the two preachers being Sherwood and Moses. They could be heard all over the village, and at length their shouting and excitement reached such a pitch and attracted so much attention that some of the residents walked down to the place where they were congregated, to look into the matter. Moses was speaking at the moment, mounted on an impromptu platform, swaying his body back and forth, and pouring forth a doctrine as voluble in words as it was violent in sound and gesture, while his audience surged around him swaying and shouting, and exciting themselves into a sort of wild emotion. The white men who had gathered listened silently and sullenly to the sounds about them rising in unison with the speaker's voice. Some were of the opinion that he ought to be stopped at once and the meeting broken up, and there were a plenty of offers to do it. A more prudent head, however, had adopted another course. Dr. Cary, who happened to be in the village that night, hearing what was going on and knowing what might occur at any moment, called on the officer in command and stated to him the danger of a collision. Captain Middleton walked down to the meeting with him to make his own observation. Only a few moments sufficed. The violence of the speaker, who was now dancing back and forth, the excitement of the dusky crowd pressing about him, the gathering of white men on the edge of the throng, speaking in low, earnest tones, their eyes turned to the speaker, suggested prompt measures.

"Don't de book say 'as we shall inherit the uth?'" asked the speaker; and his audience moaned and swayed and shouted in assent. "An' ain' de harvest white fur de laborer?"

"Yas, yas," shouted the audience. "White fur de laborer!"

"Unless you stop them, Captain, we shall; for we know that it is necessary and that it will be a kindness to them," said the Doctor, quietly, and the officer recognizing the necessity, though he little understood the Doctor's full meaning, assented. He pushed his way through the crowd, followed by the Doctor. He stopped the speaker and mounted the platform and in a few words forbade any further speaking and ordered the crowd to disperse, which it did almost immediately, dissolving like magic before the officer's order. Then he turned to the speaker and with a sharp reprimand for his action commanded him to leave the village. The trick-doctor cringed, and with a curious whine of acquiescence bowed himself off.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEN Leech returned from the city next day he was in such good spirits that Steve and Thurston both arrived at a similar conclusion, and decided that there was some mischief brewing.

Steve called Jerry and had a talk with him.

Leech was to meet Still that night at Nicholas Ash's. So about sunset he mounted his horse at his stable and rode out of the village through a back lane. Still and his son met him according to appointment and they had a long conference.

Leech found that he had an ally stronger than he dreamed of. Still showed him that he was a much richer man than he had ever admitted. He not only held the bonds of Dr. Cary and a bond of his late employer Mr. Gray, of which Leech already knew; but he held another bond of Mr. Gray's for an amount large enough to swallow up his entire estate. Leech could scarcely believe his eyes, but the bond was undoubtedly genuine. Mrs. Gray herself, Still said, would admit that. She did not know of its existence, but he had a perfectly satisfactory explanation for her ignorance as well as for the fact that he had never before mentioned to Leech that he held the bond. He had made the money negro-trading quietly before the war and had lent it to Mr. Gray to stock a planta-

tion, which he as his agent had bought for him in the far South. And he had not mentioned it to Mrs. Gray or anyone else for a very simple reason. He had promised Mr. Gray that he would never trouble Mrs. Gray about them.

Leech did not believe this; but there were the bonds, one a small one, and one a very big one, and Still had of late several times hinted at something that he was storing up against the proper time to divulge it.

"I told you I didn't care if you killed that young Jack that night," he laughed. "Why didn't you do it? I'd have given right smart money if you had, and I must say I never allowed that he'd git thar alive."

"Neither did I," suggested Leech. "And I believe it did him good."

"I don't know about that," said Still, enigmatically, looking at his bond; "but I wouldn't 'a' shed no tears over him. But if you do as I tell you, we'll git even and have a leetle somethin' to spare. You just work Krafton and get your friends to back you, and you and me'll own this county. I'll see that Moses is there on time if he don't have an inch of skin left on him."

A rumor had meantime gotten abroad at the county-seat that an order had been sent to Leech forbidding the entertainment, and that though Middleton knew nothing of it as yet, Leech would spring it at the proper time and try to prevent the assembly. There was much excitement over it. A number of young men dropped in at Steve Allen's office to ascertain the truth of the report. Middleton, when asked about it, said he had no knowledge on the subject, and knew of no one to whom such an order should be addressed except himself.

Jerry, who was lounging sleepily not far from Leech's office, was called in and interrogated again with sundry forcible intimations of what would happen in case he should be deceiving them. But Jerry was firm. He reiterated again and again his fervent wish for a speedy dissolution and a perpetual condemnation of the most fiery character, if every word he had spoken were not more than true. Leech had the paper in his pocket, and had read it to Sherwood and Moses and Nicholas in his

back office, and was going to deliver it to Captain Middleton the next day, the day set for the entertainment.

Steve, with a new light in his face, went up to Mrs. Dockett's and had a brief talk with Miss Dockett and one or two of the girls there, and in ten minutes, with locked doors, they were busy sewing for life. It must have been something very amusing that they were engaged on, to judge from the laughter that at times floated down from their windows.

A few hours after this, Hiram Still and his son were on their way back to Red Rock from their meeting with Leech, while Leech was riding to the court-house.

It was about ten o'clock, and the moon was covered by clouds; Leech was riding along thinking of the plans he had formed, and laying off the manner of publishing his order. He had gotten within a mile or two of the village, when in a little bottom in a lonely piece of woods, just before reaching a fork in the road, there was an owl-hoot behind him, and another a little ahead of him; the next moment his horse started as a dark object, which Leech had noticed when still at a distance from it but thought merely a bush, moved out into the road immediately before him. His heart jumped into his throat; for it was not like anything earthly. In the darkness it looked as much like a small elephant with a howdah on it as anything else; but the provost did not have time to think much about it, for in a second it was close on him right across the road—a huge muffled figure on a high shapeless beast. His horse snorted and wheeled. Another figure was behind him, closing in on him. Leech pulled in his frightened horse; for somewhere about the middle of the dark figure lowering above him, as he slipped from behind a cloud, there was a momentary flash of steel. Leech thought of his own pistol; but the great figures moved closer to him—very close to him and stopped. Not a word was said. One figure simply sat in front of him silent and motionless, while the other moved up on the other side and did the same. The stillness and silence were more awful than any words could have been. Leech's tongue was cleaving to his mouth. He tried to speak; but his lips could scarcely frame the words. Presently he managed to falter:

"What do you want?"

There was no answer, and again the silence became worse than ever. The voices of the katydids sounded far and near.

"Who are you?"

There was not a word. Only the figures pressed closer to him.

"What—what do you want?"

Silence and the katydids in the woods.

"Let me go by. I have no money."

There was no answer; and for a moment no motion, only the gleam of steel again. Then the two figures pressing close against him silently turned his horse around and moved slowly off into the woods, with the provost between them, without a word.

He tried to pull up his reins; they were held on either side, and an arm was thrown around him.

"Where are you going?"

They moved on.

"Wait—I will—I will give——"

A bag or something was suddenly thrown over his head and pressed down to his elbows, which at the same moment were pinioned to his side, and his pistol was taken. He was afraid to cry out and, perhaps, could not have done so had he tried.

The next instant a hand was put into his breast-pocket, and his pocket-book and all his papers were taken out; he was conscious of a match being struck and a light made and that his papers were being looked over. One of his captors said:

"Ah!" and the next moment his papers and his pocket-book were put back into the provost's pocket, and the light was extinguished; the bag was drawn from over his head, and his captors rode off through the woods. When he tried to move he discovered that his horse was tied to a bush, and he had to dismount to untie him. His pistol was lying at the foot of the sapling. Long before he had finished, the sound of his two waylayers had died out. As he entered Brutusville, the sour expression on his face deepened. The clouds had disappeared, and the summer night was perfect; the village lay before him a picture of Peace; the glint of white beneath the court-house trees being just enough to suggest that the tents there were hidden. The streets were filled with a careless throng, and all the sounds were those of merriment, laughter, and

shouting, and the twang of banjos. There was never an unlikelier field for such a plan as he had had in his mind.

He rode through like a shadow, silencing the negroes and scowling at the whites, and a little later he called on Captain Middleton. It was not a long interview, but it was a stormy one, and when the Provost came out of the Captain's office he had thrown down the gauntlet, and there was an open breach between them. He had complained to Middleton of being beset by highwaymen and robbed of his order, and Middleton had told him plainly he did not believe a word he said; that had there been such an order it should have been addressed to him. On this Leech had attempted a bolder tone than he had ever before dared use with Middleton, and had actually forbidden the meeting the following night. The young captain, however, had given him to understand that he was the commandant there, and that for another word, order or no order, he would place him under arrest, which step at that moment would have so interfered with Leech's plans, that he had not ventured to push the matter farther.

Next night, therefore, the long-talked-of entertainment came off duly, and Miss Blair Cary, and Miss Elizabeth Dockett, and the other girls who had waited so long, showed their little plain, sweet white and pink dresses which they had made themselves, and their white throats and pink faces, which God had made, and danced with their gray jacketed escorts, their little feet slipped into their little slippers, many of which were high-heeled and faded with age, having belonged to their mothers, and grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers; and enjoyed it all as much as ever the former wearers of the slippers did in their full glory of satin and lace. For of such is the Kingdom of Youth.

CHAPTER XIV

THE Yankee officers attended, very dignified, and were treated politely, but not warmly, of course—only just so civilly as to show that Southerners knew what was due to guests even when they were enemies, but not so warmly as to let them forget that they were foes. Everyone

meant to be civil to them, and, at least, for the time at peace.

But there was more than this; the night was perfect; the breath of flowers and shrubbery came in from the open windows; the moon was almost at her full and her light was lying on the grass, mantling the trees and filling the night with that amber mellowness which sometimes comes in summer and which seems to bring a special peacefulness. The camp lay hidden in the distance and the throng in the streets hung on the fences, listening to the music, or laughed and danced in full sympathy with the occasion.

The young Yankee officers were treated with great civility by the other men, and Steve Allen constituted himself their especial host. It was by him that Middleton and Thurston were introduced to most of the girls, who bowed coolly, and to the older ladies who sat at the end of the room farthest from the music, their eyes filled with light, following their daughters or other relatives whose success was near to their hearts, or, like Miss Thomasia, beaming a benediction on the whole throng of happy dancers.

Still an hour after the dancing began the one that Middleton particularly wished to meet had not appeared, and Middleton, who had been planning for a week what he should say to Miss Cary—as Thurston said, to “paralyze her”—found himself with a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. Thurston was capering around as if to the manner born, perspiring at every pore, paying attention to half the girls in the room, and casting glances at Miss Dockett languishing enough, as Middleton said, to lay the foundation for a breach of promise. But Middleton could not get into the spirit. He asked a number of girls to dance, but they were all engaged, and politely showed their cards. So Middleton fell back. Dr. Cary and General Legaie and the other older gentlemen courteously drew him into their conversation, and the General rallied him, with an old bachelor's licence, on not dancing, declaring that the sight of such girls was the true fountain of youth, but the young captain was not in the mood for fun. A vague feeling of unrest was on him. The order that Leech had mentioned, his positive manner, the warning that he had given him, the covert

threat he had dared to employ, all began to recur to him and to worry him. He felt that he would be responsible if any trouble should occur. He went out and walked through the village. A light was shining under the door of Leech's office, but all was as it had been: good-humor everywhere. The moonlight soothed him and the pleasant greetings as he passed served to restore his good-humor, and he returned to the ball. As he did so an old high-backed carriage which he thought he recognized, made its way slowly past him; the old driver was explaining to someone who walked beside him, the cause of his delay.

"Dat fool hoss—you can't get him in de water to save your life. He'll breck ev'ything to pieces fust. But my young Mistis, she dyah now, an' she's de queen on 'em all, I tell you. You go dyah an' look at her, th'oo de winder," he wound up with a laugh.

As Middleton re-entered the ball-room, there was quite a group near the door surrounding someone who was the centre of attraction and whom Allen was teasing.

"Oh! you'll dance with him. He left because you hadn't come; but I have sent for him. He's saved a set expressly for you."

"I won't. He has done no such thing, and I won't dance with you either, unless you go away and let me alone." The voice was a charming one.

"I'll bet you do. I understand why you made old Gideon drive you up the stream that evening; but you can't expect him to be mooning on the bank of every creek in the county, you know——"

"That settles it for you, Steve," said the voice over behind the heads. "Jack, I have the seventh dance with you, as well as the first and fourth."

"Jack never was any hand at arithmetic, and, besides, he can't dance," declared Allen, as his friend professed his gratitude.

Just then Allen caught sight of Middleton, over the heads of the others.

"Ah! here, Captain Middleton, I want to present you to my cousin, Miss Cary, who wishes to know how you happened not to be——" he caught his cousin's eye, and changed his speech — "who has a question to ask you. Captain Middleton, Miss Cary." The others made way for

Middleton, and he stepped forward and bowed low.

She was all in white, and was blazing with brass buttons. They were her only ornaments except a single old jewel consisting of a ruby surrounded by diamonds. She wore bracelets of them on her arms, and a necklace of larger ones around her white throat. A broad belt of them girdled her little waist.

As Middleton bowed, he caught her eyes, and in them was the same look of mingled defiance and amusement which he remembered so well at the ford. He hardly knew whether to laugh or be grave, and was conscious that he was growing red, as the look in her eyes changed into one of triumph. He remained grave, however, and rallied enough to ask her for a dance. They were all engaged, she told him.

"I have the seventh—to sit out, I believe?" said Jacquelin Gray, maliciously, for Steve's benefit. She looked at her card.

"You only *believe*? As you have forgotten so far as to have a doubt about it, the seventh is not engaged," said the young coquette, with a courtesy to him, "I will give it to you, Captain Middleton." She looked at Jacquelin, and with a little—only the least little toss of her head, took the arm of a young man who had just claimed his set, and, bowing to Middleton, moved off, leaving both Steve and Jacquelin looking a little blank.

"That girl's the most unaccountable creature that ever was on earth," growled Jacquelin. "I'll be hanged if I'll be treated so." He looked over the room after her floating form.

"Go slow, old man, go slow," said Steve. "You'll be treated that way, and come again for more. And you know you will." Jacquelin growled.

Middleton thought that the seventh set would never come; but, like everything else in life, it came at last, and though there were three claimants for it, the one who was the final judge decided for Middleton, and walked off with him, calmly leaving both the other aspirants fuming and scowling.

"You can't fight him, Jack," said Steve, with a laugh, to his cousin, who was muttering to himself. "Because I'd first have to fight you, you know."

Having thus punished both her admirers, Miss Cary declined to dance—whether to keep her word; to avoid pleasing too much the young Federal captain, or to soothe the ruffled spirits of his unsuccessful competitors, who may tell? For no one can thread the mazes of a girl's caprice.

But this made little difference to Middleton. They strolled outside, and found a seat. The moonlight appeared to Middleton more charming than he had ever known it, and he discovered something which he had never known before. He wanted to please this girl as he never remembered to have wished to please any other, and he was conscious that it was a difficult, if not an impossible task. Yet she did not appear to be attempting anything. She was simply in opposition to him, that was all. She appeared so unaffected and simple that, remembering what he had just seen of her coquetry, he wondered if she could be as natural as she appeared. Her gaze was so direct, her voice so placid, her manner so self-possessed, that he felt she had the advantage of him. And all this time he wanted to please her.

She spoke of her brother.

Middleton did not know that she had a brother.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"He was killed."

"Oh!" he said, softly. "I beg your pardon."

"He was killed at Jacquelin Gray's side and Jacquelin brought his body out under fire—just as Steve afterward tried to bring Jack." Her eyes seemed to say, "You can understand now?"

Middleton had a strange sensation.

As she stood there in the moonlight he had a sudden thrill that it would be worth his life to win her, and she had never given him even one friendly glance. He could not help thinking,

"What would Thurston say?"

A partner came and claimed his set, and Middleton was left outside. He strolled down to the gate. There were fewer people in the street. A man came hurrying along and spoke to another. His voice was so excited that it arrested Middleton's attention, and he caught the last of his sentence.

"It ought to be broke up at once. Go

in there and call Steve Allen and some o' the other fellows out."

"What's that?" asked Middleton, walking out of the gate, and up to him.

"A nigger meetin' down yonder," answered the man, somewhat sullenly. "If it ain't broke up there'll be trouble. Leech started it by reading a paper he had and then he put Sherrod up and now that yaller nigger, Moses, is up. He's been givin' 'em liquor, and unless it's stopped there'll be the devil to pay."

"I'll see about it," said Middleton. He walked rapidly in the direction the man had indicated, leaving the two men looking after him. He was sensible as he passed along of some change; and presently the distant sound of a man speaking at the top of his voice came to him, followed by a roar of applause. He hurried on and passed a small group of a half dozen white men, some of whom were advocating waiting for "reinforcements," as they said, while others were insisting that they should go right in on them at once. All were united as to one thing: that it ought to be stopped.

"If we don't," said one, "there'll be trouble, and we might's well do it at once. I can do it by myself."

Someone said something about "the Yankees."

"Yankees be blanked! Wasn't it that scoundrel Leech that started it all? He's been workin' it up all day. We've got to do it ourselves."

Just then they saw Middleton and followed him, offering their advice and services.

When he arrived, Middleton agreed with them that the speaking ought to be stopped at once. He had never seen such a sight. Almost the entire negro population of the place appeared to be packed there, moaning and singing, hugging each other and shouting; while Moses, the negro he had ordered a few nights before to leave town, was on the platform tossing his arms in a sort of frenzy, and calling on them to rise and prove they were "the chosen people." God had brought their enemies all together in one place, he cried, and all that was needed was for Samson to arise and prove his strength. Their deliverer was at hand. "Ain't my name Moses—Moses? Moses is my name," he shouted, in a wild frenzy,

intoning the words. The shout that greeted him proved the danger of his course.

"Blank him, I'll stop his mouth," said one of the young men, starting forward; but Middleton was before him. He pushed his way, followed by the others, through the crowd which gave back before him at his command, and when still some yards away from the platform, ordered the speaker to cease. But Moses was either too drunk or too excited to heed, and went on shouting his sing song.

"I'll lead you to de burnin' bush," he cried. "I'll give to you de promise lan'." As it happened, a man standing in the crowd had a carriage-whip in his hand. The Captain snatched it from him and sprang on the platform, and the next instant was raining on the would-be prophet and leader such a thrashing as he had never had in his life. The effect was miraculous. The first lash of the heavy whip took the preacher by surprise and dazzled him, the second recalled him to himself and stripped his prophetic character from him, leaving him nothing but a whining, miserable creature who was trying to deceive and mislead others as miserable and more ignorant than himself.

As the Captain laid the blows on fast and thick, Moses cringed and finally broke and fled from the platform, followed by the jeers and shouts of the crowd who had just been ready to be led by him in any violence if, indeed, he would have had the courage to lead them. And when the irate officer appeared ready to turn his whip on them, and did accompany his peremptory order that they should disperse at once, with a few contemptuous lashes at those nearest him, they broke and ran with as much good-humor as they had showed an hour previous, when they were dancing and shuffling in the street, before Leech and his agents got hold of them.

CHAPTER XV

THE next day there was much stir about the court-house, and it was known that Middleton had summoned Leech before him, and had had an interview with him.

This much was certain, Middleton took charge of matters which up to this time Leech had been attending to, and Leech

remained out of sight until he left the place, two days later.

One of the first steps Middleton took was to summon the negroes before him and give them a talk. And he closed his speech to them by a warning that they should keep order wherever they were, declaring that if there were any repetition of Moses's performance of the previous night the offender would not escape so easily.

The effect of this action was admirable. By nightfall nearly every negro who was not employed about the county-seat had left; and within two days many of them were at work, back at their old homes.

Middleton found himself suddenly as popular as he had formerly been unpopular, receiving visits and invitations from half the gentlemen in the place, so that Thurston said "It was just the old story, he set the triggers and worked everything, and Middleton just walked in and took the game."

"Here I have been working like a nigger," he said to Middleton, "watching around, and following that fellow Leech in all his rascality; displaying the most consummate qualities of leadership, and singing my head off, and you happen to come along, pick up a driver's whip, and let into a drunken rascal; talk a lot of rot next morning, and in five minutes do what I with all my genius haven't been able to do in as many months. It's the old story, Larry, it's fate. What did I tell you? Long legs are worth more to a man than a long head. But, Larry, look out for Leech. He's a blood-sucker. Tra-la; I have an engagement. Might as well get some of the good of your glory, old man, while it lasts, you know." And leaving Middleton over his report, the cheery little Lieutenant went off to have a ride with Miss Dockett, who in view of certain professions of his, and proceedings of his Captain's since the night before, had honored him so far as to accord to him that privilege.

Reely Thurston's half-humorous warning to his friend was not without foundation, as both he and Middleton knew, and within a week the Captain was up to his ears in reports and correspondence, relative to his conduct in the county. The quietness of everything around him was

a fact to which he pointed with pride. Crime had diminished; order had been restored, good feeling had grown up; the negroes had returned to work, and were getting regular wages. They were already beginning to save a little and some were buying land. The whites had accepted the status of affairs in good faith and were, he believed, turning all their energies to meet the exigencies of the time in the best way they could. In a word, Peace was fully restored in the territory under his command. Even Reely Thurston commended the report, and confided to Miss Dockett, who was beginning to receive such confidences more graciously of late, that "Larry, somewhere in that high head of his, had a deuced lot of brains," a compliment which the young Captain would have taken more gratefully than from any other soul on earth.

Miss Cary also began to treat him now with some degree of Christian charity and actually condescended to take a ride with him on horseback, and when he proved himself sufficiently appreciative of this honor took another.

So things went, and before the summer evenings were over, the young Captain had ridden to the point where he had given Blair Cary all the confidences which a young man in his twenties is likely to give the prettiest girl in his circle of acquaintance, especially when she is the only one whose eyes soften a little at the recital, and who responds a bit by giving just a little of her own. Not that Miss Cary for a moment allowed Middleton to forget that on the one great subject always present, the world stretched between them. Between them there was never more than a truce. She would be his friend while it lasted, but never more. That was all!

She always wore, when she rode, a gray cap, which Middleton, without asking any questions about it, knew had been her brother's. It was a badge, and he recognized it as such. She still wore her brass buttons, and would never give him one of them. One afternoon, as they were returning from a ride in which he had told her all about Ruth Welch, dwelling somewhat on their cousinship, they stopped at the ford where he had gone to her rescue that afternoon, and he asked her if she would give him one of the buttons to save

his life. She quietly said: "No," and he believed her. Yet this made little difference to the young man. He was not in love with her, he was sure. He only enjoyed her, and those summer evenings were the pleasantest he had ever known. As they watered their horses at the ford, no less than four other couples came riding up on their way home, and there was quite a little levee held in the limpid stream, Middleton finding himself taken into the talk and raillery quite as a member of the circle. As he looked at the faded gray coats and his blue one, their numbers doubled by the reflection in the placid stream, and listened to the laughter about him he could not but think what a picture and proof of peace it was.

Suddenly one of the horses became restive, and slashed away at the nearest horse to him, and Blair, in pulling her horse out of the way, got under an overhanging bough and her cap was knocked from her head into the water. She gave a little cry of dismay as it floated down the stream, and more than one of the young men turned his horse to recover it; but Middleton was nearest, and he spurred straight into the deep water and swam for the cap, reaching it just before the others got it. He was pleased at the applause he received when he returned.

Miss Cary only said, "Thank you," as she might have said it if he had picked the cap from the floor.

There was at least one young man in the neighborhood, however, who did not appreciate Middleton's mode of exhibiting his friendliness, and that was Jacquelin Gray. Steve and Middleton had become very good friends, but Jacquelin grew more and more reserved toward the young officer, and at last began to put on so many airs about his attentions to Blair Cary, that that young lady gave him to understand that she intended to do just as she pleased and did not propose to be held accountable by him for anything whatever.

The evening of the ride during which Blair had lost her cap, and Middleton had recovered it for her, Jacquelin had driven over "to see the doctor," and had found her gone off riding with Middleton. As Dr. Cary was absent, and Mrs. Cary was confined to her room that day, Jacquelin was left to himself, and had a plenty of

time, as he sat on the porch all alone, to reflect on the caprices of a part of the human race. He was not much consoled when Mammy Kendra came out and, with kindly sympathy, said:

"You too late; you better git off dem crutches, honey, and git 'pon horseback." She disappeared inside and Jacquelin was left in a flame of jealousy. By the time Blair arrived he was in just the state of wrath to make a fool of himself. When Jacquelin began the interview, he, perhaps, had no idea of going as far as his heat carried him; but unhappily he lost his head.

It was quite dusk when the riders came slowly up. They stopped at the gate and Jacquelin could hear Blair's cordial invitation to Middleton to come in and take supper with them, and his refusal.

"But I'm afraid you will catch cold riding so far in wet clothes," she urged. He had to return immediately, however, he declared, and after a few more words he galloped off while Blair came on to the house.

"Why, Jacquelin! You here all by yourself!" She bent over him to prevent his rising for her. Had Jacquelin been cool enough to note her voice it might have saved him; but he was not even looking at her. His manner hauled her up short, and the next instant hers had changed. She seated herself and tried for a few moments to be light, and divert him. Jacquelin was not to be diverted, however, and taking the silence which fell on her for confession, he began to assume a bolder tone, and proceeded to take her to task for her conduct. It was when he said it was an outrage—on Steve that the explosion came. It was shameful, he said, that with such a man as Steve offering his heart to her she should be boldly encouraging a Yankee officer so that everybody was talking about it. Blair was on her feet in a second.

"Jacquelin!" she exclaimed, with a gasp. The next second she had found her voice. He had never seen her as she became. It was a new Blair. She positively flamed with indignation, not because of the charge; but against him for making it.

"Whose business is it?" she asked him, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. If her father and mother did not object, had he a right to interfere? Who had given him such a right? And before Jacquelin

could recover from his surprise, she had burst into tears and rushed into the house.

Jacquelin drove home in black despair. He had been put wholly in the wrong, and yet he felt that he had had right originally on his side. His whole past appeared suddenly rooted up; his whole future destroyed by this new-comer, this interloper. How he would love to have some cause of personal quarrel with him! How gladly he would put it all to the test of one meeting. Yet what had Middleton done but win fairly? And he had been a gentleman all ways. He was forced to admit this. But oh! if he only had a just cause of quarrel! Let him look out hereafter. But if he were to meet him and he should fall what would be the consequences! He would only have ruined Blair's happiness and have destroyed his only hope. He almost ground his teeth at his helplessness as he rode home through the dusk. He did not know that at that moment Blair Cary with locked door, was still sobbing in her little white-curtained room, her anger no longer turned against him, but against herself.

When Jacquelin awoke the next morning it was with a sinking at the heart. Blair was lost to him forever. Daylight, however, is a great restorer of courage, and little by little his spirits revived until by evening he began to consider himself a most ill-used person, and to fancy Blair suing for pardon. He even found himself nursing an idea that she would write a note; but instead of that he heard that Middleton had been up to see her again, and once more his heart sank and his anger rose. He would show her that he was not to be trampled on and insulted as she had done. Next evening came the fast travelling news that Middleton and his company were ordered away. Jacquelin was conscious of his heart giving a bound of joy. He would be only cool and chilling to Blair and show her by his manner how disapprovingly he regarded her conduct. After a little this mood changed, and he began to think it would be more manly to be only very dignified and yet show her that he was above harboring little feelings. He would be generous and forgive her. When he met Blair, however, she was so far from showing any contrition, that she was actually savage to him; so that instead of having an opportunity to display

his lofty feelings, he found himself thrown into a situation of the strongest hostility to her, and after a life-time of friendship they were enemies. Their friends tried to patch up the quarrel, but in vain. Jacquelin felt himself now really aggrieved, and Blair declined to allow even the mention of him.

When Middleton arrived at the Courthouse, the evening of his ride, he found an order transferring his company to a frontier post in the far Northwest.

The same train by which the old company was to go, was to bring their successors.

The afternoon before his company left, Middleton rode up to Birdwood. He had given no one any notice, and he arrived unexpectedly. No one was in sight. Tying his horse to a tree, Middleton walked up through the grove. As he passed along he happened to cast his eyes in the direction of a little double building, which was off to one side, at some distance back of the dwelling, and seeing the old mammy enter one of the doors he walked over, thinking that she might come out, and he would ask if the family were at home. When in front of the nearest door he found that it was the kitchen and he was facing not the mammy—who, as a matter of fact, had entered another door—but Miss Cary herself. She was dressed in white, her skirt was turned back and pinned about her waist, and her sleeves were rolled up, showing her round white arms. Middleton would have drawn back, but she looked up and their eyes met. There was a moment of embarrassment, and Middleton was about to apologize for his intrusion, but before he could do so she came forward.

"Won't you come in?" she said; "or will you walk into the house?" The color had mounted to her cheeks, and the half-mocking smile had still a little embarrassment in it; but Middleton thought she had never looked half so charming.

"Can you doubt what I will do?" He stepped over the high threshold. "Even if I be but scullion——"

"You must have been taking lessons from the General. No one is ever allowed in here who will not work." She gave him a rolling-pin, and he set to work with it industriously.

"This comes of your doing," she said, still smiling. "I am the only cook left.

Why don't you detail me one? If you were worth a button, you would."

"How would I do?" hazarded Middleton. "I'm a pretty good cook."

"Aunt Betty wouldn't have let you come into the kitchen, if she knew you handled your rolling-pin that way. Let me show you."

"Which is the best argument yet for the change of cooks," said Middleton, guilefully holding the rolling-pin more and more awkwardly for the very pleasure of being scolded by her. "Now, don't you think I am worth a button?"

"No, but you may learn."

"Unfortunately, I am going away."

"Are you? When are you coming back?" A polite little tone coming into her voice.

"Never." He tried to say it as indifferently as he had said it practising when he rode up, and which he liked better than the tragic "*Never*," which he had first proposed to himself; and all the time he was watching her out of the tail of his eye. She said nothing, and he felt a little disappointed.

"We are ordered away," he began. She was busying herself about something. But he was sure she heard.

"To the Northwest to keep the Indians down," he proceeded.

"Oh!" She turned quickly toward him, and their eyes met.

"Well, I hope you'll be as successful and find your task as pleasant there as you have here." Her head had gone up, as it did on the veranda the night of the ball.

"I do not appear to have been particularly successful here," Middleton began, banteringly, then walked over to her side. "Miss Cary, do you think I have really enjoyed my task here?"

"Why—yes," she began; then she glanced up and found him grave. "I don't know—I thought——"

"No," said Middleton. "You did not."

Just at this moment a shadow fell across the light, and Mammy Krenda stood in the door.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed, in well-feigned astonishment. "What in the worl' air you doin' in this kitchen?"

They both thought she was addressing Middleton, and he began to stammer a reply; but it was her young mistress whose

presence there appeared to scandalize the old woman.

"Don't you know, you ain't got no business in heah? I can't turn my back to git nothin', but what you come interferin' wid my things. Go right in de house dis minute an' put yo' nice clo's on. I air really ashamed o' you to let a gent—a anybody see you dat way."

She was pushing Blair out gently.

"I don't know what she air' doin' in heah," she said to Middleton, addressing him for the first time and with some disdain in her manner, as if she wished him to understand that he had no business there either.

As Blair passed him on her way out, she said to him, in a whisper:

"That's a yarn."

He followed her out and she said, with a low laugh:

"I do nearly all the cooking; but she thinks it's beneath my dignity to be caught at it."

They did not go into the house; but walked over into the grove and sat down on the grass on the farther slope. There Middleton threw himself at Blair's feet. As the old mammy passed from the kitchen to the house she made a little detour and cast a glance through the grove. The glint of a white dress through the trees caught her eye, and she gave a little sniff as she went on.

An hour later Middleton mounted his horse and rode away without returning to the house, and Blair Cary walked back through the grove alone. She turned across to the house which the old mammy occupied. It was empty, and she entered and flung herself on the snowy counterpane bed.

The old woman came in a moment later. She gave the girl a swift glance, and turning to the window dropped the white curtain to shut out the slanting afternoon sun.

"'Taint no use to 'sturb yo'self, honey: he ain' gone," she said, sympathizingly. "He comin' back, jest sho as I live."

"He has 'gone," said Blair, suddenly, with some vehemence. "I have sent him away. I wish he had never come." But was she thinking of Middleton?

The old woman had turned and was looking down at her from where she stood.

"An' I glad you is," she said, "I ain't like Yankees no way. Dat deah man——"

"Mammy," said Blair, rising, "I do not wish you to speak so of a gentleman—who—who has been our guest."

"Yes, honey, dat's so," said the old woman, simply, without the least surprise. "Mammy won't say no more 'bout him. What I got to do wid abusin' a gent'man, no how!"

"Oh, Mammy!" said the girl, throwing her arms about her; and the old woman only said:

"Yes, honey—yes—yes. But don't you pester yoreself. 'T'll all come right."

CHAPTER XVI

THE difference between the old company and the new one was marked in many ways besides in color, and the latter had not been in the county an hour before the people knew that the struggle had begun, and set themselves to prepare for it.

The afternoon of their arrival, Jerry entered Mr. Allen's office somewhat hastily and busied himself with suspicious industry. Presently Steve looked at him amusedly.

"Well, what do you want now?—Grandmother dead again?—If you get drunk again I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Done send a company o' niggers heah," Jerry announced with something like a grin, as he cut his eyes at his master.

"Negroes—hey?" Steve's expression did not change a particle and Jerry looked disappointed. If anything there was a little more light in Steve's eyes, but they were gazing out of the window, and Jerry could not see them.

"Leech back?" asked Mr. Allen, indifferently.

"Don' know, suh—I'll fine out."

The look on Jerry's face became once more a pleasant one.

The sound of a distant bugle came in at the window, and Steve rose and walked to the door of his office. The doors of several other offices were filled about the same moment. He went down to the fence in front of the court green and stood leaning against it listlessly watching the company as it came by, the bugle blowing, dust ris-

ing, and the crowd of young negroes running beside them.

"Halt!" The Captain, a stout, red-faced man, turned his horse, and waved his sword to the negroes in the road, "Pull that fence down." He indicated the panel where Steve stood, adding a string of oaths to stir them from their slowness. A dozen men jumped toward the fence. Steve never budged an inch. With his arms resting on the top rail, he looked the Captain in the eye calmly, then looked at the negroes before him and kept his place. Except for a little dilatation of the nostrils, he might not have known there was a soldier within miles. The men hesitated a second, then just as the Captain began to swear again, ran to the next panel and tore it down even with the ground, dragging the posts out of their holes, and making a wide breach through which the company passed in to the old camp which Middleton's company had occupied.

As Steve turned away he said to a man near him:

"Seventy-nine negroes and three white men. We can manage them. Jerry, saddle my horse, and find out when Leech is coming back."

"Yes, suh," and Jerry, with a shrewd look, disappeared.

Ten minutes later the officer had called a guard, but Steve was already riding out the back lane toward the upper part of the county.

Leech arrived on the next train to that which brought the new troops. He opened a law office in a part of the building occupied by his commissary, and announced himself as a practitioner of the law as well as the Provost of the county.

He boasted openly that he had had Middleton's company removed, and he began to exercise new functions. The new company seemed to be under his authority, and he shortly appeared to be the real commander in the county.

Within a few weeks Dr. Cary and the other civil officers around received notices from Leech vacating their commissions on the ground, among others, that they had exceeded their powers. Still was appointed Justice of the Peace in place of Dr. Cary, and Nicholas Ash was made his Constable. Their services were not in immediate requisition, however, as, for the time being,

Leech appeared to prefer to exercise his military rather than his civil government. He began forthwith to send out the soldiers in squads on tours through the county, partly to distribute rations and partly to patrol the country.

They had not been at this business long when they began to exercise many other functions; bullying and tyrannizing over the people and terrorizing them as far as possible. At first they devoted their energies principally to the whites, and the negroes were both impressed and affected by their power and insolence. But after more than one of the marauders were shot, they began to go in larger parties and turned their energies against the negroes as well as against their former masters, and were soon almost as obnoxious to the blacks as to the whites.

The condition throughout the county became such that many of the ladies and children were sent away to the city; and work in the country came nearly to a standstill. Steve Allen had almost abandoned his law practice, or, at least, his office, and spent his time visiting about in the adjoining counties. Leech took it as a sign of timidity, and breathed the freer that the insolent young lawyer was away.

"I mean to drive him out of the county," he boasted to Still. "I'll make it too hot for him."

"Wish you could," answered Still, devoutly. "But don't you go too fast. He ain't the sort to drive easy. And if you push him too hard, there'll be trouble."

Leech sneered. He wished he would do something so he might get his hand on him.

"You don't mean nothin' to *you*? 'Cause if he got his hand on you first——"

"No, I ain't afraid of him. He ain't such a fool as to do anything to me. I am the Government of the United States!" The Provost puffed out his bosom, and with a look of pride glanced at himself in a mirror.

"He ain't afeard of the government or nuthin' else. I wish he was."

"Well, he'd better be. As soon as I get things straight I mean to make him give an account of himself."

Steve soon gave an account of himself. A considerable party of the men of the negro troop, under command of a sergeant

was "raiding" one afternoon, in the upper end of the county, when an incident occurred which had a signal effect on both the company and the county. They had already raided several places on their tour, and were on their way home, their saddles-bows ornamented with the trophies of their prowess and their rapacity, when toward sunset they stopped at the road-side store which Andy Stamper had started near the edge of the Red Rock plantation. Andy was not there that day, but his agent was. They demanded liquor. They got all they wanted, and called in a number of negroes, and made them drunk also. Old Waverley, who had come to the store to make some little purchases, was sitting on a block, smoking. Him they tried to induce to drink too; and when he declined, they hustled him a good deal, and finally kicked him out into the road as a "worthless old fool." Then, in their drunken folly, they began to talk of going to Red Rock and ordering supper before returning to camp. It would be a fine thing to take possession of that big house and have supper, and they would raid Stamper's on the way. They knew all about both places, and declared that they ought both to be burnt down. Meantime they demanded more liquor, which the store-keeper seemed suddenly ready to furnish. He made a sign to old Waverley, and the latter slipped off, and took a path through the woods. The nearest place to him was a little homestead on the road-side; but there was no one there but a woman; her husband had gone up to Mr. Stamper's, she said. So warning her as to the squad of negroes, the old man set out as hard as he could for home. Before he was through the woods, however, he met Rupert, riding down to the store on his colt, a handsome gray, and to him he gave notice, telling him that the store-keeper was doing what he could to hold the men there. Rupert wheeled his horse, and was off like a shot, and when Waverley emerged from the woods he saw Rupert a half mile away, dashing up, not to Red Rock, but to the Stamper place, which stood out clear on its little hill, a straight column of smoke going up in the still evening air. It seemed to the old man that there were a number of horses standing about in the yard, and it occurred to him to wonder if the soldiers could possibly have gotten there already.

If so, his young master would be in danger of being hurt. But if they were soldiers, they did not remain long, for in a few minutes he saw a number of men mount, and the whole party ride rapidly away down the hill, with Rupert on his gray colt among them. Waverley caught one more glimpse of them as they disappeared in the wood, going in the direction of the store, and then he hurried on to Red Rock, where he found everything quiet.

Jacquelin was ill that day, and Steve Allen had left the house about mid-day. Rupert had gone to the store for the mail. Waverley did not tell anything about having seen Rupert go off with the men from Stamper's, but he turned and hurried back to the store. He had not gone far when he heard a shot or two fired, and then, on a sudden, a dozen or more. The old fellow broke into a run. When he reached the edge of the woods, from which he could see the little homestead, he stopped, appalled.

A half dozen negroes lay on the ground dead or dying, and a half dozen young white men were engaged either reloading their pistols or talking.

The little company of men Waverley had seen were a few who had gathered together on hearing of the raid that was taking place in the neighborhood that day. They, too, had heard of the contemplated visit to Red Rock and the Stamper place; for Jerry had gotten from someone a hint that a descent was to be made on those places.

Shortly after Waverley had left the store, the squad of soldiers had started for Red Rock; but thinking to make a clean sweep as they went, they stopped at the little house on the way, where Waverley had warned the woman and where there was a well, to take another drink, and were engaged in the amusement of looting this place, shooting at chickens, etc., when the company that Waverley had seen ride off from Stamper's came upon them. It was well for Mrs. Deal, the woman of the house, that the young men arrived when they did; for the negroes were tiring of merely destroying property, and just as the young men rode up they had seized her. No one knew for a long time who composed the party, for in five minutes every one of the raiders had been killed.

There was excitement enough in the county that night, and when the news reached the Court-house, which, owing to the picketing of the roads, it did not do till next morning, the citizens were prepared. The comrades of the dead men swore they would burn the village and carry fire and sword through the county. The officers, however, suddenly awoke to the gravity of the situation, which was well for them. They were no doubt aided by the sudden appearance of perhaps two hundred grave-looking men who rode into town by every road that led to it, silent, and dusty, and grim. They were of every age and condition, and they lacked just enough order not to appear marching troops, but showed enough to seem one body. They were as serious and silent and with that something in their deliberate movements which, whether it be mere resolution or desperation, impresses all who behold it. The negroes about the village who had been in a flurry of excitement since the news came and had been crowding about the camp, shouting and yelling, suddenly melted out of sight, and even the soldiers quieted at the appearance of that steadily increasing body of resolute and orderly men gathered along the fences. General Legaie and Dr. Cary were their spokesmen, and they held an interview with the Captain, in which they gave him to understand certain things; they would obey his orders if he sent them by a single messenger; but if armed bodies of negroes continued to roam around the country, they would not be responsible for the consequences.

Leech was not to be found that afternoon. He had "gone to the city." Jerry learned afterward and told Captain Allen that he did not go until night, and that when the crowd was there he was hidden at Hiram Still's.

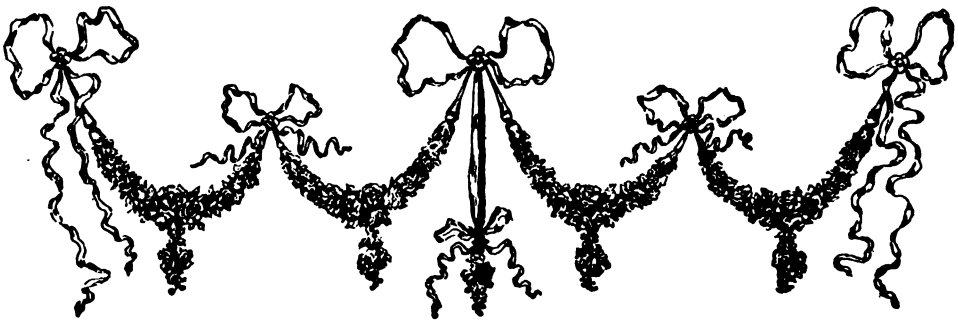
An investigation of the outbreak was held and as an effect of the investigation several young men left the county for a time, among them Rupert Gray, who was sent off to school to an academy which was not known to the neighbors generally.

Another result was that the old county got a bad name with those who were controlling the destiny of the State, which clung to it for many years. Andy Stamper was arrested for the affair; but it was shown that he was away from home that day, and the group of men Waverley had seen were waiting for him. All of these things, however, at the time were little cared for by the residents there; for the negro troop was removed and a white company was sent in its place.

It turned out, afterward, that these men had never been in actual service, but for the time being the people of the county were ready to welcome any exchange.

About the same time came down a new visitor, Mr. Hurlbut Bail, who though, as has been seen, he had been formerly a fierce fire-eater had become a most violent advocate of the other side. He paid a visit to the county as Leech's guest. It was rumored that he had come down to look into the recent outbreak; but if so, nothing was done at that time, and after a day or two he returned to the city and later to the National Capital.

(To be continued.)



THE CONVENTIONS OF THE DRAMA

By Brander Matthews



IN her frankly feminine and agreeably Gallic "Notes on London," Mme. Alphonse Daudet records her surprise at the strange spectacle of old ladies going to the Queen's Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace with bare arms, and shoulders uncovered, and hair bediamonded, all in the broad daylight. In Paris personal decoration so sumptuous is reserved for evening, and for artificial illumination. On the other hand, in England men put on the white tie and the dress-coat only when twilight begins; whereas in France this garb is primarily ceremonial and is worn on state occasions whatever the hour of the day; it was in a dress-coat and with a white tie, and bareheaded under the summer sun, that President Casimir-Perier followed the bier of the murdered Carnot. Mme. Daudet also notes that she kept to the French custom, and took off her bonnet when she went out to lunch in London, only to discover that it was the English fashion for ladies to retain their head-coverings at a mid-day meal in a friend's house. When the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton brought his French bride to visit his British family, he put her on her guard on some points, so she relates: "I was told not to be always thanking the servants for their services (as we do in France) if I wished to be considered well-bred."

Thus we see that the social practices of the Gaul and the Briton are sometimes sharply opposed, one to the other, although the English Channel is but a narrow strip of water. When we go as far as the Suez Canal, we find oriental customs as arbitrary as the occidental, and absolutely different from them. In the Orient a man wears his hat in church or in the presence of his superior and he takes off his shoes. The women of the East veil their faces, even though their figures be ill-concealed beneath a single floating and

diaphanous garment, and they are wont to think the worst of the women of the West who clothe their bodies and reveal their visages.

It would be easy to collect other contradictions as characteristic as these; but here are quite enough to suggest that the differing customs, although everywhere enforced by the pressure of opinion, are often quite illogical in themselves. There is no inherent reason why a man should wear a dress-coat in the daytime or should not wear it; the French decide the question in accordance with one theory and the British in accordance with another. The decision having been made, there is in each country an unformulated agreement as to the proper course on all occasions. These conventions of society are subject to constant change, but while they are in force they are quite as powerful as the unwritten laws that govern our political actions. In public life, for example, there is a tacit understanding that no President of the United States shall have a third term and that the presidential electors shall not really exercise any choice of their own. Upon conventions like these the whole structure of society has been erected, and life would become immensely difficult were we to begin suddenly to question the countless implied contracts to which we submit ourselves unhesitatingly without having given them any consideration whatever.

Language is likewise a convention, whether spoken or written; and our accepted orthography is only a common understanding to use certain combinations of letters to represent the several sounds of English speech. The Morse alphabet of dots and lines is no more a matter of consensus than is the use of the Arabic numerals. Every art has its own language and its own picture-writing. Implied contracts, like those that underly the art of human intercourse, are at the base of all the other fine arts also; and not a few of the denunciations of artistic conventionalities

we hear so frequently are due to an imperfect apprehension of the condition precedent to each of the several arts; they are the result of a failure to perceive the terms of the tacit understanding between the public, party of the first part, and the practitioners of the art in question, parties of the second part—an unwritten treaty which alone makes that art possible.

The infinite variety of nature can never be reproduced by finite means; and therefore art necessarily consists in the suppression of non-essentials—the decision as to what is essential changing with every art, with every artist, and with every subject. Life so varied and so complex that the poet, the painter, and the sculptor must each of them select from the multiplicity of details before him those which will best suggest the whole. The movement of real life is eternal, and the play of light and shade and color is incessant; yet the sculptor is forced to accept monochrome and to renounce all attempt to reproduce actual motion; and if he refuses to subscribe to the convention which allows him to falsify realities by excluding motion and color, the most he can hope to achieve is some sort of mechanical waxworks. In like manner, the draughtsman in black and white represents a marble figure or an ivory carving by tracing dark lines on light paper, thus calling up before us the real truth by a denial of the actual fact. The screen-scene of the "School for Scandal" is seen by us only because in the theatre one side of *Joseph Surface's* library has been removed, the play-goers knowing that in real life most rooms have four walls, but none the less permitting the playwright to eliminate one of the four, or else he could never set before them what was taking place within doors.

The convention on which sculpture depends is that the statue of a living man may be colorless and motionless. The convention without which the art of black-and-white could not exist, is that all the soft play of shifting color which perpetually delights us in nature, shall be represented by dark lines of varying sharpness. As art cannot reproduce nature as a whole, it must rely on the implied contract for the right to make the suppressions and the modifications it thinks it needs. Some suppression and some modification is absolute-

ly necessary; but so willing is the public to let the artist have all the license he requires, that it has often accorded privileges not at all needful. For example, in the processions painted on the walls of the Egyptian temples, the sovereign was always depicted as of a stature mightily exceeding that of any of his warriors. This conventionality, not being essential, was only temporary. Certain other conventionalities are tolerated without objection even now, when they are imposed on the artist by the material in which he is working; thus, as marble is fragile, the sculptor working in it is allowed to stiffen a nude figure by a wholly gratuitous trunk of a tree and sometimes even by a frankly unexplained support of the stone itself; but this privilege is properly denied to the statuary who works in bronze.

In no one of the arts are there more legitimate conventions than in the drama, in none also are there more outworn and accidental conventionalities. To study these is to gain increased insight into the methods of the great dramatists. The artist is rarely a theorist also; and generally he employs without question the conventions he finds in use by the predecessors whose apprentice he was. The essential conventions underlying the drama are permanent, like those supporting each of the other arts; and the play-goer is so accustomed to these that he takes them for granted and never cavils at the artistic deviation from complexity of real life. In the drama, as in the novel and in narrative verse, the author needs to disentangle the action he has chosen to set forth from out the countless accessory incidents with which it would be intermingled inextricably were it a true story. He needs to acquaint his auditors with that part of his plot which has taken place before the play begins. He needs to present his characters clearly and unhesitatingly, so that the spectator can follow them without confusion or doubt, perceiving at once the motive for their respective actions. He needs to remember always that his minutes are few and that he has none to spare, so that he must pick his words and compact his dialogue, presenting, in a quarter of an hour, a discussion that in reality might have been protracted through half a day or half a year.

These are among the permanent and essential conventions as necessary, in Athens of old as in New York now. And by the side of these the student of stage-history can draw up a list of temporary conventionalities, acceptable somewhere for a season, but seeming very absurd where they are not in fashion. In the Japanese theatre the gorgeously costumed characters are accompanied each by an attendant in sombre black, who is supposed to be invisible, and whose duty it is to hold his master's fan or sword and to act as his body servant. In the Chinese theatre in New York, half a dozen chairs piled on the top of a couple of tables serve to suggest a mountain covered with ice and snow. In the Passion-play, which still survives in New Mexico, almost four centuries after the Spanish brought it across the Atlantic, the *Devil* is now represented always in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer; and when Captain Bourke once proffered an infantry uniform instead, it was declined. In the Greek theatre two thousand years ago, when a murder had been committed behind closed doors, the portals were opened from within and there was thrust forward the *ekkyklema*, a platform on rollers, on which was a group—a *tableau vivant*, as it were—posed to represent the deed of death just committed out of sight.

Now, each of these spectacles seems to us unnatural and ridiculous; but no one of them so impressed the spectators before whom it was produced. Because they were accustomed to it and knew nothing else, it seemed to them perfectly natural. And this is not merely because they were barbarians or Greeks, since we New Yorkers of the nineteenth century now accept as normal conventionalities which would strike a Chinaman or a Mexican, a Japanese, or an Athenian, as inexpressibly ludicrous. Is the invisible attendant in black much more impossible than our stage waiting-maid, with her silk stockings, short skirts, beribboned cap, and bejewelled ears? Is the frozen peak made of obvious chairs and tables much more impossible than the sudden lowering from the sky of a drop-scene on which is painted a street of solidly built stone-houses? Is the *ekkyklema* much more impossible than our equivalent device of a wall made of

wire-gauze and becoming unexpectedly transparent when the lights are lowered in front of it and turned up behind?

If we take time to think, we can see that these things are out of nature; but we are so accustomed to them that we accept them as a matter of course. So in other countries and at other times other conventionalities have passed unperceived, however abnormal and freakish they may seem now to us. The Greeks saw nothing out of the way in a tragic hero, raised up on tall buskins and speaking through the mouth of a mask, which had to retain its set expression throughout the play, however startling the unexpected turns of the plot. The Latins found pleasure in a lyric monologue (called *cantica*) chanted by a singer in a corner of the stage, while the actor in the centre made the appropriate gestures; and this has a modern parallel in our unsuspecting enjoyment of the orchestral accompaniment of a song supposed to be sung under circumstances where no orchestra could possibly be present, in the Forest of Arden, for instance. The English under Elizabeth expected to be forewarned of the exit of an important character by a rhyming couplet at the end of his speech, that they might be ready with their applause. The French under Louis XIV. were not shocked by the presence of rows of courtiers seated down each side of the stage and leaving only a contracted space in the centre for the characters of the comedy to transact their most private affairs.

As we read down the history of the drama we discover that almost every generation has prided itself on getting closer to nature than its predecessor did; but an analysis of this boasted progress shows us that it has consisted generally in the discarding of some of the more flagrant conventionalities of the earlier generation—for which others quite as arbitrary were often substituted promptly. A conventionality which had its origin in some circumstance of a single theatre is transplanted to other theatres, where it is quite meaningless; and there it lingers long, for the stage is the most conservative of all human institutions, very loath to give up anything which has once pleased the public. The Theatre of Dionysius at Athens was the model of the Greek theatres else-

where ; and as it was so situated that the city was West of its stage and the open country East, a habit sprang up for a character to enter by the western entrance if he were a resident of the place where the scene was laid, or if he came from the harbor, and by the eastern if he were a traveller by land. This Athenian custom spread to the other Greek theatres, where it was a pure conventionality, not dependent on the relative situation of the city and the theatre. Nay, more, like so many other traditions of the Greek stage, it was carried over to Rome ; and in the comedies of Plautus we find that personages entering stage-right are supposed to come from the harbor, while those entering stage-left are supposed to come from the Forum, the former being strangers and the latter citizens.

Perhaps the fondness of certain actors to-day for the centre of the stage is a survival from the time when no other position was adequately lighted. In the early days of this century, before the introduction of gas, the footlights consisted of half a dozen or more oil lamps, and the point where their rays converged was very properly known as the "focus." Here all important passages of the piece had to be delivered, since elsewhere the accompanying play of feature was not assuredly visible. It is told that when one of Kean's admirers complimented him at supper after a performance of "*Othello*," saying that in the great scene with *Iago* he almost thought the tragedian would strangle the villain, Kean answered, "Confound the fellow! He was trying to get me out of the focus!" Under the electric light the face of the actor can now be seen clearly in the most remote corner of the stage.

Other conventionalities have been abandoned as the modern stage has become more realistic. In the last century the "box-set" had not been devised, which frames a room in with walls and a ceiling ; a baronial hall was then indicated by side-scenes placed one behind the other, the characters appearing on the stage through the first entrance right or the second entrance left, after apparently walking right through the walls of the house. The spectators never cried out against this impossibility as we should nowadays, because they then had never seen anything

better. So far as we know, nobody ever commented on the practice of the elder Booth in "*Richard III.*," who, when the time came for him to fight *Richmond*, walked to a side-scene and received a sword from an invisible attendant. This frank conventionality is not unpleasing ; *Richard* was there to fight, and he did fight, and how he got his sword was an inconsiderable trifle no man need note in that moment of supreme effort.

Junius Brutus Booth's simplicity here is far preferable to Charles Kean's conduct in calling to the actor who played the porter and who was crossing the stage at a rehearsal of "*Macbeth*," to answer the dread knocking at the gate. "Don't hide that key in your hand," cried Kean ; "as if it were an ordinary key! Let everybody see it ; it's a key of the period!"

No doubt Charles Kean knew the temper of those who came to see him act better than we can know it now ; but it would seem that only when *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* were wretchedly impersonated could any spectator spare a thought for the material implement in that moment of awful suspense. It is a most artistic convention which authorizes the stage-manager to keep all the accessories of a climax as vague as may be, so that the attention of the audience shall never be distracted from the points of prime importance, the faces of the men and women whose souls are about to be wrung with anguish.

Whatever may be said against the three unities, the unity of attention must ever be respected. Mr. Jefferson has told us how scrupulous Burke and Burton were not to interfere with one another in the scenes they had together, each attracting the eyes of the audience in turn and each remaining passive (or, at most, expectant) while the other was speaking. In real life both characters might have been simultaneously energetic, but as the audience can give heed to only a single performer at a time, the one comedian or the other subordinated himself temporarily, with the result of intensifying the effect of the acting of both.

It may even be doubted whether the individualizing of the constituent fractions of the mob in the Forum scene of "*Julius Cæsar*" (as that play was presented by the Meiningen Company) was not an artistic

error. True it is, that no rabble had ever before been so well realized on the stage, and that if we watched the many-headed throng while *Mark Antony* was making his dexterous appeal, we could discover how this phrase or that won over the successive groups of the populace. But we could observe the crowd thus closely only at the cost of a certain neglect of *Mark Antony* himself, who ought to centre all eyes at that supreme moment of the tragedy. Splendidly successfully as the Meiningers were in their histrionic exposition of the fickleness of, a crowd, their performance explained the long survival of the ordinary stage-mob, a mere operatic chorus, almost automatic, moved always as one man and always leaving our attention free to follow the plea of the protagonist. The traditional crowd was a simplification of the complexity of actual existence, an artistic convention that justified itself.

As the spectator has but one pair of eyes and but one pair of ears, conflicting emotions that might be expressed simultaneously in real life must on the stage be expressed consecutively. Only one actor must act at once, the others biding their time. Since—in the final analysis—what we seek in the theatre is acting, everything else must be kept subordinate to the actor, suppressing itself so that attention may be concentrated on him. To lay undue stress on the accessories of acting—on costume, for instance, and on scenery—is to divert the mind of the playgoer from what ought to be our chief source of pleasure in the theatre. In his Shakespearian productions, Charles Kean took an infinity of pains to have every dress and every background and every property historically accurate—an accuracy to which Shakespeare himself had never given a thought. The theatre was not built to hold a platform for illustrated lectures on archæology and history; it was meant to contain a stage for the depicting of human struggle so that the soul of the spectator might be purged by sympathy or lightened by laughter.

It is in matters of costume and scenery that convention is perhaps most convenient. Absolute accuracy in either is not requisite, even if it were possible, but only such approach to the actual fact as will not distract attention by its incongruity. To-day we should not be able to appreciate

Molière's acting as *Cæsar*, if we were to see him as Mignard has painted him in the part, with flowing periwig crowned with laurel; but under Louis XIV that was the conventional head of a hero, and any closer reproduction of antiquity would have distracted the attention of Molière's contemporaries from his performance to the mere accident of his make-up. As *Macbeth*, Garrick wore the uniform of a British major-general—perfectly acceptable in his time, when play-goers had not been taught to think about historic propriety; and in the same part, John Philip Kemble used to wear in his cap towering black plumes, which Walter Scott once plucked out to replace with the single eagle's feather of a Highland chief. In Talma's time in France, the play-going public was slowly getting to have a vague perception of the wide gulf between the ancients and the moderns, and yet when the great French tragedian first entered the green-room of the Théâtre Français as *Cinna* in what was meant for a toga, one of the actresses, shocked at this unexpected attire, cried out reproachfully, "*Fi, Talma, vous avez l'air d'une statue antique!*"

As with costume, so with scenery; it best serves its purpose when it is least obtrusive. The most accomplished scene-painter cannot give us real sky on the stage or real daylight, real trees, or real houses. He cannot present the real thing; the best he can do is to represent it. And as realism can go only so far and no farther, it is not a question of principle, but a question of degree. All he is called upon to do is to suggest these things to us, and to refrain from any too flagrant solecism, which might jar on our nerves and prevent our giving our minds unreservedly to the play itself. If he places a real tree amid the trees he has painted, it looks sadly out of place; and what is worse, it also recalls us from our voluntary illusion and reminds us of the unreality of its surroundings. In the nineteenth century we are so accustomed to the elaborately upholstered set, richly decorated and sumptuously furnished, that we should now resent the simplicity that amply satisfied our ancestors in the eighteenth century.

The Elizabethans asked no questions as to where the scene of a play was laid; they saw before them a platform jutting

into the yard, and they gave their attention to what the men and women did upon that platform. In most of the earlier Elizabethan dramas the scene is laid on the stage—frankly on the stage; and whenever it is necessary for the audience to know just what part of the universe the stage is then supposed to represent, this information is promptly supplied by the text, as in Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," for example. There was no need of the alleged placards declaring the scene; these would have been an obtrusion in the eyes of Marlowe's contemporaries, who never cared where the place was, so long as the play was interesting. These supposed signs are no more than the Victorian explanation of a need not felt by the Elizabethans; and they are not warranted by the passage of Sydney, which is cited in support. In the Greek drama, also, I see no necessity whatever for any scenery. The Athenians were quite artistic enough in their tastes to make believe as much as might be necessary. In the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, for example, the earlier passages are on earth and the later in Hades, but I do not believe that this change of scene was indicated by any modification of the architectural background. Probably *Bacchus*, on one side of the stage, stepped into a pasteboard boat—as little deceptive as the basket-horses of our childhood—and pretended to help *Charon* row across the Styx; and when they had come to the other side of the stage, *Bacchus* simply stepped out of his boat, and everybody knew that he had arrived in Hades. We must not read our modern demands into the minds of the Greeks. To us a device like this might appear too primitive, although in a burlesque—and the "Frogs" is a burlesque, after all—anything of this sort would be accepted as part of the joke. But we are looking back at the simplicity of the Greek theatre with the consciousness of our own scenic elaboration; the Greeks accepted it as an immense advance on the still more primitive dance in the market-place out of which the drama had been developed.

And even now, when we have been satiated with costumes and scenery and have trained ourselves to be very exacting in these accessories, we are perfectly willing to do without them, if only we are warned beforehand, so that we are not disap-

pointed of any just expectation. Sir Henry Irving once took his company to West Point and acted the "Merchant of Venice," in the mess-hall, on a platform, draped with hangings only, without any pretence of scenery; and never was there a more effective performance, so I have been told both by those who beheld it and by those who took part in it. Mr. Edwin Booth once went to the theatre at Hartford to act "Hamlet," only to find that the trunks containing the costumes had all miscarried. At his suggestion announcement was made from the stage that those who wished their money back might have it, while for those who remained the tragedy would be given in the everyday clothes of the company. Here was a more startling experiment than Sir Henry Irving's, but it was equally triumphant, for after the first few minutes of surprise the spectators ceased to be conscious of the clothes and gave their minds wholly to the play itself. Thus we see that even in these sophisticated times, when we are told that Shakespeare is possible on the stage only when presented with every richness of scenic display and costly costuming, we find that one of his plays was acted at West Point with costumes, but without scenery, and another was acted at Hartford with scenery but without costumes. In each of these cases the audience was forewarned; and here we have the convention in its strictly etymological meaning of "agreement." It was a condition precedent of their enjoyment that the spectators should not notice the absence of scenery in the one case and of costume in the other; and the audience had no difficulty in keeping its bargain. The public never cavils at what aids its own amusement, and when it wants to know what has taken place behind the scenes, it welcomes either the *ekkyklema* of the Greeks or the temporarily transparent wall of Sir Henry Irving's "Faust," freely permitting the dramatist even to contradict the actual facts, if that will in any way help him in his task. Indeed, the willingness of the broad public to go halves with the playwright and to make believe as much as he may ask it, has always been underestimated, I think. Just as the skilful etcher translates the light and shade of a human countenance by an arrangement of sharp black lines and pre-

sents us with a portrait we are quick to call lifelike, though in fact no man's face is surrounded by a sharp black line, so the dramatist is allowed not merely the liberties he absolutely needs, but a few more, for good measure. Some license he must have, since art cannot repeat or reproduce the whole of life; and after the permission is once given to vary from the exact and complete fact, what does it matter whether the variation be more or less?

If we give heed to the conversation we hear all about us every day, we are surprised to discover how slovenly it is, the most of it—how involved, how full of repetitions, how studded with broken phrases and with sentences that begin anywhere and end nowhere. Very rare is the man whose remarks will parse and whose conversation does not abound in restatements. When we write out from memory the turns of a dialogue in real life, we recall and set down only the significant remarks and those which led up to these—the insignificant words, the repetitions, the digressions we suppress as though we had never heard them. Probably the stenographer in a law-court is the only reporter of human speech who does not cut out tautology and straighten out grammar. The most prolix and tedious of novelists has never dared to encumber any chapter of his most sluggish story with the half of the trivial verbiage that would have accompanied a similar discussion in real life. If this variation from nature—the convention of condensation—is necessary for the novelist whose pages are as many as he shall please, it is doubly imperative upon the playwright, whose minutes are counted. One reason why it is difficult to dramatize a novel is due to the different scale of condensation used in the two arts—a conversation that seemed easy and flowing in a story turning out to be too loose in texture and twice too long in a play. Stage dialogue, when at its best, when it has most of the directness and simplicity of good talk, is very far from the laxity of everyday conversation. In Augier's comedies, in Ibsen's dramas, we are in a world where every character is quick to seize the meaning of what is said to him and able to express his own thought with the utmost brevity and without any fumbling for the just word.

Having signed the convention of condensation and having accepted the play in which no phrase is wasted and no time is lost, it is only a slight additional concession that Sheridan and Beaumarchais ask from us. In their comedies not only has every character a mastery of terse speech, he is also a wit. From the picked and polished sentences of Sheridan, it is but a short step to the rhythmic prose that Shakespeare often employs; and from that to blank verse is only a little farther. And if we once agree to rhythm, there is really no reason why we should not allow rhyme also. Shakespeare used blank verse generally, but he dropped into rhyme now and again, especially in his earlier plays; Corneille, Molière, and Racine employed the rhyming couplet. In the Spanish drama *asonantes* were used instead of ordinary rhymes, but the metrical scheme was often elaborate and Lope de Vega especially recommends the sonnet form as excellent for soliloquies. To us who speak English, sonnet and *asonante* and rhymed couplet are alike unduly artificial, while blank verse and polished prose are so familiar that they seem natural. But the English practice is a matter of convention, just as the Spanish is and the French.

In Shakespeare's tragedies we meet a people whose natural speech is blank verse, and in Molière's comedies a people whose natural speech is the rhymed couplet. In French light opera we find characters whose ordinary medium of conversation is compact prose, but who become lyrical in moments of emotion. In Wagner's operas we are brought face to face with a tribe who know no other means of communicating their thoughts and feelings than song; they are not singing as ordinary mortals may do by an effort of the will—they simply have never suspected the existence of any other form of speech. And just as the convention underlying Wagner's operas (without the acceptance of which that form of art is impossible), is that of a race expressing themselves naturally in song, so the convention underlying pantomime is that of a race expressing themselves naturally by gesture. The characters of "L'Enfant Prodigue," for example, are not deaf and dumb, they are not creatures deprived of the ability to speak; they use gesture freely and inevitably be-

cause they have never dreamed that there is any other way to converse than by signs. One of these conventions may be a little closer to nature than another, but all of them are sufficiently removed from the actual facts of life; and although we may not be disposed to relish all of them equally, all are alike legitimate in art.

Another essential convention permits all the persons of the drama to use the same language as the audience, no matter what their nationality may be. Not only *Henry VIII.*, but *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, *Brutus* and *Cassius*, *Timon* of Athens and *Dromio* of Syracuse, all speak English in Shakespeare's plays. In "*Henry V.*" the scenes in the English camp are in English of course, but so are those at the French court, and even those when the princes of the rival kingdoms meet and confer; yet when *Henry V.*, woos *Katherine* she has only broken French to answer his sturdy English. We see the inconsistency here when it is pointed out, but it does not annoy us in the theatre. If all the characters did not speak our own language we should not understand them. That we should be able to follow the story by taking in the words spoken is a condition precedent to our enjoyment, so we do not deny the implied contract the dramatist pleads in self-defence.

Shrill protests greeted Signor Salvini's first appearance as *Othello* with a supporting company of American actors; and yet this novel arrangement was only a slight elaboration of the ordinary convention. When Mr. Edwin Booth had acted *Othello* the tacit compact was that all the Italians of the play should speak English; and when he acted *Iago* to Signor Salvini's *Othello* the implied contract called for a Moor speaking Italian yet understanding English, and for various Italian characters speaking English yet understanding Italian. When Mr. Booth had acted *Iago* (speaking English) with Herr Devrient as *Othello* (speaking German), Frau Methuaschiller was the *Desdemona*, and she spoke English except when addressing *Othello*, and then she spoke German. In the Sanskrit drama heroes and the nobler male characters speak Sanskrit, while women and slaves speak Pali—the vernacular of which Sanskrit is the more ceremonial form. Oddly enough a similar distinction obtains

to-day in the theatres of the New York ghetto, where Mrs. Van Rensselaer recently "saw an operetta in which most of the characters spoke or sang comprehensible German, while the pronouncedly comic ones used Yiddish."

It is an indisputable necessity of the acted drama that the performers shall so pitch their voices as to be heard all over the house, and that they shall so place themselves on the stage as to keep their faces visible from all parts of the theatre. These are both deviations from ordinary usage, since common-sense tells us that a man does not discuss his private affairs in tones to be heard by a thousand people, and the doctrine of probabilities assures us that only a quarter of the time would a couple face toward any given point of the compass. Even when two characters alone on the stage whisper together, not to be overheard by other characters supposed to be in the next room, they can but pretend to lower their voices, since what they say must be audible to the audience—or else why say it? Many a critic, accustomed to blank verse and to the absence of the fourth wall of a room and to a hundred other conventions he blindly accepts, unconscious that they too are out of nature, has refused to legitimate the "stage-whisper," the "aside," and the "soliloquy," holding them to be a little too flagrantly unreal. It is not to be denied that the aside and the soliloquy are labor-saving devices, which some dramatists have worked hard. The easy convenience of soliloquy, by means of which a tortuous character can deceive the audience while taking in the other personages of the play, has been too tempting to many a playwright. The conscientious dramatist has tended of late to get along without the aside and the soliloquy. The younger Dumas and Ibsen and Mr. William Gillette (in "*Secret Service*") have proved that it is perfectly possible to eschew them both. Here the later playwright holds to a higher standard of technic than the earlier, just as Molière made us perceive *Tartuffe's* evil purpose without a single self-explanatory aside, while Shakespeare had allowed *Iago* to unbosom himself freely to the audience in the intervals of his hideous machinations. After all, what is the convention underlying the soliloquy? It is that *Ham-*

let, for example, is a man in the habit of thinking aloud when alone. Few of us would refuse to sign this agreement at the cost of losing "To be or not to be." Few of us, on the other hand, fail to think that the permission is strained when we find *Romeo* overhearing *Juliet's* soliloquy on the balcony. Molière took this license as well as Shakespeare, for in "L'École des Femmes" the *Notary* overhears the soliloquy of *Arnolphe*.

The more we examine the history of the acting drama the more clearly we see that convention is only a question of more or less, since more or less convention is inevitable in the drama as in every other art. Some conventions are essential and permanent, as we have noted in the preceding pages; and some are accidental and temporary. Of these last—which had perhaps best be called conventionalities—a few are due to the physical condition of the theatres where they arose, while others have come into being for reasons not always conjecturable now. While the temporary conventionality is acceptable, no one remarks its absurdity, which is obvious to every one so soon as it falls out of fashion. The conventionalities of one nation or of one epoch sometimes strike the people of other nations and of other epochs as grotesque; and the wonder is how anything so gross could ever have been tolerated.

Although every convention makes art remoter from nature—what of it? Nature is not art; indeed, if it were, art would have no excuse for existence. What art does is to give us a skilfully chosen part so

arranged as to suggest the whole. No one who enters a theatre really expects or desires to be shown an exact presentation of life; and the spectators are ready therefore to enjoy the artistically modified representation of life. Essential truth is what the drama can offer us and not a collection of the mere facts.

Professor William James, after reminding us how a poor child will make a doll of a rag-bundle having only the vaguest likeness to humanity, remarks "that a thing not too interesting by its own real qualities generally does best service here." Playgoers are as willing as little children to make believe. Experience proves that a too close imitation of the external facts of real life tends to check this willingness. "Real tubs" lead straight to the "tank drama." The stage is the realm of unreality, and a real tree is not as natural as a scene-painter's tree. A true sense of artistic fitness prescribes that the real and the imitation shall not be mingled incongruously; the picture should be all of a piece and not a thing of shreds and patches.

Once upon a time a little girl had amused herself by dramatizing a horse out of a sofa-cushion; and at last she came to her mother and said, "Horsey thirsty." The kind parent went to the side-board and poured out a glass of water for the imaginary steed. But this the child rejected at once with a finer sense of dramatic propriety, explaining that a "pur-tending horse ought to drink pur-tending water."

THE POINT OF VIEW

PERSONAL publicity, the sort that comes from the distribution of biographical details and the publication of likenesses, may be commercially useful to some purveyors of public entertainment, but it seems probable that there has been an over-estimation of its value to the makers of books.

The Commercial Value of Personal Publicity.

One of the most popular books ever written was "Alice in Wonderland." Its distribution must have been enormous, and doubtless it still goes vigorously on, but who had ever seen a likeness of the man who wrote it? When Dr. Dodgson died the other day and the newspapers told who he was and what title he had to be held in grateful memory, thousands of his debtors identified him for the first time as "Lewis Carroll," the author of the inimitable stories that are almost as familiar to contemporary children as "Mother Goose." Dr. Dodgson liked peace and a quiet life, and very cordially disliked notoriety. Like many wise people, he found great pleasure and recreation in the companionship of nice children, and for their amusement he concocted two of the queerest and most original and delightful books that ever were written. But he never considered that merely because his books became famous there was any need that he should become famous too. There was no real mystery about the authorship of the "Alice" books, and he never seriously attempted to make any. He simply put an assumed name on their title-pages, and declined to admit the authorship of any book to which his real name was not signed. So far as appears, this expedient was entirely successful. He went on living at Oxford, and pursuing his vocation as a mathematician, without annoyance from the attention of admirers. American tourists did not ask themselves to dine with him; writers of literary articles did not question him with any success as to his habits, nor were they able to lay bare the intellectual apparatus that had contributed so much to the amusement of the world. None of the familiar calamities which notoriety is supposed to have brought down on all the popular British authors, from Scott to Du Maurier, seem ever to have overtaken him.

So it seems that even a successful author, if he really yearns for privacy, may have it,

and keep it, if only he plans for it in time and persists in wanting it.

Mr. Kipling's case may seem evidence to the contrary, and it is true that everyone knows his picture; but in view of his enormous popularity and of the fact that he acknowledges the authorship of what he writes, it would have savored of affectation for him to have tried to suppress that. It is recognized, though, that Mr. Kipling prefers to maintain the privacy of his private life, and he certainly succeeds in doing so.

One of the books that have made the most recent conquest of the popular taste is "Quo Vadis," but of its thousands of readers in the United States how many know anything about its author except his name? Not many. Mr. Sienkiewicz's picture has been published, and is getting tolerably familiar, but no appreciable part of the popularity of his books is due to anything that is known of him as an individual. Some biographical facts about him have lately been printed, but they have been the dust that followed his chariot, and not a preliminary disturbance made by outriders.

It is evident that the most successful books succeed because of what is put between the covers of them, and not because they are helped by writers of personal paragraphs, or because of any delectation that the public finds in intimate acquaintance with the domestic environment of authors. It is pathetic, for one thing, how eager people are to read something that they think will do them good. That desire had some part in the success of "Ben Hur," and the success of "Quo Vadis." Both books touched upon matters which concerned the history of Christianity; and though that alone would not necessarily win readers for them, it had very much to do with the interest of the readers that they found. Personal advertising had scarcely anything to do with it.

No modest author need hesitate to produce a masterpiece, or even a popular novel (which need not be a masterpiece, and usually isn't one), for fear that his success will involve the sacrifice of a reasonable privacy. His book must be published if its worth is to be fairly tested; but that he should be published too is not at all indispensable. If he chooses not to have his likeness run in the advertising col-

umns of the newspapers, he can keep it out, and his book won't suffer; if he prefers that his personal idiosyncracies and circumstances should not be discussed, that, too, can be accomplished in great measure without much trouble. The only things the public absolutely requires from writers in exchange for its favors are ideas and good writing. Everything else is thrown in, and may in most cases be easily and safely withheld.

AN Easterner who likes to indulge his sympathy with

the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,

can get much food for his meditations in the breezy and prairie-sweeping suggestiveness of many things which arise in the great West. Not long since, for example, a Kansas editor, replying to a toast to his State (we may suppose that it was drunk in water), spoke such high truths as these: "Here is a youthful community of little more than a million souls, receiving citizens from all over the world—from every kindred, every tribe—digesting them, assimilating them, and making them—not ex-Ohioans, not ex-Hoosiers, not Southerners, not Yankees, not Irish, Dutch, French, Russians, Germans, Swedes, nor Jews, but Kansans, and proud of it; who are, let us hope and believe, the best types of Americans." And farther on: "A true essence of the sway that Kansas has in the world may not be gathered into statistics; it may not find lodging in the clearing-house ledger; it eludes the pursuer with his avoirdupois scales; but it shines forth in the high percentum of literacy and the consequent deep, wholesome morality of the people. They are approaching—even if from afar off—the ideal of conduct that was always before the fathers who 'crossed the seas.' Kansas has erected to her god a little white shrine in every township. The high priestess thereof is the schoolma'am, and when she is in her holy temple—well may the nations tremble." The speech as a whole has much more to it than these scraps; it has a good deal of the humor of the larger Mark Twain variety; and it is full of the kind of half-intentional bombast which is so dear to the heart of the True American, as an Englishman conceives him. It is, however, just this titanic, bantering brag which, to a reflective Easterner, is so stimulating to thought.

For underlying the rhodomontade and the screaming of the eagle and the not infrequent bad manners, is a consciousness of strength which gives a serious side to the joking. If the True American (as above defined) in a speech like this, or in such antics as those of certain senators and representatives in Congress over any question of foreign affairs, is ready to brag of himself and then to laugh, half uncomfortably, it may be, at his own braggings, he is also never very unready to show that his boasts are not empty. His happy recklessness takes my thought back to the times when his ancestors were singeing the King of Spain's beard under Drake, or under Lord Howard of Effingham were meeting the Armada with hearts as light as if the numbers in the two fleets had been reversed. One can imagine a Spaniard of the time of Philip II. shaking his beard over the excessively bad taste which Raleigh and Drake showed in their braggings and in their total disregard of the comforts and rights of the rest of the world. And one can imagine, too, the surprised and unhesitating contempt with which the polished writers of Italy—Marini and Tassoni, for example—might have looked on the untamed exuberance of Marlowe, or Shakespeare's splendid unconsciousness of academic form. There is an analogy here that is a large opening to divagation.

What I wish to dwell on now, however, is that the bragging and bad manners of the True American (the capitals are again the Englishman's) can fairly be taken as one of the less agreeable symptoms of youth and vigor. Bad manners are never to be excused any more than bad morals; but good manners and bad morals are much worse than bad manners and good morals. And such humorous bragging as I have taken for my text is not to be considered as either bad morals or bad manners; it is only the mind of a very crusty foreigner which could make any such confusion of terms. Where the bad manners go no farther than a little unreasonable boasting, we Americans can afford to be magnanimous and unperturbed. We can point out to the Englishman in his splutterings that, after all, the goddess of the little white shrine in every village *is* the schoolma'am, and that, in the end, her doctrines make for manners as well as for righteousness; we can display to him the unfailing reverence for the comfort of women, which is the new chivalry of the New World; and we can reinforce our confidence,

by the faith of so great a man as Lincoln, in the soundness and courage of the common people. Perhaps the architecture of the little white shrine, its interior decoration if it has any, the harsh twang of its pupils, even of the goddess herself, would leave Mr. Ruskin dumb with despair; and perhaps the words of the brakeman to the lady whose bundles and children he handles so carefully, are to the ear unpolished and rough; nevertheless the kindness is an instinct of courtesy which is deeply inwrought into the fibre of the people; and the teaching and aspirations of the shrine are for noble and regenerating ideals. So that the wide world, dreaming on things to come, may get more comfort and solace than might be supposed out of this same Kansas editor, and his brag that Kansas can not only swallow her and her whole population, but can digest them all, too.

THE anxiety that seems to prevail about the dulness and mediocrity of our literary period is not a new symptom, as every writer who shares it takes pains to point out. Mr. J. S. Tunison, for instance, whose papers on "The Coming Literary Revival" were printed recently in the *Atlantic*, said:

A New
Anxiety.

"If this generation had been the first to be criticised in this way, the cry of decadence might fill one with melancholy forebodings. The fact is that these prosaic intervals are the rule, and the visits of genius to the world the rare exception." Not only the prosaic intervals, but in the later ones at least the consciousness of them and the lament over them are the rule; and the lament is natural. It is hard upon us to live in a time without genius; though we may derive some consolation from the fact that the periods of genius themselves do not always seem to have enjoyed the counterpoising happiness of a realization of its presence, and indeed have commonly left this to be appreciated by a generation or two later. It may fairly be questioned, certainly, whether a man might find more pleasure in Shakespeare by living in Shakespeare's time, than by living in a time when Shakespeare was most keenly appreciated; whether in general our chief pleasure as a race comes from the literature of our contemporaries; but this is the selfish point of view, and a certain regret over the dearth of our own day is to be expected.

I do not mean to suggest, therefore, that we are all worrying over the wrong thing; but it

seems entirely possible that in addition to this futile if interesting anxiety, we might be, to use a current phrase, putting in some worry in a more profitable direction. Are we to have an intelligent audience for genius at its next visit? Or must we pass it on, as in so many former cases, to a differently trained generation? Mr. Tunison cites Hartmann's grim prophecy that coming literature is going to occupy the same place as the farce a businessman goes to see in the evening by way of recreation. The difficulty with us seems to be not so much that we are beginning to go to the farce, but that we are trying to have our cake and eat it too, by pretending to believe that the farce is serious drama of a high order.

The Point of View has harped on this string before; and no doubt it is a truism that the very worst way to fit ourselves for the appreciation of work of the first rank is a false optimism about work of the fourth or fifth. But this is so peculiarly the vice of the time that to point it out may well be made the "*delenda est Carthago*" of every literary discussion. If we are so conscious of the dearth of geniuses, why work so hard all the apparatus of criticism that might be reserved for them, or exercised on the very considerable mass of their work already existent? If we are not to have a meal of great literature, why go so elaborately through a Barmecide's feast? This empty dish that your reviewer is passing you is not a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and you know it and he knows it.

We grow so used to the conventions of our own creation in this process that when the real thing comes along we unconsciously try it by them. A good deal of current criticism of Mr. Kipling—especially of his poetry—is an instance in point. That the reality of Mr. Kipling's genius has been established and recognized beyond a doubt within these last few years is, of course, in so far an argument against this frittering away of our discrimination; but see how we take him. We either deluge him with indiscriminate laudation and insist that he shall take his place in the after-dinner vaudeville, as of the same kind with the rest, though greater; or we demand of him qualities which in our previous course of setting up men of straw we have decided to be necessary. If he has these, we are told, "the future is his." It would be worth while, perhaps, to make sure that some of his future is ours.

THE FIELD OF ART

*THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE NEW
PORCHES OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOS-
TON*

A PECULIAR fascination invariably attaches to the work of an acknowledged artist which is not thoroughly finished. When we study the crayon sketch of a Leonardo, or read an uncompleted poem of a Shelley, or listen to an unfinished symphony of a Schubert, we gain a special delight which the artist's highly finished work does not give to us. This delight is, without doubt, due in part, as Lessing has taught us, to the enjoyable play of imagination within us, which is possible only because the work is incomplete; but we feel another and very subtle charm in such cases which seems to be linked with a sense of intimate relationship between ourselves and the artist; it is as though he had unfolded to us the secret of his skill, had let us into his confidence, had said to us, "I need go no farther with you; you will understand and appreciate what I have meant to express."

But to those only whose lives are touched with the divine spark is granted the ability to stop at an incompleteness which we do not wish to complement; it is only the true genius who is able to stay his hand at the moment he has expressed his thought or feeling, knowing that the world will appreciate. A Michelangelo may stop thus; and even a Rodin occasionally; but the feebler imitator who looks upon this imperfection as part of the master's technique must certainly fail.

As one endowed with some measure of genius alone should dare to leave his work thus incomplete, as genius is rare amongst men, and the same type of genius seldom vouchsafed to any two mortals, we might be sure, in advance of experience, that failure would almost certainly await those who attempt to fill out to completeness a work which an artist has left unfinished, or which comes to us in imperfect form. And note how fully this expectation is realized. If we consider how inadequate to satisfy us have been the many suggested "restorations" of the Venus

de Milo, for instance; if we think of the almost absurd results of efforts to complete romance or poem left unfinished when death has robbed us of the writer; if we note how crude and mean the art of our painters appears when the best of them undertake to renew some master's mutilated picture; then we feel ourselves fully justified in our scepticism as to the value of such completions, and thoroughly logical in our distrust of those who attempt them. If we turn our thought to the art of architecture with which we are here directly concerned, and consider how naturally we pass carelessly by the new façade of St. Ouen, at Rouen, and with what satisfaction we seat ourselves in the gardens from which we may view the ancient parts of that noble pile; when we note how thoroughly out of the scale of conception which guided the original constructors this new façade appears; then we realize how exceedingly difficult it is for an artist of any one time to enter into the spirit of the ages which for him are passed and gone, and we rejoice that no one in modern days has essayed to build anew the fallen tower, and to complete the great nave of Beauvais.

In general then, without fear of æsthetic loss, we may make it a rule that where a great artist has been willing to leave his creation unfinished or incomplete, we in our turn should be willing to allow it to remain just as he bequeathed it to us.

Feeling the force of this general rule we cannot help asking ourselves whether an error may not have been made in attempting to complete Trinity Church, in Boston, which Richardson left to us in an unfinished condition, by the addition of the westerly towers and the richly sculptured Galilee porch which is illustrated in the accompanying plates. It must indeed have required no little courage to make the attempt, for as we have already seen, it has become very evident to us how little probability there is that success will attend the efforts of the architect-artist who undertakes such a task; how difficult for anyone else to grasp thoroughly the constructional scale of the work of an artist predeces-

sor ; how impossible that any one of us should be swayed by the delicate influences which would certainly have led the original designer to modify his conception of the newer parts as they developed under his eye. Some of us who have known the noble masses of the church dominated by its great central tower, as it stood for years after Richardson's death, feel a distinct sense of loss now that the new towers and porches have arisen ; they seem to compel us to interpret the masses in terms of a constructional scale quite diverse from that in which the unfinished work was wrought. It may be that those who live after us, who cannot recall the building as it stood of old, may become accustomed to the new scale, and delight in the fuller completeness. It may even be that the newer parts will appear to them to have greater artistic value than the older parts.

But beyond this special question, which is a local and limited one, the study of this new

work leads us to ask a broader general question, Is the art of architectural sculpture a living one with us to-day ; and if not, can it become one ? Are we sufficiently masters of that abstract fine art of form to dare to utilize figure-sculpture in the adornment of our buildings as the craftsmen of the thirteenth century did ?

In considering this we may note that if an architect finds it no simple task to grasp the constructional scale of a work left unfinished by another architect, this is not because he is struggling with a troublesome problem which is presented only to those who practise his special art ; that with which he copes is but a special example of a general difficulty which all artists must meet.

All artistic products are presented in what we may call a special scale of conception, a scale which is determined by the constitution of the artist's mind, and which in its turn determines the emphasis of special elements in that

very complex object which we designate as a work of art. Every artistic work of lasting merit is effective because it stimulates the exercise of many capacities in the observer ; it is graceful and beautiful because many elementary effects of pleasure are combined, are summated, so to speak, to produce one effect of permanent delight. It is the mark of the genius that he is able to make this unity of beauty out of his manifold of pleasurable elements ; a man of less talent will be unable to preserve the delicate balance of our attention which renders possible the preservation of the unity, which avoids that emphasis of some special element that would make this element

the centre of interest, and thus destroy the æsthetic value of the unified whole. We may look for illustration to the musical drama, where we perceive how keenly great masters have felt the necessity of keeping well within bounds the development of marked "plot interest" in connection with their compositions. The literary quality of Wagner's work is manifestly crude and barbaric, and it is felt to be necessarily so ; for, were our attention liable to be centred upon finer literary details, we should certainly lose the power inherent in the unity which gives to his operas their essential significance.

The general principle of æsthetics thus illustrated, this necessity which compels the artist to subordinate the effects of elementary parts to the effect of the whole has especial significance in reference to the work of art we

are here considering. Sculpture as it is used in connection with architecture may be employed in two ways. The Greeks often treated the two arts as independent, although cognate, their statues being distinctly applied to the buildings as appropriate although not absolutely necessary parts of the whole work. From such a point of view the sculptural and the architectural parts are to be considered as harmonious works of art which are placed in conjunction, rather than as elementary parts of a unified æsthetic whole. But in many of the greatest works of architecture, sculpture is freely employed as a mere unit in the total which produces the æsthetic effect. We note this in the metopes of the Parthenon, and in the delicate carvings upon the Greek mouldings in general. In these latter we see embodied the effort to emphasize the sec-

tional forms of the mouldings so that they can be appreciated by one who cannot see the profiles, and this was accomplished with wonderful skill without destroying these form values even when they were seen at a distance. We see the same thing exemplified in the unique carvings on the base of the façade of Orvieto; carvings which at a distance seem to do little more than throw a light veil over, without in the least obliterating, the structural lines of the great piers. We see the same thing again in the mediæval buildings from which Richardson drew the inspiration for Boston's great church, the sculpture in those old edifices being felt to be part and parcel of the architectural creation.

If we examine this mediæval sculpture it appears to be for the most part crude in modelling and unrealistic in detail; and this fact serves to throw it out of prominence as we study the monument in which it appears, serves to subordinate it so that it becomes but an element in the broader æsthetic unit. It is highly probable that if it were less crude and more realistic, it would force attention in a way that would tend to make it the æsthetic object for us with a background of mere building, rather than as now merely one element in the total object of architectural interest. It is thus quite comparable to the plot of the Wagnerian opera above referred to, which through its very crudeness in a literary sense becomes part and parcel of the complex artistic totality.

In the sculpture which we are here considering we can scarcely fail to note a marked departure from these mediæval forms. They are mediæval in inspiration to be sure, but they are deeply affected by modern thought and modern technique. The evidence here is clear that the artist-sculptor has been strongly influenced by the careful modelling from the nude, which is a necessary part of the sculptor's method in our day, a method almost, if not quite, unknown to the mediæval artisan-sculptors who for the most part wrought out the rough carvings which are so telling on the Romanesque cathedrals. It is an æsthetic question of great interest whether the modern sculptors, in thus assuming to perfect the forms inspired by the mediæval carvers, have not thrown their own work out of scale with the rest of the work; and whether in so doing they have not reduced the value of the building as an æsthetic unity. Have they not in the very perfecting of their carvings com-

pelled us to concentrate our interest too much upon the sculptural detail, or sufficiently at least to change the "conceptual scale" of the work and to reduce the æsthetic value of the building as a totality? To the writer it appears clear that such has been the result; and yet this judgment must be held as a tentative one, so difficult is it for one man to speak for the mass of cultivated men in his own generation. The critic is necessarily biased by his special attainments and his special point of view, and particularly in this case by his remembrance of the unfinished work with which he has been familiar in past years and which has established for him a standard which may perhaps be found to be a thoroughly artificial one. If he must be cautious in speaking for men of his own day and generation, far less is he competent to pass judgment for the men of a future time who will know naught of the unfinished work, and it must be remembered that it is this judgment of no one generation but of the specially cultivated of many generations which must finally determine the æsthetic value of all works of man.

The force of such criticism as we have here given is tempered further by the remembrance that all art in the past, and architectural art in particular, has advanced by the very method which has apparently been adopted here; by following the precedents of the past, and yet at the same time aiming to perfect some special element of the complex æsthetic unity from which the artist has gained his inspiration. In architecture especially is this method emphasized, for the imagination of the architect is more closely restricted than that of his fellow-artists in consequence of the rigid demands which utility presses upon him and which will not permit of facile alteration, which in compelling the architect to copy more freely from his predecessors than is permissible to his fellows at the same time compels him to restrict his imagination more completely to adaptation, and to the perfecting of special details of the whole art-work. The difficulty of making such adaptation, of the perfecting of parts without reducing the æsthetic effect of wholes, must be faced; the puzzling problem presented can only be satisfactorily solved by men of real genius; but we who would be watchful to encourage the genius in his effort must beware of establishing within ourselves too rigid notions of propriety which so often stand in the way of just appreciation.

H. R. M.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

it is a statement almost mathematically accurate—reckoned north and south it is accurate to a mere matter of feet. As near as such a point can be fixed, the spire of Grace Church, on Broadway, near Tenth Street, is the centre of the new city. Wanamaker's is a scant fifty yards away.

Few buildings of private ownership are better known than this. It is a monument to the genius, achievement, and marvellous foresight of that king of merchants, A. T. Stewart, and has been a dry-goods store from its beginning. The immense solid square of it, imposing in size, almost severely plain in architecture,

of the management have had two leading points in view. One is, to secure the personal comfort of the *individual customer*; the other is to secure the personal comfort and contentment of the *individual employé*. No pains, no thought, no expense which would tend to the advancement of either has been considered excessive, and it is for these reasons that there is probably no store in the world wherein the *esprit du corps* of the employés and the loyalty they bear their employment, is so high. Nor is there perhaps a store in the world wherein the casual customer feels instantly so much at home. And there is surely no store in

The Little French Store.

A Store within a Store.

occupies the whole space bounded by Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth, and Tenth Streets. It has a total floor-space of considerably more than ten acres.

There is always something interesting in mere bigness, and this is one of the "biggest" stores in the world. There is always fascination in rapidity of movement and "bustle," and this is one of the busiest stores in the world.

It has borne its present name but seventeen months, but never was mercantile history made faster. Beginning, in November of 1896, under conditions which, even in the minds of enterprising and courageous men, made success problematical, it has swept to the very front rank of New York enterprises, and is already in a class by itself.

From the very beginning, the methods

which so much is done to interest and amuse the visitor.

You are never asked to buy anything at the Wanamaker Store, and no clerk will so much as look as if you were expected to buy something. It is a rule of the house that service must be instantaneous when wanted, but never obtruded when it is not wanted. This is to allow visitors a more perfect freedom in examination of goods. It is recognized that most women like to look at pretty things and rich things, and that many would not feel like doing so if a clerk were forever at their elbows; so that a visitor may walk the store over from morning to night, and never be interfered with by questions. She may stop at any counter which attracts her, and look over the beauty displayed there until she tires, and never a clerk will in-

2
The Rotunda, Looking Down.
Floor Space Sacrificed to Light and Ventilation.

One of the Dress-making Parlors.

trude himself. Attendance is there, ready, alert, eager, if wanted. A mere glance will bring it to her side when she wishes it, but it is never obtruded. The officious clerk has no place in the Wanamaker *ménage*.

Perhaps the most prominent characteristic of the Wanamaker Store, and the one which is first noted by the casual visitor is the manner in which the stock is displayed. There is very little of the commonplace about it. There is very little of the mere heaping-up of goods on a counter. The Wanamaker Store, like all other dry-goods stores, is primarily a store for women, and women love daintiness and elegance. Therefore, wherever trained taste, ingenuity, and expenditure can elaborate the display, or surround it with increased novelty, elegance, or comfort, the steps have been taken. It is for this reason that "Wanamaker's" is so attractive to the visitor: there is so much to *see*. The customer, too, finds double delight in shopping in such an atmosphere.

For instance, the Little French Store—a store within a store—a little gem of a store—a little piece of Paris. Here is shown the finest of the imported *lingerie*. No wonder that the exquisite garments shown under such conditions have such a clinging grip on the admiration of the visitor. The innocent old lady who read the sign "Lingerie" over the door was not far

astray in believing that it indicated a place to "linger" in.

Again, the "Five Royal Salons"—otherwise, the five show-rooms for the ready-to-wear costumes, glorified annexes to the fitting-rooms. Not the ordinary stuffy closets, but a series of magnificent rooms, finished in representative styles of five different architectural periods—spacious, lofty, luxurious. Their purpose is to give opportunity for quiet and seclusion in selecting costumes, and they are at the service of any customer who desires to use them.

Again, the Bicycle Pavilion, on the fifth floor. It might be called a bicycle parlor, with its carpets and rugs and writing-desks and easy-chairs. Here, too, is an extensive bicycle-track, for testing and exhibiting wheels. There is trick riding here also, and there are hourly exhibitions of single and tandem riding by experts of both sexes, as object-lessons in bicycle dress.

There has been some amusement expressed at the idea of a jewellery store in a dry-goods establishment. No one who has ever seen the Jewellery Store at Wanamaker's has had anything but respect for it. Like the Little French Store, it is a store within a store, but its walls are onyx and jasper, and its whole atmosphere is one of richness, taste, and luxury. So with the Art Room, where the bric-à-brac is shown. There's no higgledy-pig-

gledy confusion of china, marbles, bronzes, and curios. It is a little Museum of Fine Art, and as carefully arranged.

A novel method of displaying furniture and house-furnishings is shown in the Model Apartment. This is a copy of a New York flat, built to a life-size scale in the middle of the vast furniture-floor, and furnished from the stock. It is a practical demonstration of the art of home-making. A family could move into it at a moment's notice, and want for nothing, so completely are the details carried out.

Again, the Dress-making Parlors, and the Oriental Room, and the Mirror Rooms, for trying millinery; and again and again, and over and over again, you find taste, skill, and lavish expenditure in an ideal combination, to enhance, even ever so slightly, the artistic or personal comfort and pleasure of the visitor

an article to itself. It is no haphazard gathering of mediocre works. It is a collection of famous paintings—most of them world-famous masterpieces of world-famous artists. They are all modern paintings, almost all of them medalled pictures of the Salon of late years. This is a favorite spot for the casual visitor, as well it may be.

Wandering through the store, you move constantly through music. The strains are clear, distinct, but softened; and you look in vain for their source. Somewhere, there is a hidden orchestra; and a good one. You glance through the new silks in the rotunda to the air of the waltz in Faust. You walk through the shoe-store unconsciously timing your steps to a Sousa march. Through the closed doors of the flying elevators you hear the tingling crash of the Ride of the Walküres, and so it is all through the store—it is full of music—the air is re-

the pictures and a leisurely lunch in the new restaurant all the better for the concert, which is here very distinct, and you may discover the source of it, if you investigate.

A talk about the Wanamaker Store would be incomplete without a word about the Wanamaker employes. You cannot fail to be struck with the character of the working-force. It is a matter of common knowledge that here are the highest-salaried people in their respective lines in the country, which means in the world. One of the most prominent features of the Wanamaker system is the attention given to the comfort and welfare of the store-people. The details are never matters of common report, but you see the results all through the store.

In brief, it is the theory of the firm, taken aside from all humanitarian grounds, that a well-fed and contented employé will do better work than one ill-fed, ill-clothed, anxious, and depressed. This is a theory which, it would seem, needed no argument to support it.

The Wanamaker system, however, doesn't stop at theories. It proceeds to insure results. For one thing, ample time is given the employes in which to eat their lunches; second, ample opportunity is provided for them to secure lunch to eat. Thus, an attractive and roomy lunch-room is theirs exclusively, in which substantial and proper viands are sold at prices one step removed from giving them away. A "resting-room" is provided, for what might be called digestive purposes. It is about to be fitted up as a combination library and gymnasium.

The women employes have an association devoted to "relaxation, recreation, and rejuvenation," and incidentally to mutual help and encouragement. Committees from this club do much toward lightening the daily humdrum and labor. A pretty feature of the club is the "Comfort Committee," which receives new-comers, introduces them to their fellow-workers and surroundings, and looks after their comfort and welfare in sickness in the store and out of it.

Quarters for this association are being prepared outside the store, where the members can spend some little time at noon; the idea being to obtain a change of air and of scene even if for only a few moments. Not to be outdone by other women's clubs, the "Wanamaker Business Women's Association" has undertaken a series of lectures—forty-minute talks, three times a week. It is quite unnecessary to say that the first series is one on "Parliamentary Law and Procedure," thus showing their full accord with established precedent.

All the employes in the store, male and female, belong to a benefit association,

which exacts an assessment varying between twenty and thirty cents a month, and which pays regular and generous sick benefits, with a "burial fund" of \$200, in case of death. Nor is this all. The directors of the association believe that saving life is better than burying the dead, and while no parade is made about it, for obvious reasons, there are ex-employes now gaining rugged health in Southern mountains and Southwestern prairies, who, but for the transportation and subsistence provided by the associa-

A Hint of the Art Room.

The Picture Gallery.

A Collection of Famous Paintings.

tion, would probably be beyond the reach of medical aid by now.

The whole atmosphere of the store is one of mutual helpfulness, encouragement, and "pull-together." The three thousand employes work like one vast, intelligent machine. Of course, under all these conditions and advantages, positions here are eagerly sought, and the list of waiting names is always a long one. This gives full opportunity to pick and choose; and the high class of the store-force is instantly marked by the visitor.

An interesting innovation in the Wanamaker Store is the staff of "store-guides," or, as they prefer to be called, the "store hostesses." They are well described by that last term. They receive visitors from out of town, show them the store and its manifold attractions, give advice and assistance, when necessary, in the purchase of goods, and act, not exactly as sales-people, but as mentors and friends. They are women of education and culture, deeply versed in the mysteries of fabrics and styles, and of vast experience in human nature. Visitors apply to the aisle manager in the

rotunda, and the desire for a guide's presence is made known by hoisting a little silk flag bearing her colors, which she can see from almost any part of the store.

It would be unjust to dismiss the store without comment on the mail order service, and the "purchasers" who translate into silks and fabrics and trimmings and dry-goods generally the sometimes all but undecipherable, and often (to an untrained mind) entirely unintelligible, requests and desires of correspondents. The system of "shopping by mail," through which the Wanamaker store offers the advantages of its mercantile methods to the whole country, depends very largely on the taste and acumen of these "purchasers." They are the very idealization of shoppers. Long training has made them marvellously expert in choosing goods. It sometimes seems that they have acquired a second-sight, which shows them precisely what the distant customer's complexion or height or weight requires. Apparently from the handwriting of the postal they can tell, when a lady writes for "a sample of silk," whether it is a bunch

A Corner of the Restaurant.

of styles in fifty-cent wash-silks, or samples of white brocades for a wedding-gown that is desired. There are few departments of the store which have made such astonishing advance as the department of mail orders. Letters here are handled, literally, by the *ton*, yet desks are cleared before the store closes. Nothing is left unanswered till the morrow.

So much for system and features. There is no talk here, as promised, of importations, or goods, or of the foreign organization which often puts the Parisian fancies on the Wanamaker counters before

the Louvre or the Bon Marché has them, or of the element of exclusiveness of style, which is a rigid specialty with the house, or of the mercantile methods which have made "Wanamaker prices" a synonym for cheapness, and "Wanamaker qualities" a phrase interchangeable with "best." It is of the store as it attracts the visitor—simply as a place to come into, and look around in, in which to fill up pleasantly a leisure hour and to enjoy the charms of music and pictures and the infinite varieties of Art in Dress—that this article has been written.

The Mail Order Department.

THE BURIAL OF GENERAL FRASER.

The Story of the Revolution, page 359.

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UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT WELLESLEY

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

IF you should happen to be going to Wellesley College on a through sleeper of the Pennsylvania or the New York Central line about the time college opens in the fall, you would probably be painfully aware of your destination long before you reached it. The signs are numerous and unmistakable. There is the "express" two hours behind time on account of the appalling number of sleeping-coaches attached, crowded with eager young women feverishly demanding if the train will stop at Wellesley instead of sweeping on into Boston; and there is the conductor majestically walking up and down, assuring the whole coach that the train *will* stop; and the baggage-master rushing around with two assistants to carry the heavy check-rings, and an anxious and despondent look on his face as if he would

very much like to change his occupation in life just then; and there is much spasmodic conversation and a forced air of cheerfulness between young girls and their people who are bringing them up to college to matriculate; and finally, a short way before the train draws into the station, there is a little gasp from those who know and are on the lookout, when the turrets of the big main building loom up just visible above the great oaks and tall, slender maples. And then, in a moment, there is a rush for the platforms and an astonishing number of trunks are tumbled out of the baggage-cars, and the station rapidly assumes the look of the New York customs just after the St. Paul or the Paris has got in, and the college coaches fill up in a minute and go dashing off, while the bewildered new-comers weakly allow

themselves to be squeezed into cabs and dislocate their necks in a frantic attempt to get a view of the buildings and grounds on their way up to College Hall. And the people who have been left in the sleepers, and who have been grumbling about the crowd and confusion and delay, go on into Boston feeling a little lonely and much more comfortable.

But if you come out sedately from Boston at no particular time during the semester, the quiet instead of the agitation of the place is what most impresses you; and al-

of the few traditions attaching to that institution—that when the college was founded there were but two men in the village, and one was blind and the other was lame. It may have been so, and it was probably a most judicious idea to establish a college for women where masculine attractions were at a minimum; but I am very sure that whatever the conditions may have been at the beginning of the college, they no longer exist, and that, though there are doubtless a lame and a blind man at present in the village, there are besides a great

Photograph by Partridge, Boston.

"The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it."

From "Love's Labor's Lost." Presented by the Shakespeare Society, June 12, 1897

though your train is on a sweeping four-track road, with all such a road's possibilities of shrieking engines apparently running into you from before, or insidiously creeping up on you behind, or passing you triumphantly on either side, you arrive in tranquillity and safety at Wellesley, where there is a typical Boston and Albany station, with its striking family resemblance to all the other Boston and Albany railroad-stations, and its tremendous expanse of slate roof utterly out of proportion to the small amount of brown and white stone and creeping vines just showing beneath.

There is a tradition at Wellesley—one

many others who are apparently quite sound physically. Indeed, Wellesley has become absurdly populous and prosperous, for the great development and changes in the college have led to equally important and noticeable changes in the town. There is a big square with a fountain in the centre of it, and a "block" of business-houses set uncompromisingly and defiantly in a most conspicuous place; and there are electric lights, and a great many broughams and traps are to be seen tearing down to the station for the early express into Boston. And even when it is not train-time there is a great deal going

paper to curtain-poles and Japanese fire-crackers.

This shop always struck me as being particularly delightful and un-American, and I used quite to haunt it, in order to hear the little bell on the door jingle cheerfully at my entrance and exit, and to listen to the person who served me use the most correct English with the very broad "a," and in hopes of hearing the young women, who passed in and out in a continual stream and inquired for the most impossible and diverse things, foiled in their attempts to obtain them. But I was always disappointed — the desired articles were

Stone Hall.

inevitably forthcoming. I suppose there must be some underground connection between that shop and all those in Boston, and that the supply and demand will never cease to balance.

Besides the shops and the business "block" and the station and library and churches, there are the long, shady streets, thickly dotted with cottages, the architects of which have all, seemingly, entered into a frantic competition in the way of piazzas and sloping roofs and bow-windows. The effect is very pretty and homelike, and a

at many professors and
ructors from the college
e taken up their residence
hem. Many of the cot-
s are filled with the girls
have overflowed from
college buildings, and who
ll around the village with
ghtly patronizing air and
onsciousness of their own
th and attainments, which
t be just a trifle aggra-
ng to the townspeople.
eed, the presence of so
y professors and students
ls to the village an air of
lousness and learning
ch is quite impressive, and
would think that the vil-
people would catch the
tagion of hard work and
ital discipline. One is
tinually astonished at not
ng all the old ladies and
ttlemen starting off
nptly at nine o'clock with
ks under their arms, and
rather a shock to dis-
er that there is a shoe-
er in the village who does
ot know Greek, and a
rocer who is quite callous
bout chemistry.

But, pretty and flourish-
ng as the village is, its chief
importance—at least, in
the estimation of the col-
lege people—is that it
is where one gets off
the train to go to
Wellesley College.

There is a variety of
ways of reaching the
college itself, which is
quite a distance from the
village. I say "quite a
istance," because no one
as ever been able to de-
ide just how far the col-
ege is from the town. If
ou have been detained by
cture or recitation and are
ng to catch the last after-
n train into Boston, the

Entertainment Given by the Barn Swallows in "The Barn."

distance is about five miles ; but if your friends have been out and are going back, and you will not see them again for quite a while, it is not more than three-quarters of a mile. Or, if one is in a hurry, and knows just how to go, there is a short cut over "the meadow" and then across through the golf-links, up past Norumbega, the prettiest of the cottages, and so to the big entrance. Or you can follow the broad, shaded street until East Lodge is reached, pass around by Stone Hall—which is not stone at all, but very red brick, and named for the founder—with a glimpse of Music Hall across the woods and, every now and then, a bright glint from Lake Waban through the trees, past the beautiful Farnsworth Art Building, and Wood and Freeman Cottages, and so up around the green campus to the big porte-cochère in front of the great doors.

It is doubtless a very fine thing, and a thing to be proud of and to be remembered, to belong to a college which was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, or Henry

VI., or Queen Margaret, or the Bishop of Winchester, or some other exalted personage, and which has a wonderful quadrangle, or a famous gate-way, or a chapel with a splendid fan-vaulted roof. But the students of Wellesley College have a still finer thing to be proud of and to remember. They belong to a college founded by an American gentleman, who, crushed by the loss of his only and dearly loved son, turned from the most brilliant legal and social career, to give "his home, his fortune, and ten years of his life" to raising a monument to the God who had so heavily afflicted him.

The story of Henry Fowle Durant and the founding of Wellesley College is so well known that it hardly seems necessary to touch on it here, and yet it is a story that bears infinite repetition, and certainly once a year—the anniversary of his death, the third of October—is not too often to impress upon those who are profiting by his loss the story of his life and death and work. And surely one Sunday in every year—the

Undergraduate Life at Wellesley

unday of the fall season, known as "Flower Day"—is not too many to set apart for service from his favorite text, "God is love." And when, in the inevitable course of time, there shall be no reason why we cannot openly honor the woman who is still with us and who helped him to be what he was, and who gives as generously as he did, Wellesley will couple her name with his in her memorial services, and will be proud to recall publicly that it is as it

A Tree-day Costume.

should be, and that a woman helped to found a woman's college.

There is no more striking difference between a man's and a girl's education than the very way in which they start out to get that education. I mean that, in the selection of their colleges, they show wonderfully dissimilar motives. A man decides upon a certain college because his father and his grandfather went there before him, or, more possibly, because he admires the captain of the foot-ball team extravagantly, or because from his preparatory-school record he thinks he will have a chance on the crew. I know small boys of twelve or thirteen who have been proudly wearing a blue-and-silver pin in the lapel of their Norfolk jackets and telling their astomished relatives that they "have decided to go to Yale," ever since last November, and who will promptly and cheerfully put on the orange

and black of the "Tigers" should Yale happen to be defeated this year in the great contest.

But the girl has no such precedents or ambitions or aims. "Going to college" is yet so new and important a thing with her, and is so frequently for the purpose of studying, that she conscientiously decides upon the institution where she can get the hardest and most thorough course in her most difficult elective. I have known sisters to separate, on going to college, because one was convinced that a certain institution possessed

the most advanced electrical apparatus and the other been assured the department of history was superior in the college she had decided to enter. While

young women continue to select their colleges from suc

Wellesley, with her faculty of eighty professors and instructors, and her offer of one hundred and ninety-two courses of study, may fear no diminution in numbers, and freshmen classes of

ed will still continue

t themselves with unabating and cheerfulness, and more will have to be built on the hills

surrounding the main building, which was first erected and thought to be absurdly large, with its accommodations for three hundred students! There are over seven hundred now, in spite of the increased requirements for entrance, which include three languages, with a maximum of two and a minimum of the other, or the substitution of a science,

Barn Swallows in Stage Costumes.

Sketches by Miss Cowles.

The Tree-day Procession

pleases. The university does not consider it incumbent upon itself to look after a person personally beyond seeing that he attends chapel and a certain number of recitations, and does not absent himself from college days at a time, nor neglect his undergraduate friends and enemies. These rules, with the general one which requires him to behave like a gentleman, are about all that affect his sojourn at his alma mater. But a girls' college is a very different place.

The life is necessarily concentrated, because we cannot live any and everywhere; we must be under the discipline of college authorities. It is like a large family hotel where the comfort and well-being of the guests are looked after minutely and carefully by a great many people, from the housekeepers who supervise the china and linen, and see that the small army of maids keeps the rooms in order, down to the cooks and the men who wash, and the undergarment-makers who spend their lives in making the uniforms, and the carpenters who board paths that the boys find good walking-places. It especially suggests a monastery, or College with its palm-filled rooms—there is one thing which it strikingly resembles: it is a monastery where the dormitories are so many small cells, and there are seven hundred stu-

dents live in these cottages or in College Hall, or in boarding-places in the village approved of by the college. The expenses of a student who lives in the village of course, with her particular rooms, but if she is in the college proper the cost of board and tuition is the same whether she lives in the main building or in one of the smaller dormitories, which accommodate from thirty to sixty students. Rooms in the cottages are always in demand, owing to the greater quiet

of life there, and the little luxuries of open fires and pretty drawing-rooms and dainty table-service, and the general feeling that one has of being in one's own home with a large and pleasant house-party about one. Life at Wood, or Norumbega, or Freeman has, in fact, become so popular that the general rule disqualifying an undergraduate from more than one year in a cottage has had to be made. Of course there are exceptions, but the consequence is that generally a student spends three of her four years at college in the main building, and she has the satisfaction of feeling that she is getting a real insight into "college life;" that she is right in the centre of things and that her small world is revolv-

ing, even if she does lose the home-like life of

One can hardly explain in a building that is a mile long and has for three hundred years, besides thirty or more rooms and laboratories, and a post-office and a book-store and a telegraph and telephone bureau and innumerable offices for the different dignitaries of the college, and a library and reception-rooms and a natural history museum, and which is fringed around with paint-

A Senior.

shops and repair-shops and electric-light plants and the dozens of other necessary adjuncts to a big building.

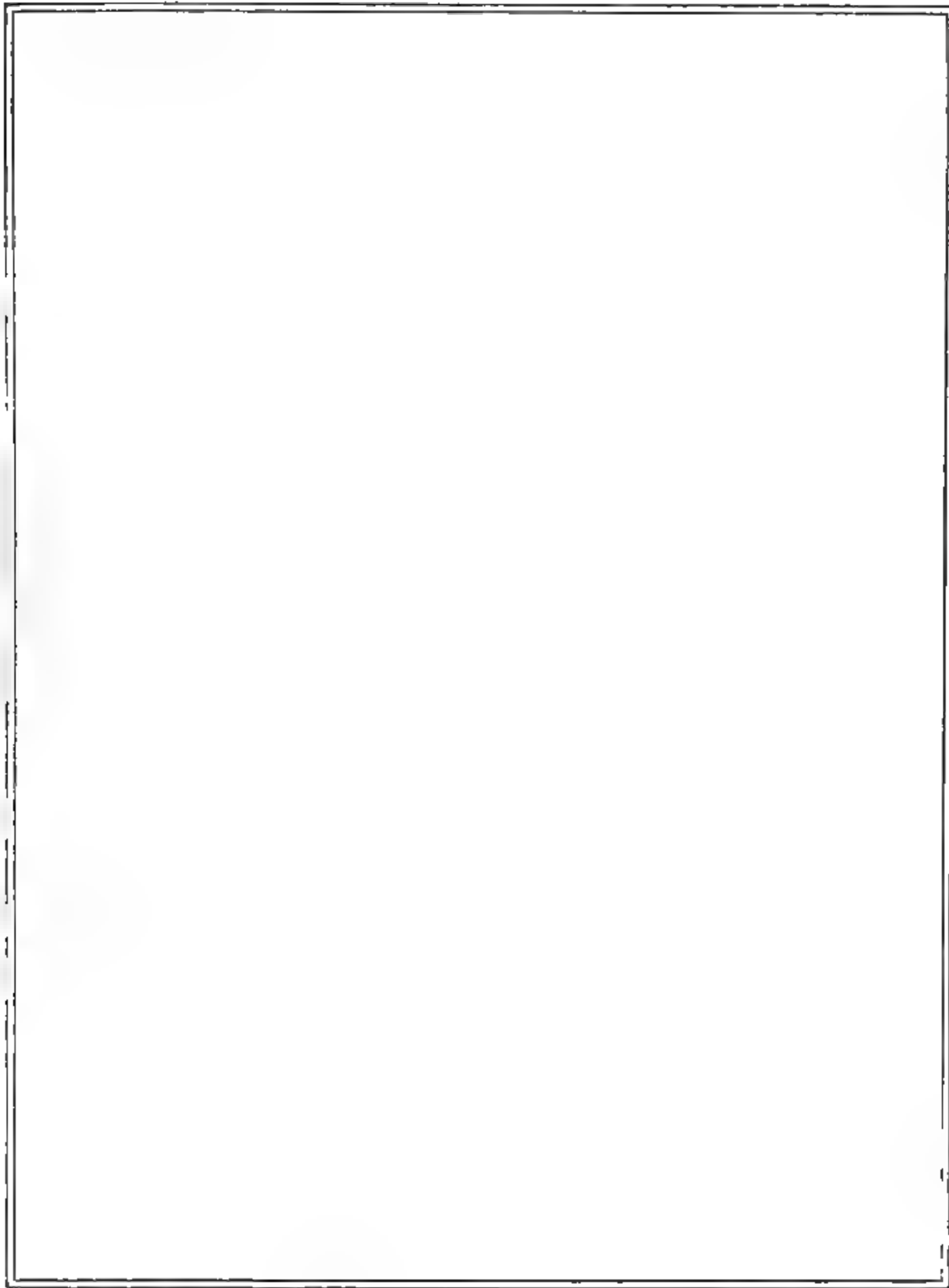
As for the rules which govern the daily life of the Wellesley College girl, they are so unobtrusive that one is a little puzzled to discover just what they are. Moreover, the regulations which do obtain are continually being altered to provide for unforeseen exigencies, for, although as a member of Wellesley's faculty once feelingly exclaimed, "Thank God, a woman's college is no longer a curiosity," still it is a new departure even yet, and there must inevitably be many mistakes and many changes. Indeed, the changes are so rapid that in many respects what is true of

icious, but now no longer frowned upon—have been granted, while on the other hand restrictions, extending from the "credit system" to the rule forbidding an undergraduate to walk to the village or about the grounds alone in the evening, are insisted upon. This last rule, however, would seem superfluous, as it is difficult to believe that any miscreant, no matter how hardened, would not feel properly abashed in the imposing presence of a college girl and would not retire hastily and apologetically.

Corner of a Student's Room.

Wellesley to-day was not true last year, and probably will not be true next year. Privileges which would have been thought of only in utter hopelessness and awe a few years ago, ranging all the way from the wearing of the cap and gown to a chafing-dish breakfast in one's room—a custom once curiously condemned as most per-

Perhaps one would best describe the rules which govern a student at Wellesley as those which would naturally govern the actions of any well-bred girl. While at college she is required to have a chaperon to any entertainment in Boston, or to a foot-ball game at Harvard, or to an afternoon tea, just as she would be if she were at home with



Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

Students' Parlor.

), and Colorado, and Canada, lia, and the Sandwich Islands. inevitable that these rules should in different cases and that col-ean to one a vastly different means to another. Also, as af-law unto herself when it comes vn life, the question of individ-enced by the particular line of work the student may be pur-suing, and the results are as diversified as the colors in a Persian rug.

There are, of course, three typical ways of living at college : the way of the girl who makes her college life one long task, who never has time for anything but work ; the way of the girl—a *rara avis*, fortunately—who does nothing ; and the way of the large majority, who take college sanely, and work when they work and play when it is time to play, and who emerge from their

Senior Rolling Hoop.

her own people. And she is not expected to go to any of these things at the expense of her studies, or to have her friends out so often as to interfere with her work. But when she has leisure to entertain her friends she is at perfect liberty to ask them out to the concerts, or to play golf with her, or tennis, or go boating ; and there are pretty little drawing-rooms provided for her and her guests, and the college with its beautiful grounds is a good show-place to take them over.

Indeed, any girl at Wellesley can see much of social life and lead a healthy, normal existence if she only will. It is a mistake to suppose that because she is at college and hard at work that she is cut off from the world. It is a little difficult to define or describe her life, because, although gathered together under the same institution, and respecting the same rules, there are students who have come from such widely different quarters as New York, and South America, and Cal-

four years' training much better for it, mentally, morally, and physically, with a clear, healthy idea of the meaning of life and a great deal of experience gained from friction with many kinds of girl. It is a curious and profitable study to watch a freshman class and note those who first rise to the surface, so to speak, and the quick judgments formed by one student

of another and the place each takes in her class. Perhaps that intercourse with unfamiliar and widely differing natures, which develops a girl's resources and makes or mars her character, is the most important result of a woman's college education, just as it is of a man's.

There is one law at Wellesley which is universally and cheerfully observed. It is the unwritten law which constitutes every girl a hostess of the college. Nothing impresses the stranger more than the consideration which he receives there. I have seen bewildered visitors walk up to a girl who was feverishly hurrying to catch the coach, or to meet an "appointment" in a building a quarter of a mile away, and ask her where "Miss Smith" or "Miss Brown," as the case be, could be found, and although the hurried student may hastily recall that there are five "Misses Brown" in the senior class and ten in the junior, and an unlimited number among the sophomores and freshmen, yet she will cheerfully inquire the little name of the much-desired individual, and what class she is in, and in which one of the ten college buildings she has her rooms, and will send an office-maid to look her up, or dash after her herself, or set the confused and helpless visitor on the right track; and she will then miss her coach resignedly, or get to her "lecture" fifteen minutes late, and bear with equanimity the cold glance of the professor.

Possibly, it is the daily appearance of the cap and gown which most distinguishes a senior of to-day from one of a few years ago. She wears them so conscientiously and uninterruptedly, and has such a haughty way of sweeping by you in them, and her

face takes on such an uncompromisingly earnest and severe look under the mortar-board, that you feel quite conscience-stricken, and have an intense desire to go home and look at your sheepskin, to convince yourself that you were once a senior, too, although you are quite sure that you could never have been such an imposing and

magnificent one as this young woman. It is rather curious that the students of an institution which so heartily condemns all useless forms, should be so keen for one of the most useless and meaningless. But at present the senior at Wellesley takes an immense pride and delight in her cap and gown; and they look very well as you catch a glimpse of them on the campus or among the big trees by Longfellow Fountain.

Tupelo Point.

A day at Wellesley passes with

alarming rapidity to a student. From the time she goes to chapel at half-after eight, experiencing that moment full of anxiety when the organ stops and she tries to enter a door ten feet wide at the same instant that six or seven hundred other young women are trying to do so too, until she hastily turns off her electric-light a few minutes after ten o'clock, she has an almost uninterrupted series of "appointments," as she euphemistically calls her recitations, and lectures, and laboratory work, and gymnastics, and music or art.

There are some who think her daily routine too full and too inelastic, though when one hears, as I heard a short time ago, the captains of the different athletic teams anxiously beseeching certain young women "not to let study interfere with their practice," one rather doubts that it can be so. But when one looks around on the three hundred and sixty acres of beautiful country

which surround Wellesley, it seems rather a pity that one has anything at all to do, except to enjoy them. There are few places in Europe or America which for beauty of woodland, lake, and meadow, can rival Wellesley, and it really does not seem just that one should have to attend biology or literature lectures, or solve original propositions in conic sections, or make temperature-charts, when one might be out in a boat gathering water-lilies, or exploring the lovely nooks about the lake. It is to be feared, though, that some young women allow themselves to get so deplorably engrossed in their studies that they do not realize that "the meadow," for instance, is a very beautiful piece of quiet landscape, and think of it only as a convenient short way to the station, or a particularly stiff bit of ground to be gone over in golf; and I have known young girls possessed of such overwrought consciences that they sternly refused to occupy rooms which looked out on a too attractive vista of woods and water. It certainly seems a pity that, with such fine natural advantages for having Broad Walks, and Addison Walks, and Peachey Stones, which are so inexpensive and picturesque, and so exactly what all colleges should boast of and show to visitors, that Wellesley is too young to have had many distinguished graduates, and that they have been too busy to haunt any particular spot sufficiently to make it famous. But the college is doing its best, and a great many celebrated visitors are requested to plant trees, and any of them are very welcome to sit down or walk around and make any place famous that may be most comfortable to them. If there is any walk at Wellesley which is famous it is the walk to Tupelo Point, which is very pretty and shaded, and which ends abruptly by the lake and frequently by an engagement.

The Wellesley undergraduate is probably at her best when she is at leisure and has time to think about her gowns. A very good time to take a look at her is on Sunday morning, in chapel, or in the evening, at vespers, when the organ is going softly and the lights are turned down. She is then rested and quiet, and just a little homesick, so that she has rather a spiritual, pensive look, which usually impresses the visiting minister greatly. But, in spite of his finding her individually sufficiently attractive,

he looks upon her as rather trying when there are several hundred of her to be confronted. The stoutest hearts have confessed to quailing before such a cruelly young and critical audience. It is told of a celebrated bishop, always ill at ease with women, that after his first sermon at the college, he departed hastily to the village, and was seen shaking hands violently with a porter whom he encountered at the station, as he warmly exclaimed: "How are you? How are you? I am so glad to see a *man*!"

But usually the Wellesley student deals very gently with the visiting minister, and overlooks his little peculiarities and weaknesses, and shows him her best side, and he goes away with an idealized impression of her which would, perhaps, be rudely dispelled could he see her the next evening. Then she is anything but homesick or quiet or spiritual. There is a concert or a reading or reception, and she feels especially light-hearted and wears a particularly nice gown for the benefit of the friends she has invited out for the evening. That is one of the most wonderful things about Wellesley College. It may be situated fifteen miles from Boston—in fact, it is fifteen miles from Boston—but, judging by the diversity of college men who find it possible to get out Monday evenings, it is most conveniently near Columbia and Yale and Amherst and a great many other colleges which are geographically rather remote.

But among her many good qualities it is to be noticed that the Wellesley College girl is not dependent for her enjoyment on a dress-suit worn by a man. She would just as soon wear it herself, and the cotillions in the gymnasium, where half the young girls personate their own brothers, are celebrated for their entire success and brilliancy. Indeed, there has never been a time in the history of the college when the students have not shown both special aptitude and great inclination to amuse themselves, and never more so than at present. The different cottages enter into a friendly rivalry, on important occasions, as to which shall get up the most enjoyable entertainment, and the result is most satisfactory to the invited guests, especially when the hours are so considerately arranged that one can go from one "attraction" to the next without missing anything. On Hallowe'en it was

particularly pleasant to go to one cottage to see a stirring play in three acts, and then to another cottage for an operetta with bandits, and a lover in black velvet and long plumes, and a *première danseuse*; and then to still another for a dance and ices. As there are seven cottages, the gayeties bore some slight resemblance to a "continuous performance."

It sounds perhaps rather frivolous and familiar to call as dignified and earnest an institution as Wellesley delightfully inconsistent; and yet that was what one was obliged to call it, in one respect at least, until very recently. Attendance at the theatres—even at the best theatres and for the purpose of seeing the best acting—was forbidden until three years ago, yet once a year a dramatic representation was given by the Shakespeare Society, which was looked forward to and attended by the whole college and throngs of invited guests. It was not quite easy, however, for the average intellect to understand just why it was less reprehensible to see a young girl of moderate histrionic abilities, and the best intentions, assume the rôle of *Katharine* or *Rosalind* or *Viola*, than it was to see it played very well indeed by Hading or Ada Rehan or Julia Marlowe, and the restriction was finally explained by being done away with. Now students are at liberty to go into the theatres if properly chaperoned, and besides the Shakespeare dramatics at the college, there are those given during Commencement Week by the seniors and those by the juniors to the freshmen in the mid-winter term. Perhaps this delicate attention on the part of the juniors to the freshmen illustrates, as strikingly as anything, the difference between undergraduate life in men's and women's colleges. At Harvard or Princeton the average freshman is regarded with such utter disapprobation as may culminate in an unpleasant and active manifestation of the same, unless he is protected by the college authorities. At best he can only hope for cold scorn and sufferance by upper-classmen. But at Wellesley the young freshman is greeted most hospitably and is made to feel that she has been anxiously awaited, and so she is given a dramatic entertainment by the juniors and a dance by the sophomores to impress upon her just

how welcome she is. The dance is given in "The Barn," and there is *frappé*, and a band to play two-steps and waltzes, and the young women go in evening-gowns and have their programmes made out and roses sent them by the attentive sophomores.

The Barn, it may be explained, is a sublimated hay-barn, ceiled, and lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and with a very good stage and a fine dancing-floor. It is the floor especially which makes one regret the strict rules against asking one's masculine friends to dance. However, young men are at liberty to come and watch the young women enjoy themselves, although that must be a rather trying diversion, especially if they should happen to enjoy dancing themselves. But when The Barn is profusely decorated with trophies from numberless students' rooms and filled with three or four hundred young girls who seem to be having a tremendously good time, in spite of rules, it strikes one as being a very nice sort of place. This big, delightful hall was given by the college unconditionally to the "Barn-Swallows" (technical name, "*Wellesleyana Consilium Bonis Temporibus Studentæ Communimis*"), a club organized to promote acquaintanceship and good feeling between members of each and all classes in college—a club to be encouraged, when one remembers that, owing to the elective system at Wellesley, it is easily possible for a girl to go through her four years of college life without having ever met many of her own class in the lecture-room, and unless she meets them socially she may graduate without having even a bowing acquaintance with them. Any student can belong to this society by paying a fee, which is merely nominal and utterly out of proportion to the amount of amusement which one gets out of the bi-weekly dramatics and occasional dances. Such clubs have been organized in other colleges, where they are deservedly popular and serve to break up that tendency to exclusiveness which class spirit and smaller clubs engender.

Of the smaller clubs at Wellesley, the Shakespeare Society is one of the oldest and best known. As has been said, it was this society which saved the college from utter histrionic darkness for many years,

and membership in it was the ambition of numberless undergraduates with longings for the stage. In the spring of the year the society always presents a play, and very creditable performances of "Twelfth Night," "Love's Labor's Lost," "A Winter's Tale," "As You Like It," and "Midsummer Night's Dream" have been given. The last two have been acted under the big trees on the campus—the first in the afternoon, the last by moonlight—with special success.

Besides the Shakespeare Society, there are at Wellesley the Agora, a debating club, and four Greek-letter societies: Phi Sigma, Zeta Alpha, Tau Zeta Epsilon, and Alpha Kappa Chi. The opportunities for social intercourse which these societies and the class functions offer are supplemented by receptions given at the different cottages or by individual girls to friends, by the Glee Club concerts, and professional musical recitals during the year, and by semi-occasional dinner-dances, where it is rumored that men are to be allowed to take an active share in the dancing. This rumor has only been confirmed on two or three rare and never-to-be-sufficiently-remembered occasions, but it is hoped that the innovation has come to stay.

Commencement Week, with its Senior Dramatics and lawn-party and President's reception and final concert and class-dinner, is a succession of social functions tinged with a good deal of sadness to the departing class. Formerly the greatest social occasion of the year was the Promenade given by the juniors to the seniors. But there were such appalling crowds of guests invited by the large classes, and the expenses and schemes for decoration grew to such proportions, that a conservative element abolished Junior Promenade with its festivities, and twenty thousand lanterns, and harrowing rains, and unending eclipses of the moon, and all the other elements that combined to make the life of a junior a burden to her for weeks before and after that important social event. Each junior class now, ignorant of how happy it should be without the anxiety of a Promenade, asks with unending regularity that the privilege be granted again, and it is probable that a few years from now will see the revival of that function.

But, perhaps, the social events most enjoyed by the students are those occasions when celebrities are entertained at the college, and it rarely happens that a distinguished personage comes to America that he does not, sooner or later, visit Wellesley. The main building and the Farnsworth Art Building are particularly suited to receiving a great number of guests, and the list of famous people who have been entertained there is already long. It must certainly be a great pleasure and a broadening influence for girls from every quarter of the earth to see and meet such men as John Fiske, or James Lane Allen, or Coquelin, or Ole Bull, or such women as Clara Barton, or Mrs. Henry Stanley, or Lady Henry Somerset. And without exception, I think the "distinguished visitors" depart from Wellesley as much delighted with that institution and the students, as the college and the young women are with them. It must be a pleasant and sufficiently rare experience for celebrated personages to find themselves before such a sympathetic audience, to feel sure that what they have done, or written, or preached, or invented, was fully known and appreciated by those around them, and they can hardly be quite indifferent to the delicate hero-worship, the enthusiasm, and veneration of the young girls who are so proudly handing them tea and chocolate, biscuits and ices, and who so evidently consider it such a privilege and honor to be in their company.

Aside from these modest but enjoyable social events there is not any great amount of "society" life at Wellesley. There is so much hard work done, and so much energy is consumed in doing it, that the majority of girls have very little time or inclination to go about a great deal, or invite their friends out too frequently; and there is a large class of young women who go to college with a distinct idea of making their own living by what they are able to learn during their four years' course, or who have already earned the money to take them there and to whom life has become very earnest and real. But there is also a large element at Wellesley of young girls who see a great deal of society when they are at home, and who go to college for something more and better than society can offer. Such girls inevitably attract each

other and are entertained and go out more than the majority. They do not affect any superior airs, however, and there is the least possible amount of exclusiveness at Wellesley; and when it comes to class-honors, it is the best girl who is made president or class-orator, or mistress of ceremonies at the Tree, and not the one whose father is a distinguished senator, or who owns her own boat, or brings her dresses with her from Paris in the fall.

There are several purely college functions of the year which are interesting not only to the students but to outsiders, and which give a certain relief to the tension of hard work. Perhaps the most entirely successful one of that sort is the representation of the House of Commons, which is given under the direction of the department of Constitutional History. Each year the debate is held upon a topic of absorbing interest to English constituents, and if there is any flaw in the representation of the scenes and speeches of the Lower House it is that the imitation is more entertaining than the original. Last year the debate was held upon the motion of Mr. Burns, the member from Battersea, to abolish the House of Lords; and the amount of partisanship aroused and the glittering oratory poured forth by the young imitators of Mr. Balfour, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Chamberlain would have done credit to those statesmen themselves.

The leader of the House was as imposing as it was possible for a very much frightened young girl in a white wig and black gown to be; and the *mise en scène* was excellent, the party in power being very properly on her right, the Opposition on her left, while the Irish Nationalists and the Liberals sat and stood and cheered and groaned below the gangway.

In the early days of June, Tree Day is celebrated, a class function which has been observed almost from the founding of the college, and which, since the idea was first suggested to the Class of '79 by Mr. Durant, has been so improved upon and elaborated that it is now one of the prettiest events of undergraduate days at Wellesley. Tree Day is looked forward to with mingled emotions by the different classes. By the seniors with some sadness, because they are there to take leave of the tree which they

planted as freshmen; by the juniors with indifference, because they have only a small share in the proceedings; by the sophomores with envious anxiety lest the freshmen should have hit upon a more original and brilliant plan for celebrating the day than they had, and by the freshmen with undisguised and feverish excitement, for they are to show themselves in their true colors, literally and figuratively, for the first time upon that day. They feel that the interest of the whole college is centred upon them, and the sceptical attitude of the sophomores, as to whether they are capable of evolving a sonorous and comprehensive motto and of choosing class-colors with discretion, puts an edge like a razor on their anxiety to do well. Sometimes, in their efforts to eclipse all previous Tree-day celebrations, their imaginations—and the untrained, primitive freshman imagination is a marvellous thing—achieve wonderful results. Last year, when it rained on Tree Day, for the first time in the history of the college, even more wonderful results were achieved than were counted upon, and strange effects in tissue-paper costumes and unheard-of combinations of wet colors resulted, and modest freshmen were seen retiring hastily in every direction. This disaster, however, was nothing in comparison with the tradition which credits one freshman class, serenely ignorant of botany, with having planted and celebrated in song and verse an infant sycamore, under the delusion that it was an elm.

It may be because of the imaginative costumes, or because the college authorities wish to keep Tree Day a purely college function—at any rate, all masculine element is barred from viewing this spectacle, although, as one watches the procession of picturesquely costumed classes winding down East Hill and over the campus, it seems rather a pity that this pretty little addition to the gayety of nations should not be shared by the outside world. The seniors have their exercises first, and usually a masque or dance is given, after which they separate and go to their tree and, as a class, take farewell of it. Then the freshmen, as Amazons, or nuns, or princesses, or carnival revellers; or Canterbury pilgrims, or cards in a game of whist, with the class-colors conspicuously displayed and the newly written class-song singing itself over

and over in their excited brains, begin their part of the exercises. This includes the reception of the symbolic spade from the sophomores, and the planting of the class-tree, and songs and speeches and some scenic representation suggested by the costume. And at night, when the speeches and dancing are over, stray knots of the gayly dressed maskers, with mandolins and guitars, go from one cottage to the other and serenade the popular members of the faculty and the sleepy juniors and sophomores, until those irate young ladies come to the windows and throw down all the flowers and sweets they may happen to possess, and implore the serenaders to go away. And so Tree Day is not confined to the day at all, but ends late at night; and next morning there is nothing to show of all the pretty pageant but a very young sapling with a piece of gay ribbon tied around it, which every good undergraduate hopes will grow up one day, to commemorate her class and to blossom each spring and add to the beauty of Wellesley.

It may be personal prejudice, but I do not think the spring comes anywhere else quite so beautifully as at Wellesley, unless it is in the south of England. In the fall there is all the glory of rich autumn coloring, and for sports one has unlimited bicycling, and tennis tournaments, and golf; and in winter the snow stretches white and unbroken over the hills, and there is tobogganing and skating, and hockey in a corner of the frozen lake, which the Skating Club considerably keeps free of snow. But it is in the spring that Wellesley impresses the student and the chance visitor as one of the loveliest places to be seen anywhere. The lake seems to wake up and sparkle more than ever and to turn the true "Wellesley blue," except where the lily-pads spot it white and green. The long stretches of turf put on a mossy color and softness, starred with a thousand wild flowers, and the oaks and elms become masses of dense foliage that throw rich, velvety shadows on the turf, and one comes upon the Farnsworth Art Building, hiding its beautiful façade behind a rampart of great trees, like a Greek temple lost in a wood. The dormitories look like pretty country-places set in some big English park, and here and there one can see groups of students, with their arms about each other's waists, saun-

tering along the shaded paths, the sunshine sifting down through the tender green of the trembling leaves and making flickering white polka-dots on their sombre black caps and gowns. In the college the windows and transoms of the students' rooms stand wide open and the warm air comes in, stirring the muslin curtains and beruffled pillows in the window-seats and sweeping the fragrance of the great bowlfuls of arbutus and snow-drops up and down the long corridors. In the library the students who are unfortunate enough to have briefs or theses or literature papers to prepare, do not trust themselves below, where the temptation to escape would be irresistible, but sternly repair to an upper gallery and barricade themselves in with tables and chairs, and work away gloomily in spite of the seductive breezes that are blowing back the leaves of their note-books, and the glimpses from the windows of the green campus, and the bicyclers and golfers and tennis-players who are heartlessly parading themselves over it. Out on the lake one sees small boats go drifting by, while their occupants snatch at the floating water-lilies, or one comes upon a canoe moored in some shady nook, while the studious owner contentedly sits in it and works. Everyone seems to be busy and happy, from the girls who are playing basket-ball or tennis on the clay courts behind Music Hall, to the conscientious biology student catching polywogs in Longfellow Fountain, or the botany devotee gathering the last flowers for her herbarium. But biology and things of that sort become matters of secondary consideration when spring is fairly installed. Work goes on as usual, perhaps with even more energy as the term nears its close, but other things assume a new and vital importance. The undergraduate feels a sudden and curious affection for the senior class, individually and collectively, and she finds it an absolute necessity to explore the woods and to linger in the students' parlor after dinner, while someone plays on the harp, or piano, or mandolin, and talk goes on in the corners in undertones. And at night groups of bare-headed girls go strolling up and down in the soft air, laughing and singing the funny college songs, which, somehow, do not seem so funny when one is singing them for almost the last time; or they crowd together on the

wide piazzas of the cottages and talk of a hundred things, and call to their neighbors across the leafy way. Even the serious and high-minded senior succumbs to the irresistibly happy, *dolce far niente* effect of spring at Wellesley, and on May Day, early in the morning, before chapel, as an outlet for her exuberant spirits, it has been her long-established custom to roll a hoop over the hard, level carriage-road in front of College Hall. Perhaps the whole college-year does not furnish a more unique or pleasing sight than this long procession of dignified seniors in wind-blown cap and gown tearing madly around after their hoops in the fresh morning air. And when they have successfully completed the circuit of the oval they file into "the Centre," and there, around the marble, palm-filled basin, they make a circle by catching hold on each side of the hoops and sing college-songs until the chapel-bell rings, and show themselves to be just what they are—happy young girls who are not at all anxious to put away childish things, and who enjoy a frolic tremendously, in spite of having studied differential calculus and moral philosophy and mathematical astronomy.

I once heard an extremely disagreeable man declare, with a deplorable use of figurative language, that "the country was strewn with wrecks of Wellesley College." I presume that that particular man had a daughter whose constitution had not passed its college examinations and so had to leave. It has been my personal experience that Wellesley young women are exceptionally strong physically, and one's particular friends are apt to be five feet seven or eight inches tall, and to have very broad shoulders, and to be good at tennis and rowing, and to be able to walk into Boston on a wager—and to be extremely tired the next day. One cannot help feeling how unjust are so many of the complaints against the physical sanity of a college education for women. Girls who are not physically strong, or who are not capable of being made so with judicious training, should no more attempt a college course, the demands of which are necessarily trying, than should a consumptive live in a severe climate, or a lame man attempt Alpine climbing, or a victim of chills and fever continue to reside in a place full of malaria. It is distinctly irritating to see parents who have

sent girls to college in an uncertain state of health, deeply surprised and indignant, and inclined to blame "the higher education," because these young women did not return to them vigorous and robust. A serious college is not primarily a health-resort, although everything is being done to balance the strain of mental work with healthy, judicious physical exercise.

Athletics in Wellesley College have received an enthusiastic start under Miss Hill, the director of the gymnasium, with the co-operation of the students and the Committee on Health and Physical Training. Miss Hill does not believe in gymnastics, but in athletics, and practice in the gymnasium is but a means to an end, and is only required of freshmen. But all students are urged to join one of the many organizations of the Athletic Association—the rowing, cycling, tennis, golf, or basketball clubs, which each have a captain and separate regulations, although all are united under the Athletic Association. As a rule, a member of one club cannot belong to another, in order to concentrate energy and insure progress in whatever branch of athletics is chosen.

It certainly seems that when so many people insist on dying and leaving fortunes to colleges which are already vulgarly rich and perfectly equipped, that some wealthy individual might give Wellesley a new gymnasium, especially when Wellesley would not make it a condition of acceptance that he should die, but would take it cheerfully during his life-time, and would ask him out by special invitation to every athletic event of the year in his own gymnasium. It is a very modest gymnasium that Wellesley wants, too. No complicated apparatus, only a big, airy place with room for dancing and bowling and racquets and tennis, and a bicycle-track and a swimming-tank and a basket-ball court. The promoters of athletics at the college, it is true, have visions of some exciting innovations—polo on mature and gentle polo-ponies, and riding and hurdle-jumping, and lacrosse and track athletics; but these would not be insisted upon at first!

Tennis has always had a firm hold on Wellesley students, and tournaments are held in the fall, when some good tennis may be seen. Its popularity has been more than equally shared by golf, perhaps;

but then what branch of athletics has not had to reckon with golf? There seems to be a large number of young women at Wellesley whose collar-bones are of masculine length, and who can get a remarkably good swing of driver or lofter; and the tam and short golf-skirt are ubiquitous.

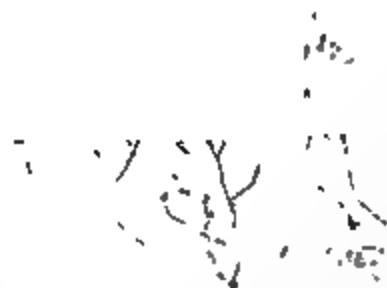
It is boating, however, that naturally holds first place in the affections of the Wellesley College girl. Lake Waban is to her what Lake Cayuga is to the Cornell man. But it was not until the last few



years that her ambitions and energies were fully aroused, or, to speak more exactly, that her father's ambitions and energies were fully aroused. One may doubt the sincerity and depth of an individual enthusiasm, but when it has the effect of causing a coldly critical and uninterested parent to build a three-thousand-dollar boat-house and to buy expensive practice-barges, such an enthusiasm must be considered as of a distinct value and genuineness. It is quite easy in a man's college to build a three or a thirty-thousand-dollar boat-house, and the fact would have very little significance, and one would only be mildly astonished that it could be built so cheaply; but fathers are not used to counting in boat-houses and shells for their girls in the annual budget, and it is a mysterious and delightful surprise that young women have succeeded in inserting those little items. It is a wedge. The extent and quality of the interest in boating may be judged of somewhat when one knows that a hundred and twenty-five freshmen cheerfully and confidently presented themselves one year as candidates for a class-crew of eight! For the last few years the crews have been selected on a purely athletic basis, and the physical development and gymnasium-work of the aspirants for crew honors are

carefully watched. In their dark blouses and bloomers the muscular young rowers of to-day present a very different appearance from those of other years, when the formation of a crew was almost a social affair, and those who composed it were elected chiefly for their good looks, and a tight-fitting gown, with an anchor worked on the sailor-collar, was considered a sufficiently nautical costume. There were years, it is even said, when muslin dresses and pink sashes were to be seen on Lake Waban, but no true Wellesley girl of to-day could bring herself to believe such an incredible statement.

Each class has a practice-barge built by Keast, of New Haven, the builder of the Yale crew boats, and costing about four hundred dollars. The boats look alarmingly like shells and have sliding-seats, and are outriggers, and altogether pre-



sent a most business-like aspect. And when a muscular young woman, with clear gray eyes and a decided look about her mouth, and hands that are sunburned from handling a cat-boat all summer, tells you of her crew-practice and chest-weight and dumb-bell exercise, and just how many times she goes around the eight-lap running-track, after being out with the crew, you begin to realize how very much in earnest she is and how great a hold rowing has on the student, and you wonder how long it will be before they begin to talk of "making the 'Varsity" and where the training-table is.

These practice-barges are in great contrast to the flat-bottomed, unwieldy boats of a few years ago, which were distressingly safe and which afforded absolutely no chance for romantic adventure. Indeed, the only accident that ever happened on the lake was the going overboard of a young

"O, I am stabb'd with laughter!"

Photograph by Partridge.

From "Love's Labor's Lost."—Presented by the Shakespeare Society.

man who thought he knew how to handle his sail-boat. As he could not swim, he was kindly and quietly fished out by some young women in a passing boat and was lectured for his incompetency—at least he should have been.

The enthusiasm and interest in rowing reaches a climax in "Float," the great aquatic event of the year. On that day the crews are in all their glory, and though it is a very mild and tranquil glory, in comparison with the effulgence of a race at New Haven or Oxford, it is a beautiful and picturesque sight. A great many people seem interested in Float. One year, seven thousand, including the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston, were interested and took the trouble to come out in special cars to see it. The college never put on so gala an appearance as on Float Day, and the weather is always perfect, and the crowds of people who surge down upon the little beach and into the boat-house seem to enjoy themselves tremendously. Here and there one sees the face of some distinguished man and notes the little wake of silent gazers he leaves as he moves about. At different points knots of college-students are gathered together

so they can give their class-cheer in unison. Groups of visitors stroll farther up the bank, under the big trees, or crowd down nearer the edge of the lake to get a good view of the long, graceful practice-barges as they shoot out swiftly onto the course from the cool darkness of the boat-house. One after the other they come out at a given signal and are rowed with much skill, if not very great speed; and the stroke of each crew is a proud and elated young lady who feels that the interest of the immense crowd is centred in her boat and her crew. Toward the centre of the lake, beyond the course, one can make out the Hunnewell gondola and a whole fleet of sail-boats and canoes and row-boats of every description, decorated with pennants and Chinese lanterns and comfortably rigged up with sofa-pillows, that drift after the competing crews in a leisurely fashion, unlike the feverish anxiety with which the boat containing the coach and the judges follows them up. And after the four class-crews and the two extra freshmen-crews have pulled around the course, the judges pick out the eight young women who seem to handle an oar in the best way, and for half an hour they

get into a barge by themselves and form a 'Varsity eight, and are rendered inordinately proud and haughty for the rest of their lives. After that important ceremony is over, and while it is growing quite dusk, the crew-boats get together and form a star that drifts and swims about on the lake. On the lantern strung little boats, tiny lights suddenly flare out which are swallowed up and changed in the deluge of color from the big calcium-lights on the shore. From the midst of the floating craft comes the sound of mandolins and guitars, and the fresh young voices of the College Glee Club singing the college songs and giving the college cheer, and they never sound so well as they do floating back over the water in the deepening twilight.

The college is very young still. It has

no storied past. It is just beginning, and the short years of its existence make Harvard, and Yale, and Princeton seem very venerable and historical in comparison. But after all it is exhilarating to the students of to-day to be able to say, "*We* are the ancients; we are making the college and its history; and the four years of our life here form not only an epoch in our own existence, but in the existence of the college." It is a good thing to feel that there is no dead weight of years, no old memories, no precedents and traditions, to bind them and to make them other than they would make themselves. But with such privileges come great responsibilities, and the students of to-day must see to it that they build a college which students of future years will be proud to claim.

THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

SECOND PART

MRS. CARSON and her daughter came from the hotel to the terrace through the hallway which divided the King's apartments. Baron Barrat preceded them and they followed in single file, Miss Carson walking first. It was a position her mother always forced upon her, and after people grew to know them they accepted it as illustrating Mrs. Carson's confidence in her daughter's ability to care for herself as well as her own wish to remain in the background.

Patricia Carson as she was named after her patron saint, or "Patty" Carson, as she was called more frequently, was an exceedingly pretty girl. She was tall and fair, with a smile that showed such confidence in every one she met that few could find the courage to undeceive her by being themselves, and it was easier, in the face of such an appeal as her eyes made to the best in everyone, for each to act a part while he was with her. She was young, impressionable, and absolutely inexperienced. As a little girl she had lived on a great ranch, where she could gallop from sunrise to sunset over her own prairie land, and later her life had been spent in a convent outside of Paris. She had but two great emotions, her love for her father and for the Church which had nursed her. Her father's death had sanctified him and given him a place in her heart that her mother could not hold, and when she found herself at twenty-one the mistress of a great fortune, her one idea as to the disposal of it was to do with it what would best please him and the church which had been the ruling power in the life of both of them. She was quite unconscious of her beauty, and her mode of speaking was simple and eager.

She halted as she came near the King, and resting her two hands on the top of her lace parasol, nodded pleasantly to him and to the others. She neither courtesied nor

offered him her hand, but seemed to prefer this middle course, leaving them to decide whether she acted as she did from ignorance or from choice.

As the King stepped forward to greet her mother, Miss Carson passed him and moved on to where the Father Superior stood apart from the others, talking earnestly with the Prince. What he was saying was of an unwelcome nature, for Kalonay's face wore an expression of boredom and polite protest which changed instantly to one of delight when he saw Miss Carson. The girl hesitated and made a deep obeisance to the priest.

"I am afraid I interrupt you," she said.

"Not at all," Kalonay assured her, laughing. "It is a most welcome interruption. The good father has been finding fault with me, as usual, and I am quite willing to change the subject."

The priest smiled kindly on the girl, and while he exchanged some words of welcome with her, Kalonay brought up one of the huge wicker chairs, and she seated herself with her back to the others, facing the two men who stood leaning against the broad balustrade. They had been fellow-conspirators sufficiently long for them to have grown to know each other well, and the priest, so far from regarding her as an intruder, hailed her at once as a probable ally, and endeavored to begin again where he had ceased speaking.

"Do you not agree with me, Miss Carson?" he asked. "I am telling the Prince that zeal is not enough, and that high ideals, unless they are accompanied by good conduct, are futile. I want him to change, to be more sober, more strict——"

"Oh, you must not ask me," Miss Carson said, hurriedly, smiling and shaking her head. "We are working for only one thing, are we not? Beyond that you know nothing of me, and I know nothing of

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

"He will get the best of us if we stay."—Page 542.

you. I came to hear of your visit," she continued; "am I to be told anything?" she asked, eagerly, looking from one to the other. "It has been such an anxious two weeks. We imagined all manner of things had happened to you."

Kalonay laughed happily. "The father was probably never safer in his life," he said. "They took us to their hearts like brothers. They might have suffocated us with kindness, but we were in no other danger."

"Then you are encouraged, father?" she asked, turning to the priest. "You found them loyal? Your visit was all you hoped, you can depend upon them?"

"We can count upon them absolutely," the monk assured her. "We shall start on our return voyage at once, in a day, as soon as his Majesty gives the word."

"There are so many things I want to know," the girl said. "But I have no right to ask," she added, looking up at him doubtfully.

"You have every right," the monk answered. "You have certainly earned it. Without the help you gave us we could not have moved. You have been more than generous——"

Miss Carson interrupted him with an impatient lifting of her head. "That sort of generosity is nothing," she said. "With you men it is different. You are all risking something. You are actually helping, while I must sit still and wait. I hope, father," she said, smiling, "it is not wrong for me to wish I were a man."

"Wrong," exclaimed Kalonay, in a tone of mock dismay, "of course it's wrong. It's wicked."

The monk turned and looked coldly over his shoulder at Kalonay, and the Prince laughed.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but we are told to be contented with our lot," he argued, impenitently. "'He only is a slave who complains,' and that is true even if a heretic did say it."

The monk shook his head and turned again to Miss Carson with a tolerant smile.

"He is very young," he said, as though Kalonay did not hear him—"and wild and foolish—and yet," he added, doubtfully, "I find I love the boy." He regarded the young man with a kind, but impersonal scrutiny, as though he were a

picture, or a statue. "Sometimes I imagine he is all I might have been," he said, "had not God given me the strength to overcome myself. He has never denied himself in anything; he is as wilful and capricious as a girl. He makes a noble friend, Miss Carson, and a generous enemy, but he is spoiled irretrievably by good fortune and good living and good health." The priest looked at the young man with a certain sad severity. "'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,'" he said.

The girl, in great embarrassment, turned her head away, glancing from the ocean to the sky, but Kalonay seated himself coolly on the broad balustrade of the terrace with his hands on his hips, and his heels resting on the marble tiling, and clicked the soles of his boots together.

"Oh, I have had my bad days, too, father," he said. He turned his head on one side, and pressed his lips together, looking down.

"Unstable as water—that is quite possible," he said, with an air of consideration; "but spoiled by good fortune—oh, no, that is not fair. Do you call it good fortune, sir," he laughed, "to be an exile at twenty-eight? Is it good fortune to be too poor to pay your debts, and too lazy to work, to be the last of a great name, and to have no chance to add to the glory of it, and no means to keep its dignity fresh and secure? Do you fancy I like to see myself drifting farther and farther away from the old standards and the old traditions; to have English brewers and German Jew bankers taking the place I should have, buying titles with their earnings and snubbing me because I can only hunt when some one gives me a mount, and because I choose to take a purse instead of a cup when we shoot at Monte Carlo."

"What child's talk is this?" interrupted the priest, angrily. "A thousand horses cannot make a man noble, nor was poverty ever ignoble. You talk like a weak boy! Every word you say is your own condemnation. Why should you complain? Your bed is of your own making. The other prodigal was forced to herd with the swine—you have chosen to herd with them."

The girl straightened herself and half rose from her chair.

"You are boring Miss Carson with my delinquencies," said the Prince, sternly. His face was flushed and he did not look either at the girl or at the priest.

"But the prodigal's father?" said Miss Carson, smiling at the older man. "Did he stand over him and upbraid him? You remember, he went to meet him when he was yet a great way off. That was it, was it not, father?"

"Of course he did," cried Kalonay, laughing like a boy, and slipping lightly to the terrace. "He met him half way and gave him the best he had." He stepped to Miss Carson's side and the two young people moved away smiling, and the priest, seeing that they were about to escape him, cried, eagerly, "But that prodigal had repented. This one——"

"Let's run," cried the Prince. "He will get the best of us if we stay. He always gets the best of me. He has been abusing me that way for two weeks now, and he is always sorry afterward. Let us leave him alone to his sorrow and remorse."

Kalonay walked across the terrace with Miss Carson, bending above her with what would have seemed to an outsider almost a proprietary right. She did not appear to notice it, but looked at him frankly and listened to what he had to say with interest. He was speaking rapidly, and as he spoke he glanced shyly at her as though seeking her approbation and not boldly, as he was accustomed to do when he talked with either men or women. To look at her with admiration was such a cheap form of appreciation, and one so distasteful to her, that had he known it, Kalonay's averted eyes were more of a compliment than any words he could have spoken. His companions who had seen him with other women knew that his manner to her was not his usual manner, and that he gave her something he did not give to the others; that he was more discreet and less ready, and less at ease.

The Prince Kalonay had first met Miss Carson and her mother by chance in Paris, at the rooms of Father Paul, where they had each gone on the same errand, and since that meeting his whole manner toward the two worlds in which he lived had altered so strangely, that mere acquaintances noticed the change.

Before he had met her, the little the Priest had said concerning her and her zeal for their common desire had piqued his curiosity, and his imagination had been aroused by the picture of a romantic young woman giving her fortune to save the souls of the people of Messina; his people whom he regarded and who regarded him less as a feudal lord, than as a father and a comrade. He had pictured her as a nervous, angular woman with a pale, ascetic face, and with the restless eyes of an enthusiast, dressed in black and badly dressed, and with a severe and narrow intelligence. But he had prepared himself to forgive her personality, for the sake of the high and generous impulse that inspired her. And when he was presented to her as she really was, and found her young, lovable, and nobly fair, the shock of wonder and delight had held him silent during the whole course of her interview with the priest, and when she had left them his brain was in a tumult and was filled with memories of her words and gestures and of the sweet fearlessness of her manner. Beautiful women he had known before as beautiful women, but the saving grace in his nature had never before been so deeply roused by what was fine as well as beautiful. It seemed as though it were too complete and perfect. For he assured himself that she possessed everything—those qualities which he had never valued before because he believed them to be unattainable, and those others which he had made his idols. She was with him, mind and heart and soul, in the one desire of his life that he took seriously; she was of his religion, she was more noble than his noble sisters, and she was more beautiful than the day. In the first glow of the meeting it seemed to him as though fate had called them to do this work together—she from the far shore of the Pacific, and he from his rocky island in the Middle Sea. And he saw with cruel distinctness, that if there were one thing wanting, it was himself. He worshipped her before he had bowed his first good-by to her, and that night he walked for miles up and down the long lengths of the avenue of the Champs-Élysées, facing the great change that she had brought into his life, but knowing himself to be utterly unfit for her coming. He felt like an unworthy steward caught at his master's re-

turn unprepared, with ungirt loins, and unlighted lamp. Nothing he had done since he was a child gave him the right to consider himself her equal. He was not blinded by the approaches which other daughters, and the mothers of daughters had made him. He knew that what was enough to excuse many things in their eyes, might find no apology in hers. He looked back with the awakening of a child at the irrevocable acts in his life that could not be altered, nor dug up nor hidden away. They marked the road he had trodden like heavy mile-stones, telling his story to every passer-by. She could read them, as everyone else could read them. He had wasted his substance, he had bartered his birthright for a moment's pleasure; there was no one so low and despicable who could not call him comrade, to whom he had not given himself without reserve. There was nothing left, and now the one thing he had ever wanted had come, and had found him like a bankrupt, his credit wasted and his coffers empty. He had placed himself at the beck and call of every idle man and woman in Paris, and he was as common as the great clock-face that hangs above the Boulevards.

Miss Carson's feelings toward Kalonay were not of her own choosing, and had passed through several stages. When they had first met she had thought it most sad that so careless and unprincipled a person should chance to hold so important a part in the task she had set herself to do. She knew his class only by hearsay, but she placed him in it, and, accordingly, at once dismissed him as a person from her mind. Kalonay had never shown her that he loved her, except by those signs which any woman can read and which no man can conceal, but he did not make love to her, and it was that which first prepossessed her in his favor. One or two other men who knew of her fortune, and to whom she had given as little encouragement as she had to Kalonay, had been less considerate. But his attitude toward her was always that of a fellow-worker in the common cause. He treated her with a gratitude for the help she meant to give his people which much embarrassed her. His seriousness pleased her with him, seeing, as she did, that it was not his nature to be serious, and his enthusiasm and love for his half-

civilized countrymen increased her interest in them, and her liking for him. She could not help but admire the way in which he accepted, without forcing her to make it any plainer, the fact that he held no place in her thoughts. And then she found that he began to hold more of a place in her thoughts than she had supposed any man could hold, of whom she knew so little, and of whom the little she knew was so ill. She missed him when she went to the priest's and found that he had not sent for Kalonay to bear his part in their councils, and at times she felt an unworthy wish to hear Kalonay speak the very words she had admired him for keeping from her. And at last she learned the truth that she did love him, and it frightened her, and made her miserable and happy. They had not seen each other since he had left Paris for Messina, and though they spoke now only of his mission to the island, there was back of what they said the joy for each of them of being together again and of finding that it meant so much. What it might mean to the other, neither knew.

For some little time the King followed the two young people with his eyes and then joined them, making signs to Kalonay that he wished him to leave them together, but Kalonay remained blind to his signals, and Barrat, seeing that it was not a *tête-à-tête*, joined them also. When he did so Kalonay asked the King for a word, and laying his hand upon his arm walked with him down the terrace, pointing ostensibly to where the yacht lay in the harbor. Louis answered his pantomime with an appropriate gesture, and then asked, sharply, "Well, what is it? Why did you bring me here? And what do you mean by staying on when you see you are not wanted?"

They were some distance from the others. Kalonay smiled and made a slight bow. "Your Majesty," he began with polite emphasis. The King looked at him curiously.

"In the old days under similar circumstances," the Prince continued with the air of a courtier rather than that of an equal, "had I thought of forming an alliance by marriage, I should have come to your Majesty first and asked your gracious approval. But those days are past and we are living at the end of the century, and we do such

things differently." He straightened himself and returned the King's look of amused interest with one as cynical as his own. "What I wanted to tell you, Louis," he said, quietly, "is that I mean to ask Miss Carson to become the Princess Kalonay."

The King raised his head quickly and stared at the younger man with a look of distaste and surprise. He gave an incredulous laugh.

"Indeed?" he said at last. "There was always something about rich women you could never resist."

The Prince made his acknowledgment with a shrug of his shoulders and smiled indifferently.

"I didn't expect you to understand," he said. "It does seem odd; it's quite as difficult for me to understand as for you. I have been through it a great many times, and I thought I knew all there was of it. But now it seems different. No, it does not seem different," he corrected himself, "it is different, and I love the lady and I mean to ask her to do me the honor to marry me. I didn't expect you to understand, I don't care if you do. I only wanted to warn you."

"Warn me," interrupted the King, with an unpleasant smile. "Indeed! against what? Your tone is a trifle peremptory—but you are interesting, most interesting! Kalonay in a new rôle, Kalonay in love! Most interesting! Warn me against what?" he repeated, sharply.

"Your Majesty has a certain manner," the Prince began, with a pretence of hesitation, "a charm of manner, I might say, which is proverbial. It is, we know, attractive to women. Every woman acknowledges it. But your Majesty is sometimes too gracious. He permits himself to condescend to many women, to any woman, to women of all classes——"

"That will do," said the King; "what do you mean?"

"What I mean is this," said Kalonay, lowering his voice and looking into the King's half-closed eyes. "You can have all of Miss Carson's money you want—all you can get. I don't want it. If I am to marry her at all, I am not marrying her for her money. You can't believe that. It isn't essential that you should. But I want you to leave the woman I hope to make my wife alone. I will allow no pretty speeches, nor

royal attentions. She can give her money where she pleases, now and always, but I'll not have her eyes opened to —— as you can open them. I will not have her annoyed. And if she is——"

"Ah, and if she is?" challenged the King. His eyes were wide apart now and his lips were parted and drawn back from his teeth, like a snarling cat ——

"—— I shall hold whoever annoys her responsible," Kalonay concluded, impersonally.

There was a moment's pause, during which the two men stood regarding each other warily.

Then the King stiffened his shoulders and placed his hands slowly behind his back. "That sounds, my dear Kalonay," he said, "almost like a threat."

The younger man laughed insolently, "I meant it, too, your Majesty," he answered, bowing mockingly and backing away.

As the King's guests seated themselves at his breakfast-table Louis smiled upon them with a gracious glance of welcome and approval. His manner was charmingly condescending, and in his appearance there was nothing more serious than an anxiety for their better entertainment and a certain animal satisfaction in the food upon his plate.

In reality his eyes were distributing the people at the table before him into elements favorable or unfavorable to his plans, and in his mind he shuffled them and their values for him or against him as a gambler arranges and rearranges the cards in his hand. He saw himself plainly as his own highest card, and Barrat and Erhaupt as willing, but mediocre accomplices. In Father Paul and Kalonay he recognized his most powerful allies, or most dangerous foes. Miss Carson meant nothing to him but a source from which he could draw the sinews of war. What would become of her after the farce was ended, he did not consider. He was not capable of comprehending either her or her motives, and had he concerned himself about her at all, he would have probably thought that she was more of a fool than the saint she pretended to be, and that she had come to their assistance more because she wished to be near a Prince and a King, than because she cared for the souls of sixty thousand peasants. That she

would surely lose her money, and could hardly hope to escape from them without losing her good name, did not concern him. It was not his duty to look after the reputation of any American heiress who thought she could afford to be unconventional. She had a mother to do that for her, and she was pretty enough, he concluded, to excuse many things. So pretty that he wondered if he might brave the Countess Zara and offer Miss Carson the attentions to which Kalonay had made such arrogant objections. The King smiled at the thought and let his little eyes fall for a moment on the tall figure of the girl with its crown of heavy golden hair, and on her clever earnest eyes. She was certainly worth waiting for, and in the meanwhile she was virtually unprotected, and surrounded by his own people. According to his translation of her acts she had already offered him every encouragement, and had placed herself in a position which to his understanding of the world could have but one interpretation. What Kalonay's sudden infatuation might mean he could not foresee; whether it promised good or threatened evil, he could only guess, but he decided that the young man's unwonted show of independence of the morning must be punished. His claim to exclusive proprietorship in the young girl struck the King as amusing, but impertinent. It would be easy sailing in spite of all, he decided; for somewhere up above them in the hotel sat the unbidden guest, the woman against whom Father Paul had raised the ban of expulsion, but who had, nevertheless, tricked both him and the faithful Jackal.

The breakfast was drawing to an end and the faithful Niccolas was the only servant remaining in the room. The talk had grown intimate and touched openly upon the successful visit of the two ambassadors to the island, and of Barrat's mission to Paris. Of Madame Zara's visit to the northern half of the island, which was supposed to have been less successful, no mention was made.

Louis felt as he listened to them like a man at a play, who knows that at a word from him the complications would cease and that were he to rise in the stalls and explain them away, and point out the real hero and denounce the villain, the curtain would have to ring down on the instant.

He gave a little purr of satisfaction and again marshalled his chances before him and smiled to find them good. He was grandly at peace with himself and with the world. Whatever happened, he was already richer by some 300,000 francs, and in a day, if he could keep the American girl to her promise, would be as rich again. When the farce of landing his expedition had been played he would be free—free to return to his clubs and to his boulevards and boudoirs, with money enough to silence the most insolent among his creditors, and with renewed credit; with even a certain glamour about him of one who had dared to do, even though he had failed in the doing, who had shaken off the slothfulness of ease and had chosen to risk his life for his throne with a smoking rifle in his hand, until a traitor had turned fortune against him.

The King was amused to find that this prospect pleased him vastly. He was surprised to discover that careless as he thought himself to be to public opinion, he was still capable of caring for its approbation; but he consoled himself for this weakness by arguing that it was only because the approbation would be his by a trick that it pleased him to think of. Perhaps some of his royal cousins, in the light of his bold intent, might take him under their protection instead of neglecting him shamefully as they had done in the past. His armed expedition might open certain doors to him; his name, and he smiled grimly, as he imagined it, would ring throughout Europe as the Soldier King, as the modern disciple of the divine right of kings. He saw, in his mind's eye, even the possibility of a royal alliance and a pension from one of the great Powers. No matter where he looked he could see nothing but gain to himself, more power for pleasure, more chances of greater fortune in the future, and while his lips assented to what the others said, and his eyes thanked them for some expression of loyalty or confidence, he saw himself in dreams as bright as an absinthe drinker's back in his beloved Paris; in the Champs-Élysées behind fine horses, lolling from a silk box at the opera, dealing baccarat at the Jockey Club, or playing host to some beautiful woman of the hour, in the new home he would establish for her in the discreet and leafy borders of the Bois.

He had forgotten his guests and the moment. He had forgotten that there were difficulties yet to overcome, and with a short, indrawn sigh of pleasure, he threw back his head and smiled arrogantly upon the sunny terrace and the green palms and the brilliant blue sea, as though he challenged the whole beautiful world before him to do aught but minister to his success and contribute to his pleasures.

And at once, as though in answer to his challenge, a tall, slim young man sprang lightly up the steps of the terrace, passed the bewildered guards with a cheery nod, and striding before the open windows knocked with his fist upon the portals of the door, as sharply and as confidently as though the King's shield had hung there, and he had struck it with a lance.

The King's dream shattered and faded away at the sound and he moved uneasily in his chair. He had the gambler's superstitious regard for trifles, and this invasion of his privacy by a confident stranger filled him with sudden disquiet.

He saw Kalonay staring at the open windows with an expression of astonishment and dismay.

"Who is it?" the King asked, peevishly. "What are you staring at? How did he get in?"

Kalonay turned on Barrat, sitting at his right. "Did you see him?" he asked. Barrat nodded gloomily.

"The devil!" exclaimed the Prince, as though Barrat had confirmed his guess. "I beg your pardon," he said, nodding his head toward the women. He pushed back his chair and stood irresolutely with his napkin in his hand. "Tell him we are not in, Niccolas," he commanded.

"He saw us as he passed the window," the Baron objected.

"Say we are at breakfast then. I will see him myself in a moment. What shall I tell him," he asked, turning to Barrat. "Do you think he knows? He must know, they have told him in Paris."

"You are keeping us waiting," said the King. "What is it? Who is this man?"

"An American, named Gordon. He is a correspondent," Kalonay answered, without turning his head. His eyes were still fixed on the terrace as though he had seen a ghost.

The King slapped his hand on the arm of the chair. "You promised me," he said, "that we should be free from that sort of thing. That is why I agreed to come here instead of going to Algiers. Go out, Barrat, and send him away."

Barrat pressed his lips together and shook his head.

"You can't send him away like that," he said. "He is a very important young man."

"Find out how much he will take then," exclaimed the King, angrily, "and give it to him. I can better afford to pay blackmail to any amount than have my plans spoiled now by the newspapers. Give him what he wants—a fur coat—they always wear fur coats, or five thousand francs, or something—anything—but get rid of him."

Barrat stirred uneasily in his chair and shrugged his shoulders. "He is not a boulevard journalist," he replied, sulkily.

"Your Majesty is thinking of the Hungarian Jews at Vienna," explained Kalonay, "who live on *chantage* and the Monte Carlo propaganda fund. This man is not in their class; he is not to be bought. I said he was an American."

"An American!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson and her daughter, exchanging rapid glances. "Is it Archie Gordon, you mean?" the girl asked. "I thought he was in China."

"That is the man—Archie Gordon. He writes books and explores places," Kalonay answered.

"I know him. He wrote a book on the slave trade in the Congo," contributed Colonel Erhaupt. "I met him at Zanzibar. What does he want with us?"

"He was in Yokohama when the Japanese-Chinese war broke out," said Kalonay turning to the King, "and he cabled a London paper he would follow the war for it if they paid him a hundred a week. He meant American dollars, but they thought he meant pounds, so they cabled back that they'd pay one-half that sum. He answered 'One hundred or nothing,' and they finally assented to that and he started, and when the first week's remittance arrived, and he received five hundred dollars instead of the one hundred he expected, he sent back the difference."

"What a remarkable young man," ex-

claimed the King. "He is much too good for daily wear. We don't want anyone like that around here, do we?"

"I know Mr. Gordon very well," said Miss Carson. "He lived in San Francisco before he came East. He was always at our house and was a great friend of the family; wasn't he, mother? We haven't seen him for two years now, but I know he wouldn't spoil our plans for the sake of his paper, if he knew we were in earnest, if he understood that everything depended upon its being kept a secret."

"We are not certain that he knows anything," the King urged. "He may not have come here to see us. I think Father Paul should talk with him first."

"I was going to suggest," said Miss Carson, with some hesitation, "that if I spoke to him I might be able to put it to him in such a way that he would see how necessary it —"

"Oh, excellent," exclaimed the King eagerly, and rising to his feet, "if you only would be so kind, Miss Carson."

Kalonay, misunderstanding the situation altogether, fastened his eyes upon the table and did not speak.

"He has not come to see you, Patricia," said Mrs. Carson, quietly.

"He does not know that I am here," Miss Carson answered. "But I'm sure if he did he would be very glad to see us again. And if we do see him we can make him promise not to do anything that might interfere with our plans. Won't you let me speak to him, mother?"

Mrs. Carson turned uncertainly to the priest for direction and his glance apparently reassured her, for she rose, though still with a troubled countenance, and the two women left the room together, the men standing regarding each other anxiously across the table. When they had gone the King lit a cigarette and turning his back on his companions puffed at it nervously in silence. Kalonay sat moodily studying the pattern on the plate before him, and the others whispered together at the farther end of the table.

When Miss Carson and her mother stepped out upon the terrace, the American was standing with his back toward them and was speaking to the guards who sat cross-legged at the top of the steps. They showed no sign of surprise at the fact

of his addressing them in their own tongue further than that they answered him with a show of respect which they had not exhibited toward those they protected. The American turned as he heard the footsteps behind him, and after a startled look of astonishment, hurried toward the two women exclaiming, with every expression of pleasure:

"I had no idea you were stopping here," he said, after the first greetings were over. "I thought you were somewhere on the Continent. I am so glad I caught you. It seems centuries since I saw you last. You're looking very well, Mrs. Carson—and as for Patty—I am almost afraid of her—I've been hearing all sorts of things about you lately, Patty," he went on, turning a smiling countenance toward the girl. "About your engagements to princes and dukes—all sorts of disturbing rumors. What a terrible swell you've grown to be. I hardly recognize you at all, Mrs. Carson. It isn't possible this is the same young girl I used to take buggy riding on Sunday evenings?"

"Indeed, it is not. I wish it were," said Mrs. Carson, plaintively, sinking into a chair. "I'm glad to see you're not changed, Archie," she added, with a sigh.

"Why, he's very much changed, mother," the girl said. "He's taller, and, in comparison with what he was, he's almost wasted away, and so sunburned I hardly knew him. Except round the forehead," she added, mockingly, "and I suppose the sun couldn't burn there because of the laurel-wreaths. I hear they bring them to you fresh every morning."

"They're better than coronets, at any rate," Gordon answered, with a nod. "They're not so common. And if I'm wasted away, can you wonder? How long has it been since I saw you, Patty?"

"No, I'm wrong, he's not changed," Miss Carson said, drily, as she seated herself beside her mother.

"How do you two come to be stopping here?" the young man asked. "I thought this hotel had been turned over to King Louis?"

"It has," Mrs. Carson answered. "We are staying at the Continental, on the hill there. We are only here for breakfast. He asked us to breakfast."

"He?" repeated Gordon, with an in-

credulous smile. "Who? Not the King—not that blackguard?"

Miss Carson raised her head, and stared at him in silence, and her mother gave a little gasp, apparently of relief and satisfaction.

"Yes," Miss Carson answered at last, coldly. "We are breakfasting with him. What do you know against him?"

Gordon stared at her with such genuine astonishment that the girl lowered her eyes, and, bending forward in her chair, twirled her parasol nervously between her fingers.

"What do I know against him? Why, Patty!" he exclaimed. "How did you meet him, in Heaven's name," he asked, roughly. "Have you been seen with him? Have you known him long? Who had the impudence to present him?"

Mrs. Carson looked up, now thoroughly alarmed, her lower lip was trembling, and she twisted her gloved hands together in her lap.

"What do you know against him?" Miss Carson repeated, meeting Gordon's look with one as full of surprise as his own.

The young man regarded her steadily for a few moments and then, with a change of manner, as though he now saw the situation was much more serious than he had at first supposed, drew up a chair in front of the two women and seated himself deliberately.

"Has he borrowed any money from you yet?" he asked. Miss Carson's face flushed crimson and she straightened her shoulders and turned her eyes away from Gordon with every sign of indignation and disapproval. The young man gave an exclamation of relief.

"No? that's good. You cannot have known him so very long," he said. "I am greatly relieved."

"Louis, of Messina," he began more gently, "is the most unscrupulous rascal in Europe. Since they turned him out of his kingdom he has lived by selling his title to men who are promoting new brands of champagne or floating queer mining shares. The greater part of his income is dependent on the generosity of the old nobility of Messina, and when they don't pay him readily enough, he levies blackmail on them. He owes money to every tailor and horse-dealer and hotel-keeper in Europe, and no one who can tell one card from another

will play with him. That is his reputation. And to help him live up to it he has surrounded himself with a parcel of adventurers as rascally as himself; a Colonel Erhaupt who was dropped from a German regiment, and who is a Colonel only by the favor of the Queen of Madagascar; a retired croupier named Barrat, and a fallen angel called Kalonay, a fellow of the very best blood in Europe and with the very worst morals. They call him the King's Jackal, and he is one of the most delightful blackguards I ever met. So is the King for that matter, a most entertaining individual if you keep him in his place, but a man no woman can know. In fact, Mrs. Carson," Gordon went on, addressing himself to the mother, "when you have to say that a woman has absolutely no reputation whatever you can best express it by explaining that she has a title from Louis of Messina. That is his Majesty's way of treating his feminine friends when they bore him and he wants to get rid of them. He gives them a title.

"The only thing the man ever did that was to his credit and that could be discussed in polite society is what he is doing now at this place, at this moment. For it seems," Gordon, whispered, drawing his chair closer, "that he is about to show himself something of a man after all, and that he is engaged in fitting out an armed expedition with which he hopes to recover his kingdom. That's what brought me here, and I must say I rather admire him for attempting such a thing. Of course, it was Kalonay who put him up to it, he would never have stirred from the boulevards if that young man had not made him. But he is here nevertheless waiting for a favorable opportunity to sail, and he has ten thousand rifles and three Maxim guns lying in his yacht out there in the harbor. That's how I came to learn about it. I was getting an estimate on an outfit I was thinking of taking into Yucatan from my old gunsmith in the Rue Scribe, and he dropped a hint that he had shipped ten thousand rifles to Tangier, to Colonel Erhaupt. I have met Erhaupt in Zanzibar, and knew he was the King's right-hand man, so I put two and two together and decided I would follow them up, and——"

"Yes, and now," interrupted Miss Carson, sharply—"And now that you have

followed them up, what do you mean to do?"

Gordon looked his surprise at her earnestness, but answered that he did not know what he would do; he thought he would either ask them to give him a commission in their expedition, and let him help them fight and write an account of their adventures later, or he would telegraph the story at once to his paper. It was with him, he said, entirely a question as to which course would be of the greater news value. If he told what he now knew his paper would be the first of all others to inform the world of the expedition and the proposed revolution, while if he volunteered for the expedition and waited until it had failed or succeeded, he would be able to tell more eventually, but would have to share it with other correspondents.

Miss Carson regarded him with an expression in which indignation and entreaty were curiously blended.

"Archie," she said, in a low voice, "you do not know what you are doing or saying. You are threatening to spoil the one thing in my life on which I have set my heart. The return of this man to his throne, whether he is worthy or not, means the restoration of the Catholic Church on that island, it means the return of the monks and the rebuilding of the monasteries, and the salvation of sixty thousand souls. I know all that they mean to do. I am the one who paid for those rifles that brought you here; you have told me only what I have known for months, and for which I have been earnestly working and praying. I am not blinded by these men. They are not the creatures you describe; but no matter what they may be it is only through them, and through them alone, that I can do what I have set out to do."

Gordon silenced her with a sweep of his hand.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you are mixed up in this—with these—that they have taken money from you, and told you they meant to use it to re-establish the Church? Mrs. Carson!" he exclaimed, bitterly, turning upon her, "why have you allowed this—what have you been doing while this was going on? Do you suppose those scoundrels care for the Church—the Church, indeed! Wait until I see them—any of them—Erhaupt by

choice, and I'll make them give up every franc you've lent them, or I'll horsewhip and expose them for the gang of welshers and thimble-riggers they are; or if they prefer their own methods, I'll call them out in rotation and shoot their arms and legs off." He stopped and drew a long breath either of content that he had discovered the situation in time to take some part in it, or at the prospect of a fight.

"The idea of you two helpless females wandering into this den of wolves," he exclaimed, indignantly. "It's about time you had a man to look after you! You go back to your hotel now, and let me have a chat with Louis of Messina. He's kept me waiting some twenty minutes as it is, and that's a little longer than I can give him. I'm not a creditor." He rose from his chair, but Miss Carson put out her hand and motioned him to be seated.

"Archie," she said, "I like the way you take this, even though you are all wrong about it, because it's just like you to fly into a passion and want to fight someone for somebody. If your conclusions were anywhere near the truth, you would be acting very well. But they are not. The King is not handling my money, nor the Prince Kalonay. It is in the keeping of Father Paul, the Father Superior of the Dominican monks, who is the only one of these people I know or who knows me. He is not a swindler, too, is he, or a retired croupier? Listen to me now, and do not fly out like that at me, or at mother. It is not her fault. Last summer, mother and I went to Messina as tourists, and one day, when passing through a sea-port town, we saw a crowd of people on the shore, standing or kneeling by the hundreds in a great semicircle close to the water's edge. There was a priest preaching to them from an open boat. It was like a scene from the New Testament, and the man, this Father Paul, made me think of one of the Disciples. I asked them why he did not preach on the land, and they told me that he and all of the priests had been banished from the island six years before, and that they could only return by stealth and dared not land except by night. When the priest had finished speaking, I had myself rowed out to his boat and I talked a long time with him and he told me of this plan to re-establish himself and his order. I offered to help him

with my money, and he promised me a letter to Cardinal Napoli. It reached me on my return to Rome, and through the influence of the Cardinal I was given an audience with the Pope, and I was encouraged to aid Father Paul as far as I could. I had meant to build a memorial church for father, but they urged me to give the money instead to this cause. All my dealings until to-day have been with Father Paul alone. I have seen a little of the Prince Kalonay because they are always together, but he has always treated me in a way to which no one could take exception, and he is certainly very much in earnest. When Father Paul left Paris mother and I came on here in order to be near him, and that is how you find me in Tangier. And now that you understand how much this means to me, I know you will not do anything to stand in our way. Those men inside are afraid that you came here for just the reason that apparently has brought you, and when they saw you a little while ago through the windows they were greatly disturbed. Let me tell them that you mean to volunteer for the campaign. The King cannot refuse the services of a man who has done the things you are always doing. And I promise you, that for a reward you shall be the only one to tell the story of our attempt. I promise you," she repeated, earnestly, "that the day we enter the capital, you can cable whatever you please and tell our story to the whole of Europe."

"The story be hanged," replied Gordon. "You have made this a much more serious

business than a newspaper story. You misunderstand me utterly, Patty. I am here now because I am not going to have you compromised and robbed."

The girl stood up, and looked down at the young man indignantly.

"You have no right whatever to use that tone to me," she said. "I am of age and my own adviser. I am acting for the good of a great number of people, and according to what my conscience and common-sense tell me is right. I shall hate you if you attempt to interfere. You can do one of two things, Archie. I give you your choice; you can either go with them as a volunteer, and promise to keep our secret, or you can cable what you know now, what you know only by accident, but if you do, you will lose your best friend, and you will defeat a good and a noble effort."

Gordon leaned back in his chair, and looked up at her steadily for a brief moment, and then rose with a smile, and bowed to the two women in silence. He crossed the terrace quickly with an amused and puzzled countenance, and walked into the breakfast-room, from the windows of which, as he rightly guessed, the five conspirators had for some time observed him. He looked from one to the other of the men about the table, until his eyes finally met those of the King.

"I believe, sir, you are leading an expedition against the Republic of Messina?" Gordon said. "I am afraid it can't start unless you take me with you."

(To be continued.)

GEORGINA

By Charles Henry Webb

The little lady shakes her head,
And vows that she will never wed:

But even while the tale she tells,
There comes a sound of wedding-bells!

Oh, you may trust the fickle vane
That only points to veer again,

But not the dainty little head
That shakes to say she will not wed.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN AND ITS RESULTS

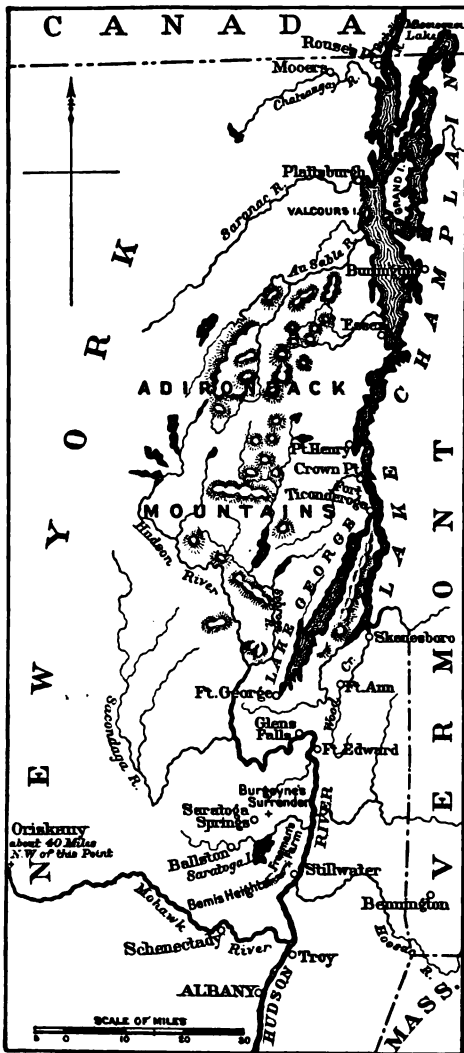
THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN



LONG the line of the Hudson alone was it possible to separate one group of colonies from the rest. That line reached from the sea on the south to the British possessions in Canada on the north. Once in full control of it the British would not only be masters of New York, but they would cut off New England from the other colonies. Nowhere else could this be done. At any point on the long Atlantic coast they might seize seaports or even overrun one or more colonies; but along the Hudson alone could they divide the colonies, and by dividing, hopelessly cripple them. It required no very great intelligence to perceive this fact, and the British Ministry acted on it from the start. Carleton descended from Canada in the summer of 1776, and Howe was to advance and, driving the Americans before him, to unite with the northern army and thus get the control of the two long lakes and of the great river of New York. Carleton, who was almost the only efficient officer in the British service, did his part pretty well. He came down the lakes to Crown Point, which he captured, and advanced as far as Ticonderoga. Thence, hearing nothing from the south, he was obliged by the season to withdraw. Howe, on his side, proceeded to force back the Americans, and, having driven them some thirty miles when he had to cover nearly four hundred, he suddenly retraced his steps and captured Fort Washington, a serious loss at the moment to the Americans, but of no permanent effect whatever on the fortunes of the Revolution. The essential and great object was sacrificed to one which was tem-

porary and unessential. Howe was incapable of seeing the vital point. Unenterprising and slow, he was baffled and delayed by Washington until summer had gone and autumn was wearing away into winter.

Thus failed the first campaign for the Hudson, but even while it was going to wreck, the Ministry—deeply impressed with the importance of the prize—were making ready for a second attempt. This time the main attack was to be made from the north, and Sir Henry Clinton was to come up the river and meet the victorious army advancing from Canada. In order to insure success at the start, the Ministry set aside Carleton, the efficient and experienced, and intrusted this important expedition to another. This new commander was Sir John Burgoyne. A brief statement of who he was and what he had done will show why he was selected to lead in the most serious and intelligent attempt made by England to conquer America—an attempt upon which the fate of the Revolution turned when success meant the division of the colonies, and defeat a French alliance with the new States. Burgoyne was the natural son of Lord Bingley, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne, it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of Parliament and a clever debater; a man of letters and an agreeable writer; a not unsuccessful versemaker and playwright; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man



J. HART BUTLEY N.J.

Germain put the orders to Howe to join Burgoyne in a pigeon-hole, went off to the country and forgot them. Howe did not receive them until August 16th. Hence, some delay in marching north to Burgoyne, the results of which will appear later. But this was mere forgetfulness. The Ministry, with this trivial exception of Howe's orders, meant to give and did give Burgoyne everything he wanted. Thus it came about that on June 13th at St. Johns, when Burgoyne hoisted his flag on the Radeau, and opened his campaign, he found himself at the head of a fine army of nearly 8,000 men, composed of 4,135 English; 3,116 Germans, 503 Indians, and 148 Canadians. They were thoroughly equipped and provided, and the artillery was of the best. Another force of 1,000 men under Colonel St. Leger was sent to the west to reduce Fort Stanwix; this done, he was to descend the Mohawk Valley and join the main army at Albany. The two expeditions were a serious, well-supported, and well-aimed attack at a vital point, and if successful, meant untold disaster to the American cause.

All began well, with much rhetoric and flourish of trumpets. A week after hoisting his flag, on June 20th, Burgoyne issued a proclamation in which he indulged his literary propensities, and no doubt enjoyed highly the pleasure of authorship. The King, he said, was just and clement, and had directed "that Indians be employed." The Americans he declared to be "wilful outcasts," and in the "consciousness of Christianity and the honor of soldiery" he warned them that the messengers of justice and wrath awaited them on the field, and devastation, famine, and every concomitant horror. Having thus appealed to every American to turn out and fight him, he announced in general orders that "this army must not retreat," and took his way down Lake Champlain, the Indians in their war-paint leading the van in their canoes, and the British and Germans following in a large flotilla with bands playing and banners flying.

At the start all went well and victoriously. Schuyler, in command of the northern department, had been laboring with energy to repair the lines of defence broken by Carleton's invasion of the previous

he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.

Having selected their commander, the Ministry cordially supported him. With Lord George Germain, whose own prowess in battle made him think the Americans not only cowards but utterly hateful rebels, the campaign was planned. In it the Indians, who had been held back by the judicious Carleton, were to play a large part, and Canadians also were to be enlisted. More Germans were purchased, and no effort was spared to give the new General everything he wanted. There was only one oversight. Lord George

summer, and make ready for the coming of the new attack. But he had been unsupported by Congress and had been manfully struggling with really insuperable difficulties. Instead of the proper garrison of 5,000 men at Ticonderoga, there were barely 2,500 ill-armed continental troops, and nine hundred militia. With this small force it was impossible to maintain a proper line of works. The British seized some unoccupied and commanding heights and opened a plunging fire on the American position. St. Clair, who was in command at Ticonderoga, decided that the place was untenable, and on the night of July 5th abandoned it. He sent the women and wounded under the protection of Colonel Long and six hundred troops to Skenesboro' by boat. There they were attacked and the American flotilla destroyed. Long withdrew to Fort Anne, where he fought a good action the next day, but being outnumbered, he abandoned the fort and retreated to Fort Edward, where he joined Schuyler. Meantime, St. Clair, assailed on his retreat by the British, with whom his rear-guard fought stubbornly, made his way also to Fort Edward and joined Schuyler on the 12th. The united American force numbered less than 5,000 men, ill-armed and unprovided in every way. Schuyler, however, faced the situation bravely and with no sign of flinching or panic. He did at once and effectively the wisest thing possible. The British had allied themselves with the Indians, Schuyler made the wilderness the ally of the Americans. He destroyed all the wood roads, burnt the bridges, filled up with logs and stones the practicable waterways, and stripped the country of cattle and all provisions. Doing this diligently and thoroughly, he fell back slowly to Fort Miller, ruining the road as he passed, and thence to Stillwater, where he intrenched himself and awaited reinforcements, Arnold meantime having joined him with the artillery.

Burgoyne, on the other hand, elated by easy victory, sent home a messenger with exulting tidings of his success. In reality, his troubles were just beginning. The country sparsely settled, and hardly opened at all, sank back under Schuyler's treatment to an utter wilderness. The British in New York, New Jersey, and

Massachusetts had been operating in a long settled region where the roads were good. Now they were in a primeval forest, with every foot-path and track destroyed, every bridge burned, every creek choked. Burgoyne had to cut a new road, build forty bridges, and reopen Wood Creek. It took him twenty-four days to march twenty-six miles, from Skenesboro' to Fort Edward, and after arriving there, on July 30th, he was obliged to wait until August 15th for the arrival of his artillery and heavy ammunition from Lake George.

Even while his jubilant message was on its way to London, the wilderness, under Schuyler's wise management, had dealt him this deadly blow of fatal delay. Nor was this all. The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people of the north as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions, for the scalping of wounded soldiers awakened in the Americans a fierce spirit of revenge, which would stop at no danger. The idea that the Indians would terrify the Americans was a foolish dream. Nothing in reality was calculated to make them fight so hard. Perhaps even Burgoyne may have had a glimmering of this truth when two of the allies of his clement King tomahawked and scalped Miss McCrea. There was nothing unusual about the deed, but the unfortunate girl happened to be a loyalist herself and betrothed to a loyalist in Burgoyne's camp, whither she was travelling under the escort of the Indians who murdered her.

Thus Burgoyne's invasion, his Indians, and his proclamations aroused the country, and Schuyler's treatment of forest and stream gave the delay necessary to allow the people to rise in arms. Even while Burgoyne was toiling over his twenty-six miles of wilderness, the mischief had begun.

The first blow came from the west. Much was expected from the strong expedition directed against Fort Stanwix, and much was staked upon it. When St. Leger arrived there on August 2d, with his Indians and loyalists as allies, he summoned it to surrender. Colonel Gansevoort refused, and the British began a regular siege. Here, too, all that was needed was time.

The hardy pioneers of that frontier county rallied under General Herkimer, and to the number of eight hundred marched with him to relieve Gansevoort. When within eight miles of Fort Stanwix, Herkimer halted and sent a messenger to the fort with a request that on his arrival three guns should be fired and a sortie made. Impatient of delay, Herkimer's officers would not wait, and unwisely insisted on an immediate advance, which led them into an ambush of the British and their Indian allies. Although taken at a disadvantage, this was a kind of warfare which the Americans thoroughly understood, and a desperate hand-to-hand and tree-to-tree fight began. Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued to issue his orders and direct the battle. This savage fighting went on for five hours. At last the guns were heard from the fort. Colonel Willet dashed out on the British camp with two hundred and fifty men, destroyed some of the intrenchments, and captured prisoners, camp equipage, and five flags. He could not get through to Herkimer, but the Indians, hearing the firing in their rear, retreated, and were soon followed by the loyalists and regular troops, leaving Herkimer master of the field and victor in the hard-fought backwoods fight of Oriskany.

St. Leger, despite this heavy check, still clung to his intrenchments, and on August 7th again summoned the fort to surrender. Gansevoort, with the five British standards flying below the new American flag, made from strips of an overcoat and a petticoat, contemptuously refused. The besiegers renewed their attack in vain, and were easily repulsed. Then came rumors of Arnold's advance to the relief of the fort; the Indians fled, and St. Leger, deserted by these important allies, was forced to raise the siege. On August 22d he abandoned his works in disorder, leaving his artillery and camp equipage, and made a disorderly retreat to Canada, broken and beaten. The stubborn resistance of Gansevoort and the gallant fight of Herkimer had triumphed. Arnold was able to rejoin Schuyler with the news that the valley of the Mohawk was saved. The western expedition of the northern invasion had broken down and failed.

While St. Leger was thus going to wreck in the west, Burgoyne's own situation was getting difficult and painful. Provisions were falling short, and the army was becoming straitened for food. Schuyler had stripped the country to good purpose, and to the difficulties of moving the army was now added that of feeding it. Bad reports, too, came from New England. It appeared that the invasion had roused the people to defend their homes against Indians and white men alike. Stark had raised his standard at Charlestown, on the Connecticut River, and the militia were pouring in to follow the sturdy soldier of Bunker Hill and Trenton. +

Nevertheless, food must be had, and these gathering farmers, who seemed disposed to interfere, dispersed. So Burgoyne, on August 11th, sent Colonel Baum, with five hundred and fifty Hessians and British, and fifty Indians, to raid the country, lift the cattle, and incidentally repress the rebellious inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants. Four days later he sent Colonel Breymann, with six hundred and forty-two Brunswickers, to support the first detachment, for Baum had asked for reinforcements. Apparently, the task before him looked more serious than he anticipated. Still he kept on steadily, and on August 13th encamped on a hill about four miles from Bennington, in the present State of Vermont, and proceeded to intrench himself. This was an unusual proceeding for a rapid and desolating raid, but it was now apparent that, instead of waiting to be raided, the New Englanders were coming to meet the foe.

As soon as Stark heard of the advance of Baum, he marched at once against him with the fifteen hundred men he had gathered from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, disregarding the orders he had received to join the main army under Schuyler. On August 14th he was within a mile of the Indo-Germanic camp, but could not draw them out to battle. The 15th it rained heavily, and Stark kept up a constant skirmishing, while the Hessians worked on their intrenchments.

August 16th was fair and warm, and Stark, suspecting reinforcements, determined to storm the hill, a rather desperate undertaking for undisciplined farmers, armed only with rifles and destitute of side-

arms or bayonets. Nevertheless, it was possible, and Stark meant to try. Early in the day he sent five hundred men, under Nichols and Herrick, to the rear of the Hessian position. Baum, honest German that he was, noticed small parties of Americans making their way toward the rear of his intrenchments; but he had never seen soldiers except in uniform, and he could not imagine that these farmers, in their shirt-sleeves and without bayonets or equipment, were fighting men. He had never conceived the idea of an armed people. In truth, the phenomenon was new, and it is not surprising that Baum did not understand it. He concluded that these stragglers were peasants flocking to the support of their King's hired troops, and let them slip by. Thus Stark successfully massed his five hundred men in the rear of the British forces. Then he made a feint, and under cover of it moved another body of two hundred to the right. This done, he had his men in position, and was ready to attack. He outnumbered the enemy more than two to one, but his men were merely militia, and without bayonets—a badly equipped force for an assault. The British, on the other hand, were thoroughly disciplined, regular troops, intrenched and with artillery. The advantage was all theirs, for they had merely to hold their ground. But Stark knew his men. The wild fighting blood of his Scotch-Irish ancestors was up, and he gave the word. The Americans pressed forward, using their rifles with deadly effect. The Indian allies of the King, having no illusions as to American frontiersmen in their shirt-sleeves and armed with rifles, slipped off early in the fray, while the British and Hessians stood their ground doggedly and bravely. The Americans swarmed on all sides. They would creep or run up to within ten yards of the works, pick off the artillerymen, and fall back. For two hours the fight raged hotly, the Americans closing in more and more, and each assault becoming more desperate than the last. Stark, who said the firing was a "continuous roar," was everywhere among his men. At last, begrimed with powder and smoke almost beyond recognition, he led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles. Baum ordered his men to charge with the bay-

onet; the Americans repulsed them; Baum fell mortally wounded, and his soldiers surrendered. It was none too soon. Stark's judgment had been right, for Baum's men had hardly laid down their arms when Breyman appeared with his detachment and attacked. Under this new assault the Americans wavered, but Stark rallied them, and putting in the one hundred and fifty fresh Vermont men, under Warner, repulsed the Brunswickers, and Breyman retreated, beaten and in haste, under cover of darkness. Another hour and he, too, would have been crushed.

There was no strategy about the action at Bennington. "It was the plain shock and even play of battle;" sheer hard fighting, often hand to hand, and the American farmers defending their homes, and well led, proved more than a match for the intrenched regulars. Bennington showed a great advance over Bunker Hill, for here the Americans attacked in the open an intrenched position defended by artillery and carried it. The well-aimed rifles of the pioneer settlers of the New England hills won the day. The American loss was eighty-two killed and wounded; the British two hundred and seven, which shows the superior marksmanship of Stark's men, who, as the assaulting force, should have suffered most. But the Americans also took 700 prisoners, 1,000 stand of small arms, and all the artillery of the British. It was a deadly blow to Burgoyne. The defeat of St. Leger meant the failure of an important part of the campaign, while Bennington crippled the main army of invasion and swept away at a stroke 1,000 men.

The victories of Oriskany and Bennington inspired the country. Volunteers began to come in increasing numbers from New York and New England, and even from the extreme eastern counties of Massachusetts. Washington, hard pressed as he was, but with characteristic generosity, sent Morgan's fine corps of Virginian riflemen, while Congress, with a wisdom which resembled that of Lord Germain, in setting aside Carleton, selected this moment to supersede Schuyler, who was about to reap the reward of his wise prevision and steadfast courage. The general they now chose for the northern army, and upon whom they lavished all the support, both moral

and material, which they had withheld from Schuyler, was Horatio Gates, "the son of the house-keeper of the second Duke of Leeds." Beyond his English birth and his somewhat remote connection with the British peerage, Gates had no claim whatever to command any army. It is but just to say that his command was in practice largely nominal, but it was given him solely because Congress, with colonial habits still strong upon them, were dazzled by the fact that he was an Englishman. It was a repetition of the case of Lee. Gates, although an intriguer, was more sluggish than Lee, less clever and less malignant, but it would be hard to say which was the more ineffective, or which the more positively harmful. Both did mischief, neither did good to the cause they espoused. In the present instance, Gates could not do any fatal injury, for the armed people had turned out and were hunting the enemy to his death. But he might have led them and saved much time, and not lessened the final result by weakness of spirit.

When he took command, on August 19th, Gates found himself at the head of an army in high spirits and steadily increasing in strength. After contemplating the situation for three weeks he marched from the mouth of the Mohawk to Bemis's Heights, on the west bank of the Hudson. There he awaited his enemy, and a very troubled and hard-pressed enemy it was. Burgoyne had been sorely hurt by the defeat at Bennington; no more men came from the north; the country had been stripped; he was short of supplies, which had to be brought from Canada, and he could hear of no relief from the south. So he hesitated and waited until, at last, having got artillery, stores, and provisions by way of Lake George, he bethought him that this was an army which was not to retreat, and on September 13th crossed to the west bank of the Hudson.

An additional reason for his doubts and fears, which he thus finally put aside, was that the Americans were threatening his line of communication. General Lincoln, with two thousand men, had moved to the rear of Burgoyne. Thence he detached Colonel Brown with five hundred troops, and this force fell upon the outworks of Ticonderoga, took them, released a hun-

dred American prisoners, captured nearly three hundred British soldiers and five cannon, and then rejoined Lincoln at their leisure. The net was tightening. The road to Canada was being closed either for succor or retreat. Yet Burgoyne kept on, and on September 18th, when Brown and his men were carrying the Ticonderoga outworks, he stopped his march within two miles of the American camp at Bemis's Heights.

The next morning, the 19th, about eleven o'clock, the British army advanced in three columns. Burgoyne commanded the centre; Riedesel and Phillips with the artillery were on the left; while Fraser, commanding the right, swung far over in order to cover and turn the American left. Gates, like Stendhal's hero, who, as he came on the field of Waterloo, asked the old soldier if the fighting then in progress was a battle, seemed to regard the British advance as a parade and watched it with sluggish interest but without giving orders. This Arnold could not stand, and he sent Morgan's riflemen and some light infantry to check Fraser. They easily scattered the loyalists and Indians, and then fell back before the main column. Arnold then changed his direction, and fresh troops having come up, attacked the British centre with a view of breaking in between Burgoyne and Fraser. The action thus became general and was hotly waged. The Americans attacked again and again, and finally broke the line. Burgoyne was only saved by Riedesel abandoning his post and coming to the support of the central column with all the artillery. About five o'clock Gates, rousing from his lethargy, sent Learned with his brigade to the enemy's rear. Had this been done earlier, the British army would have been crushed. As it was, the right moment had gone by. It was now too late for a decisive stroke; darkness was falling, and the Americans drew off to their intrenchments, the enemy holding the ground they had advanced to in the morning. Such was the battle of Freeman's Farm. Had Gates reinforced Arnold or sent Learned earlier, the result would have been different. Without a general, led only by their regimental and brigade commanders, the American troops had come into action and

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM THE PAINTING BY DUPLESSIS, 1778

In the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Paris, France

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

Ruins of Old Fort Frederick, Crown Point—at the Present Time.

fought their own battle in their own way as best they could. If they had been directed by an efficient chief, they would have ended the Burgoyne campaign then and there. As it was, they inflicted a severe blow. The Americans had about 3,000 men; the British about 3,500. The American loss was 283 killed and wounded, and 38 missing. The British loss in killed and wounded, according to their own reports, was 600. Both sides fought in the open, and the Americans, after the first advance, attacked. They had few bayonets and but little artillery, while the British had both in abundance, yet the disparity in the losses showed again the superiority of the American marksmanship and the deadly character of their rifle fire.

The result of the action at Freeman's Farm rejoiced the Americans, and fresh troops from the surrounding country kept coming into camp. Still Gates did nothing except quarrel with Arnold and relieve him from his command. Instead of following up his advantage and attacking Burgoyne, he sat still and looked at him. This, if not useful, was easy and pleasant to Gates; but to Burgoyne—harassed by constant skirmishing, deserted by his Indians, short of provisions, and with no definite news of the promised relief from the south—it was impossible. He had

heard from Clinton that a diversion was to be made from New York, and this tempted him to say that he could hold on until October 12th. Lord George German's orders had indeed been found in their pigeon-hole and finally despatched. Reinforcements also had been sent to Clinton, and thus stimulated, he moved out of New York on October 3d with a large fleet and 3,000 troops. He easily deceived Putnam, crossed to King's Ferry and carried the weakly garrisoned forts—Montgomery and Clinton. Then the fleet destroyed the boom and chain in the river, and the Americans were compelled to beach and burn two frigates, which were there to defend the boom. This accomplished, Sir Henry Clinton, oppressed by the lateness of the season, returned to New York, leaving Vaughan to carry the raid as far as Kingston, which he burned, and then, in his turn, retired to New York. This performance was what lured Burgoyne to stand his ground. But no amount of hope of Clinton's coming could sustain him indefinitely. Some of his generals, in fact, urged retreat, forgetting that this particular army was not to retreat but to advance continually. Under the pressure, however, Burgoyne determined to try one more fight, and, if unsuccessful, fall back behind the Batten Kill.

His plan was to make a reconnaissance

in force. With this object, at ten o'clock on October 7th, Burgoyne left his camp with 1,500 of his best troops and 10 pieces of artillery. Again he formed them in three columns. Fraser was on the right; Riedesel with his Brunswickers in the centre, and Phillips on the left. As soon as the British moved, Gates sent out Morgan to meet the enemy on the right.

not stand the repeated shocks. One regiment broke and was rallied, only to break again. The Americans took eight of the ten guns, and at last the British were forced back to their intrenched camp, where they rallied and stood their ground. There Arnold continued his fierce attacks and was badly wounded. The darkness alone stopped the fight and saved the

General Horatio Gates.

From the hitherto unpublished portrait painted by R. E. Pine, 1785.

Learned was to oppose the central column, and Poor, with the continentals, was to face Phillips. Poor opened the battle and, supported by Learned, attacked Acland's grenadiers and broke them despite their well-directed fire. Meantime, Morgan with his riflemen, and Dearborn with the light infantry, fell upon the British right. So fierce was this assault that Burgoyne, seeing that his right would be turned, ordered Fraser to fall back and take a new position. In doing so, Fraser was mortally wounded by a Virginian rifleman. While the wings were thus breaking, the Brunswickers in the centre held firm, and then Arnold, who was on the field merely as a volunteer and with no command, put himself at the head of his old division and led them in a succession of charges against the German position. The Brunswickers behaved well and Burgoyne exposed himself recklessly, but they could

General John Burgoyne.

From an engraving (after the painting by Gardner) published in 1784.

remnants of the British army. It had been a disastrous day for Burgoyne. Fraser and Breyman were both killed, and Sir Francis Clarke—Burgoyne's first aid. The British lost 426 killed and wounded, 200 prisoners, nine guns, ammunition, and baggage. The Americans had about 200 killed and wounded.

The blow was a deadly one, and it was obvious that nothing now remained for the British and Germans but a desperate effort to retreat. After burying poor Fraser in the intrenchments, while the American shot tore the earth and whistled through the air over the grave, Burgoyne abandoned his sick and wounded on the next night after the battle and retreated through the storm to Saratoga. But the attempt was hopeless. Even Gates could not fail to conquer him now. On the 10th, when he tried to see if there was escape by the west bank of the Hudson,

MEMOIR OF H. C. CANNON.

Battle of Oriskany.

Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued to direct the battle. Page 334.

he found Stark, the victor of Bennington, was at Fort Edward with 2,000 men. On the 11th the Americans scattered the British posts at the mouth of the Fish-kill, captured all their boats and nearly all their provisions. On the 12th Burgoyne was surrounded. Outnumbered and exposed to concentric fire, he yielded to the inevitable, and on the 14th sent in a flag of truce to treat for a surrender. Gates demanded that the surrender be unconditional. Burgoyne refused to consider it. Thereupon Gates, alarmed by rumors of the raid and village burning under Vaughan, instead of attacking at once, gave way feebly and agreed to a convention by which the British surrendered, but were free to go to England on agreeing not to serve again against America.

The convention was an inglorious one

to Gates when he actually held the British helpless in his grasp, but it answered every practical purpose. By the convention of

October 16, 1777, a British general with his army numbering 5,791 surrendered. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six prisoners of war were already in the hands of the Americans. Including the losses in the field and in the various actions from Ticonderoga and Oriskany to Bennington and Saratoga, England had lost 10,000 men, and had surrendered at Saratoga forty-two guns and forty-six hundred muskets.

The victory had been won by the rank and file, by the regiments and companies. After the departure of Schuyler there

was no general-in-chief. The battles were fought under the lead of division commanders like Arnold, Morgan, or Poor, or else under popular chiefs like Herkimer and

General Philip Schuyler
From the painting by Trumbull (1792) in the Yale College Art Gallery. (Said to be the only portrait of General Schuyler in existence.)

General Herkimer's House at Danube, near Little Falls, New York.

In the family burying ground is Herkimer's grave, marked by the flag. to the right is the base of the monument recently erected to his memory

Stark. But it was the American people who had wrecked Burgoyne. He came down into that still unsettled region of lake and mountain with all the pomp and equipment of European war. He brought with him Indian allies, and the people of New York and New England knew well what that meant. They were not disciplined or uniformed, and they had no weapons except their rifles and hunting knives. But they could fight; they knew what an Indian was, even though they had never seen a Hessian or a British grenadier. They rose up in Burgoyne's path, and, allied with the wilderness, they began to fight him. Regular troops came to their support from Washington's army, and militia were sent by the States from the seaboard. Thus the Americans multiplied while the British dwindled. The wilderness hemmed in the trained troops of England and Germany, and the men who knew the forests and the streams swarmed about them with ever-growing numbers. At last, the English army, reduced one-half, beaten and crippled in successive engagements, ringed round by enemies, surrendered. Again, and more forcibly than ever, facts said to England's

Ministers: "These Americans can fight; they have been taught to ride and shoot, and look a stranger in the face; they are of a fighting stock; it is not well in a spirit of contempt to raid their country and threaten their homes with Indians; if you do this thing in this spirit, disaster will come." As a matter of fact, disaster came, and Burgoyne's expedition, the most important sent by England against her revolted colonies, failed and went to wreck.

THE RESULTS OF SARATOGA

SARATOGA, where Burgoyne's surrender took place, is counted by Sir Edward Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. By this verdict the American victory comes into a very small and very memorable company. The world's history is full of battles and sieges, and among this almost countless host only fifteen are deemed worthy, by an accomplished historian, to take rank as decisive in the widest sense, and as effecting the destiny of mankind. By what title does Saratoga rise to this dignity? Cer-

The Ravine at Oriskany, New York.

The tall elm on the left was said to be standing at the time. The Indian allies lay in ambush on the hill-sides, which were then densely wooded, and attacked the Americans as they crossed on the road in the foreground.

and has surrendered many times without deciding anything, not even the issue of a campaign. From the military point of view

the blow was a heavy one to England, but she has suffered greater losses than this in her career of conquest and still has come out victorious.

The fact is that the significance of Saratoga lies less in what it actually was, than in what it proved and what it brought to pass. It showed the fighting quality of the American people, and demonstrated that they were able to rise up around a powerful and disciplined force and hunt it down to ruin and surrender. The prospect of conquering a people capable of such fighting, defended by three thousand miles of ocean and backed by the wilderness, was obviously slight. Saratoga meant, further, that the attempt to control the Hudson, and thus divide the States, had definitely failed. The enormous advantage of a united country for military purposes had been won, and the union of the new States, which, physically as well as politically, was essential to victory, had been secured, and, once secured, this meant ultimate success. Last, and most important of all, the surrender of Burgoyne and the utter wreck of his campaign convinced Europe of these very facts, or, in other words, assured foreign powers that the revolted colonies would win in the end. It required the

Monument Avenue, Bennington, at the Present Time.

The Battle Monument in the distance. The pedestal to the right marks the site of the Catamount Tavern.

keen intellect of Frederick the Great to appreciate Trenton and Princeton. He realized that those battles, flashing out from the clouds of defeat and misfortune, meant that the Americans had developed a great leader, a soldier of genius, and that under such a man a fighting people could not be beaten by an enemy whose base of supplies was 3,000 miles away. But no Frederick was needed to comprehend Saratoga, where there had been no strategy, nothing but hard, blunt fighting, ending in the effacement of a British army and the ruin of a campaign of vital importance. This was clear to all men in the despatches which announced Burgoyne's surrender, and the knowledge brought America supplies, money, and allies. Alone, the colonies could not be conquered. With a European alliance their victory became certain.

To understand exactly what was wrought by the fighting in those northern forests, it is necessary to know the conditions existing on the other side of the Atlantic at the time when the men of New York and Virginia and New England finally brought their quarry down at Saratoga. The American Revolution was fought out not only on land but also in the

Cabinets of Europe. The new nation had not only to win battles and sustain defeats, but also to gain recognition at the great tribunal of public opinion and prove its right to live. Statesmen were required as well as commanders of armies and captains of frigates, in order to break the British Empire and establish a new people among the nations of the earth. The statesmen came. They, indeed, had begun the work, for it had fallen to them to argue the American cause with England, and then to state to the world the reasons and necessity for independence. Even before this was done, however, it had become evident to the leaders in Congress that the American cause, in order to succeed, must be recognized in Europe, and must even obtain there an active support. So it came about that the political leaders in America, after this was fairly understood, as a rule either went to their States, where the most energetic assistance could be given to the Revolution, or went abroad to plead their country's cause in foreign lands. Congress sank in ability and strength in consequence, but as it never could have been an efficient executive body in any event, this was of less moment than that the highest political ability of the country should be concentrated on the most vital points.

Thus it was that the strength of American statesmanship, after the Declaration of Independence, instinctively turned to diplomacy as the field where the greatest results could be achieved, and where alone men, money, and supplies could be obtained. The beginnings were small and modest enough, and Congress hesitated in this direction as long and as seriously as it did in regard to independence; for foreign aid and alliance, as much as war, meant final separation from the mother-country.

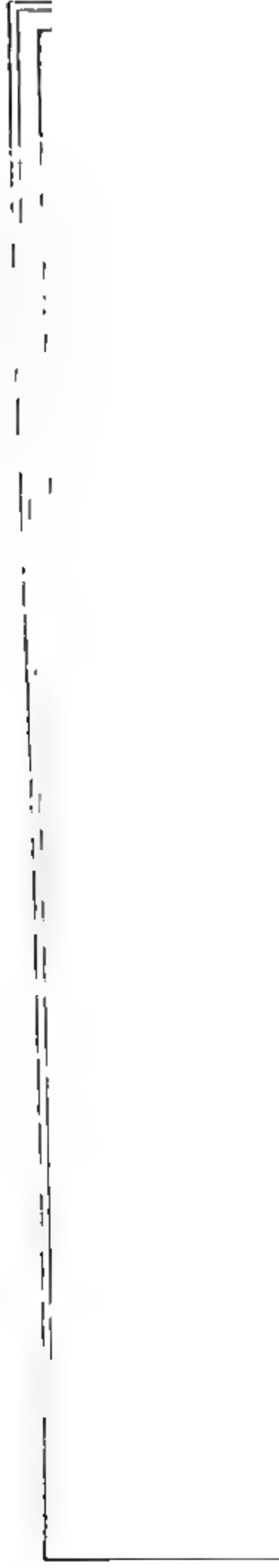
The resistance of the colonies to England had gradually attracted the attention of Europe. The continental governments generally were slow to see the importance of this transatlantic movement; but France, still smarting under the loss of Canada, was quick to perceive how much it might mean. Bunker Hill roused them and riveted their attention. Vergennes, watching events closely and from the first eager to

strike at England, secretly sent M. de Bonvouloir, a former resident of the West Indies, to visit America and report. De Bonvouloir, on reaching Philadelphia, had a private interview with Franklin, and reported that, although the resistance to England was determined, the Americans hesitated to seek foreign aid. This, without doubt, was a true picture of the situation and of the state of American feeling. Yet, a little later, in December, 1775, Congress made a first timid step toward outside assistance by authorizing Arthur Lee

—then in London—to ascertain the feeling of the European governments in regard to the colonies. Arthur Lee was one of the distinguished brothers of the well-known Virginian family. He was intelligent and well-educated, having taken a degree in medicine and then studied law. He was an accomplished man with a good address, and ample knowledge of the world and of society. In ability he did not rise to the level of the very difficult task which developed before him later, and he proved to have a jealous and quarrelsome disposition which led him to intrigue against Franklin and into other serious troubles. At this time, however, he did very well. He had been the agent of Massachusetts, and knew his ground thoroughly. He seems to have obtained good information, and, what was more important, he came into relations with a man who at this juncture was destined to be of

General John Stark.

From a painting (after Trumbull) by U. D. Tenney,
at the State Capitol at Concord, N. H.



Drawn by F. C. John

Battle of Bennington.

Stark . . . was everywhere among his men. . . . He led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles.—Page 553.

Words of each party shall meet
 to report their deliberation to
 the respective Congress.

So
 that General Burgoyne with
 his Deputy Adjutant General
 Major General Lytle and
 his troops moving at 10 o'clock

Company with.

Camp

at 11.5. 1777

Horatio Gates.

Surrender of Burgoyne—Facsimile (reduced) of a Part of the Original Articles of Capitulation.
 Reproduced, by permission, from the original document in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

great service to America. This was Beaumarchais, mechanic and merchant, orator and financier, writer and politician. Above all, Beaumarchais was the child of his time, the author of "The Barber of Seville," the creator of "Figaro," which played its part in preparing the way for what was to come. As the child of his time, too, he was infected with the spirit of change, filled with liberal views and hopes for humanity, which were soon to mean many things besides a philosophic temper of mind. So the American cause appealed to him as Frenchman, speculator, adventurer, and friend of humanity and progress. He saw Lee in London; is said to have gone there eight times, and presently stood as the connecting link between the ancient monarchy and the young republic of America.

Vergennes, pressing steadily toward action for the colonies, was opposed in the Cabinet by Turgot, who sympathized deeply with the American cause, but rightly felt that France was in no condition to face another war. With Turgot was Maurepas, and Vergennes could advance but slowly in his policy. Nevertheless, he got something done. In May, 1776, he sent \$200,000 to the Americans, and persuaded Spain to do the

same. It was all done very secretly through Beaumarchais, but still it was done.

Meantime, Congress was moving, too. In March, 1776, it appointed Silas Deane, a merchant of Connecticut, as agent and commissioner to France, to secretly sound the government, and also to see what could be done in Holland. Deane was an energetic, pushing man, who rendered good service, but he was careless in making contracts, was attacked and misrepresented by Lee, recalled from Europe, and being injudicious in his defence, he dropped out of public life. Like Lee, however, he did well in the early days. He reached France in July, 1776, and was admitted on the 11th to an interview with Vergennes. On the 20th he obtained a promise of arms, and again Beaumarchais was authorized to supply merchandise to the value of three million livres. When the Declaration of Independence was known, Vergennes urged action more strongly than ever, and Congress—now that the die was cast—discussed the draft of a treaty with France, and, what was far more important, appointed Franklin as a commissioner with Deane and Lee to negotiate with the French Government. Franklin reached Paris as the year was

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Surrender of Burgoyne.

The disarmed British soldiers passed between the American lines which extended for nearly a mile. General Burgoyne stepped to one side, drew his sword, and in silence, handed it to General Gates, who, however, immediately returned it.

and propitiously. Then came the news of the defeats on the Hudson, and everything was checked. It seemed, after all, as if it was not such a serious matter, as if England had but to exert herself to put an end to it, and so there was a general drawing back. France stopped on the way to a treaty and refused to do anything leading to war. She continued to secretly advance money, sent ships with arms, and allowed American

The Home of General Philip Schuyler at Old Saratoga, near Schuylerville.

drawing to a close, and was received with enthusiastic warmth. He was known all over Europe, and especially in France, where his reputation as a man of science and a philosopher, as a writer and philanthropist, added to his fame as a public man, made him as popular and admired as he was distinguished. His coming changed the complexion of affairs and gave a seriousness to the negotiations which they had lacked before. Public sympathy, too, was awakened, and Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, prepared to depart at his own expense to serve as a volunteer in the cause of liberty. So, too, went De Kalb, and a little later, Pulaski; and then Kosciusko, together with a crowd of less desirable persons who saw in the American war a field for adventure.

On December 28th Franklin was received by Vergennes and greatly encouraged by him. The opposition in the Cabinet was giving way, and although nothing could be done with Spain, despite the efforts of Vergennes to make her act with France, American affairs were moving smoothly

privateers in her ports, but beyond this she would not go. All the popularity and address of Franklin were for the time vain.

But as the months wore away, the attention of Europe was fixed on the northern campaign which was to break the colonies and crush the rebellion. Before the year closed, the news of Saratoga had crossed the Atlantic. It was received in England with consternation. Lord North was over-

Cellar at the present time in the Marshall House, Schuylerville, which was Used as a Hospital for the British

Through the door is seen the room in which Madame Riedesel and her children took refuge for six days. General Fraser died in this house.

whelmed. He saw that it meant a French alliance, the loss of the colonies, perhaps French conquests. He went as far as he could in framing conciliatory propositions, and appointed a commission to take them to America—but it was all too late. As Washington said, an acknowledged independence was now the only possible peace. The King, who was not clever like Lord North, failed to see the meaning of Saratoga, and was ready to face a world in arms rather than yield to rebels. In England, Burgoyne's surrender brought nothing but abortive concessions, which two years earlier would have settled everything, and fresh preparations for a struggle fast drawing into hopelessness.

In France the result was widely different. Paris heard the tidings of Saratoga with joy and Vergennes received the commissioners on December 12th. He made no secret of his pleasure in the news which sustained the position he had taken, and he also understood, what very few at that moment did, the immense importance and meaning of Washington's stubborn fighting with Howe while the northern victories were being won. On December 20th Franklin and Deane were informed that the King would acknowledge the colonies and support their cause. On February 6th two treaties were made between France and the United States, one of amity and commerce, and the other an eventual treaty of defensive alliance. On March 20th the American commissioners were at Versailles and were presented to the King, and on the 22d they were received by Marie Antoinette. On April 10th Gerard was sent as Minister to the United States, and the alliance was complete. England, formally notified of the treaties, accepted them as an act of war.

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Burgoyne's surrender had done its work, and France had cast her sword into the scale against England. The men who had fought side by side with British soldiers, and gloried in the winning of Canada, were now united with the French, whom they had then helped to conquer in the common purpose of tearing from the empire of Britain the fairest and greatest part of her colonial dominion. The English Ministers and the English King, who had made such a sit-

uation possible by sheer blundering, may well have looked with wonder at the work of their hands.

The diplomacy of the Americans was as successful as their conduct of the original controversy with the mother-country. Almost everywhere they secured a reception which assured them, if not actual support, a benevolent neutrality. Russia refused troops to England and manifested a kindly interest in

the new States. Holland, who had herself fought her way to freedom, and could not forget her kindred in the new world, not only refused to give troops to George III., but openly sympathized with the rebels, and later lent them money, for all which she was to suffer severely at the hands of England. The northern powers stood aloof and neutral. Austria sympathized a little, but did nothing. Spain, despite the pressure of Vergennes, could not be stirred, and Lee's expedition to Burgos, where he met Grimaldi, in the winter of 1776-77, bore no fruit. Lee, who was not lacking in zeal and energy, also went to Berlin. He was well received there by Frederick, who looked with unfeigned contempt on the blundering of his Cousin George, and predicted the success of the colonies, but who would not at that moment engage himself in the controversy.

Old Battle Wall on Freeman's Farms, at the Present Time.
Here a Fierce Conflict for Possession Took Place.

While Lee was in Berlin, the British Minister, Elliott, hired a thief for one thousand guineas to break into the American Envoy's room and steal his papers. Lee recovered the papers on complaining to the police, but this unusual diplomatic performance caused Frederick to refuse to see Elliott, to enter on his Cabinet record that the act of the British Minister was "a public theft," and to increase the kindness and consideration with which he treated Lee.

On the whole, the diplomacy of the new-born nation was highly successful. The American representatives made a good impression wherever they appeared, and turned to excellent account the unpopularity of England. They soon satisfied themselves that they had nothing to fear from Europe and much to hope. This cleared the ground and enabled the United States to face the future with the knowledge that England could look for no aid against them outside her own resources. They were destined to get much more from Europe than this negative assurance; but the beginning was well made. The scene of their greatest efforts was, of course, in France, and there they attained to the height of their desires on the strength of Burgoyne's surrender. Congress, appreciating more and more the work to be done abroad, sent out John Adams to replace Deane. He arrived after the signing of the treaties, but his coming was most fortunate, for Franklin's colleagues were disposed to be jealous of him and to intrigue against him. As so often happens, they were inferior men, who could not understand why the superior man was looked up to as the real leader. But no jealousy could obscure the facts. Franklin was the hero of the hour and the admired of Court and city. His simple ways, his strong and acute intellect, his keen humor, his astute diplomacy, all standing out against the background of his scientific fame, appealed strongly to Frenchmen and to the mood of the hour. Statesmen listened to him respectfully, the great ladies of the brilliant and frivolous Court flattered and admired him, the crowds cheered him in the streets, and when the Academy received Voltaire, the audience, comprising all that was most distinguished in arts and letters,

demanding that he and Franklin should embrace each other in their presence.

The first impulse is to laugh at those two old men, worn with experience and wise with much knowledge of the world, sceptics both in their different ways, solemnly kissing each other amid the excited plaudits of that brilliant assemblage. It seems almost impossible not to imagine that the keen sense of humor which both possessed in such a high degree should not have been kindled as the wrinkled, withered face of Voltaire drew near to that of Franklin, smooth, simple-looking, and benevolent, with the broad forehead arching over the cunning, penetrating eyes. Yet this, if the most obvious, is also the superficial view. Both actors and audience took the whole ceremony with seriousness and emotion, and they were right to do so, for there is a great significance in that famous scene of the Academy. Voltaire's course was run. Franklin had many years of great work still before him. Both were children of the century; both represented the great movement of the time for intellectual and political freedom, then beginning to culminate. Franklin, although he had passed the age of the Psalmist, represented also the men who were even then trying to carry into practice what Voltaire had taught, and to build anew on the ground which he had cleared. Voltaire stood above all else for the spirit which destroyed in order to make room for better things. If Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, Voltaire's sneering smile had shattered faiths, beliefs, and habits which for centuries had lain at the very foundation of government and society. Revolutions in thought are not made with rose-water, any more than other revolutions, and Voltaire had spared nothing. His wonderful intellect, as versatile as it was ingenious, had struck at everything that was accepted. The most sacred beliefs and the darkest superstitions, the foulest abuses and the noblest traditions, had all alike shrivelled beneath his satire, quivered under his scorn, and shrunk from his ridicule. Those that deserved to live survived it all to bloom again. Those that deserved to die perished beneath the blight. He had mocked at religions until scepticism had become fashionable, and the Church itself was laughed at and disregarded. He had

sneered at governments and rulers and courts, until all reverence for them had departed. He had lashed the optimism of those who possessed the earth, until their doctrines appeared a hideous sham, and the miseries of men the only realities. He was the destroyer without whom the deep abuses of the time could never have been reached or remedied. But he offered nothing, and men cannot live on negations. As he cleared the ground, other men rose up seeking to replace the ruined and lost ideals with new and better hopes. If mankind was miserable, there must be some cure. If governments were bad, and kings and courts evil, they must be replaced by the people whom they ruled and oppressed. If the Church was a fraud, and religion a superstition, salvation must be found in the worship of humanity.

In France, bankrupt, oppressed, misgoverned, and yet the intellectual centre of Europe, this great movement came to full life. It was there that the old dykes had been broken and the rushing tide of new thought had poured in. There Voltaire had swept men from their old moorings, and there Rousseau and many others were dreaming dreams and seeing visions of the regeneration of mankind. Suddenly, into this society fermenting with new ideas and preparing, all unconsciously, for armed revolution, came the news of the American revolt. Here, then, it seemed were men 3,000 miles away who were actually trying, in a practical, tangible manner, to do that very thing about which the intellect and the imagination of France were reasoning and dreaming. Thus the American appeal thrilled through this great and brilliant French society which seemed on the surface so remote from the fishers and choppers and ploughmen, who, far away on the verge of the wilderness, were trying to constitute a state. The ministers and statesmen, dealing with facts, instructed as to precedents, and blind to the underlying forces, saw in the revolt of the American Colonies an opportunity to cripple England and thus reduce their enemy and rival. They saw correctly so far as they saw at all.

France sustained the colonies, and the British Empire was broken. But they did not see what lay beyond; they did not understand that they were paving the way for the overthrow of other monarchies than that which ruled North America; nor was it in the deeper sense due to them that France became the ally of the United States.

They were borne along by a mightier force than anything they had ever known, and of which they had no real conception. The King, with a mental capacity sufficient only for a good locksmith, had a dumb animal instinct of race which made him dislike the whole American policy. He received Franklin coldly, almost gruffly, and yielded reluctantly to his Ministers. Yet he, too, was driven along by a force which was as irresistible as it was unseen. Nevertheless, Louis's royal instinct was entirely right so far as he was concerned, and much truer than the judgment of his keen and well-instructed Ministers. Kings had no business to be backing up revolted colonists, for the cause of America was the cause of the people against all kings. It was for this very reason that it appealed not only to the intellect of France, which had thrown down the old beliefs and was seeking a new creed, but to the French people, who were beginning to stir blindly and ominously with a sense of their wrongs and their power. This was why the American cry for aid aroused the enthusiasm and the sympathy of France. The democratic movement, still hidden in the shadows and the depths, but none the less beginning to move and live in France, recognized, instinctively, the meaning of the same movement which had started into full life in America with arms in its hand. This was the deep, underlying cause of the French alliance when the surrender of Burgoyne said, not merely to Ministers intent on policy, but to a nation with visions in its brain, here is an armed people, not only fighting for the rights of man, but fighting victoriously, and bringing to wreck and extinction a King's army which had been sent against them.

THE NEW REPORTER

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ONE day a cub reporter was sent to cover a meeting of an East Side literary club, which was to debate about arbitration and its effect upon international peace, but he came back to the office within an hour looking disappointed.

"Where's your story?" asked the city editor.

"There wasn't any story to write," replied the new reporter, picking up a newspaper; "they couldn't agree upon the wording of the subject, and they got to arguing and calling names, and finally the meeting broke up in a free fight; so I came back, sir."

The city editor came down from his desk and gazed pitifully upon the cub. "They were to have debated on peace," he said, sorrowfully, "and the meeting broke up in a fight. And there was nothing to write! You may go." That is a story they tell along the Row, and it is an old one. It is of another reporter I am to tell.

This, too, is old, but it has not been told before, possibly because it is not a story. But I believe the reason is that those who know it best do not care to tell about it.

My cub reporter was pacing up and down before a comfortable-looking house on the avenue, trying to make his legs take him up the steps, and they would not do it.

He had been told to find out what a well-known New York family had to say about its son's ejection from a music-hall the night before for tossing hats and slippers at a variety actress on the stage from a box where he sat, with his arm around another actress. The new reporter had been walking up and down before the house for ten minutes.

At last, looking in both directions to make sure no one he knew was near, he took a long breath, dashed up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Colonel Richardson at home?"

"No, sir," said the servant.

"Is—is Mrs. Richardson at home?"

"They are both out, sir."

"Thank God!" whispered the reporter, and ran down the steps again, two at a time. That was poor journalism.

But he was a cub reporter, and he had a great deal to learn about the meaning of the word News.

The night before he had had another lesson, a different sort of lesson.

They had sent him over on the East Side to find out about the drowning of a ten-year-old boy. It was reported on the police station returns as possibly a suicide.

The night was hot and sticky ("as humid as a wet sponge," wrote the man with the weather story), and the East Side was full of midsummernight noises and awful smells. Thin children, with shrill voices, were playing in the streets. Some of these showed him the way up the dark stairs to the flat where the drowned child had lived.

"He's a doctor," said one of them.

"Ah, come on down-stairs," called up another.

The door was open and the neighbors were gathering in. Linton, feeling like an intruder, went in, too. But they did not consider his presence displeasing at all. They seemed to feel it an honor. The father arose and gave the reporter a chair, and the mother began telling about it all over again and cried some more. The neighbors fanned themselves and nodded assent to all the mother said about the dead child's virtues. Occasionally they stared at Linton. The old man smoked hard and wiped perspiration on his sleeve.

It was not a suicide (he verified this from the police later), but it was very sad, and the new reporter was sorry about it. They seemed grateful for his sympathy, and asked if he wouldn't like to see the body. Linton said, "Oh, no; thank you." But they wanted to show him some atten-

tion and insisted upon taking him into the room where the small, thin body lay all alone, with the hair still wet and the mouth half open, showing two big childish teeth. The other children's yelling voices came in through the window from the street below.

The new reporter had seen but two dead persons before in all his life; and he went back through the noisy, hot, foul-smelling streets, thinking of the mystery of death and the sadness of desolation. Then entering the office, which seemed so thoughtlessly full of life and the interests of the living, he reported at the desk of the night city editor.

Stone, the night city editor, was reading copy, but twitched his ugly pipe, which meant, "Well, what did you get?" for this man did not believe in talking when he could help it.

The new reporter began to tell all about it. He thought it ought to make a pretty good little East Side pathetic story—the genuine unrestrained grief of the lowly; the mother crying; the father smoking and not saying much; the kind, gossipy neighbors, etc.

Without looking up, Mr. Stone asked, "Suicide or not?" and kept on running his pencil through copy.

"No," the new reporter replied, "he just fell in off the stringpiece of the dock at the foot of Rutgers Street. But it was pretty sad, I thought. They told me what a fine kid he had been, and how high he stood in his class and all that, and they took me in and showed me the body, with the medal he had won at school still around his neck, and the ribbon all wet and faded. He was to have spoken a piece, they said, next Friday at the school exercises. He had been rehearsing only an hour before. While they told me, the other kids, the ones he used to play with, were calling to each other outside in the street below, and——"

The night city editor looked annoyed. "Never mind," he said, and turned over another sheet of copy.

Linton hesitated. "Well, sha'n't I write anything?" he asked.

Mr. Stone finished with the paragraph he was editing, then looked up. "Hell, no," he said; "hundreds of 'em fall in every summer." But a suicide at ten

would have been good news, worth, perhaps, a column; for that is unusual. You see the distinction; so did the cub reporter now.

This young man had thought that, with a college and university training and some experience at amateur scribbling, he ought to be able to write good enough reports of things for a newspaper. Any one could do that, he thought.

It was a perfectly natural mistake; others have made it. No one with or without two academic degrees and no experience could write reports of things good enough for a newspaper to publish. Not even William Shakespeare would know what to get or how to put it without some training at reporting. To be sure he might get better things and put them in immortal English, but his copy would not "get by the desk." For this thing reporting is a business involving considerable specialized knowledge, to be learned by experiments and mistakes, like every other job, and there's considerable toil and toil and drudgery at the bottom, just as there is at the bottom of any other business or pursuit. So young Linton was bossed around and jumped upon and made to feel very small and stupid and in the way, just as he would have been in a law office, or a mercantile house, or at the bottom of any other place. But he wanted to be bossed and banged around. That was one of the reasons he had gone into this work.

It was so much better than dreamily drinking beer in Germany and telling himself that he was a sociologist. It had been a pleasant, contemplative existence for awhile, and he had heard some interesting theories, but he had been doing the student thing too long; and so when he came back to his own country for a vacation he did not keep up the feeling of kindly patronage toward the United States he had felt coming up the bay. The good American yearning to go and do for himself had come upon him. He decided that he was sick of the ease and inexactness of the scholar—sick, too, of having some one else pay his bills, sick of leisurely reading theories about man as a unit. He wanted to see something of men as warm human beings, with their passions and pursuits, their motives and their ways of looking at

things. He could not have chosen a better field for it.

"Here, Mr. Linton," the city editor would say, "this man died this afternoon. See if it's true he drank himself to death. Run up and have a talk with the family."

"Yes, sir," Linton would reply, and then shudder at the thought of how nasty the crinkly crape was going to feel when he yanked it out of the way in order to jangle the doorbell and ask questions of red-eyed women.

He wondered if this sort of thing ever bothered the other reporters. Many of them seemed to be very much the same sort of people as himself and his friends. But they seemed quite cheerful and businesslike in going out on assignments and in hurrying back to write. "I suppose you get used to it in time," he said to one of these.

"Oh, they like to have the papers print the list of clubs he belonged to," was the reply.

Down along the East River water front the big, brave ships from far away foreign ports rest, with their bowsprits slouching out half way across South Street. Quaint figureheads are on their bows, and on their sterns names still more quaint and full of soft vowels which mean something in some part of the seven seas; brigs from the West Indies and barks from South Africa; Nova Scotia schooners and full-rigged clipper ships from Calcutta and from San Francisco by way of the Horn.

Here the young reporter liked to prowling about when out on a weather story, looking at the different foreign flags and at the odd foreign cargoes unloading in strangely wrought shipping boxes which smelled of spices, and wondering about the voyage over and about the private history of the barefooted, underfed sailors who made it. The stevedores' derricks puffed and creaked, and far overhead the cars on the bridge rumbled on, but the big ships seemed calm and patient, and full of mystery, as if they knew too many wondrous things to be impressed by anything in America. But all this had nothing to do with the weather story, or how the fog was affecting the shipping, or how much behind their schedule the ferry-boats were running, or whether (by good fortune) there had

been any collisions in the river. That was what he was down there for.

Then, too, he used to have some good times when his assignment took him over into what used to be Greenwich; along old, crooked, narrow, village-like streets running all sorts of directions and crossing each other where they had no right to; where the shops and people and the whole atmosphere still seemed removed and village-like. He had a lot of fun looking out for old houses with lovable doorways and fanlights and knockers, and sometimes good white Greek columns. And then, up along East Broadway, which was once even more magnificent and is now decidedly shabbier, with dirty cloak-makers in the spacious drawing-rooms and signs in Hebrew characters in the windows. He used to gaze at them as he walked by and dream about the old days of early century hospitality there; the queer clothes the women wore and the strong punch the men drank, and the stilted conversation in which they both indulged, instead of planning how to work up his story, and then with a shock would discover that he had passed the house where he was to push in and ask a woman if it was true that her husband had run away with another man's wife; and the worst of it was that they generally talked about it.

Not that all his assignments were disagreeable. There was the bright, windy day he was sent down to the proving-grounds on Sandy Hook to write about the new disappearing gun-carriage (which covered him and the rest of the party with yellow-powder dust), and he lunched with the Secretary of the Navy, who was very jolly and gave him a half-column interview. There was Izi Zim, the pipe-maker, up on Third Avenue, and the Frenchman on Twenty-third Street, who taught skirt-dancing; and there was his good friend, Garri-Boulu, the old Hindoo sailor, who had landed on one of the big Calcutta ships suffering with beriberi, and was now slowly dying in the Presbyterian Hospital because he wouldn't lose caste by eating meat, and was so polite that he cried for fear he was giving the young doctors too much trouble. It took him into odd places, this news-gathering, and made him meet queer people, and it was a fas-

cinating life for all its disagreeableness, and it was never monotonous, for it was never alike two days in succession. It was full of contrasts—almost dramatic contrasts, sometimes. One afternoon he was sent to cover a convention of spiritualists who wore their hair long; that evening, a meeting of the Association of Liquor Dealers, who had huge black mustaches, and the next day he was one of a squad of men under an old experienced reporter up across the Harlem River at work on a murder "mystery," smoking cigars with Central Office detectives and listening to the afternoon-paper men, who, in lieu of real news, made up theories for one edition which they promptly tore down in the next. That evening found him within the sombre walls of the New York Foundling Hospital, up on Lexington Avenue, asking questions of soft-voiced sisters and talking with young doctors about an epidemic of measles which was killing off the babies.

He liked all this. He thought it was because he was a sociologist; but it was because he was a kid. It gave him a thrill to go down into a cellar after murder-claws with a detective, just as it would any other full-blooded boy. He was becoming good friends with some of these sleuths—most of whom, by the way, were not at all sleuth-like in appearance, and went about their day's work in very much the same matter-of-fact way as the rest of us.

Indeed, if he could only shed some of his sensibilities when assignments involved talking to people about things they did not want to talk about, he thought he could be very happy in this wild, free, unconventional life, working when the rest of the town were asleep and eating wherever his work happened to bring him. But, ashamed of it as he was, his pulse beat faster every time he was called up to the desk. "Now what are they going to make me do?" he would ask himself. Of course, he never told anybody, but even when it was only to run down to Wall Street and try to find out from some big gun if that rumor about the Union Pacific was true, he dreaded the task. He knew he would be kept waiting in a long line of people, and he knew he would get angry at impudent clerks who, he imagined,

would look down upon the reporter, and when his turn came he would hate to walk into the private office and bother a busy man about something which seemed so eminently none of his or his paper's business, that he wondered why this thought never happened to occur to the city editor. The busy man would look up scowling, and growl "I've nothing to say," which hurt, and then it would be the reporter's business to try to make him say something, and, if unsuccessful, he would be scowled at again when he returned to the office, and that hurt still more.

When, however, he did succeed in running down all the facts, there was a satisfaction in hurrying back to the office with them and marching up to the desk and telling them in a few quick sentences, and hearing the editor say, "That's good—write it."

Sometimes it turned out to be a good story and they let him make several sticks of it; then the fine glow of creation that followed the quick writing seemed worth all kinds of trouble, and he ran light-hearted out to dinner at some queer, newspaper-man's joint, mingling with the eager, hurrying throng on the way, and then with the clanging of cable-cars in his ears and the shrill newsboys' cries and all the concentrated roar of the metropolis, he felt that he, too, was part of it and that this was living, for he was a legitimate factor in the great economic machine; no longer an incumbrance but a wage-earner in the huge, struggling, pushing, shrieking thing they call the world, which is sordid and selfish but very interesting, and where he was jostled up against ever so many other workers, and would have been thrown down and trodden under foot if not able to cope with them. But he *could* cope with them and keep his head above, and was earning fifteen dollars a week, and lived in a hall-bedroom, top floor, back, with cats outside when he wanted to go to sleep at night, and a young actor in the next room who practised his lines in a would-be English accent, when Linton did not want to wake up in the morning.

And as for the uncle who had offered him a place in his office, not far from Park Row, and who took it for granted that a chance for his own kind of success ought to be respectfully worshipped by Linton

or any other young man ; and as for his aunt, who had said, "Oh, but to be a reporter is so beneath you," all that had only made him more anxious to try it ; and now that their only dinner invitations were the "We'll be glad to have you come any time" sort, he was all the more determined to stick to reporting. He had no respect at all, he wished them to know, for the opinion of those who thought less of him for doing the work he had chosen to do, and he enjoyed the situation. He found himself pitying their nice little New York sons, with the well-beaten, perfectly proper path of life they would have to follow after college, with its office at nine o'clock, home at six, dress for dinner ; then nice little New York girls to see in the evening, and always the same thing over and over and over, and in exactly the same way as ever so many other nice little New Yorkers ; unless, indeed, they had blood enough in them to sicken of it, in which case they would probably get bad for awhile, and make their mother cry at night and their father wonder at what was not at all wonderful. Then, later on, after they had been put up for certain clubs by papa and seconded by Uncle John, they would marry nice little New York girls who pronounce certain words like nobody else in the world — nice, well-dressed, little American products — approved by mamma (only Linton doubted that), and, by and by, get a house as near as possible to the houses of other wealthier New Yorkers, and a box at the opera perhaps, and be prominent in church-work, possibly, and finally die respectable, and the club flag would be put at half-mast, and some reporter would have a half-column "obit" to write. "Uhh," thought Linton, "I could never stand such a life." There came a time when he did not feel quite the same way about it. But that was long afterward.

They had given him the Tombs Police Court now as a regular department.

Usually they gave him a night assignment or two as well. So he spent his days in jail from nine until four, and his evenings in whatever part of Manhattan or Staten or Long Islands or of the wilds of the Jersey suburbs the editor saw fit. As a rule, his night assignments did not amount

to much in type. They were to give the cub reporter exercise and experience in approaching people and seeking news. Sometimes a five-line story, which most of you did not even see, would cost five hours' work and as many dollars in railroad and carriage fares, not to speak of sensibilities and fatigue in mind and body. More often the young reporter looked through and through the paper, letting his coffee get cold, to find nothing printed at all.

The Tombs was horrible, but at first it was also interesting, because it satisfied the natural morbid curiosity that goes with a number of better tastes in every human being. But very soon this was more than satisfied, it was glutted, and he found he could not digest it all, and the Tombs became horrible without being at all interesting—so horrible indeed that sometimes after he got into bed, if he had worked too hard or smoked too many cigars some of the faces and facts he had met during the day would not stay out of the way long enough for him to get to sleep, and he had to sleep because he was obliged to begin work again at nine o'clock in the morning.

He had studied sociology and he had travelled a little, and so he had supposed he knew about how bad human nature could get ; but it is one thing to read in big books, by a comfortable study-table, with a pipe in your mouth, about degeneracy and crime and the per cent. of criminals, and quite another to be daily brought face to face with the scum of humanity and be obliged to mingle with it and ask questions ; worst of all, to realize that these are fellow human beings, and that there is very little to be done about it.

One day a big, burly policeman was shoving an aged, bellowing female into the pen. She had been sentenced to ten days on the Island. Linton got red in the face and ran behind the railing. "Let up on that, officer," he exclaimed. "It isn't necessary to handle them so roughly."

The policeman grinned. "Young fellow, you go and sit down. I know my business ; you go tend to yours. This old lady's drunk. Let's see you handle her."

Linton could only say, "Oh, shut up," boyishly, but he stepped up to the Jus-

tice, who was idle just then, to see what could be done about it. The Justice seemed a pretty decent fellow, but he only shook his head and smiled at the young reporter. "She only cries because she's a woman," he said. "She knows the Island's the best place for her. She'd freeze on the streets this weather."

So, after awhile he found himself becoming accustomed to it. He was powerless to prevent what he saw, so why let it get on his nerves? It was his business to watch all this, so, like a doctor, he was learning to observe suffering and disease in a purely business way, and was now able to drum listlessly on the reporters' table with his feet cocked up, while screaming children were being led away to the Gerry Society. He told himself he did not care.

Away up-town, far from the noise of Newspaper Row, far up, nearly to the end of the green park, where the streets are clean and asphalted, and so quiet that the horses' feet make a pleasant patter, where there is bright blue sky and sunshine and open, clear spaciousness, with clean-capped nurse-maids wheeling baby-carriages along by the park-wall, where the sparrows twitter—away up there lived a girl that Linton liked to talk to when he was thinking of giving up human nature.

She didn't know much about human nature, but she had a gentle voice and believed in everybody, and some day she was to be a lovely woman. Linton could tell that, and it helped a good deal to know that there were people like this in New York. It helped him to keep his respect for things respectable; it helped him to believe in a good God and fairly good people, and nice, clean sunniness somewhere.

She did not know she was to be a lovely woman or that she helped anybody. She had an idea that she was a pretty bad lot, and warned him once that he really oughtn't to believe in her, because she was very insincere, though she did not propose to be morbid about it. At that he laughed a little, which hurt her feelings; and then he was so sorry, and told her so.

She had known him at college and had a high opinion of his abilities. She thought him very plucky and independent to go into newspaper-work against everybody's

advice, and she would have liked it if he talked more about himself, which most of the men she knew did too much.

Linton knew that most young men talked about themselves too much. But it wasn't altogether from a dread of self-ridicule that he kept out the topic of himself and his work. It was good to see what life looked like to this girl. It was so different from the point of view his work gave him. She went to dances and did the usual girl-things; probably she shopped, too, and doubtless glanced in that quick way at other girls to see how they were dressed, and she said "perfectly lovely" sometimes, but he did not object to that in her. It all seemed so sunny and right and normal, and it was grateful and soothing to hear her tell how hard she worked at her painting; which he took as seriously as she wanted him to. Only she wished he wouldn't make her forget and talk so much about herself; she thought it must bore him a good deal. It did not bore him. And after he left she sometimes wondered what he must think of her. He thought well of her.

But it was such a contrast, listening to this gentle-voiced girl, who believed in him, to mingling and talking with the sorts and conditions of humanity he met in his work, who hated him, that it somehow seemed wrong to have been in her presence and to touch her hand when he said good-by. Then the L road plunged him into the dark vortex of the metropolis once more, and soon he was out upon the busy, crowded streets again, after more of the stuff called news, for New Yorkers to devour with their breakfast. . . . Or else this was wrong.

He had been at it long enough now, he thought, to be adjusted. He told himself that news was a commodity and that there was just as much dignity in the getting, handling, selling of it as of woollens or professional opinion or any other article of merchandise.

At least it was so on a paper like *The Day*, which was neither prurient nor prudish, but clean and clever, with a staff of reporters made up of alert, self-respecting young Americans, for the most part of good education and some breeding, who did not find it necessary to lie or get themselves

or others drunk in order to obtain news, which they wrote in very good English.

To be sure there were unpleasant features in worming out news, but so also were there in running about in Wall Street for a bank and being patronized by arrogant cashiers, or getting up at four o'clock in the morning and riding on the back of an ambulance, or serving papers for a small law-firm, as he knew from his class-mates. And there was variety in his disagreeable-ness and some artistic satisfaction.

In business relations, he argued, one should not expect the same courtesy to prevail as in social intercourse. Business was a struggle, it involved straining and matching one's talents against someone else's; and that was where the fun came in. A foot-ball player did not lose respect, or self-respect, by not stopping to beg pardon every time he bumped into an opponent; he was playing foot-ball. They were like great games, these various pursuits in active life, and he was in one of them, perhaps the most active of the lot. He was sorry for all who were in none. He had had his taste of watching and criticising from the grand stand; and he did not want any more of that.

The city editor said: "Linton, did you see this divorce story in the afternoon papers? Go look up that lawyer, Tarry, and get all you can out of him."

The clipping was a despatch from Georgia, stating, in a paragraph, that a certain young woman there had filed suit for divorce. Her husband was a well-known New Yorker, and so it was news for New York papers, and worth more than the bare facts given in the Georgia end of it.

It wasn't very pleasant, this kind of an assignment; he would prefer another, but he did not allow himself to expend emotion over it, as he would have formerly. He told himself that he could do anything now.

It was the press's function, he argued, to hold up the punishment of publicity before those who were regardless of the marriage tie. The family is the unit of the state—he had not forgotten his sociology—and without the family the whole social fabric would go to smash. He should do his part toward holding together the social fabric.

A young law-student clerk looked up

when Linton asked for Mr. Tarry, and demanded, "What name shall I say?"

"Tell Mr. Tarry," said Linton, "that a reporter is here from *The Day*, and ask if he cares to see me."

The young law-student said: "What do you want to see him about?"

"My business is with your employer," said Linton, who was learning to deal with all sorts of people.

The lawyer sent out word to come in, and then, without looking up, kept the reporter standing before him for a minute, which was intended to be impressive, until, still scratching with his pen, he emitted a disagreeable "Well, sir?"

The reporter bowed low in mock deference. "*The Day*," he said, "wants to know if you have anything to add to that."

The lawyer read it through and then scowled at the reporter, who looked blandly back at him.

He was one of those self-important little lawyers with a feeble constitution and a high voice. The reporter did not quail before his glance, as did his office-clerks.

"Now," he said, in a crackly voice, "you took it for granted that you could come in here and make me talk about this strictly private and very delicate affair, didn't you? You want to write a sensational article with big head-lines, don't you?"

Linton, who was bigger and healthier, looked down at the little man and smiled. "Oh, no," he said, calmly, "you're mistaken. I didn't take anything for granted. If you didn't want to see me, all you had to do was to say so. It would not have made the slightest difference to me, I assure you. I am not in the least interested in this thing; in fact, it is rather offensive to me. But, you see, *The Day* wants to know, for this happens to be news, and news which some people would profit by reading." The lawyer smiled; the reporter did not. He went on, wondering why the former did not terminate the interview. "So I sent in word that there was a reporter here and asked if you cared to talk to me; not that I wanted to talk to you, because I don't. Now, if you want to put *The Day* straight about this thing, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say, and your client will be represented fairly. But

please to bear in mind that you aren't doing me a favor in talking to me, and that I don't care very much either way."

Then the little lawyer surprised Linton. He jumped down from his dignity and talked. He talked amiably enough; he said nothing he ought not to have said, but Linton got five sticks out of it (a half column) and told himself he was upholding the social fabric.

After he had written and filed his story, he told Billy Woods, *The Day's* star man, about it. Woods despised cub reporters theoretically, but he was always kind to those who came to him for advice.

"There's a great deal in throwing out a good bluff, isn't there?" said Linton.

"Yes," said Woods, "only that was not the reason you bagged that fellow."

"How do you mean?"

"The reason he didn't turn you down was that he wanted the advertising that would come from having his name in the paper as the lawyer to a prominent family," said Billy Woods, who knew his job.

The younger man laughed. He laughed rather louder than was necessary; this was because he had a bad taste in his mouth.

It is not very pleasant to be interviewing people about divorces, especially when you know perfectly well that the newspaper's motive is not so much to uphold the unit of government as to supply reading-matter that will sell. "Oh, well, all this is good experience," he said to himself. You see he was a sociologist, and he was in this thing to get experience of men and motives, and he was getting it.

He was getting more than he had bargained for. Sometimes it was hard to realize that it was himself going about doing these things, son of so-and-so and grandson of so-and-so. Whether it was snobbish or not, it did seem very odd that he was the one, and sometimes he had a longing to break away from it all and never look at a newspaper again. "But it is not I doing all this," he told himself; "it's a newspaper reporter. I'm playing the part of a newspaper reporter for the experience. It's a very instructive experience."

He had an earnest sociological friend, who, to learn some truth at first-hand, had worked his way across the country as a

day-laborer, doing everything that came in his way, from cleaning cuspidors to binding wheat. For a similar motive, Linton told himself, he too was digging out and gathering together more or less interesting truths about men and their wives, from lawyers and others who wanted advertising; which was edifying.

All the same he kept away from the neighborhood of the park the next day, which was his day off, and for several more days. He told himself that it was because it was so hard to come down again. But when he did go once more he began to talk about himself and his work.

She seemed pleased at the opportunity to return a little sympathy.

"Yes," she said, missing the point entirely, "it must be awfully hard work."

"It isn't the hours and all that, I'm talking about," said Linton; "but don't you think it's sort of hard on one's self-respect, some of the things reporters have to do?"

Then he laughed, though there wasn't anything to laugh at, and wanted to change the subject.

"You don't care what people think of you—so long as you believe in yourself. That's what's so fine about it," she said. "Is that what you mean?"

It wasn't what he meant, exactly.

"Thank you," he said. "Look at those people on the four-in-hand. Why do they toot their horn here in the city? We'd all look at them anyway."

But the girl who had a nice look in her eyes was sorry for him and would have liked him to know that *she* would always believe in him, no matter what happened, if that would help any.

He did know she believed in him; not because he was he, but because she was she. He wasn't sure that she ought to. That was what he meant to tell her. Besides it did *not* help him—in his work.

But he had the disquieting sense of being ridiculous, and the only thing to do at such times was to change the subject.

"I will be talking earnestly about My Soul next, if I don't look out," he laughed to himself on the way down-town, "and Conscientious-ness and Self-abnegation, like a blamed self-conscious New Englander."

Then he ran up the stairs to the office.

"Oh, well, I got the half-column, anyway," he said to himself.

Linton had been with the paper for a year now, and he had seen all sorts of things, and had rubbed up against all sorts of interests, and talked to all sorts of human beings. He had worked at all hours of the day and night, in all kinds of weather, in all parts of the city and adjacent country. He had worked on Christmas and the Fourth of July. It was, perhaps, the hardest work known to civilized man, and he had not once broken down in health; which is very good for a new reporter. On *The Day* they used to reckon on cubs breaking down at some stage of the first year or so; then, if they don't die, they are supposed to have their second wind after that, and to keep in fairly good health if they leave whiskey alone.

Linton felt himself to be a part of the office. He had a writing-table of his own, with as many cockroaches in the drawers as any of the tables, and a letter-box down by the door, which he turned and looked at automatically when he entered the room.

He took off his coat on the way down the aisle to his table, just like the rest of the staff, and he could tell at a glance that Rice had written the political interview in the first column, and Billy Woods the humorous women's convention story, and that Stone had built the spread-head on it.

Also, some of the younger crowd could tell which was Linton's stuff, and what kind of a story he was best at. Other cub reporters had been taken on since Linton, a great many others, and most of them had been dropped after the first month, as was usual in *The Day* office, which required only the best men. But most of those that remained were rapidly surpassing Linton in usefulness. Linton was not a very good reporter. He was learning to write, and he knew something about handling news, but sometimes he was not so good at getting it as he ought to have been by this time. This was put down to laziness.

It was late in the afternoon. White, the city editor, would soon be going home, and Stone, the night city editor, would take the desk. Down the room sat Linton with his feet cocked up on his table.

"Mr. Linton," called the city editor.

The reporter took down his feet, picked up some copy-paper, and stepped up to the desk, where the city editor held out a clipping from an afternoon paper. "This isn't for this evening," he said, smiling suavely. "The story is coming up in court to-morrow morning. Will you get up early and cover it?" Early meant 10 A.M.

"But to-morrow is my day off," said Linton.

"Well, do just as you like. There's a good story in it, if you care to do a little extra work. I think you could write this story—about a prominent society woman who's having some trouble with her boot-maker. Claims he didn't send round the shoes she ordered, so she won't take them. He sent her the bill several times, but she's got her back up now and won't pay. It's the same old thing, you know, but there may be some new and picturesque points in it."

The reporter was listening more attentively now. The city editor went on talking. White liked to talk as much as Stone did not. "The shoemaker says he isn't going to let anybody run over him, and all that sort of thing. She says the shoes are ready-made."

"That's good," said Linton, smiling. He had begun to feel the story. He saw the determined little shoemaker coming into court looking vindictive. Probably he would bring the shoes with him. Perhaps both sides would bring shoes, old and new, to put in evidence. He could have fun with the shoes. Then the clamoring lawyers; they would make a lot of noise, and be unconscious of the humor of their earnestness over shoes. The society person would try to keep her dignity and look haughty. Then she would get excited and lose it, if she had to testify. These society people, so called, were always amusing, and *The Day* was about the only paper that did not take them quite as seriously as they did themselves; and Linton decided, as the city editor went on, that this was a chance he had often wanted. He knew he could do it well and yet not hurt the paper.

The city editor noted the look on Linton's face, and, being a city editor, approved of it. "There's good humorous stuff in it," he said, handing Linton the

clipping, "dialogue and all that, just your line. Do you care to cover it?"

Linton had taken the clipping, and the first words he saw made him feel as if he had been caught doing something he was ashamed of. "Mrs. H. Harrison Wells's shoes" was the head. Everyone knew who Mrs. H. Harrison Wells was, but she happened to be one of the few people in all New York Linton knew personally. That was bad enough in itself, but that was not the worst. She was a first cousin to the girl up-town who stood for everything that newspaper work was not. For a moment he recoiled. He did not like to think of coming, in his newspaper capacity, in contact with anybody or anything even remotely connected with her. Could he deliberately go to work and make a rela-

tive of hers the subject of "an article in the newspaper" for people to talk about?

"What's the matter," asked White; "don't you want it?"

Linton hesitated.

"Oh, here," interposed the city editor, impatiently; "if you've made some other plan for your day off, say so, and I'll give it to someone else."

"I did make another plan," said Linton, "but I think I'll do this instead." Then, blushing a little at the thought of the other plan, the new reporter added, "This is too good a story to miss," quite like an old reporter, and hurried out of the room.

Perhaps he would not have appreciated this assignment six months ago. But, you see, he had acquired the News Instinct now.

TWO SONNETS

By Francis Charles McDonald

PAGANISM

THE tide is turning from the sea, and brings
 Sea-freshened breezes in its wake. The cry
 Of weary boatmen flags, as night draws nigh,
 And each, forgetful of his traffic, sings
 A low, monotonous chant of happier things.
 From neighboring rice-fields, black against the sky,
 The crows are flocking templewards, and fly
 To shelter with the gods on reverent wings.
 In starry heaven, high above the trees,
 Behold the cross! Oh, heart of mine, be sad!
 I dream to-night of my lost motherland;
 To-night I worship her strange deities
 Of wood, and stone, and mortar, and am glad
 They see not, hear not, nor can understand.

REMINISCENCE

THE grass is deep as ever on the hill;
 There lies the Kiskiminetas agleam
 With sunset light; and here the darkening stream
 Of Loyalhanna wanders at his will
 Past the old haunted house that school-boys still
 People with creatures of their wildest dream.
 Hark! hear Bob White! and now the owl's shrill scream!
 The far cry of the fatal whip-poor-will!
 Glad some like this, I mind me, was the day
 I lay and read some lyric, till, the night
 Falling, I hurried home, not quite aware
 Whether the poet's song was snatched away
 And piped among the birds in wild delight,
 Or lost in shadowy stretches of the air.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

III—IN THE ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED (CONCLUDED)

NO — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.,
December 22, 1891.

THAT night when Clark and I reached the head of the staircase which descends to the basement of the station-house we found the way blocked by men. We thought at first that a prisoner was being booked, but a second glance revealed the fact that the door of iron grating was wide open. With his back against it stood an officer. The lodgers were passing him in slow order, and, as they filed by, the policeman held each in sharp examination for a moment. Soon I could see him clearly. He stood, obstructing the exit from the stairs, a straight, massive figure well on to two hundred and fifty pounds. A side-view was toward us, and I took delight in the clean-shaven face with the well-chiselled Grecian profile, the eye deep-set and widening to the upward lift of the lashes, and the dark, abundant hair rising in short, crisp curls from under the pressure of his cap-rim.

He was putting the men through a catechism respecting their nationalities, their homes and occupations, and their motives in coming to Chicago. Beside him stood two men, the elder a man past middle life, of sober, dignified appearance, and with an air of philosophical interest in what he saw. The younger was a callow youth, just grown to manhood, and he may have been the other's son. They were out "slumming," evidently, and the officer had been detailed as their guide. Their purpose may have been a good one, but the boy's face, as I watched it, seemed to me to show plainly the marks of an unwholesome curiosity. And certainly as they stood there in well-dressed, well-fed comfort, eying at leisure, as though it were exhibited for

their diversion, this company of homeless, ragged, needful men, there was to my mind a deliberate insult in the attitude sharper than the sting of a blow in the face. I thought at first that I might be alone in feeling this, until I heard a man behind me say, as the cause of the delay became clear to him:

"Who is them jays, and what business have they inspectin' us?"

On the step in front of me was as good a vagrant type as the slowly moving line on the staircase disclosed. I could not see his face, but I could guess at its effect from the dark, bristling, unkempt beard that sprouted in tangled, wiry masses from his cheeks and throat, and the heavy, cohering hair that lay long and thick about his ears and on his neck. There was an unnatural corpulence about the figure, the reality of which was belied by the lean, sharp lines that appeared beneath a bulging collar and in the emaciated arms that were red, and raw, and almost bare below the elbows, where the ragged sleeves hung in fraying ribbons.

The obesity was purely artificial. The tramp had on three flannel shirts, at least, besides several heavy waistcoats and two pairs of trousers and as many coats, with a possibility of there being three. The outer garments were quaint mosaics of patches, positively ingenious in their interlacing adherence to one another and in their rude preservation of original outlines of dress. From him came the pungent reek of bad whiskey and stale tobacco.

It was as though the man stood clothed in outward and visible signs of unseen realities, enveloped in the rigid habit of his own wrong-doing, draped in the mystery of inherited tendencies, and cloaked in the stern facts of a hard environment. And yet, as beneath the filthy outer covering

there was a human being, so under these veiling, unseen vestures was a man, a living soul created by the Almighty.

I could hear him muttering gruffly to himself as he slowly descended to his turn at the foot of the steps.

"Well, Weary, where are you from? A hobo from Hoboville, I guess," and the officer's voice rang strong and clear up the staircase to the dim landing, where stood the waiting line of men.

The two slummers laughed aloud.

"From Maine," said the tramp. The voice came hoarse and thin and broken-winded from a throat eaten out by disease.

"Well, you're a rare one, if you're a Yankee. But what brought you to Chicago?"

"Lookin' for work at the World's Fair."

"You lie, you lazy loafer. The last thing you're looking for is work. You all tell that World's Fair lie. There's been as many of you in Chicago every winter for the last ten years as there is this winter."

The man was stung.

"I've as good a right here as you," he said.

"You have, have you!" cried the officer in quick rejoinder, but with no loss of temper. "Look at me, you filthy hobo," he added, drawing himself to his full, imposing height. "I'm a police officer. I've held my job for eleven years, and got my promotions. I'm earning eighty dollars a month, do you see? Now go down there where you belong," and he pointed imperiously to the far end of the corridor.

My turn came next.

"Here's another whiskers," announced the officer in explanation to his charges; "same kind, only younger and newer to the business." And then to me, "Where are you from?" he said.

I replied with some inanity in mock German. "Oh, he's a Dutchman. We get a few of them. But they're mostly older men, and kind of moody, and they tramp alone a good bit. Can't you talk English?"

I said something in very bad French.

"Oh, I guess he's a Frenchy. That's very uncommon——"

I interrupted his information with a line from Virgil, spoken with an inflection of inquiry.

"He may be a Dago, or a—ah——" he hesitated.

I broke in with a sentence in Greek.

"Or a Russian," concluded the officer.

I thought that I could mystify him finally, and so I pronounced a verse from Genesis in Hebrew. But he was equal to the emergence.

"I've got it," he exclaimed, with a note of exultation; "he's a Sheeny!" And free to go I walked down the corridor, feeling that I had come rather badly out of that encounter.

None of us, I think, resented much the action of the officer. The policemen understand us perfectly, and in a certain broad, human sense we know them for our friends. I have been much impressed with this quality of natural *bonhomie* in the relation of the police officers to the vagrant and criminal classes. It seems to be the outcome of sturdy common sense and genuine knowledge and human sympathy. It would be difficult, I fancy, seriously to deceive an average officer of good experience. He may not know his man personally in every case, but he knows his type, and he takes his measure with admirable accuracy. He is not far misled by either his virtue or his vice. He knows him for a human being, even if he be a vagrant or a criminal, and he has come by practical experience to a fair acquaintance with human limitations in these spheres of life.

The sympathy of which I have spoken is conspicuously innocent of sentimentality. It comes from a saner source, and is of a hardier fibre. Unfortunately it lays open a way of corruption to corrupt men on the force, but it is the basis, too, of high practical efficiency in the difficult task of locating crime and keeping it within control. And it has another value little suspected, perhaps. I have met more than one workingman at work who owed his job to the friendly aid of a policeman, who had singled him out from the ranks of the unemployed as being worthy of his help. And this sort of timely succor is bounded, I judge, only by the limits of opportunity. Certainly I shall never forget the kindness of an officer who had evidently grown familiar with me on the streets, and who to my great surprise stopped me suddenly one day with the question:

"Ain't yous got a job yet?"

"No," I said, as I stood looking up in deep admiration of his height and breadth and ruddy, wholesome face and generous Irish brogue.

"Well, that is hard luck," he went on. "There isn't many jobs ever at this season of the year, but just you come around this way now and again, and I'll tell you, if I hears of anything."

That was only a day or two before I found work, and when I had a chance to tell him of my success, his pleasure seemed as genuine as my own.

Sunday morning was all that Clark and I could wish. To the pallor of the earliest dawn was added a soft, white muffling of snow. It lay almost untracked over the filthy streets and upon the pavements, and in dainty cones it capped the fence-palings, and roofed in pure white the sheds and flat-cars in the railway-station yard.

Clark and I walked rapidly across Wash Avenue, then south to Twentieth Street, and then west again across Michigan and Indiana to Prairie Avenue. Here we were in the midst of a wealthy residence quarter. Most hopefully we wandered about in anxious waiting for some signs of life. From the first house at which we could apply we were turned away with the assurance that there was a man on the place whose duties included the cleaning of the pavements, and that, therefore, our services were not needed. We had expected this to be the case in the majority of instances; it was of the possible exception that we were in search. Soon we began to fear that there were no exceptions. Our spirits had fallen low under repeated refusals, when suddenly they rose with a bound, when we finally got a pavement to clean, and twenty-five cents each in payment.

The temptation to quit at once and get something to eat was strong, for the swallow of coffee and piece of bread at the station-house had not gone far toward satisfying an appetite which was of twenty-four hours' growth. But then in another hour or two all further chance of work like this would be gone, and so we stuck at it. Our reward was almost instant.

Not only were we given a job at sweeping snow, and paid another quarter each

for it, but we were asked whether we had breakfasted, and were invited to a meal in the kitchen. I think that the cook thoroughly enjoyed feeding us, we did such ample justice to her fare. After two large bowls of steaming porridge, we began on omelettes and beefsteak and crisp potatoes and fresh bread, drinking the while great quantities of coffee, not the flat, bitter, diluted wash of the cheap restaurants, but the hot, creamy, fragrant beverage which tones one for the day.

We had little time to talk, and very selfishly I left our end of the conversation wholly to Clark. The cook drew from him some of the facts of our position, and the further fact of our having been so long without food. This made her very indignant, not at us, but at the existing order of things.

"There should be a law," she said, emphatically, "a law to give a job to every decent man that's out of work." Then, with the sweet facility of feminine remedy, "And another law," she added, "to keep all them I-talians from comin' in and takin' the bread out of the mouths of honest people. They ain't no better than heathens anyway, and they do tell me that they'll work for what a Christian dog wouldn't live on. Why, there's me own cousin as come over from County Down a month ago last Tuesday, and he ain't got a job yet, and I be obliged to support him, and all on account of them unclean I-talians."

There seemed to be no end to our good luck that morning. After our right royal breakfast we got still another belated pavement to clean, and when we had finished that our joint earnings made the sumptuous total of \$1.50, and we were not hungry.

It was a delightful walk back to the familiar lodging-house, where we paid for a night's lodging in advance, and so secured immediate access to the washing and cleaning facilities of the establishment.

When we set forth again Clark looked fairly trim. His clothes were well brushed and his boots were clean. He had been shaven, and his face glowed with healthful exercise and the effects of nourishing, sustaining food. We had been in conversation on the subject of going to church. Clark opposed it warmly; besides, he had another plan. There were certain foremen whom he was bent on seeing in the

He was putting the men through a catechism respecting their nationalities, their homes and occupations, and their motives in coming to Chicago. —Page 582

unoccupied quiet of Sunday, in relation to the matter of a possible job.

"And I don't take no stock in church, anyway," he explained. "Fellows like us ain't expected there, and we ain't wanted. If you ain't dressed in the style, you're different from everybody else that's there, and there ain't no fun in that. And if you do go, what do you hear? Sometimes a preacher talks sense, and makes things reasonable to you, but most of them talks rot, that you don't believe nor they either. I'd sooner read Tom Paine than hear all the preachers in this town. He talks to you straight, in a way you can understand."

I pleaded my knowledge of a preacher who would talk to us as "straight" as Tom Paine, but to no purpose, for there remained the question of dress. Then I urged our going to mass, where we should not be embarrassed by our singularity; but

this plea met with no favor at all, and I was obliged to go alone to church, and did not see Clark again until we met late in the evening at the lodging-house.

It was snowing fast at the end of the service-hour, giving high promise of abundant work in the morning. On the strength of it I ate a fifteen cent dinner with a twofold feeling of satisfaction. Then I began a diligent search for the place of meeting of the Socialists. Sunday afternoon, I had learned, was their time of meeting. A knowledge of the place was wanting, but only because it had not occurred to me to look for an announcement of it in the newspapers of the day before. And this was wholly indicative of my general frame of mind in the connection. My preconceptions were strong. I had vision of a bare, dimly lighted room in the far recess of an unfrequented building, a room reached by dusty stairs and long,

dark corridors, closely guarded by sentries, whose duty was to demand the countersign from those who entered and to give warning of danger in an emergency, so that the inmates might escape by secret passages to the street.

I had made frequent inquiries of the men whom I met, and it was from one of these that I learned that the time was Sunday afternoon; but none of them knew the place nor seemed to take the smallest interest in the matter. I thought that a policeman might be able to put me on the track of the meeting, if he chose, but then I feared that there were even chances that he would "run me in" as a revolutionary, upon hearing my request. I concluded that if I should be so fortunate as to find the place, it would be by some happy chance; and that if I gained admission, it would be by a happier one, due largely to my rough appearance.

I pictured this rude hall thronged with men, grizzled, bearded men, with eyes aflame and hair dishevelled, listening in high excitement to leaders whose inflammatory speeches lashed them into fury against all established order. Curiosity kindled to liveliest interest under the free play of imagination. In my eagerness I grew bolder. Repeatedly I stopped workingmen upon the street, and asked to be directed. No one knew, until I chanced upon a man who had a vague suspicion that the Socialists met in a hall over a saloon somewhere in West Lake Street.

I crossed the river and passed under the dark-steel framework of the elevated railway. The snow was falling through the still,

sooty air in heavy flakes, which clung to every exposed surface, and turned the street-slime into a dark, granular slush. It seemed to be a region of warehouses and cheap shops, but chiefly of saloons; scarcely a soul was to be seen on the pavements; and brooding over the long, deserted street was the decorous quiet of Sunday.

I quickened my pace to overtake three men in front of me. Before I caught up with them they disappeared through a door which opened on the pavement. It was that of a saloon. The shades were drawn, and the place, like all the others of its kind, had every appearance of being closed for the day. I tried the door, and, finding it unlocked, followed the men inside. They had already mingled in a group of workingmen who sat about a large stove in the far corner of the bar-room, drinking beer and talking quietly.

They did not notice me until the one of whom I inquired appealed to the others for some knowledge of the question. Then there was a moment of passing the inquiry from one to another, until a good-looking young workman spoke up.

"Why, I know," he said; "I've just come from there. It's over in Waverley Hall, corner of Lake and Clark."

"Will you help me to get into the meeting?" I asked. "I am a stranger here, and I should very much like to go."

"There ain't no trouble," he responded; "you just go up two flights of steps from the street, and walk right in."

It was even as he said. At the level of the first landing was a restaurant, with a

strikingly fine portrait of Burns near the entrance. My curiosity was at a high pitch when I reached the second landing. It was ill-lighted, and it opened first into an almost dark store-room, in whose deep recesses were great stacks of chairs. But a single step to the right brought one to the wide-open door of Waverley Hall and a company of Socialists in full session. A man sat beside the door with a small table before him, on which in neat array were some attractive paper editions for sale. My eye fell in passing upon "The Fabian Essays," and Thorold Rogers's "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," and an English version of Schäffle's "Quintessence of Socialism."

"May I go in?" I asked of the man.

"Oh, certainly," he replied. "Walk right in, and take any vacant seat you choose."

I thanked him, and walked up a central aisle with rows of seats on either side, where sat from two to three hundred men and a few women. By the time that I had found a seat half way to the dais, at the far end of the hall, where sat the chairman of the meeting, I was already deeply in-

terested in the speech of a man who stood facing the company from the side, with his back against the wall. Slender and of medium height, with sandy hair slightly touched with gray, with an expression of ready alertness on his intelligent face, he was speaking fluently in good, well articulated English, and with deep conviction his evident inspiration.

"What we want is education," he was saying; "an education which will enlighten the capitalistic class as well as our own. We serve no useful end in denouncing the capitalists. They, like us, are simply a product of the competitive system, and individually many of them are good and generous men. But we shall be furthering the cause of Socialism in trying to show them their share of the evils under which we all live. How that, for example, owing to the present organization of society, in spite of all the safeguards which entrench private property, not even a capitalist can feel assured that his children or grandchildren may not be beggars upon the streets."

Such views, it seemed to me, at least suggested some catholicity of mind in

In the midst of the applause which marked the passage of the resolution, she was on her feet.—Page 590.

"the Peddler," as the speaker afterward declared himself to be. When he took his seat several men were on their feet at once, appealing to the chair, and I saw that the meeting was well in hand, for the chairman instantly singled out one for the privilege of the floor, addressing him politely by name, prefixing, however, the title "Comrade," much as "Citizen" was used in the French Revolution and after.

The well-grown, muscular, intelligent workingman was the dominant type among them, but the general average in point of respectability was so high that it gave to the company rather the appearance of a gathering of the *bourgeoisie* than of proletarians. Had the proportion between men and women been reversed, without change of average social status, I might have been in a prayer-meeting. But the prayer-meeting in sustaining the resemblance would have been one of marked vitality.

Speeches were following one another in quick succession. Some were good and some were vapid; some were in broken English, and others were in English more than broken, but all were surcharged with

the kind of earnestness which captivates attention. Irresistibly at times one was reminded of the propaganda of a new faith. Much was said the meaning of which I could not catch, but the spirit of it all was not far to seek. Here there was no cant; there was room for none. These men believed that they had hold of a truth which is regenerating society. In the face of a world deep-rooted in an individualistic organization of industry and of social order, they preached a gospel of collectivism, with unbounded belief in its ultimate triumph.

At times there was a malignant animus in what they said, when argument was enforced from sources of personal experience; for men would speak with the intensity of feeling of those who know what hunger is and what it is to hear their children cry for bread, while within their sight is the wasteful luxury of the rich. But a certain earnest moderateness of speech was far more common, and it sometimes revealed a breadth of view and an acquaintance with economics which to me were astonishing.

Yet, after all, it was the personal note

that they touched most effectively in what they said. Strong, sturdy men, with every mark upon them of workmanlike efficiency, spoke feelingly of the relation which, they said, was growing up between what they called "the two great classes of society," the employing and the employed. They declared the wage-earner essentially a "wage-slave" under present conditions, and they contrasted his lot unfavorably with that of an actual bondsman. The chattel slave, they said, his master buys outright, and having made him thus a part of his invested capital, he shields him, out of a purely selfish motive, it is true, yet

shields him, from bodily harm. But not the body of an industrial slave, merely his capacity for work, his employer buys, and he may drive him to the exhaustion of his last power of endurance, knowing perfectly well that, should he wreck him physically, the labor market would instantly supply a hundred men eager to take the vacant place on the same terms. And it is little relief to the feelings of the wage-slave, they added, to be assured that he is not sold, but is free to sell his labor in the open market, when he recalls the hard necessity that conditions that freedom. It was interesting to find them paraphrasing, as Old

Pete had done in the logging camp, the dictum of Carlyle—

"Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the liberty to die by starvation, is not so divine."

Then, as an expression of the belief of that gathering, a member introduced a resolution which pronounced it to be a truth in the relation of the individual to society, that "in case a man, acting upon the theory that society owes him a living, should refuse to work, and should steal, *he* would be a criminal, and ought to be deprived of his personal liberty and be forced to work. But in case a man, acting upon the theory that society owes him a chance to earn a living, should find no opportunity, and should, therefore, be forced to steal, *society* would be the criminal, and ought to furnish the remedy."

The resolution was passed unanimously and with much show of approval. But I was more interested in its introducer. He

was a curious departure from the prevailing type; short and straight and slender, with a small, thin face whose skin was like old, exquisite, wrinkled parchment. His bright eyes, set close together, moved ceaselessly as though sensitive to a certain mental restlessness; a thin aquiline nose curved delicately in the nostrils above a gray mustache which half concealed a thin-lipped mouth of uncertain drawing. Over all was a really fine, dome-like brow, quite bald and polished, while from the sides and back of his head there grew a mass of

iron-gray hair which fell curling to his shoulders. I shall take the liberty of calling him "the Poet." There was a nervous grace in his movements, and a thorough self-possession in his manner, and a quality of cultivation and refinement in his voice and speech, which were clearly indicative of breeding and education and

of native talent. Yet his position among the Socialists seemed not at all that of a distinctive leader; he was simply one of the company, on terms of perfect equality, and he addressed the others and was himself addressed with the fraternal "Comrade" in all the intimacy of primitive Christianity. It was with instant anticipation of the pleasure of it that I learned from the announcements that the Poet would read, in an early meeting, a paper on the burning question of the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays.

A woman sat near the front. I had seen her in frequent whis-

pered consultation with the chairman, whom I shall call "the Leader," and with the Poet and the Peddler and other members who sat about her, and I judged that she was high in the councils of the Socialists, and I shall name her "the Citizeness."

In the midst of the applause which marked the passage of the resolution, she was on her feet—a dark, portly woman of middle age, dressed very simply in black, bearing herself with an air of accustomedness which showed that she was by no means a novice on the floor, and speak-

I lifted the younger girl into my arms. Her sister walked beside us with the basket in her hand.—Page 595.

"We've got some grub, ma!" cried the older child, in a tone of success, as she ran up to her mother with the basket. "Kiley's barrel was full to-night."

—Page 595.

nificant sign of the times. I have rarely seen words which indicate more clearly the growing frame of mind of the capitalists. They are beginning to wake up to the fact of danger. Oh, yes, when it begins to be a question of self-preservation they show signs of some knowledge of the actual situation! But just see how foxy they are. Mr. — does not tell his fellow-employers to treat their men well because they ought to, and he doesn't talk any foolishness about the interests of labor and capital being identical. He knows better than that. He knows perfectly well that the men in the employ of his corporation are wage-slaves. He knows it a good deal better than most of the men themselves know it. And what he is telling his fellow-capitalists, who are beginning to feel alarm over the situation, is this, that in all their treatment of their men they must make a point of disguising from them their real condition of servitude. Keep them in servitude, of course, but by all possible means keep them in ignorance of it, for the greatest danger to the existing order of things lies in an awakening of working-men, and already there are signs of such an awakening, and 'the times' are, therefore, 'anxious.'"

Tumultuous applause followed this sally. It expressed the prevalent thought as no word of the afternoon had done. "Capital conspiring to maintain the existing bondage of labor—growing anxious at symptoms of dawning intelligence among its slaves, and disclosing, in a moment of unguarded anxiety, its real spirit through a feigned one!" "What clearer proof of the truth could be asked?" men seemed to say, as they looked eagerly into one another's faces, and kept on applauding.

Before the noise subsided the Peddler again had gained the floor. He harked back to his original theme of "education," and was showing its applicability to the situation from the new point of view.

"The greatest obstacle to Socialism," he exclaimed, with some vehemence, "is the brute ignorance among ourselves, the working-classes. And the greatest bulwark of the cruel, crushing, competitive anarchy under which we suffer and die is this same ignorance of the workers. It is not organized capital that blocks the way of Socialism, for organized capital is un-

consciously hastening the day when all capital will be organized under the common ownership of all the people. It is the dead weight of poor, blinded, befooled wage-slaves which hangs like an incubus about the neck of Socialism. It is through this that the truth must make its way, and will make its way, until workingmen at last awake to an acceptance of that which so long has been striving with them to get itself accepted.

"But alas! alas! how slow the process is! And through what density of ignorance and indifference and prejudice must the light shine!"

"Sitting in the street-car beside me, as I rode down this afternoon, was a workingman whom I know well. I invited him to come to this meeting with me. I told him that we were going to talk about matters which concerned him deeply. And what did he say? Why, he laughed in my face, and said that he did not see much sense in talking about such things, and that he preferred putting in his Sunday afternoon at the 'matin-ee,' and having a good laugh. Poor, miserable wretch! working like a galley-slave through the week, and caring for nothing on his day of rest but an extra allowance of sleep, and then further forgetfulness of his daily lot in the crowds and the lights and the illusions and heart-breaking fun of the cheap theatres. All that remains for him then is to go home drunk, and get up the next morning to the twofold hell of his common life."

It was growing dark within the hall, and the meeting was quietly adjourned until the next Sunday. But the members were slow in leaving. They formed into small groups, and went on discussing earnestly the topics of the afternoon, as they stood among the benches, or moved slowly toward the door.

The street-lights were burning with flickering, dancing effect through the falling snow, and under them great crowds of working-people came streaming through the wide-open doors of the theatres, swarming upon the pavements and in the street-cars, well-dressed, and quiet in the preoccupation of pleasure-seekers homeward bound, and not a little impatient for early transportation.

I walked alone in the direction of the lodging-house. Deep is the spell of real

conviction, and the thoughts of these working-people, all alive with belief, were passing warm and glowing through my mind. That there are multitudes of workers who are looking earnestly for a better social order, and who intelligently and firmly believe in its possibility, I had known, but never before had I felt the inspiration of actual contact with them.

And the fascination of their point of view ! "A world full of want and misery and cruelty, by reason, most of all, of the wasteful war of competition between man and his brother man in the wilderness of anarchical production in which the people blindly wander ; while over against them, awaiting their occupation, is a promised land of peace and plenty, where poverty and want, and their attendant miseries and tendencies to moral evil, will be unknown, if men can but be induced to cross the Jordan which separates lawless competition from intelligent and provident co-operation." How quick and sure is such an appeal to the human heart ! It is the world-old charm, charming men anew. A royal road at last, a wide gate and a broad way leading unto life ! The way of salvation made easy ! It is the Patriarchs again trusting to their sacrifices ; the old Jews to circumcision and the blood of Abraham ; the spiritually blinded Christians to their outward symbols ; and all of them deaf to that truest word of all philosophy, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

It is so easy to conceive of some change in outward conditions, some "remedy," some "solution" for the ills from which we suffer, and which, having been accepted, would lift life to a plane of harmonious and frictionless movement, and set us free henceforth to follow our own wills and purposes and desires. And it is so supremely difficult to realize that the way of life lies not that way at all, not in the pursuit of happiness nor in the fulfilment of our own wills, but in realizing that the universe is governed by laws of right and justice and truth, and in bringing our wills into subjection to those laws and our actions into harmony with them.

One of these laws, I take it, is the law "the universal brotherhood of man." And it is by the practical denial of this law in the dealing of men with their fellow-men that much of the world's cruelest

misery has been caused, and much of the seed of terrible retribution has been sown.

It was their firm belief in the truth of brotherhood which gave to the words of the Socialists their greatest strength and charm. It was plainly fundamental to all their views. Ignorance and prejudice and unphilosophical thinking warped their expressed ideas and made their speeches very human, but yet in them all was this saving hold on truth, a living belief in the solidarity of the human race and in the responsibilities which grow out of the bond of universal kinship.

At the corner near my lodging-house I stood still for a few moments watching the deft movements of two young children who were busy near the curb. The long, wide street lay a field of glistening diamonds where the blue-white electric light was reflected from the snow. A drunken man reeled past me, tracking the untrodden snow at the sides of the beaten path along the centre of the pavement. A dim alley at my right lost itself in almost impenetrable darkness, on the verge of which a small wooden house appeared tottering to ruin and as though the weight of the falling snow were hastening its end. From out the alley came the figures of three young women who were laughing gayly as they crossed the street in company and walked on toward the post-office. The street was very still and lonely for that quarter, and the two little girls worked diligently, talking to each other, but oblivious apparently to everything but their task. I drew nearer to see what they were doing. A street-light shone strong and clear above them, and they were in the path of a broad stream of yellow glare that poured from the windows of a cheap chop-house. They were at work about a barrel which stood on the curb. I could see that it was full of the refuse of the eating-house. Scraps of meat and half-eaten fragments of bread and of vegetables lay mixed with bones and egg-shells and vegetable skins in a pulpy ooze, rising to the barrel rim and overflowing upon the pavement and in the gutter. An old wicker basket, with paper covering its ragged holes, rested between the children, and into this they dropped selected morsels of food. The larger girl was tall enough to see over the top of the barrel, and so she

worked there, and I saw her little hands dive into the soft, glutinous mass after new treasures. The smaller one could only crouch upon the pavement and gather thence and from the gutter what edible fragments she could find. I watched them closely. The older child was dressed in thin, ragged cotton, black with filth, and her matted, stringy hair fell from her uncovered head about a lean, peaked face that was as dirty almost as her dress. She wore both shoes and stockings, but the shoes were far too large for her, and through their gaping holes the cold and wet entered freely. Her sister was more interesting to me. She was a child of four or five. The snow was falling upon her bare brown curls and upon the soft white flesh of her neck, and over the damp, clinging, threadbare dress, through which I could trace the delicate outlines of an infant's figure. Her warm breath passed hissing through chattering teeth in the intervals between outbursts of a deep, hoarse cough which shook her frame. Through the streaking dirt upon her hands appeared in childish movement the dimples above the knuckles, and the dainty fingers, red and cold and washed clean at their tips in the melting snow, had in them all the power and mystery of the waxen baby touch.

With the quick illusion of childhood they had turned their task into a game, and they would break into exclamations of delight as they held up to each other's view some discovered morsel which the finder claimed to be the best.

"What are you going to do with these scraps?" I asked of the older child.

Her bloodless lips were trembling with the cold, and her small, dark eyes appeared among the shreds of tangled hair with an expression in them of a starved pariah whose cherished bone is threatened. She clasped the basket with both hands and half covered it with her little body.

"Don't you touch it!" she said, fiercely, while her anxious eyes searched the street in hope of succor.

It was easy to reassure her, and then she spoke freely.

"Ma sent us to get some grub for supper," she explained. "Ma's got three boarders, only two of 'em ain't paid nothing for a month, and pa, he's drunk. He

ain't got no job, but he went out to shovel snow to-day, and ma thought he'd bring her some money, but he came home drunk. She's mindin' the baby, and she sent us for grub. She'd lick us if we didn't find none; but I guess she won't lick us now, will she? That's where we live," and one little chapped finger pointed down the alley to the crumbling hovel in the dark.

The children were ready to go home, and I lifted the younger girl into my arms. Her sister walked beside us with the basket in her hand. The little one lay soft and warm against me. After the first moment of surprise, she had relaxed with the gentle yielding of a little child, and I could feel her nestle close to me with the trustful ease which thrills one's inmost heart with feeling for which there are no words.

We opened the shanty door. It was difficult at first to make out the room's interior. Dense banks of tobacco-smoke drifted lazily through foul air in the cheerful light of a small oil-lamp. Shreds of old wall-paper hung from dark, greasy plaster, which was crumbling from the walls and ceiling and which lay in accumulations of lime-dust upon a rotting wooden floor. A baby of pallid, putty flesh was crying fretfully in the arms of a haggard, slatternly woman of less than thirty years, who sat in a broken chair, rocking the baby in her arms beside a dirty wooden table, on which were strewn fragments of broken pottery and unwashed forks and spoons and knives. A rough workman, stripped to his shirt and trousers, sat smoking a clay pipe, his bare feet resting in the oven of a rusty cooking-stove in which a fire was smouldering. Upon a heap of rags in one corner lay a drunken man asleep.

"We've got some grub, ma!" cried the older child, in a tone of success, as she ran up to her mother with the basket. "Riley's barrel was full to-night."

In the continued search for work through the succeeding day it was natural to drift early into the employment bureaus. Clark and I made a careful round of these, he in search of employment at his trade and I of any job that offered. Here, too, however, we were but units in the great number of seekers. Some of the agencies offered

for a small fee and a nominal price of transportation to ship us to the farther West or to the Northwest and insure us employment with gangs of day-laborers, but of work in Chicago they could promise none.

In the course of a day last week, as I was going about alone, I was attracted by the prominent sign of an employment bureau on the West Side, which we had not visited so far. It was the conventional bureau, much like the office of a steamship company. It occupied the floor above the basement, reached by a flight of steps from the pavement; a row of wooden chairs stood along the outer wall; a wooden partition extended down the centre of the room, with a door and two windows in it. The hour was noon and the office was deserted but for a comparatively young man of florid face and close-set, light-brown eyes, thin hair, and a bristling mustache clipped close above his mouth. He was at work upon his books behind one of the windows. With a direct, matter-of-fact glance he looked me over, and then his eye sought the place on the open page held by his finger.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I am looking for work," I said.
 "Have you any employment to offer?"

"What kind of work?"

"I am a day-laborer," I replied.

"Nothing," he said, laconically, and his eye followed the finger as it moved across the open page.

I waited for a moment, thinking that he might say more, but he remained silent at his work.

"If not in Chicago, perhaps you can put me in the way of work near here," I ventured.

"Young man," he said, and his clear, cold eyes were looking straight into mine, "Young man, we can't get enough of you fellows in the spring and summer time; we have to go to you and beg you to go to work. You're mighty independent then, and you don't give a damn for us. But it's our turn now. You can do some begging now and see how you like it. It's good enough for you. No, there ain't a job that I know of in Chicago that you can get, unless it is in the sewers, and you ain't fit for that."

"But give me a chance at it," I urged.

"I wouldn't take the responsibility," he answered. "It would kill a man of your build in a week, and you couldn't pass the first inspection, anyway." And so ended my efforts through the employment agencies.

The newspapers are always an unfailing resort, as a hopeful source of information of any demand for labor. A newspaper in the very early morning, before the city is astir, is a treasure, for any clew to work can then be promptly followed up with some chance of one's being the first to apply. Papers are to be had in abundance later in the day in public reading-rooms and about railway-stations and hotel-corridors. It is, however, the newspaper damp from press that is most valuable to us, and between us and its possession is often the insuperable barrier of its price. The journals which early post their issues upon bulletin-boards are public benefactors, and about these boards in the early dawn often there are groups of men who study closely the "want-columns."

A very little experience was enough to disclose the fact that there is a wide difference in the character of these notices in different newspapers. In some issues the want-column is very short, but the statements bear every mark of genuineness; in others it is promisingly long, but, when carefully analyzed, it proves to be chiefly a collection of decoys for the unwary. The city seems to be full of men and women seeking employment. Not only are there the penniless common workmen of my class, whose number must be reckoned in many thousands, and among whom the professionally idle form, of course, a large percentage, but there are multitudes of mechanics and skilled workers, of whom Clark is a type. And beyond these is an army of seekers after salaried posts like those of clerks and book-keepers and the various subordinate positions of business and professional life. Not all were penniless when they began their search for work there. Hundreds of them had a little store of money when their last employment gave out, or they brought with them when they came their savings, which they hopefully counted upon to last until a new place had been found.

How large a body of sharpers live by

preying upon the credulity of these classes it would be difficult to discover, as it also would be difficult to discover all the tricks of their trade. The craft of the bunco-steerers is certainly well known, and yet it perennially finds its victims, and largely, no doubt, among the classes of whom I am speaking. But there are other snares, less sudden but quite as disastrous as those of the bunco-steerers, and far more insidious, since they have about them the apparent sanction of legitimate business. It is these that make most open use of the want-columns of certain of the newspapers. Agencies are advertised, and in them, after the payment of a small fee and the purchase of the needed outfit, large earnings are guaranteed as the result of putting some product upon the market. Opportunities are offered for the investment of a little capital—sums as low as five and ten dollars are solicited—and immense returns are promised. Requests for men are made in urgent terms: "Wanted—three—five—seven men at once. Steady employment guaranteed; good pay. No previous experience necessary. Apply at No. ——— Street, second floor front."

One morning I marked a dozen or more of these notices in one newspaper, and carefully made the rounds of the addresses given. In every case I found an establishment which purported to do business at coloring photographs. I was offered employment in each instance. The conditions were as uniform as those governing a regular market. Two dollars was the invariable fee for being taught the secret of the process. One dollar would purchase the needed materials.

There was always a strong demand, enough to insure abundant work until spring. "Our agents are sending in large orders all the time," was the conventional explanation. "You can soon learn to color ten or twelve photographs in a day, and we will pay you at the rate of three dollars a dozen for them." The discovery that I had no money invariably brought the interview abruptly to an end in an atmosphere which cooled suddenly. I met many actual victims of these devices; one will serve as a type.

We both had been sitting for some time on a crowded bench in the lobby of a lodging-house. Each was absorbed in his

own "bitterness," and oblivious to the presence of other men and to the tumult of the room. My companion was cheerfully responsive when I spoke to him, and we both accepted gladly the relief of an interchange of confidence. He was three days beyond the end of his resources. So far he had been fortunate in securing the cost of food and the price of a ten-cent lodging, and had not yet been forced to the station-house. But on that evening, for the first time, he had learned of the station lodging. It loomed for him as the logic of events, and he dreaded it. It was of this that he was thinking gloomily when I spoke to him.

Born and bred in the country, he had grown up in ignorance, not of hard, honest work, nor altogether of books, but of the world. He had lived at home and worked on his father's farm and attended the winter sessions of the district school until he was sixteen, when his father and mother died, and the farm and all of their possessions were sold to pay the mortgage, and he was left penniless. Then he worked for other farmers for two years, and studied as best he could. Finally he secured a "second-grade certificate" to teach school, and he had taught in the winter sessions for two years, working as a farm-hand through the summers.

His coming to Chicago was a stroke of ambition. A post as a salesman or a book-keeper could be got, he had felt sure, if he was persistent enough in his search, and this, he thought, would serve him as a starting-point to a business career. He had counted upon a long, hard search for place, and so he had come forearmed with his savings, which, when he reached Chicago, more than two months before this evening, amounted to a little over fifty dollars when he found himself in lodgings in a decent flat on Division Street.

He paid at first two dollars a week for a room which contained a bed and bureau and a wash-stand, and which was warmed by a small oil-stove. There was a strip of carpet on the floor, and a shade at the window which looked out upon an alley and the blank brick wall of a house opposite. The bed-linen was changed once in two weeks. In addition to that outlay he was spending, on an average, fifty cents a day for food and an occasional dime in

car-fare. All this was luxury. His last lodging, before he was forced upon the street, was a seventy-five-cent closet in a house on Meridian Street, on the West Side. The room contained a cot with an old mattress and some blankets, and there was a soap-box on end which would hold a lamp. He was obliged to wash himself at the sink in the public passage.

There had been an analogous change in the range of employment sought. All idea of a mercantile post had been at last abandoned, and he was in for any honest living to which his hands could help him.

It was when he had broken his last five-dollar note that he made once more the rounds of the doubtful offices which offer work. A photograph-coloring establishment was his final choice. He paid the fee of two dollars, received the instructions, which were very simple, purchased for a dollar a box of materials, accepted half a dozen photographs to begin upon, and then went to his room with his mind made up to succeed at the work if there was any success in it.

With utmost patience and care he practised upon the pictures. Difficulties in the process arose against which he had not been warned. He went for further instructions and was given them willingly. After nearly three days of almost constant industry he finished the six photographs. These were to yield him a dollar and a half, and he took them with a sense of achievement to the office. His employer examined them and good-naturedly pointed out certain defects which he was asked to remedy. The remedy seemed simple, but he saw at a glance that, in reality, it would require his undoing practically all his work and performing it over again, at a great risk of ruining the photographs in the attempt.

He thought that he saw an escape from that, so he proposed to his employer that the alterations should be made at the establishment; that he himself should be paid nothing for the first work, but that he should be given a second lot of pictures to color. The man agreed instantly, and handed to him a fresh package containing half a dozen photographs. These he carried back to his room. When he undid the wrapper he found that he had been given a job which would require at

least a week to finish. Each photograph was unlike the others. Besides one or two more or less difficult human figures in each, there were elaborate backgrounds of draperies and rustic benches and potted plants. He took the package back and asked for something simpler—more within his power as a beginner. His employer explained to him cheerfully that he had nothing else just then, but that he was sure of easier work for him by the time that he had finished this.

The poor fellow walked out into the street knowing that he had been swindled out of three dollars and three days' hard work, and that penniless now, he must take up the search again, and that there was no redress for him.

Several times after this I saw him and I pressed upon him each time the plan of returning to his former home in northern Indiana, or striking out anywhere into the open country, where his intelligence and his former experience would stand him in good stead, and where he would probably not have to look long for a job. This was keenly distasteful to him, for it would be a tacit acknowledgment of defeat, and the man was not without courage and pluck. I met him last one early morning after his first night as a lodger in a station-house. His eyes were starting from his head, and he wore the wild, hunted look which I had watched with alarm in Clark. He would scarcely stop to talk. He was off for the open country and his former home.

Before many days had passed Clark and I began to lose the sense of being recruits in the army of the unemployed. We soon acquired the feeling of veterans, and with it a certain naturalness as of long habit. It is not a little strange how swift this adjustment is. We fell into some of the ways of the other men with an ease which seemed to imply a long antecedent wont. This was after Clark had despaired of work in a foundry, and had reached the level of willingness to sweep a crossing for a living, if only he could get the job.

One of the habits which came most readily to us was to join the crowds which stand in the early morning about the gates of large productive institutions. Sometimes a superintendent finds himself

short-handed of common labor in a permanent department of the work or for an emergency, and he sends a foreman out to the gates to secure the needed men. This happens very rarely, if I may judge from our experience ; and yet, upon so slender a chance as this, hundreds of men stand each day in the market-places for labor, waiting hopefully for some husbandman in want of workers.

Clark and I soon made a considerable round. One morning we were at the gates of the Exposition grounds, another at the Stock-yards, and then at various factory gates on the West Side.

We were up at five one clear, cold morning near the middle of December, in order to try our luck at the gates of a factory which lies four miles or more from the heart of the city. It was no great hardship to set off without a breakfast, for we had supped heartily on the night before, and had gladly spent our remaining cash for beds in preference to sleeping in the station-house.

Out of a cloudless sky blew a strong, dry, northwest wind across the snowless prairies, and it cut sharply, at right angles, through the long diagonal street which we followed to the far southwest. We did not loiter, for it took our fastest gait to keep us warm. The buildings shielded us in part, but around the corners the wind caught us with its unchecked force, and enveloped us often in clouds of driven dust which rose from the surface of the frozen streets. There was exhilaration in the walk ; when we reached the centre of the viaduct which carries Blue Island Avenue across the various lines of railway which enter the city between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, we were in the full, unimpeded gale, and looking back we could see across the dark city the first slender shafts of light dimming the eastern stars.

It was still dark when we reached the factory gates, for the better part of an hour remained before the sun would be well up, and it was almost half an hour before the beginning of the day's work. We were not the first to be on hand. Already there were groups of men who stood before the fast-closed gate, or stamped slowly up and down on the sleepers of the railway which enters the factory yard, or gathered for shelter behind the walls of neigh-

boring buildings. The number of these men was growing fast. I thought at first that many of them were employees waiting for the morning opening of the factory. But when the heavy gate moved down its groove in answer to the keeper's push, disclosing the open area of the factory yard and the long platforms flanking the warehouses, this company of waiting men, grown now to eighty or a hundred strong, stood against the high board fence and along the edges of a great stream of workmen, which began to pour with increasing volume through the narrow way. A bell sounded from the factory tower, and you could hear the first slow movements of the piston-rods, and the answering stir among the fly-wheels as they warmed to swifter motion, and the eccentric-straps and pulleys tuning up to the canticle of the working-day.

The sudden on-rush of factory-hands was almost a miracle. Men seemed to rise as by magic from the soil. They streamed from neighboring tenements, and along the wooden sidewalks, and from out the horse-cars which came down the streets loaded to the couplers. They had grown to the number of an army, and in rough, uneven, changing ranks they walked briskly, five, six, nine men abreast, while the bell tapped off nervously the swift approach of seven o'clock. Two men seated in a buggy drove their horse slowly into the thick of the crowd, which deflected at the gate to let them pass, and then closed in behind with increased momentum. The superintendent of the factory stepped down from the buggy and climbed the staircase to his office.

The converging lines of workmen made denser the mass that pressed quickly through the gate. There was little speech among them, and the noise they made was the shuffling, broken step of an unorganized crowd. But there was not wanting the inspiration of a moving throng of men. Some of them were old and much bent with pain and labor, and there were boys in the crowd who could be but little beyond their first decade of life, but the great body of the hands were young men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. One could trace upon these faces all the stages of life's handicraft, in distorting human countenances into grotesque varia-

tions from all normal types of beauty, and bringing out upon them, in infinite variety, individual expressions of aggressive power and the strength which comes of long endurance. Ah, the hideous ugliness of the race to which we belong, and yet the more than beauty of it in the strong lines it bears of honest work faithfully done and of pain and sorrow bravely borne!

With the last sharp ringing of the bell there was a sudden rush of the living stream of workers, and then it abruptly ceased, and we, the unemployed, stood at both sides along the high board fence, like so much useless foam tossed off by the swift current which had poured through the narrow gate. The keeper began a monotonous march up and down the opening before his sentry-box. He was a muscular, blue-eyed Irishman of fifty-five or sixty, and he was in no wise ignorant of his business. There was nothing to indicate that he was aware of the presence of the crowd of expectant men, until some of us pressed too near to the gate in our anxiety to catch sight of a foreman in search of extra hands, and then he ordered us back with a violence which showed that we were one of the pests of his existence.

From some unseen quarter of the factory yard a closely covered wagon suddenly appeared. The paymaster presently descended from the superintendent's office, and, entering the wagon, he was driven to the gate, where a halt was made while two loaded revolvers were handed to him by the porter, in full view of the idle men, and then he was driven rapidly up the avenue toward the city.

It was the usual heterogeneous crowd that lingered there about the gate. Most of them were Irishmen, I think, and there were certainly Italians and Scandinavians and some Welshmen, and even a few Polish Jews, while Clark and I, so far as I could judge, were the only native born. Not all of them could have been in the homeless plight in which we were, and there was scarcely a case of insufficient clothing among them, while many seemed to be habitual workmen who knew the decencies of home and of some home comfort. But there were not wanting men who, like us, were evidently upon the streets, and not only in dress, but in face, they suggested those who, if not already of

that class, are swiftly approximating to professional tramps.

There was wonderful stillness in the crowd, which now had broken into small groups. A conscious tension possessed us, as of nervous watching for an uncertain event. Men spoke to one another in low tones scarcely above a whisper. An hour passed with nothing to break the monotony of its long anxiety. We were fairly shielded from the wind, and the sun had risen high and had begun to lend a generous aid to our efforts at keeping warm in the frost-bit air. The pale crescent of the waning moon had almost faded into the clear blue of the low western sky. We soon were aware of the relaxing of tension, and then the men began to drift away toward other factories, or, disappointed, to their homes, or back to the aimless living of the streets.

Just then a young Hungarian came among us—a man of twenty-five, perhaps, short and erect and stocky, with an appearance of great muscular strength and a nervous quickness of step which was in full keeping with the wide-eyed inquisitiveness of his round, swarthy face. He was looking inquiringly at the clusters of loitering men and the open gate and the stolid porter in apparently heedless guard before it. I saw his eye sweep the crowd in seeking for a fellow-countryman, for it was written plain upon him that he was an immigrant and innocent of any language but his own. One could fairly see his mental process, it was all so clear: "I am looking for a job in this wide land of freedom to workingmen. Here is a great factory, and the open gate invites me. Why waste the time outside? For my part I shall go in at once and see the boss, and then go quickly on with no loss of time, if I should not be wanted here." One foot was just over the steel rail upon which the sliding gate moves, when, with the swiftness of the spring of a panther which has been crouching for its prey, the heavy hands of the seemingly careless watchman were upon his shoulders, and the man was held amazed and paralyzed in a vice-like grip.

"What are you after?" roared the porter in his face.

There was a murmured attempt at speech, and then the laborer was faced about with a suddenness and force that

set his teeth to rattling in his head, and the porter turned him loose with successive parting kicks which seemed to lift the fellow from the ground.

He was tingling with pain as he slunk in among us, but the expression which he wore was one of strong, appealing bewilderment at the meaning of it all.

It was over in a moment, and then the cold, cowering, hungry mass of unhuman humanity at the gate broke into a low, gruff laugh.

It must have been this laugh that stung me to hot fury, for in an instant I had lost all sense of cold and weariness and hunger, and I was strong and warm in the wild joy of the lust for blood. With one hand gripping his hairy throat I was pounding the porter's eyes with my right fist in blows whose frequency and precision surprised me into greater joy. But there was a sudden end of clear memory when, with a full-armed swing of his huge fist the keeper struck me in the face and knocked me, limp and almost senseless, upon the planks, where I lay choking down gulps of blood which flowed from a cut against my teeth.

Clark was bending over me.

"What in — did you hit him for, you — fool?" he hissed at me.

"I had a jolly good time doing it," I explained; and I was sufficiently recovered to laugh a little at the momentary sport which I had had in making a fool of myself.

Clark helped me to my feet, and we walked off together, only I could not walk very far at a stretch. He did not desert me, and he would not leave the subject of my folly. But he changed his point of view at length, and acknowledged, finally, that he was "glad that I had got in a few licks on the porter's eye," an emotion which I warmly shared.

That day was chiefly memorable because of Clark's final success in finding work. It came from a most unexpected quarter. We were walking together through Adams Street when a man touched Clark upon the shoulder and withdrew to the doorway of a shop. Clark recognized him at once as a foundry superintendent with whom he had been importunate for work, and his face lighted up with a hopefulness which made the moment almost tragic. I stood at the door-step and listened.

"Ain't you found a job yet?" began the superintendent.

"No."

"Well, I've been thinking about your case," he continued. "We ain't got a job for you at the foundry," he hastened to explain, "but I've heard from a friend of mine in Milwaukee, and they're short of men in your line. Could you go up there?"

"I could walk," said Clark.

"Well, that ain't necessary. I—I'm good for a ticket," added the superintendent, with a look of abashed embarrassment.

And he was as good as his word, for he went with Clark to the station, where he added to the ticket a dollar, both of which were accepted as a loan.

Clark was nearly mad with suppressed delight when he met me in the entrance of the post-office, where he had asked me to await his return. With his usual generosity he shared his good-fortune with me, and, before we went to the railway-station together we had a farewell dinner on beef-steak and onions and unlimited coffee and bread.

My own success followed Clark's by only a few days, when I was taken on as a hand-truckman in a factory on the West Side; but there is one intervening experience which belongs distinctively to this part of the general experiment.

I found, one early morning, among a lot of "fake" advertisements, which I had come to recognize with ease, one notice of "a man wanted" which rang with genuineness. Applicants were told to report at a certain shop just without the Stock-yards at twelve o'clock that day. In ample time I crossed over to Halsted Street and walked in a leisurely way down that marvellous thoroughfare. It was not new to me, and I was missing Clark sorely and was experiencing a new phase of the loneliness of "left behind." And yet I could but mark again with fresh interest the wonders of this great artery of the West Side in the five miles of its length through which I walked to the appointed number. It is essentially a cheap street: cheap buildings line it, in which tenants rent cheap lodgings and shop-keepers employ cheap labor and sell cheap wares of every kind to those of the poor "whose destruction

is their poverty." Every sort of structural flimsiness looks down upon you as you pass : ghastly imitations in stone of real, substantial buildings ; the unblinking fronts of glaring red-brick shells, whose shoddiness is the more apparent in gaudy shops and in "all the modern improvements" and in the heavy cotton-lace at the upper windows. And there are wooden shanties with "false fronts," after the manner of frontier "cities," and wooden hovels with sloping roofs which are far along in process of decay, and here and there a substantial house which was built upon the open prairie, and which looks with amazement upon the fungus growth about it, while struggling pitifully to maintain its dignity in the uncongenial company which it is forced to keep.

Down miles of such a street I went on sidewalks which were chiefly rotting planks, with black mire, as of a pig-sty, straining through the cracks under the pressure of passing feet. The street itself is paved with cylindrical blocks of wood, ill laid at the beginning, and having now closely pounded filth between them, while the whole surface presents an infinite variety of concavities, in which, especially along the gutters, lay garbage in frozen, shallow cesspools.

A saloon stood on almost every corner, and sometimes I counted seven pawn-brokers' signs within the limits of a square. It was interesting to watch the run of "loan agencies," and "collateral banks," and other euphemisms under which the business was disguised.

Large quantities of provisions lay heaped in baskets and measures along the pavements in front of grocers' shops, catching the soot and the floating dust of the open street. Cheap ready-made and second-hand garments hung flapping like scarecrows overhead, or clothed grotesque wooden dummies which stood chained to the shop doors or to the wood-work below the show-windows. Scores of idle men, with the unvarying leaden eye and soggy droop of their kind, loungingly exchanged the comfort of a mutual support with door-posts, chiefly of saloons. Little children in every stage of condition, from decent warmth to utter rags, and from wholesome cleanliness to dirt grown clean in unconsciousness of itself, played about the pave-

ments and in the gutters, or ran screaming with delight across the street-car lines, along which the trams moved slowly, drawn by horses with bells tinkling from the harness.

The first sight of my destination was very reassuring. It was evidently a shop of the first class. A second glance was disheartening, for already there were fully thirty men before me, and the number was increasing. From one of the men employed in the shop I learned that a man from the packing-house of the firm would be out to see us at the appointed hour. The appointed hour came and passed, and we waited on, our numbers grown now to nearly fifty. It was not far from two o'clock when the man appeared who had been commissioned to see us.

There is no tyranny like the tyranny of a hireling who is puffed up with momentary authority but who knows nothing of responsibility. The man who finally came among us was a clerical subordinate, sleek, clean-shaven, overfed ; a man of thirty, dressed as any like Johnnie of the town, and, except for his slender hold upon the means of livelihood, no better than most of the men who now hung breathless upon his words.

He swaggered in among us with a leer and a call across the shop to a fellow-employee.

"Say, Jim, how's this for a collection of freaks, all out for a fifteen-dollar job?"

Jim was silent ; he did not see the joke any better than did we, who now crowded about the clerk.

"Stand off," he ordered us, with a gesture of impatience and an oath. "Don't you fellows come so near. I guess most of you need water more than you need a job."

There followed some minutes of such banter, while the clerk looked us over and examined hastily some letters of recommendation which were held out to him. Then abruptly, with the air of a busy man chafing at the useless waste of his valuable time, he withdrew a step or two from the crowd, and from this coign of vantage he arbitrarily singled out four men. Having called them aside he ordered them to report at ten o'clock on the next morning at the packing-house, where a member of the firm would see them and select one of them for the place, which was that of

general-utility man about a private house, at a wage of board and lodging and \$15 a month.

I was not one of the number. In a few moments the men had all gone their several ways, but I waited behind, and seeing a chance of speaking to the clerk alone, I went up to him.

"Would you mind looking at these references?" I asked, and handed out two, one from the proprietor of the "—— House," where I had served as porter, and another from Mr. Hill, the farmer.

"Certainly not," he said, good-naturedly; and when he had read them he handed them back to me with the remark that I, too, might call with the others at ten o'clock the next morning.

Under the stone arch which spans the entrance to the Union Stock-yards I passed unchallenged the next morning. A wooden sidewalk led me along a miry road which seemed to pierce the centre of the yards. Men of widely varying ages passed and repassed me, mounted upon branded mustangs. They were riders who cared nothing for appearance in either kit or form, but rode with the free grace of cowboys. On every side were scores of acres of open pens enclosed by stout wooden fences six palings high, with water and fodder troughs along the sides. From them came the deep, far lowing of a thousand herds of cattle which stood crowded in their pens or thinned to a few remaining, all of them patiently awaiting death. From great covered sheds you could hear the ceaseless bleating of countless flocks of sheep. From long covered passages overhead, each an awful bridge of sighs, there came the sharp clatter of cloven hoofs on wooden planks, along which droves of cattle were being driven to slaughter. In the distance beyond all this loomed high the unsightly packing-houses, where, with scientific efficiency and carefulest economy of materials, daily hecatombs are offered up for human life.

I soon found my way to the desired office. It was ten o'clock exactly, and to my great surprise I alone of the five selected men was on hand. I was told to wait, and a corner near a high desk was indicated as a place where I might stand. It was in a wide passage along which ranged inner offices enclosed by

ground-glass partitions. Clerks were passing constantly from one office to another and meeting the requirements of business errands as they came in. Presently one of them spoke to me, and learning that I had received no reply from the clerk to whom I had first made my purpose known, he politely volunteered his services, and soon brought back word that Mr. —— would see me in a few minutes.

The few minutes had grown to thirty, when one of the other five men appeared. He was a fair-haired Swede of five-and-twenty, rather stout in frame, and dressed all in black, his coat, of the "Prince Albert" type, falling short of his knees, and disclosing about his neck and wrists the white of neat linen. With his hair brushed smooth, and one black-gloved hand grasping a fat umbrella and the other a soft felt hat, he might have been a divinity student.

We nodded to each other as he took up his stand in another out-of-the-way quarter of the hall and joined me in waiting for a summons. Among the passing clerks there presently appeared the one who had met us on the day before. He was not in bantering mood now, so he asserted his superiority by ignoring us. The one who had already spoken to me lost no opportunity as he passed of saying an encouraging word, assuring us that Mr. —— would certainly see us before long.

It was a little after twelve when I was finally called into the private office of Mr. ——. I was rather faint from hunger and stiff from standing still so long after a long walk.

Mr. —— sat with his back to a window, in whose full light I stood, hat in hand.

"You're after this job I advertised, I understand," he began.

"Yes."

"Well, it ain't no great job; it's just doin' chores round the house, and I can't afford to pay much for it. Have you ever done work like that?"

"I have been a porter at a hotel."

"Have you any recommends?" he asked, sharply. I handed to him the two already mentioned, and as he read them I watched him with close interest. Young, alert, intensely energetic, at the head, or near it, of a prominent house, the controller, in part at least, of an enormous enterprise, and a considerable personage,

no doubt, in his own social circle, yet his wholesale butchery of swine could scarcely be a ghastlier slaughter than was his treatment of his mother-tongue.

He looked up at me.

"Say, young fellow, is them all the recommends you have? You was a very short time at both of them places."

This fatal defect in my references had never occurred to me, and I began to stammer explanations which only served to get me into deeper water. Mr. — interrupted me, and handing back my letters, he said :

"You'll have to bring me something more satisfactory than them," and went on with his work.

The young Swede followed me out of the passage.

"Did you get the job?" he asked, in good English.

"No," I said, "not yet. You have a good chance; you would better wait until the boss sends for you."

"I guess not to-day," he answered, and he stolidly refused my advice, and I saw him disappear by another way from the Stock-yards.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTING-CALL OF SPRING

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

CLEAR wind the horns of Spring again,
 (Hark, forward—hark !)
 O'er mellowing hills they ring again,
 Farewell to cold and dark !
 Up, up ! and brush the dews away;
 The sun comes laughing through the gray,
 To gild the flying robes of May ;
 Hark, forward—hark !

The hordes of hope are out again;
 (Hark, forward—hark !)
 Room for the merry rout again,
 Whose revels chase the dark !
 Their couriers are the dancing showers,
 And through the song-awakened hours
 The bright ranks follow—flowers on flowers ;
 Hark, forward—hark !

Beside the hurrying stream again,
 (Hark, forward—hark !)
 We'll find our last year's dream again,
 Where pipes the meadow-lark.
 Come, love of mine, earth's fairest thing,
 With eyes that shine and lips that sing,
 Haste to the ringing call of Spring !
 Hark, forward—hark !

SOME
BICYCLE
PICTURES
BY
A.B.FROST

A BIT OF BAD ROAD.

COASTING

MISERY.



A.B. FROST

THE TERROR OF THE ROAD.

A JUNE AFTERNOON

Ku Klux—"Awful forms wrapped like ghosts in winding sheets."—Page 628.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XVII

JACQUELIN had never recovered from the rough handling which he had received from Leech ; and he was now confined to his bed all the time. There was one cause which perhaps more than all the rest weighed him down, and that certainly Dr. Cary did not know, but Mrs. Cary and Mrs. Gray did. The affair in which the soldiers were killed, and Rupert's part in it, with the necessity of sending Rupert away and the consequences which followed, seemed to be the finishing stroke, and it appeared to be only a question of a few months with him.

So it was decided between Dr. Cary and Mrs. Gray that Jacquelin should be moved to a city. The Doctor told him it was in order that he might have better surgical attendance than he was able to receive in the country. But the chief grounds on which the Doctor wished to banish his patient were the threats that Leech had made, and certain hints that had fallen from Still. "If we do not get him away he will die," said Doctor Cary, "we must get him out of the country—send him to sea—put him on a sailing vessel and ship him around the world." He hinted to Mrs. Gray also something of Leech's threats. Mrs. Gray, too, had her reasons for wishing to get Jacquelin away. She knew that he was worrying himself greatly about something, but it was not mainly what Dr. Cary thought. With a keener insight than the good Doctor possessed, she had seen Blair Cary's change and its effect on her son. Blair had never been the same since the quarrel about Middleton. Now that the apprehension of Leech's enmity came to add to this trouble, Mrs. Cary eagerly sought to carry out the Doctor's suggestion. The chief difficulty in the way was the want of funds. The demands of the plantation had of late

consumed everything that was made on it. The negroes had to be supported whether they worked or not, and the place was running behind.

The Doctor was certain he could manage the matter. Hiram Still had just offered to lend him a further sum, and he felt sure that he could arrange it. Indeed, Still had himself brought up the matter of Jacquelin's health and had even asked the Doctor if he did not think a long visit somewhere might do him good.

"He is a strange mixture, that man Still. He is a very kind-hearted man," asserted the Doctor.

Mrs. Gray did not altogether agree with her cousin in his opinion of Still, but she was somewhat mollified by hearing of his interest in Jacquelin's welfare. She could not allow the Doctor to borrow money in his own name on her account, but in the face of Jacquelin's steady decline she finally yielded and bowed her pride so far as to permit her cousin to borrow it for her, only stipulating that the plate and pictures in the house should be pledged to secure it. This would relieve her partly from personal obligations to Still. One other stipulation she made : that Jacquelin was not to know of the loan.

When the Doctor applied to Still he obtained the loan without difficulty, and Still agreed without hesitation to his condition of silence, even expressing the deepest interest in Jacquelin's welfare, and reiterating his protestations of friendship for him and Mrs. Gray.

"It is the most curious thing," said the Doctor to Mrs. Cary. "I never apply to that man without his doing what I ask. I always expect to be refused. I am always surprised—and yet my suspicion is not relieved—I do not know why it is."

Mrs. Cary's head went up. She thought she knew, but she would not add to her

husband's worries by a suggestion, the very idea of which she thought was an indignity.

"I wish you had not applied to him. I do not want to be under any obligations to him whatsoever. I cannot bear him, and the son is more intolerable to me than the father. It requires all my politeness to prevent my asking him out of the house whenever he comes."

"My dear, he is a young doctor, who is trying to practise his profession and needs advice," expostulated the old Doctor, but Mrs. Cary was not to be convinced.

"A young doctor, indeed! a young —." The rest of the sentence was lost, and she went out with her head in the air.

When the matter of removing Jacquelin was broached to him, a new and unexpected difficulty arose. He refused to go. In this emergency his mother summoned Blair Cary as an ally. Blair yielded so far as to add an expression of her views to the mother's, but she kept herself within limitations which Jacquelin at least would understand. She came over on a visit, and went in to see him and took occasion to say to him that she thought he ought to go to the city. Jacquelin's face showed the first tinge of color that had been in it for months as he turned his eyes to her almost eagerly. So impassive was she though, that the tinge faded out.

"Do you ask me to go?"

"No—I have nothing to do with it. I only think you ought to do what your mother wishes." The mouth was closer than usual. There was a little deeper pink in her face now.

"Oh! it was only a moral idea you wished to inculcate?"

"If you choose to call it so."

"Well—will you ask me?"

"I don't mind doing it—for your mother."

Jacquelin at last agreed to go to the hospital. So he was sent off to the city and later on a sea-voyage, and escaped the increasing afflictions that were coming on the county; and his mother, who would have torn out her heart for him, for fear he would come home if he knew the state of affairs, kept everything from him and bore her burdens alone.

The burdens were heavy.

The next few years which passed brought more changes than any years of the war. The war had destroyed the institution of slavery; the years of the carpet-bagger's domination wellnigh destroyed the South. As Miss Thomasia said, sighing, it was the fulfilment of the old prophecy: "After the sword shall come the cankerworm." And the Doctor's speech was recalled by some: "You ask for war, but you do not know what it is. A fool can start a conflagration, but the Sanhedrim cannot stop it. War is never done. It leaves its baleful seed for generations."

Dr. Cary when he uttered this statement had little idea how true it was.

Events had proved that although the people were impoverished, their spirit was unbroken.

Unhappily, the power was in the hands of those who misunderstood them and Leech and his fellows had their ear. It was deemed necessary to put them in absolute control.

One provision gave the ballot to the former slave, just as it was taken from the former master. An act was so shrewdly framed that while it appeared simply to be intended to secure loyalty to the Union, it was aimed to strike from the rolls of citizenship all who would not swear they had never given aid or comfort to the Confederacy. It came to be known as the "Iron-clad Oath."

"It is the greatest revolution since the time of Poland," said Dr. Cary, his nostrils dilating with ire. "They have thrown down the main of intelligence, character, and property, and have set up the slave and the miscreant. More is yet to come. The bottom-rail is on top."

"It is the salvation of the Union," wrote Leech to Mrs. Welch, who was the head of the organization that sent boxes of clothes down to the negroes, and was deeply interested in their welfare. Leech was beginning to think himself the Union.

While General Legaie and Steve Allen were discussing constitutional rights and privileges, and declaring that they would never yield assent to any measures of the kind proposed, the State itself was suddenly swept out of existence and a military government was substituted in its place, the very name of the State on which they and their ancestors had prided themselves

for generations being extinguished and lost in that of the military district, "Number——."

Colonel Krafton was the chief authority in that part of the State; and Major Leech, as he was now called, was his representative in the county. And between them they had the enforcement of all the measures that were adopted.

At the first election that was held under the new system, the spectacle was a curious one. Krafton was the candidate for Governor. Most of the disfranchised whites stayed away haughtily or sullenly from the polls where ballots were cast under a guard of soldiers. But others went to look on and see the strange sight, and to vent their derision on the detested officials who were in charge. Dr. Cary and General Legaie, with most others of their age and stamp, remained at home in impotent indignation.

"Why should I go and see my former driver sitting in the seat that my grandfather resigned from the United States Senate to take?" asked General Legaie.

Steve Allen and Andy Stamper, however, and many of the young men were on hand.

Leech and Nicholas Ash were the candidates for the Legislature, and Steve went to the poll where he thought it likely Leech would be. Both men knew that it was now a fight to the finish between them. Leech counted on his power and the force he could always summon to his aid to hold Steve in check until he should have committed some rashness which would enable him to destroy him. Steve was conscious that Leech was to a certain extent afraid of him, and he relied on this fact, taking every occasion to assert himself, as the master of a wild and treacherous animal keeps ever facing him, holding him with the spell of his unflinching eye.

It was a curious spectacle to see the former slaves led in lines to cast votes that were to decide the destiny of the State, while their former masters, disfranchised, were reduced to mere spectators.

It was a notable thing that in all the county there was not an angry word that day between a white man and a negro. Leech, in a letter to Mrs. Welch describing the occasion, declared that the quietness with which the election passed off was due wholly to the presence of the soldiery. But

this was not true. There were many gibes and much ridicule flung at the new voters by the disfranchised spectators, but it was mainly good-natured, and it was received with amusement.

"Whom are you voting for, Uncle Gideon?" asked Steve of one of the old Red Rock negroes.

"Marse Steve, you know who I votin' for better'n I does myself."

To another:

"Who are you voting for?"

"Gi' me little tobacker, Marse Steve, an' I'll tell you." And when it was given he turned to the crowd: "Who is I votin' for? I done forgit. Oh! yes—old Mr. Linkum—ain' dat he name?"

"Well, he's a good one to vote for—he's dead," said someone.

"Hi! is he. When did he die?" protested the old man in unfeigned astonishment.

"You ain' votin' for him—you'se votin' for Mist' Grant," explained another and younger negro, indignant at the old man's ignorance.

"Is I? Who's he? He's one I ain' never heard on. Marse Steve, I don' know who I votin' for—I jis' know I votin', dats all."

This raised a laugh at Steve's expense which was led by Leech, and to atone for it the old fellow added:

"I done forgit de gent'man's name."

"You are voting for Leech and Nicholas Ash," said Steve.

"Marse Steve, you know dee ain' no gent'mens," said the old fellow, undisturbed by the fact that Leech was present.

"Uncle Tom, you know something, anyhow," said Steve, insolently, enjoying the Provost's discomfiture.

The only white man of any note who took the new "iron-clad" oath in the upper end of the county was Hiram Still. Andy Stamper met him after he had voted, and Still tried to dodge him.

"Don't run, Hiram," said the little Sergeant, contemptuously, "I ain't agoin' to hurt ye. The war's over. If I had known at the time you was givin' the Yanks information, I might 'a' done it once—and I would advise you, Hiram, never to give 'em too much information about *me* now. You understand?" The little fellow's eyes shot at the renegade so piercing a glance

that Still cowered and muttered that he had nothing to do with him, one way or another.

"Maybe if you didn't give no aid and comfort to the rebels, you'd like to give me back that little piece of paper you took from my old mother to secure the price of that horse you let me have to go back in the army," drawled Stamper while the on-lookers laughed.

Still made his escape as quickly as possible.

His reply to the contempt that was visited on him was to bring suit on the bonds he held. Leech was his counsel. Andy Stamper was promptly sold out under the deed which had been given during the war, and the place was bought by Still, who immediately moved into the house, and Andy and Delia rented another little home.

This was only the beginning, however.

When Still flung away his mask he went as far as he dared.

Dr. Cary received a note one morning from Mrs. Gray, asking him to come and see her immediately. He found her in a state of agitation very unusual with her. She had the night before received a letter from Still, stating that he was a creditor of her husband's estate and held his bonds for over \$50,000. She knew that there were some outstanding debts of her husband due him, but—\$50,000! It would take the whole estate.

"Why, it is incredible," declared the Doctor. "Quite incredible! The man either lies or is crazy. You need give yourself no uneasiness whatever about it. I will see him and clear up the whole matter."

Yet even as the Doctor spoke he recalled certain hints of Still's dropped from time to time as to large balances due him by his former employer on old accounts connected with his Southern estate, and Mr. Gray was a very easy man, thought the Doctor, who believed himself one of the keenest and most methodical. However, it was impossible that the debts to Still could be so large, and he renewed his assurances to the ladies.

When the Doctor did look into the matter, to his amazement he found that there were bonds in existence to an amount even greater than that which Still had mentioned, and that so far as he and others familiar

with Colonel Gray's handwriting could tell they were genuine. Mrs. Gray herself, on seeing the bonds, pronounced them so, and declared that she remembered her husband once spoke of them, though she thought he had told her they were all paid and settled. She hunted all through his papers, but though she found other bonds of his which he had taken in, she could find no record of these. So the doubt as to the bonds was disposed of, and as Mrs. Gray and Jacquelin, when he heard that they were genuine, both said that they wanted to pay his father's debts if they were due, and did not wish to have any further dealings with Mr. Still, no defence was made to the suit which Still at once instituted by Leech as his counsel. Judgment was obtained by default, and immediately afterward the Red Rock place with everything on it was sold under his judgment, and bought by Still for less than the amount of his debt.

Jacquelin was still abroad, and Mrs. Gray purposely kept him in ignorance of what was going on; for her chief anxiety at this time was to prevent him from returning home until all this matter was ended.

Mrs. Gray did not remain in the house twenty-four hours after Still became the purchaser. She and Miss Thomasia moved next morning to Dr. Cary's, where they were offered a home, and she congratulated herself that Jacquelin was yet absent.

Still, who had evidently kept himself informed as to her movements, rode up with Leech just as she was leaving the house, and was insolent enough to begin to give orders as proprietor even in her presence.

Mrs. Gray took not the slightest notice of him, but Rupert sprang forward and passionately denounced him. His mother checked him.

"Rupert, my son." But the boy was wild with anger.

"We shall come back some day, sir. Wait until my brother returns."

There was hardly a negro on the place who was not there that morning. However they might follow Still in politics, they had not yet learned to forget the old ties that bound them to their old owners in other matters, and they were profoundly affected by this step, which they could all appreciate.

Mrs. Gray and Miss Thomasia walked

out with their heads up, bidding good-by to those of their old servants who had assembled outside of the house to see them leave, their faces full of concern and sorrow.

"I drives you away, my Mistic," said old Waverley. "I prays Gord I may live to drive you back."

"Not me, Waverley, but, maybe, this boy," said Mrs. Gray.

"Yes'm, we heah him say he comin' back," said the old driver, with pride. "Gord knows we hopes so."

"Yes, and we are coming back," declared the boy.

Both Still and Leech laughed, and Still moved in that afternoon.

Before Still had been installed in his new mansion twenty-four hours, he repented of his indiscretion, if not of his insolence. He was absent a part of the following afternoon, and on his return he heard that Mr. Allen had been to see him. The face of the servant who gave the message, told more than the words he delivered.

"What did he want?" Still asked, sharply.

"He say he want to *see you*, and he want to see you *pussonally*." The negro looked significant.

"Well, he knows where to find me."

"Yes, he say he gwine fine you, dat's huccome he come, an' he gwine keep on till he *do* fine you."

Still's heart sank.

When he was left alone he sat down, and without delay wrote a letter to Steve, expressing regret that he had been away when he called. He also wrote a letter to Dr. Cary, which he sent off that night, apologizing to Mrs. Gray, and calling Heaven to witness that he had not meant to offend her, and did not even know she was on the place when he rode up. The next morning before daylight he left for the city.

"I would not mind one of them," he complained to his friend Leech when he consulted him. "I'm as good a man as any one of 'em; but you don't know 'em. They stick together like Indians, and if one of 'em got hurt, the whole tribe would come down on me."

"Wait till we get ready for 'em," counselled Leech. "We'll bring their pride down. We'll be more than a match for the

whole tribe. Wait till I get in the Legislature."

"That's it, that's it," said Still.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Leech arrived at the capital, in the capacity of a statesman, he found the field even better than he had anticipated.

It was a strange-looking assembly in which he took his seat.

"Looks like a corn-shuckin'," was the whispered comment of Still, who had accompanied him to the city.

"Looks a little like a chequer-board; but I'll be one of the kings," said Leech.

"It's keep ahead or get run over, and I'm smart as any of 'em," he told Still.

"There's a good cow to milk, and the one that milks her first will git the cream." His metaphors were becoming bucolic.

"As a matter of fact, the cream's in the drippin's," corrected Still.

"Not of *this* cow," said Leech.

Leech soon came to be regarded as quite a financier.

One of his first acts was to obtain a charter for a railway to run from the capital up through his county to the mountains. Among the incorporators were himself, Hiram Still, Still's son, and Mr. Bolter.

"How will you build it?" asked an old gentleman who represented one of the adjoining counties, and who had been a Union man always: one of the few old residents of the State in the body.

"Oh, we'll manage that!" declared Leech. "We are going to teach you old moss-backs a few things." And they did. He had an Act passed making the State guarantee the bonds. Some of the old residents of the State, who were members, raised a question as to the danger to the credit of the State.

"The credit of the State!" Leech exclaimed, in his speech on the measure. "What is the credit of the State to us? The only credit that concerns us is her credit in the market. As long as the bonds sell, she has credit, hasn't she?"

This argument was unanswerable.

"But how will you pay these bonds?"

"I will tell you how we will pay them: we will pay them by taxes."

"Ay-yi! Dat's it!" shouted the throng about him.

"Lands will only stand so much tax," insisted his interlocutor; "if you raise them beyond this point, you will defeat your own purpose, for they will be forfeited. We cannot pay them. Then what will you do?"

"Then we will take them ourselves," asserted Leech, boldly.

"You cannot do this. It will be robbery."

The dusky crowd, somewhat disturbed by his earnestness, looked at Leech to hear how he would meet this fact. He was equal to the emergency.

"Robbery, is it? Then it is only paying robbery for robbery. You have been the robbers. You robbed the Indians of these lands, to start with. You went to Africa, and stole these free colored people from their happy homes, and made them slaves. You robbed them of their freedom, and you have robbed them ever since of their wages. Now you say we cannot pay them a little of what you owe them? We will do it, and do it by law. We have the majority, and, by —! we will make the laws. If you white gentlemen cannot pay the taxes on your homes, we'll put some colored ones there to get the benefit." He became an undisputed leader. "By —! I had no idea I was such an orator," he said to Still, smiling coldly.

Leech made good his promises. The expenditures went up beyond belief, but to meet them taxes were laid until they rose to double, quadruple, and in some parts of the State ten times what they had been. Meantime he had been in communication with Mr. Bolter, and a part of the bonds of his railroad were "placed." Leech blossomed out. He built himself a large house on a place he bought on the edge of Brutusville and filled it with furniture richer than that in any other house in the county. It was rumored that he was preparing his house for Virgy Still.

Nicholas Ash, too, was becoming rich. He bought a plantation and a buggy and began to drive fast horses. Many of their associate lawmakers bloomed out in the same way.

Vast numbers of plantations throughout the State were forfeited. To meet this exigency Leech was as good as his word. A measure was introduced and a land-commission was appointed to take

charge of such forfeited lands and sell them to negroes on long terms of fifteen to twenty years. Leech was a member of the general commission and Still was the agent of the Board in his section of the State.

Blair Cary watched with constant anxiety the effect on her father of these increasing burdens, and her heart was wrung by her total inability to help. The Doctor's hair was growing white, and his grave face was steadily becoming more worn.

At length a plan which she had been forming for some time took definite shape. She announced her intention of applying for one of the common schools which had been opened in the neighborhood. When she first proposed this, it was received as if she were crazy—but her father and mother soon found that it was a matured plan. They had no longer a child to deal with, but a woman of sense and force of character. The reasons she gave were so clear and unanswerable that at length she overcame all objections and obtained the consent of all the members of the family except Mammy Krenda. The old woman was enraged. The idea of "her child" going out to teach a common school outraged the old negress's sense of proprieties, and threw her into a state of violent agitation. She could not be reconciled to it. She finally yielded, but only on condition that she might accompany her mistress to the school every day.

This she did, and when Miss Blair, contrary to everyone's expectation, secured the little school which the citizens had built at the fork in the road not far from the Birdwood big gate, the old mammy was to be seen every day sitting in a corner grim and a little supercilious, knitting busily while her eyes ever and anon wandered over the classes before her, fixing the individual who was receiving her mistress's attention, with so sharp a glance that the luckless wight was often disconcerted thereby.

The old residents now were flat on their backs. Leech was of this opinion when he passed his measures. But to make sure, as the troops had been withdrawn, he, with the aid of the Governor,

put through a bill to organize a State militia, under which large numbers of the negroes were formed in companies.

As the measures went into effect there began to be a stir. It was the difference between theory and fact.

The proceedings of Leech and Still and their associates did not affect only themselves. They reached Dr. Cary and General Legaie, and the old proprietors back on their plantations quite as directly, though in just the opposite way. The spoils that Leech and Still and Governor Krafton and their fellows received, someone else paid. Cattle and jewels and plate were sold as long as they lasted to meet the piled-up taxes, but in time there was nothing left to sell, and the plantations began to go. The time was coming when they would be put up for forfeiture and sold. It was already in sight. In the Red Rock neighborhood rumors were abroad as to the destiny of the various places. Leech wanted General Legaie's plantation, and Still wanted Birdwood, while Sherwood and Doctor Moses were quarrelling about some of the smaller places. A deeper gravity settled on Dr. Cary's serious face, and General Legaie's lively countenance was taking on an expression not far from grim.

Mr. Ledger was making inquiries as to the possibility of their reducing their indebtedness to him shortly, and the Doctor was forced to write him a frank statement of affairs. He had never worked as hard in his life, he wrote him; he had never had so much practice; but he could collect nothing, and it was all he could do to keep down his interest and meet his taxes.

"Why don't you collect your bills?" naturally inquired Mr. Ledger.

"Collect my bills?" replied the Doctor. "How can I collect from my neighbors who are as poor or poorer than I am." However, inspired by Mr. Ledger's application, the Doctor did try to collect some of the money due him. He did not send out his bills. He had never done that in his life. Instead, he rode around on a collection tour. He was successful in getting some money; for he applied first to such of his debtors as were thriftiest. Andy Stamper, who had just returned from town where he had been selling sumac, chickens, and other produce, paid him the

whole of his bill with thanks, and only expressed surprise that it was so small, "Why, I thought, Doctor, 'twould be three or four times that," said Andy. "I've kept a sort of account of the times you've been to my house, and seems to me 't ought to be."

"No, sir, that is all I have against you," said the Doctor, placidly; replying earnestly to Andy's voluble thanks. "I am very much obliged to you." He did not tell Andy that he had divided his accounts by three and had hard work to bring himself to apply for anything.

This and one or two other instances in the beginning of his tour, quite relieved the Doctor; for they showed that at least some of his neighbors had some money. So he rode on. He soon found, however, that he had gleaned the richest places first. On his way home he applied to others of his patients with far different results. Not only was the account he received very sorrowful, but the tale of poverty that several of them told him was so moving, that the Doctor, instead of collecting anything from them, distributed among them what he had already collected, saying that they were poorer than himself. So that when he reached home that evening he had no more than when he rode away.

"Well, Bess," he said, "it is the first time I ever dunned a debtor and it is the last." Mrs. Cary looked at him with the look in her eyes with which a mother looks at a child.

"I think it is just as well," she said, smiling.

"You must go and see old Mrs. Bel-lows," he said. "She is in great trouble for fear they'll sell her place. There's a case. Her husband was the best smith in the State, and now she can't get money to buy bread and meat. Stamper and his wife support her. But I greatly fear her home will have to go." He sat down and gazed across his deserted fields.

CHAPTER XIX

THE old Doctor had become the general adviser of his neighbors in time of health, as well as their main stay in time of sickness. Had he been able he would

no more have sent one away empty-handed who came to him for help than he would have refused a man medicine if he were ill. But as anxious as he was to help all who came to him he could not do so very long. The taxes rose too rapidly, and the means of paying them ceased altogether.

"Why don't you collect your bills?" asked Mr. Ledger.

"Collect my bills? How can I collect bills from my friends who are poorer than I?" he replied. "Leech and Still will soon own the whole county."

It was soon a problem whether he could keep his own place from going into the hands of the Commission. And the old gentleman's face grew graver and graver as he rode his rounds.

All this while Blair had some secret on her mind. She was always working. She would be up before sunrise looking after her chickens; and in the afternoons when she came from school, and all day in the summer she would be busy about the kitchen or in some shaded spot back among the fruit-trees where kettles were hung over fires, and Mammy Krenda, with her arms full of dry wood, moved about in a mist of blue smoke, with sometimes Steve Allen, lounging in the shade on the edge of the cloud, giving Blair what he termed his "legal advice," and teasing Mammy Krenda into threats of setting him on fire before his time. "Making preserves and pickles," was all the answer the Doctor got to his inquiries. Yet for all Miss Blair's work there did not seem to be any increase in the preserves that came to the table, and when her father inquired once if all her preserves and pickles were spoilt, though she went with a laugh and a blush and brought him some, he saw no increase in them afterward. She appeared suddenly to have a great many dealings with Mr. and Mrs. Stamper; and, several times, Andy Stamper's wagon came in the Doctor's absence and took away loads of jars which were transported to the railroad; and when the Doctor accidentally met Andy and inquired of him as to his load and its destination, Andy gave a very shuffling and cloudy reply about some preserves his wife and some of her friends were sending to town. Indeed, when the Doctor reached home on that occasion he spoke of it, declaring that Mrs. Stamper

was a very remarkable young woman; she actually sent off wagon-loads of preserves, and asked Blair teasingly how it was that Mrs. Stamper could do that while they could hardly get enough for the table. Blair only laughed and made a warning sign to Mammy Krenda, who was sniffing ominously and had to leave the room.

At length the secret came out. One day the Doctor came home worn out. The taxes were due again. Blair left the room, and returning placed a roll of money in his hands. It was the proceeds of the kettle in the orchard, together with her salary, which she had saved.

"That will help you, papa," she said, as she threw her arms round his neck.

The old gentleman was too moved to speak before she had run out of the room. After a little he went to find his wife, and there he learned the secret of the preserves and pickles.

"I reckon he know now de Stampers ain' de on'y ones kin meck preserves," said Mammy Krenda.

That very evening old Mrs. Bellows, one of his poor neighbors, came to see the Doctor. Mrs. Bellows was an aunt of Delia Dove. Her husband had been an old blacksmith and had died the year after the war. They owned a little place near the fork in the road just at the edge of the Birdwood plantation, where her husband had had his shop, and had in old times made a good living. The house was a little cottage set back amid apple and peach trees some hundreds of yards from the shop. Since her husband's death, Andy Stamper and Delia Dove had helped her, but now since Andy had been turned out, the times had grown so hard that it was not a great deal they could do. The taxes had risen so that they could not get the money to pay them, and this place among many others had been forfeited and was on the list of those advertised for sale. And Mrs. Bellows came to Dr. Cary. The tale she told was a moving one. Still had his eye on the place and intended to buy it for the Commission. Andy had heard that Nicholas Ash wanted it and that Still had promised it to him—just out of spite to Andy and Delia, the old woman said. The old lady was in a great state of excitement.

"I been tellin' Andy 'twant no use to

be fightin' Still," she wailed. "He's too smart for him. If he could git hold o' Red Rock Andy might 'a' known he could beat *him*."

Dr. Cary sat in deep reflection for a moment. He scarcely seemed to hear the old woman's plaintive monologue. The sum saved by Blair was only a small part of the taxes due on Birdwood, but was enough to pay all the back taxes and redemption fees on Mrs. Bellows's place. It looked like Providence. The Doctor sent her away comforted.

Still's plans with regard to the Bellows place soon became an assured fact. He boasted of what he would do. He "would show Andy Stamper who he was." The fact that it would be Delia Dove's was enough for him, and it became known throughout the county that the Commission would take it.

When the day of sale came, little Andy was on hand at the county-seat. Still was there too, and so was Nicholas Ash. Still tried to find out why Andy came. He knew he did not have the money. He thought it was to pick a quarrel with him, but Andy's face was inscrutable. He was unusually amiable. Under the formality of law a party interested could redeem the land at any time before it was sold, paying the amount due to the clerk with interest and fees. Still examined the list just before the crying began. The Bellows place was still on it. So the auction began. Andy was closeted with old Mr. Dockett, whose duty as clerk it was to receive the redemption money. But when the sale began he came out and sauntered up into the crowd. Several places belonging to persons whose names began with "A" were put up and knocked down to "Hiram Still, Commissioner," and as each one went to him there were groans and hoots from the whites, and counterbalancing cheers from the negroes. At length the Bellows place was reached. The amount of taxes for the several years for which it was delinquent was stated, and the sheriff, a creature of Still's, offered the place. There was a dead silence throughout the crowd, for it was known that it was between Still and Stamper. Still was the only bidder. The crowd gazed at Stamper, but he never stirred. He looked the most indifferent man on the ground. Still, on the other side of the crowd, whispered with

Ash and made a sign to the sheriff, and the latter, having made his preliminary notice, began:

"And there being no other bid than that of the Commissioner, I knock this place also down to ——"

There was a movement and a voice interrupted him.

"No, you don't. That place has been redeemed," said Andy, quietly; but with a sudden blaze in his eyes. He held up the certificate of payment, gripped in his hand, and looked across at Hiram.

There was a moment's pause and then cheer after cheer broke out from the crowd of whites, and the long pent-up feeling against Still burst forth so vehemently that he turned and pushed deep into the middle of the throng of blacks about him, and soon left the ground.

The excitement and anxiety, however, proved too much for old Mrs. Bellows, and she died suddenly a few nights later.

"One more notch on the score ag'inst Hiram and Major Leech," said Andy Stamper, grimly, as he turned the key in the door of the empty house, and taking it out put it in his pocket.

Andy's wife, as the old woman's heir, was the owner of the place; but a few days after Mrs. Bellows's death Andy rode up to Dr. Cary's door.

"Delia had sent him over," he said (he always laid the credit of such things on Delia. He was simply clay in the potter's hands), "Delia had sent him to say that the place belonged to Miss Blair. She had found out where the money came from which bought it back, and she want goin' to take it. She couldn't take care of the place anyhow—'twas all she could do to keep the place they had now, and she would not have this one if she was to pay taxes on it. All she wanted was to beat Hiram. So if Miss Blair wouldn't take it, she s'posed Nicholas Ash would git it next year, after all."

Andy pulled out a deed, made in due form to Miss Blair Cary, and delivered it to the Doctor, meeting every objection which the Doctor raised with a reason so cogent that it really looked as if he were simply trying to shield Delia Dove from some overwhelming calamity. So the Doctor finally agreed to hold the place for his daughter, though only as security for the

sum advanced, and with the stipulation that Andy should at any time have the privilege of redeeming it.

A few days after this sale at the county-seat Dr. Cary received a letter from his commission-merchant in the city, Mr. Ledger, telling him that the condition of affairs had become so gloomy that his correspondents in the North were notifying him that they could not continue their advances to him at present, and as the notes given him by Dr. Cary and General Legaie, which had already been renewed several times, were about to fall due again, he found himself under the disagreeable necessity of asking that they would arrange to pay them at their next maturity. General Legaie, who had received a similar letter, rode up to see Dr. Cary next morning, and the following day they went to the city together. They rode on horseback, as they had no money to pay even the small sum necessary for the railway fares.

When the Doctor and General Legaie called on Mr. Ledger he was at the moment talking to a youngish, vigorous-looking man whom he introduced to the two gentlemen as Mr. Cleugh, a Northerner, the agent of Mr. Ledger's principal correspondent up there. Mr. Cleugh rose to go, but both Dr. Cary and General Legaie begged him to remain, declaring that they had "no secrets to discuss," and that they should themselves leave if he did so, as he had been there first.

They had exhausted every resource in their power to raise the means to pay Mr. Ledger, they said. And now they had come to him with a proposition. They looked at each other for support. It manifestly cost an effort to make it. They proposed that he should take at a proper valuation so much of their lands as would meet his debt. A sigh followed the proposal. It was evidently a relief to have gotten it out.

"It is good land, and not an acre has ever been sold from the original grant," said Dr. Cary, manifestly to add to the value of the terms offered.

"My dear sirs, what would I do with your lands?" said Mr. Ledger. "I already have the security of the lands in addition to your personal obligations. My advice to you is to try and sell them—or at least so much of them as will enable you

to discharge your debts. There are one or two men up in your section who have plenty of money—this man Leech, and that man Still—they are land-buyers. Why don't you sell to them?"

"What!" exclaimed both Dr. Cary and General Legaie in one breath, "sell our old family places to that man Leech?—and Still?"

"My dear sirs, it will come to this, I fear—or worse, unless I am mistaken in reading the signs of the times. My correspondents are all calling in their loans. I know that Mr. Still would not be averse to buying a part of your place, or indeed all of it, Doctor, and I think Leech would like to have yours, General."

The two old gentlemen stiffened.

"Why, that man Leech is a thief, sir," said the little General, with the air of one making a revelation; "he could not pay me a dollar that had not been stolen, and that fellow Still—he is a harpy, sir."

"Yes, I know; but I tell you frankly, gentlemen, it is your only chance. They mean to tax it until you will find it impossible to hold on to it."

"In that case we should not wish to put it off even on those men," said the Doctor with dignity, rising. "I shall see if I cannot raise the money elsewhere to relieve you. And meantime I shall hold on to the old place as long as I can. I must make one more effort." And the two gentlemen bowed themselves out.

In consequence of this talk Mr. Cleugh, when he had concluded his business, went for amusement to observe the proceedings of the State Legislature which was in session. It was undoubtedly strange to see laws being enacted by a body composed mainly of blacks who had but a few years before been slaves, and he came away with a curious sense of the incongruity of the thing. But it was only amusing to him. They appeared good-natured and rather like big children playing at something which grown people do.

His only trouble was the two old gentlemen.

"Of course it is all nonsense those slaves being legislators," he admitted to Major Welch, on his arrival at home, and to his father-in-law Senator Rockfield; "but they are led by white men who know their business. The fact is they appear to know

it so well that I advise calling in all the debts at once."

What simply amused the visitor, however, was, to the two old gentlemen he had met, a stab in their breasts.

Dr. Cary and General Legaie returned home without being able to raise anywhere the money that was due.

In reply to the letter announcing this, Dr. Cary received a letter from Mr. Ledger notifying him that he had just had an offer from someone to take up the Doctor's notes, and he felt it his duty to inform him before he assigned them. The person who had made the offer had insisted that his name should not be known at present, which he could not altogether understand, but he had intimated that it was with friendly intentions toward Dr. Cary, though Mr. Ledger would not like the Doctor to rely too much on this intimation.

To this letter the Doctor replied, promptly. Mr. Ledger must accept the offer from his unnamed correspondent if it were a mere business transaction, and he only asked that he would do so without in any way laying him under any obligation to him for a pretended kindness.

"The old Doctor evidently knows his man," was Mr. Ledger's reflection.

The next day Hiram Still held Dr. Cary's notes, secured by deed of trust on the whole Birdwood estate.

He was sitting in the big Red Rock hall on his return home from the city, and he took out the notes and laid them on a table before his son.

"Ah! Dr. Wash," he said, with a gleam in his eyes, "things is comin' roun'. Now you've got it all your own way. With them cards in your hand if you can't win the game you ain't as good a player as yer pappy. I don't want nothin' for myself, I just want 'em to know who I am—that's all. And with you over yonder at the old Doctor's, and Virgy in Congress or maybe even in the Governor's house down yonder, I reckon they'll begin to find out who Hiram Still is."

The son was evidently pleased at the prospect spread out before him, and his moody countenance relaxed.

The speaker's voice changed. "What's the matter with Virgy these days? I've set her up in the biggest house in the county, and brought the man who's goin' to be one

of the richest and biggest men in the State to want her to marry him, and she won't have nothin' to do with him. It clean beats my time. I don't know what's got into her. She ain't never been the same since I brought her here. Looks like these pictures round here sort o' freezes her up."

As he glanced around he looked as if he were freezing up a little himself.

"She's a fool," said the brother, amiably. The father softened somewhat.

"I thought maybe she's been kind o' ailin', an' I'd git the old Doctor to come and see her. Say what you please, he have a kind o' way with him women folks seems to like. But she won't hear of it."

"She's just a fool. Let her alone for a while anyhow."

His father looked at him keenly.

"Well, you go ahead, and as soon as you've got your filly safe, we'll take up tother horse. Time enough."

Dr. Still, armed with the assurance which the possession of Dr. Cary's bonds gave, drove over to Dr. Cary's next evening in a double-buggy to call on Miss Blair. He was met by Dr. Cary, who invited him in and treated him with his usual graciousness, and who so promptly assumed that the visit was merely a professional one that the young man never found an opportunity to undeceive him.

When Washington Still arrived at home his father was watching for him with eagerness. He met him as the buggy drove up into the yard. But Wash's face was sphinx-like. It was not until nearly bed-time, and when the father had reinforced his courage with several drinks of whiskey that he got courage to open the subject directly.

"Well, what news?" he asked, with an attempt at joviality.

"None," said Wash, shortly.

"How was she lookin'?"

"Didn't see her—didn't see anybody but the old Doctor. He thought I'd come over to consult him about that sick negro down at the mill, so I let him think so. I wish the blanked nigger would die!"

"And you didn't even ask for her?"

The young man shifted in his chair.

"What's the use? That old fool's got a way with him. You know how it is? If he wan't so d——d polite!"

"Ah! Washy, you're skeered," said the father, fondly. "You can't bridle a filly if

you're afeard to go in, boy. If you don't git up the spunk I'll go over thar myself, first thing you know. Why don't you write her a letter?"

"What's the good? I know 'em. She wouldn't look at me. She's for *Lord Jacquelin* or Captain Steve Allen."

"She wouldn't?" Still rose from his chair in the intensity of his feeling. "By —! she shall. I'll make her."

"Make her! You think she's Virgy? She ain't."

A day or two later a letter from Dr. Still was brought to Birdwood by a messenger. Dr. Cary received it. It was on tinted paper and was for Blair. That afternoon another messenger bore back the same letter unopened, together with another one from Dr. Cary, to the effect that his daughter was not accustomed to receive letters from young men, and that such a correspondence would not be agreeable to him.

Dr. Still was waiting with impatience for the return of his messenger. He was not especially sanguine. Even his father's hope could not reassure him. He took the letter with a trembling hand. When he looked at the letter his countenance fell. He had not expected this. It was a complete overthrow. It not only was a total destruction of his hopes respecting Miss Cary, but it appeared to expose a great gulf fixed between him and all his social hopes. He had not known till then how much he had built on them. In an instant his feeling changed. He was enraged with Blair, enraged with Dr. Cary, enraged with Jacquelin Gray and Captain Allen, and enraged with his father who had counselled him to take the step. He took the letter to his father, and threw it on the table before him.

"Read that."

Hiram Still took up the letter and, putting on his glasses, read it laboriously. His face turned as red as his son's had turned white. He slammed the letter on the table and hammered his clenched fist down on it.

"You ain't good enough for 'em! Well, I'll show 'em. Beggars! I'll turn 'em out in the road and make their place a nigger settlement. I'll show 'em who they're turnin' their noses up at. I'll show 'em who Hiram Still is. I'll make Leech governor, and turn him loose on 'em, if it takes every cent I've got in the world. I reckon they'll

find out then." He filled his glass. "We'll show 'em yet who we are. When I'm settin' up here and you're settin' up thar, they'll begin to think maybe after all they've made a little mistake."

Still was as good as his word. Within a day or two, Dr. Cary received a letter from him asking the payment of his obligations which he held. He assigned the necessity he was under to raise a large sum of money himself.

The Doctor wrote in reply that it was quite impossible for him to raise money to pay the debts, and begged that he would without delay take the necessary steps to close the matter up, assuring him that he should not only not throw any obstacles in his way, but would further his object as far as lay in his power.

Steve urged the Doctor to make a fight, declaring that he could defer the sale for at least two years, maybe more, and times might change; but Dr. Cary declined.

"What can I do? I owe a debt and I cannot pay it. I might as well save him the mortification of telling a multitude of unnecessary lies."

So in a short while Still, through Leech his counsel, had subjected the Doctor's property to his claims and was in possession of Birdwood as well as of Red Rock.

The Doctor and his family moved to the old Bellows place, where they were as content as they had ever been in the days of their greatest prosperity. Mammy Krenda alone was unhappy. She could not reconcile herself to the change. The idea of "dat nigger-trader an' overseer ownin' her old Marster's place, an' o' her young mistis havin' to live in de blacksmiff's house," was more than she could bear.

CHAPTER XX

LEECH was now one of the leading men in the State, and Still one of the largest property-holders. It was known that Leech was courting Still's daughter, and it began to be rumored that reinforced by this alliance after the next election he would control the State. No one had been so successful in his measures, and he boasted that he "owned" his own county—"carried it in his breeches pocket," he said. He was spoken of as a possible candidate

for the Governorship, the election for which was to come off the following year, and as far as could be seen he stood the best chance of any man in the State.

The present Governor, Krafton, was an avowed and active candidate for re-election, and his city organ declared that Leech was pledged to him, and asserted that he had made Leech. Leech sneered at the idea. "Does he think I'm bound to him for life? Ain't he rich enough? Does he want to keep it all for himself? He talk about beatin' me! I'll show him. You wait until after next session and all H—I can't beat me." But, perhaps, he did not count all the forces against him.

There began to be a stir in the old county which had never been noticed before. Leech opened his canvass early. He believed he was strong enough for anything. Still was urging him warmly.

"You got to keep yourself before the people, and do it all the time. If you don't they'll forgit you, and somebody else will reap your harvest," he explained to his ally.

"Anybody reaps for me's welcome to all he gets," said Leech.

The campaign opened, and shortly Leech was as prominent as he could have wished.

Both he and Still were sensible of the stir; but they did not heed it. Success was turning even Still's head.

When the rumor started that the whites were rousing up and were beginning to think of organizing in opposition, they only laughed.

"Kick, will they?" said Leech. "I want 'em to kick. I'm fixed for 'em now. I've got the power I want behind me now; and the more they kick the more they'll git the rowels. I guess you're beginning to find out I'm pretty well seated?" he added, triumphantly. Still could not but admit that it was so.

"Fact is, things 're goin' most too smooth," Still said.

"You're hard to please," growled Leech.

"No; but you know sometimes I'm most afraid I'll wake up and find it a dream? Here I am settin' up—a gentleman here in this big house that I used to stand over yonder on the hill in the blazin' sun and just look at, and wonder if I ever would have one even as good as the one

I was then in as my own; and yonder are you one of the big men in the State, and maybe will be Governor some day, who knows?" Leech accepted the compliment with becoming condescension. "That was a great stroke of yours to git the State to endorse the bonds and then git your man Bolter down here to put up that money. If this thing keeps up we soon won't have to ask nobody any odds."

"I don't ask any of 'em any odds now. When I get my militia organized, I'm going to make a move that will make things crack. And old Krafton will come down too. He thinks he's driving and he's just holding the ends of the reins."

"I don't count so much on your mellish as I do on your friends. I know these people, and I tell you you can't keep 'em down with niggers. If you try that you'll have a bust up 't will blow you—somewhere you won't want to be. I never was so much in favor of that militia business as you was. It costs too much. My taxes this year'll be——"

Leech frowned.

"Your taxes! If it hadn't been for high taxes I'd like to know where you'd been. You're always talkin' about knowin' these people. You're afraid of 'em. I'm not. I suppose it's natural; we've whipped you."

There was a sudden lower in Still's eye at the sneer.

"You're always talkin' about havin' whipped us. You hain't whipped us so much. If you ain't afraid of 'em why'n't you take up what Steve Allen said to you tother day? He's given you chances enough."

"Because I'm not ready yet. You wait, and you'll see how I'll take it up. I've got the Government behind me, and when I'm Governor and our new judge comes down you'll see things working even enough."

Leech soon perfected the organization of the negroes. The league furnished the nucleus. He had quite an army enrolled. At first they drilled without arms or with only the old muskets which had come down from the war; but in a little time a consignment of new rifles came from somewhere, and at their next drill the bands appeared armed and equipped with new army muskets and ammunition. Nicholas Ash was Captain of one company, and another was

under command of Sherwood. Leech was Colonel and commanding officer in the county. Under the law Krafton as Governor had the power to accept or refuse any company that organized and offered itself.

The effect of the new organization on the negroes was immediately felt. They became insolent and swaggering.

The fields were absolutely abandoned.

Should they handle hoes when they could carry guns?

When the new companies drilled, the roadsides were lined with their admirers, and they filled the streets and took possession of the sidewalks, yelling and hustling out of their way with shouts any who might be on them. More than once ladies walking on the streets were shoved off into the mud. In a little while, whenever the companies were out, the whites almost disappeared from the streets. But the men were to be found gathered together at some central place quiet and apparently listless, but grim and earnest. Steve Allen was likely to be among them. He organized a company and offered its services to the Governor, asking to be commissioned and armed. Only negro companies were being commissioned. The Governor referred him to Leech, who was, he said, the Commandant in that section. The next time Steve met Leech he said :

"Major Leech, your man Krafton says if you'll recommend it he'll commission a company I have." Leech hemmed and stammered a little.

"No need to be in a hurry about it, Major," said Steve, enjoying his embarrassment. "When you want 'em let me know. I'll have 'em ready," and he passed on with cheery insolence, leaving the carpet-bagger with an ugly look in his pale blue eyes.

He conferred with Still, who counselled that he should move with deliberation ; he believed in a "still hunt." Leech, however, thought differently. He would overawe the whites.

The first movement in the campaign was a great meeting that was held at the county seat. The negroes were summoned from several counties round, and there was to be a great muster of Leech's "new militia." It was a grave time in the county. It was rumored that Leech would launch himself as a candidate for Governor, and would

outline his policy. The presence of the militia was generally held to be a part of his plan to overawe any opposition that might arise. So strong was the tension that many of the women and children were sent out of town, and those who remained kept their houses. A number of acts had meantime been committed that incensed the people greatly. Andy Stamper, with his wagon full of chickens and eggs, was coming along the road when he met one of the companies, followed by the crowd of negroes, who usually attended their drills. In a few minutes the wagon was thrown down a bank and upset, the eggs were all smashed, and little Andy, fighting desperately with his whip, was knocked senseless and left on the roadside unconscious. He said afterward it served him right for being such a fool as to go without his pistol, and that if he had had it he would have whipped the whole company. Mrs. Cary and Blair, and Miss Thomasia came near having a similar experience. They were stopped on the road in their carriage, and nothing but Mrs. Cary's spirit, and old Gideon's presence of mind saved them perhaps from worse usage. While Mrs. Cary stood beside her horses and commanded that they should not be touched, the old driver stood up in the boot of the carriage and talked so defiantly and looked so belligerent that he preserved his mistresses from anything worse than being turned out into the woods and very much frightened.

These things caused much excitement. If the women disappeared, however, it was not so with the men.

When the day for the meeting at the county-seat came nearly the entire male population of the county, white and colored, were present, and the new companies were out in force, marching and parading up and down in the same field in which the white companies had paraded just before going off to the war. Many remarked on it that day. It served to emphasize the change that a few years had made. When the parade was over, the companies took possession of the court green, and were allowed to break ranks preparatory to being called under arms again, when they were to be addressed on the issues of the campaign. The negroes, with a few white men among them—so few as not to make the slightest impression in the great dusky

throng—were assembled on one side of the court green. There was gravity, but good-humor.

Among the whites Steve Allen was notable. He had been away for some time, and had just returned. He appeared to be in high spirits, and it looked as if he were seeking Leech; but the latter avoided him. At length, however, just before the speaking began, Steve sauntered up into the crowd of negroes and made his way up to where Leech stood, well surrounded, talking to some of the leaders.

"Well, Colonel, how goes it? You seem to have a good many troops to-day. We heard you were going to have a muster, and we came down to see the drill."

The speech was received good-temperedly by the negroes, many of whom Steve spoke to by name, good-humoredly.

Leech did not appreciate the jest, and moved off with a scowl. The young man was not to be shaken off so, however; he followed him to the edge of the crowd, and there his manner changed,

"Major Leech," he said, slowly, with sudden seriousness, and with that deep intonation which somehow always called up to Leech that night in the wood when he had been waylaid and kidnapped, "Major Leech, you are on trial to-day. Don't make a false step. You are standing over a magazine. You are the controlling spirit of these negroes. If a hand is lifted you will never be Governor. We have stood all we propose to stand. I give you warning: look out."

He turned off and walked over to his own crowd.

It was the boldest speech that had been made to Leech in a long time. His whole battalion of guards were on the grounds, and a sign from him would have lodged Steve in the jail, which frowned behind the old brick clerk's office. But would it? He had a mind to order his arrest, but as he glanced at him there was a gleam in Steve's gray eyes which restrained him. They were fixed on him steadily, and the carpet-bagger had a sudden catching at the heart. He delayed the speaking and sent for Still and had a conference with him. Still advised a pacific course. "Too many of 'em," he said.

Leech adopted Still's advice. In the face of Steve's menace and that crowd of

grim-looking white men grouped about, he quailed and kept himself in the background all day. His name was put forward, and many promises were made for him, revolutionary enough, but it was not by himself. Nicholas Ash, after a long conference with Leech and Still, was the chief speaker of the day, and Leech kept in the rear.

The day passed off quietly. Leech's name was suggested for the Governorship and took well, and the campaign was begun.

"They say the taxes are too high," declared the negro statesman, who spoke for the new candidate. "I tell you, and Colonel Leech tells you, they ain't high enough, and when he's governor they'll be higher yet. We are goin' to raise 'em—yes, we are goin' to raise 'em till we bankrupt 'em every one, and then the land will go to the ones as ought to have it." Tumultuous applause greeted this exposition of Leech's principles. And that night the negroes paraded in companies through the village, keeping step to a sort of chant about raising taxes and getting the lands.

As Dr. Cary rode home that evening on his old horse, Still and Leech passed him in a new buggy drawn by a pair of fine horses which young Dr. Still had just gotten to start out on his practice with. They both spoke to Dr. Cary, but the Doctor had turned his head away so as not to see them. It was the nearest his heart would let him come to cutting a man direct.

That night there was a meeting held in the county, at which were present nearly all the men whose names have appeared in this chronicle except Dr. Cary and one or two of the older gentlemen. But to compensate for their absence there were many more.

The place selected for the meeting was an old and somewhat rambling stone-house with wings and with extensive cellars under it, lying in a valley between two hills, which sheltered it and made it always somewhat gloomy. It had been used as a field hospital in the battle which had been fought near by, and on this account had always had rather a bad name among the negroes, who told grewsome tales of the legs and arms hacked off and flung out of the windows, and of the ghostly scenes now enacted there after nightfall, and gave it a wide berth.

After the war, a cyclone had blown down or twisted off many of the trees around it, and had taken the roof off a part of the building and blown in one of the wings, killing several of the persons who then occupied it, which casualty the superstition of the negroes readily set down to avenging wrath. The rest of the house had stood the storm; but since that time the building had never been repaired, and had sunk into a state of mournful dilapidation, and few negroes in the county could have been induced to go there even in daylight. It had escaped even the rapacious clutch of Land Commissioner Still.

Had any of the negroes around seen the ghostly riders who threaded their way through the dark woods about midnight after the meeting at the court-house, and the scenes which took place within those dismantled walls, they would have had some ground for thinking the tales told of the dead coming back from their graves were true.

After the muster of the colored militia at the county-seat, and their demonstration, the companies had been dismissed, and the members had gone to their several homes taking with them, with all the pride and pomp of newly decorated children, their arms and accoutrements. But their triumph was short-lived.

In the dead of night, when the cabins and settlements were wrapped in slumber, came a visitation, passing through the county from settlement to settlement, and from cabin to cabin, in silence, but with a thoroughness that showed the most perfect organization; and when morning dawned every gun and every round of ammunition which had been issued throughout the county, except those at the county-seat, had been taken away and had vanished.

In most cases the seizure had been accomplished quietly, the surprise having been so complete as wholly to prevent any resistance. All that the dejected militiamen could tell next day was that there had been a knock at the door, the door had been opened; the yard had been found full of awful forms wrapped like ghosts in winding-sheets, some of whom had entered the houses, picked up the guns and ammunition and without a word walked out and disappeared.

In other cases the seizure had not been

so easily effected, and in some few places there had been force exerted and violence used. But in every case the guns had been taken either peaceably or by force, and the man who had resisted had only called down on his head severity. The whites had not been wholly exempt.

Leech had spent the night at Hiram Still's. They had talked over the events of the meeting and the whole situation. Ash's speech proposing him for Governor had taken well with the negroes, and for the whites they did not care. The day had gone off quietly. The whites had evidently been overawed by them. This was their interpretation of their quietude. Leech was triumphant. It was the justification of his plan in arming his soldiers. He laid off his future plans when he should have fuller powers. His only regret was that he had not had Steve Allen arrested for threatening him. But that would come before long.

"D—n him! I wish he was dead," he growled, as they drove along.

"Go slow, Colonel; if wishes could kill he'd 'a' been dead long ago—and maybe so would you," laughed Still.

"What a ——— unpleasant laugh you have," frowned Leech. He did not often allow himself the luxury of a frown; but he had found it effective with Still.

Next morning Leech was aroused by his host calling to him hastily to get up. Still was as white as death.

"What is it?"

"Get up and come out quick. Hell's broke loose."

When Leech came out, Still pointed him to a picture drawn with red chalk on the floor of the portico, a fairly good representation of the Indian-killer. There were also three crosses cut in the bark of one of the trees in front of the door.

"What does that mean?"

"Means some rascals are trying to scare you: we'll scare them."

But Still was not reassured. Anything relating to the Indian-killer always discomposed him. He had to take several drinks to bring back his courage—and when about breakfast-time the news began to come to them of the visitation that had been made through the county during the night, Leech too began to look a little pale.

By mid-day they knew the full extent and completeness of the stroke. A new and unknown force had suddenly arisen. The negroes were paralyzed with terror. Some of them believed that the riders were really supernatural, and they told, with ashy faces, of the marvellous things they had done. Some of them had said that they had just come from hell to warn them, and they had drunk bucketsful of water, which the negroes could hear "sizzling" as it ran down their throats.

By dusk both Leech and Still had disappeared. They saw that the organization of the negroes was wholly destroyed, and unless something were done, and done immediately, they would be stampeded beyond hope. They hurried off to the city to lay their grievances before the Governor and to claim the exercise of the full power of the executive.

They found the Governor much excited, indeed, about the attack on his militia; but to their consternation he was even more enraged against them by the announcement of Leech's prospective candidacy in opposition to himself. He declared that he had aided and abetted Leech in all his schemes with the express understanding that he would give him his unqualified support for re-election, and he flatly charged him with treachery in announcing himself a candidate in opposition to him, and declined to interfere unless Leech at once retired.

In this dilemma, Leech promptly denied that he had ever announced himself as a candidate.

"Well, he had allowed Nicholas Ash to do it, which amounted to the same thing."

Leech repudiated any responsibility for Ash's action, and denied absolutely that he had any idea whatever of running against the Governor for whom he asseverated the greatest friendship.

Thus the matter was ostensibly patched up, and Leech and Still received some assurance that action would be taken.

When they left the presence of the Governor, however, it was to take a room and hold a private conference, at which it was decided that their only hope lay in going to the higher authorities, and getting immediately the backing of those powers on whose support the Governor himself relied.

"I know him," whispered Still. "You didn't fool him. He ain't never goin' to help you. May look like he's standin' by you; but he ain't. We've got to go up yonder. Bolter's obliged to stand by us. He's too deep in." He chuckled his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction in which his noon-shadow was pointing. Leech agreed with him, and instead of returning home, the two leaders paid a somewhat extended visit to the seat of government, where they posed as patriots and advocates of law and order, and were admitted to conferences with the most noted and potent men in the councils of the nation, before whom they laid their case.

CHAPTER XXI

THE Ku-Klux raid, as it came to be called, created a great commotion far beyond the borders of the old county. There had been heretofore growlings, and threatenings, altercations, collisions, and outbreaks of more or less magnitude in other sections, but no outbreak so systematic, so extensive and so threatening as this, and it caused a sensation. It was talked about as "a new rebellion," calling for the suspension of the writs of privilege, and the exercise of the strongest powers of the government.

When, therefore, Leech and Still appeared at the National Capital as refugees, appealing for aid to maintain the laws and even to secure their lives, they found open ears and ready sympathizers to receive their story. They were met by Mr. Bolter, who mainly had taken the bonds of their new railway, which was not yet built, and who was known as a wealthy capitalist. Thus they appeared as men of substance and standing, well introduced, who were likely to be more than commonly conservative, and their tale was given unbounded credit.

When they returned home it was with the conviction that their mission had been completely successful: they had not only secured the immediate object of their visit, and obtained the promise of the strongest backing that could be given against their enemies in the county, but they had gained even a more important victory. They had

instilled doubts as to both the sincerity and the wisdom of the Governor, had, as Still said, "loosed a lynch-pin for him," and had established themselves as the true and proper persons to be consulted and supported, and had thus secured, as they hoped, the future control of the State. They were in an ecstasy, and when, a little later, the new Judge, Hurlbut Bail, was appointed, the man Bolter had recommended against one the Governor had backed, they felt themselves to be masters of the situation.

When the mission of Leech and Still became known in the old county, it created grave concern. A meeting was held, and Dr. Cary and General Legaie, with one or two others of the highest standing, were sent as a committee to lay their side of the case before the authorities and see what they could do to counteract the effects of the work of Leech and his associates.

It was the first time Dr. Cary and General Legaie had been to the National Capital, or indeed out of the State, since the war, and they were astonished to see what progress had been made in that period. On merely crossing a river they found themselves suddenly landed in a city as wholly different from anything they had seen since the war as if it had been a foreign capital. The handsome streets and busy thoroughfares filled with well-dressed throngs, gay with flashing equipages and all the insignia of wealth, appeared the more brilliant from the sudden contrast. As the party walked through the city they appeared to themselves to be almost the poorest persons they saw, at least among the whites. The city was full of negroes at this time. They appeared to represent mainly the two extremes of prosperity and poverty. The gentlemen could not walk on the street without being appealed to by some old man or woman who was in want, and who as long as the visitors had anything to give, needed only to ask to be assisted.

"We are like lost souls on the banks of the Styx," said Dr. Cary to General Legaie. "I feel as much a stranger as if I were on another planet, and to think our grandfathers helped to make this nation!"

"To think that we ever surrendered!" said the General, with a flash in his eye.

They took lodgings at a little boarding-house, and called next day in a body on

the head of the nation, but were unable to see him; then they waited on one after another of several high officers of the Government whom they believed to be dominant in the matters on which they had come North. Some they failed to get access to, others heard them civilly, but with undisguised coldness. At one place they were treated rudely by a negro door-keeper whose manner was so insolent that the General turned on him sharply with a word and a gesture that suddenly sent him bouncing inside the door.

After this interview as Dr. Cary was walking back to his boarding-house and as he passed along the street he was met by one of his old servants, with whom he stopped to talk. The old negro was undisguisedly glad to see him. He wrung his hand again and again.

"You's de fust frien', Marster, I'se seen sence I been heah," he said.

"You are the first friend, John, I have seen," said the Doctor, smiling. He put his hand in his pocket and gave the old man a bank-note.

As he was engaged in this colloquy he was observed with kindly interest or amusement by many passers-by—among them by an elderly and handsomely dressed gentleman and lady accompanied by a very pretty girl, who strolled by, and loitered for a moment within earshot to observe the two strangers and then passed on.

"What a picturesque figure!" said the lady.

"Which one?"

"Well, both. I almost thought of them as one. I wish, Alice, you could have gotten a sketch of them as they stood."

"He is a Southerner—from his voice," said her husband, who was the noted Judge Rockfield, one of the ablest men at that time in public life; one of the wisest in council, and who, though his conservatism in that period of fierce passion kept him from being as prominent as some who were more violent and more radical, yet was esteemed one of the strongest and soundest men in the country. He was a senator from his State, and the owner of one of the leading and most powerful journals in the country.

Dr. Cary having given the old negro his address, took a street-car to try to overhaul his friend. It was full, and the Doctor se-

cured the last vacant seat. A few blocks farther on several persons boarded the car, among them the elderly gentleman and his wife and daughter, already mentioned, and another lady. The Doctor rose instantly.

"Will you take my seat, madam?" he said with a bow, to the nearest lady. The other ladies were still left standing, but the next second a young fellow, farther down the car, rose and gave up his seat. The Doctor, looking across at the men who remained seated, caught his eye.

"The Athenians praise hospitality; the Lacedæmonians practise it," he said, in a distinct voice that went through the car, and with a bow to the young fellow which brought a blush of pride to his pleasant face. After that there were seats enough.

The next moment the gentleman who had entered with his wife touched the Doctor on the arm.

"I beg your pardon, is your name Cary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can this be John Cary of Birdwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you remember Anson Rockfield?"

"Why, Rockfield, my old college-mate!" exclaimed the Doctor. The two men grasped each other's hands with a warmth which drew to them the attention and interest of the whole car.

"Rockfield, you see I am still quoting Plutarch?" said the Doctor.

"And still acting on his principles," said the Senator, smiling, and he presented him to his wife.

"My dear, this is the man to whom you are indebted for me. But for him I should have gone to the d——l years before you knew me."

"He does me far too much justice, madam, and himself far too little," said the Doctor. "I am sure that to have ever been able to win such a lady he must have been always worthy—as worthy as any man can be of a woman."

Senator Rockfield urged the Doctor to come at once to his house and be his guest while in the city, an invitation which his wife promptly seconded with much graciousness.

"Let us show you that some of the Athenians practise as well as praise hospitality," she said, smiling.

Thanking them the Doctor excused himself from accepting the invitation, but said that with her permission he would call and pay his respects, and he did so that evening. As a result of this meeting an audience was arranged for him and his friends next day with the President, who heard them with great civility, though he gave them no assurance that he would accept their views, and furnished no clew to lead them to think they had made any impression at all. They came away, therefore, somewhat downcast.

Before the Southerners left for home, Senator Rockfield called on Dr. Cary, and taking him aside had a long talk with him, explaining somewhat the situation and the part he had felt himself compelled to take. He wound up, however, with an appeal that Dr. Cary would not permit political differences to divide them, and would allow him to render him personally any assistance that his situation might call for.

"I am rich now, Cary," he said, "while you have suffered reverses and may have found your means impaired and yourself at times even cramped?" (The Doctor thought how little he knew of the real facts.) "It is the fortune of war; and I want you to allow me to help you. I suppose you must have lost a good deal?" he said, interrogatively.

A change passed over the old Doctor's face. Reminiscence, pain were all at work, and the pleasant light which had been there did not return. But in its place was rather the shade of deepened fortitude.

"No," he said, quietly. "'War cannot plunder Virtue.' I have learned that 'a quiet mind is richer than a crown.'"

"Still, I know that the war must have injured you some," urged the Senator. "We were chums in old times and I want it to be so now. I have never forgotten what you were to me; and what I told my wife of your influence on me was less than the fact. Why, Cary, I even learnt my politics from you," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

Dr. Cary thanked him, but was firm. He could think of nothing he could do for him. "Except this: think of us as men. Come down and see for yourself."

"Still practising Plutarch," said the Senator. "Well, the time may come, even if

it has not come yet, and I want you to promise me that when it does, you will call on me—either for yourself or any friend of yours? It will be a favor to me, Cary," he said, with a new tone in his voice, seeing the look on the Doctor's face. "Somehow you have turned back the dial, and taken me back to the time when we were young, fresh, and full of high hopes and—yes— aspirations, and I had not found out how d—d mean and sordid the world is. It will be a favor to me."

"All right, I will," said the Doctor. "If my friends need it." And the two friends shook hands.

So the Commission returned home.

(To be continued.)

A BARGAIN

By Theodosia Pickering

THE man-soul spoke to the woman-soul :
 "I would bargain, beloved," he said ;
 "Will you give, for your part, the love of a heart
 For a love that is ruled by the head ?
 Will you give your cunning and pride and peace
 For a tender thought or so ?
 I offer a jest for a life's unrest."
 And the woman said not "No."

For lo, this way hath it ever been, even since time began,
 Has a woman bartered and bargained—and lost (and been glad of the loss) to man.

The man-soul spoke to the woman-soul :
 "I would make the trade complete ;
 I ask you to give the years you live
 And the service of hands and feet.
 Will you weigh your prayers, your thoughts, your deeds,
 In the scale with a chance caress ?
 Will you take a kiss for a life of this ?"
 And the woman answered "Yes."

For lo, this way hath it ever been, even since time began,
 Has a woman bartered and bargained—and lost (and been glad of the loss) to man.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THOSE persons who may sometimes be heard to complain of a certain dryness and coldness in American fiction have probably never realized under what extremely trying conditions our novelists ply their art. We have been told that the romantic element in human nature is not innate, but was acquired rather late, and chiefly during the aristocratic and feudal Middle Age. That savages have no sense of romance we are prepared to believe, though they may have it in ways that we know nothing of. As to whether civilized antiquity possessed it as little as is commonly surmised may be more a matter of doubt. There was much in the Greek feeling for nature that was deeply emotional, and much in their myths that was deeply romantic. Nor are the Biblical records a good testimony to the absence of the romantic spirit in ancient times. The great king, Xerxes to the Greeks and Ahashuerus to the Hebrews, who took Esther to queen, having learned, from contact with Grecian sentiment, something of the higher feeling toward women, was capable of romance; the story of David and Jonathan is beautifully romantic, and so likewise is that of Ruth and Naomi. It does not seem so easy to prove that the romantic feeling begins late in human history. What would be easier to demonstrate is that it is grounded universally on a sense of inequality of some sort, whether as between man in his weakness and Fate in her strength, or as between one human being and another; and, therefore, that it cannot be in its strongest form a modern feeling. The disadvantages, to be sure, under which men and women labor as regards the forces of nature and destiny, have, unhappily, not been removed by democracy; but social inequalities have been, largely; and this entirely accounts for the relatively faint tinge of romance in the emotional make-up of people living under democratic dispensations. No very modern people is romantic; and Americans, being most modern, least of all. There are compensations, doubtless. But those for whom they must necessarily seem smallest are our writers of fiction.

The Romantic
Element in
American
Fiction.

There are, for instance, two traditional types of emotional situations which have been used for centuries in every clime and under every sky, as foundations for the most charming and ever-fresh picture-buildings. They are love-stories, and the world, whether it recognizes them under their successive disguises or no, has never tired of them. The first of these types of love-stories is that of which the legend of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid presents perhaps the most familiar example. It appears, at one time, in the garb of the supernatural Knight Lohengrin, stooping to be the defender of an earthly maiden. At another, it is the story of Goethe's Egmont, nobleman, soldier, political leader, seeking the home of the peasant Clärchen, and forgetting in her artless chatter plots and state-cares. It is Racine's Mithridates, King of Pontus, and the Greek slave Monime; it is Faust and Margaret; it is Tennyson's Lord of Burleigh and his humble love. It is, on a lower level, the ever-popular nucleus of countless romances beloved of the English middle-classes, in which a young girl who is governess, or companion, or impecunious relative, finally marries—a modern instance of this tenacious Cinderella myth—the greatest *parti* of the year, over the heads of professional beauties and titled heiresses. It is a theme, in short, in which there is ever a greater and a less; the basis of which rests in a social inequality. The second type of eternally romantic love-story is simply the first reversed. In it the man is the social inferior, and in the hands of the great poets it has yielded magnificent fruits. Examples will rise readily to mind: Gottfried of Strasburg's Tristram and Iseult; Tennyson's Lancelot and Guinevere; Victor Hugo's Ruy Blas; Goethe's Tasso. From the nature of the case, this second type of love-story is more adapted to dramatic treatment than the first. In that the heroine is passive; the appeal is to the softer and suaver sentiments; the chivalrous chord is touched and vibrates deeply. In the second type all is strenuous and tragic. The social inferior in the case does not submit to his fate; he rebels, and the heroine, set aloft in her pride,

has likewise a sharp fight to wage, against womanly modesty, against the world's opinion, against her own heart.

Now all this material which has done duty for ages, all this most rich material—for rich beyond all others are those situations that evoke a great play of various, subtle, complex, and complicated emotions—the American writer of fiction must almost wholly forego. What should he do with a socially inferior hero? There is only one way in which the woman can be the man's social superior in this country and that is by having more money than he. The "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was a story that gave pleasing if rather mawkish results under the pen of an Octave Feuillet. It would tax severely the art of the best American writer to make anything similar to its plot tolerated of his readers. The romantic type of the penniless young man does not here exist. And as to the type of story that is based on woman's helplessness and touching need of protection, such is the influence of our national "feminism" that an author finds it almost, if not quite as difficult to enlist sympathy for that. This is an optimistic country of many resources; and what with the higher education for women and the opening offered them in the professions, and one thing and another, we can see no very sufficient reason why members of the softer sex should not achieve some species of personal distinction, in order to bridge over any chance little inequality in a given case, as well as a man.

All the romance of life, it may be objected, does not lie in love-stories. All the romance of life is, however, dependent on variety of status, feeling, outlook, amongst human beings. Wherever an American author has been able to lay his finger on indigenous matter having an intrinsic character of romance, it has been in surroundings not yet subdued to the levelling influences of the developed industrial state. Such was the New-England of the "Scarlet Letter;" such California in the Forties; and such, in a measure, are still to-day the Southern States, where usages and ways of thinking continue, at many points, to be feudal, and where an inferior race keeps alive the mediæval idea of inequality, with all its picturesque contrasts.

Growing out of these modern limitations in the direction of the romantic there is a feeling, not very easy to define as yet, that we must look for emotional interest at new points.

It has been suggested that there is a mighty romance to those who, like Mr. Rudyard Kipling, can apprehend it, in great engines, in the blind, tremendous working of iron and steel. Perhaps we are destined to see important developments along this line. Until they are apparent the sense of dissatisfaction with the dryness and coldness of much of our fiction must abide with us. Our men and women are so nearly equal, and they know each other so well, that they refuse to clothe one another with those richer and more brilliant hues of the imagination out of which romance springs.

THERE is a curious tendency on the part of humanity to take its idea of itself from books and traditions, and to attach far more weight to what some master of literature has told it should be felt than to what experience tells it is felt. If, in addition to having been voiced by some acknowledged authority, any dictum concerning the emotions happens to have been expressed in a form which absolutely tempts quotation, its assurance is regarded as doubly sure, and the boldest does not venture to say that life itself tells a very different tale. "Eh, sirs," exclaimed the old Scotch servant who on her death-bed was warned that her salvation depended on her revealing some secret that touched her master's conduct, "Eh, sirs, wad ye hae me set the soul o' a puir creature like me against the honor o' an auld Scottish family?" Do we modestly assume that the real feelings of poor creatures like ourselves are not worth considering in comparison with the sayings of the poets? and if we unfortunately do not feel what they have told us we should, do we protest that we do, until at last we come to believe our own assertions?

Sorrow's
Crown.

This seems to be the best explanation of the popularity of Tennyson's rendering of the Italian poet's belief that

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Two generations have repeated it almost without protest, and yet many of those who have quoted and believed it must have known otherwise had they taken their knowledge from life rather than from poetry. The lines are true enough, no doubt, of that sentimental sorrow in which youth delights, but when the real tragedies of life are under consideration Tennyson himself adopts another creed. His three

greatest characters find their sharpest pang elsewhere. When Guinevere has fled the Court, and Lancelot is gone, and the King has spoken his last farewell and gone forth to his last great battle in the west, the Queen's most poignant grief is not in the thought of the old happy days when her love was new and innocent, but in the knowledge that it is she who has broken "the vast design and purpose of the King," and in the thought of what had been had she but "known the highest when she saw it." The anguish which drives Lancelot forth, maddening, upon the quest of the Holy Grail is no mournful dwelling upon vanished delights, but the knowledge that his "honor rooted in dishonor stands," and that for him faith and disloyalty are inextricably intertwined; and Arthur finds his deepest grief in the frustration of his life's purpose and the treachery of trusted wife and friend.

But usually the lines are quoted with regard to pain that has no mingling of remorse and the grief that comes from death. Yet here least of all do they express the full truth. They may, perhaps, be true of the lighter sorrows which come with the loss of those whom we love, indeed, but who are not bound up with life itself for us. But when the great sorrows which come but seldom to any man touch us, when the memory of the past is torture and the thought of the future agony, when the very heart of life is gone, and the world is a blank, and words of help and comfort a mockery, we yet have not tasted the utmost bitterness of sorrow until in the very crisis of suffering we realize that this, too, will pass away and that a time will come when what we have lost will be so utterly gone from us that even its memory cannot move us greatly. For our grief is a bond between us and what is gone; and bitter though it be, it is yet better than the knowledge that presently even this poor tie will break and the past will be gone from us forever. Shakespeare knew this:

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Constance believed that her grief would never die; in that belief she found comfort; but what remains when even that consolation fails us and we know that sorrow itself, hav-

ing had its day, shall cease to be? There is strength in the knowledge, but it is purchased at a tragic price, for this is the veritable crown of sorrows, the last and bitterest drop in the cup of grief.

A WOMAN who has always dreamed wistfully of the joy of artistic dressing, put resolutely behind her, not long ago, her habitual fifty-dollar gowns, and fearfully plunged into indulgence of her sense of style. It cost her \$250 to get a simple enough gown from a man dressmaker of only national, not international, fame, but she felt sure that the supreme satisfaction of owning and wearing a "masterpiece," even though a modest one, would be beyond estimation in coin of the realm. Alas! when the gown came home, it was rich in seldom-used tints, uniquely and exquisitely combined, but the seams were not even overcast, let alone bound, and the collar came off while the first trying-on was in progress, while bastings stared one out of countenance from the corners, and a velvet bow was discovered (painfully discovered) to be pinned on instead of sewed. Almost in tears, the worshipper of artistic dress stated the case to the man to whom she had drawn her check. He was annoyed, honestly annoyed.

The Plague of
Inefficiency.

"It's just this way, madame," he said. "I think out madame's dress, select this for it, and that, and direct how it shall be made. I cannot sit down and make it myself? No, I must pass on to the next in order, and only direct each. What is the result? I have a good fitter—yes; she is an artist herself. But I pay her \$3,000 a year—she cannot sew seams, or put in shields—no! I must have cheaper help to do that, and what is the result? Madame's gown! I have here," waving his hand in the direction of his workrooms, "forty girls, about; not one of them should I trust to do a thing without an overseer, but what can I do? They take no pride in doing things neatly, they do not care if they ruin my reputation with careless work, like madame's. Not they!

"Know better? Oh, some of them do, but do not care. Ask any modiste, any tailor, all will tell you the same thing. I, or my forelady (!), should have looked at every inch of madame's gown before sending it home, but we were busy, we did not; this," holding up the dainty deception, "is the result."

Madame was interested; she had been a house-keeper for years enough to know the plague of domestic inefficiency, but, like many women, supposed it was a plague unique, or nearly so, with that class of service.

When madame's husband came home that night he startled her by seeming to take up the very thread of her unspoken thoughts. Madame, being a wise woman, even if a bit fond of vanity, makes it a rule never to burden her husband with tales of domestic woe, and he, being an exceptional man and understanding in some degree that madame has trials as well as he, usually forbears to use his home hours for complaining of business depression or the total depravity of his help. To-night (when shall we be able to explain these startling coincidences?) he laid down his paper with a sigh.

"I don't know what we're coming to," he said, enigmatically; "here is the same old story about the hosts of unemployed, and yet I can't get boy or man to copy letters in my office and mail them without making mistakes likely to cost me hundreds of dollars. A man I met to-day told me that out of fifteen thousand homeless men in the city of Chicago, most of them claim to be vagabonds on the face of the earth, because they were bred to farm labor, and the improvements in farming machinery have supplanted the work of their hands. But I've been four months trying to get a reliable, efficient man to live on our little summer farm, at wages of \$30 a month and board, and I can't find one. I have tried advertising, tried associations of various sorts, and I've even sent two men out there to try, but one of them sold all my choice eggs for his own profit, and the other let my pet Alderney die of neglect."

Doubtless most of us have broached the subject of inefficient service often enough among our acquaintances, to know what revelations follow on its introduction, but if there is anyone who has never made the experiment, it will interest him to try; and if those who have not pursued it beyond the pale of their own special interests, will institute inquiries into the state of affairs in

other phases of life, the result will be full of disclosures and pregnant with grave queries.

Often the trouble lies in lack of knowledge; pure and simple ignorance. With hopefulness we look to training schools of various sorts to meet this lack and mitigate it for the future. Quite as often, if one is not mistaken in comparative numbers, the trouble lies in the lack of adaptability. Knowledge, skill, of a kind are not wanting, but the "faculty" (good, old-fashioned word!) of application is not there. False pride is another thing; your sewing-girl is so afraid you won't know that she is as good as you are, that she loathes the simple work of putting a fresh binding on your skirt; it seems menial to her, and so she puts it on only half as well as she could, or as she should. This spirit is always at its maximum where education in the true principles of democracy is at the minimum; but if public education is only going to teach its beneficiaries a little book-knowledge, is it worth the price we pay for it? Is any education, technical or general, worth any price, if it does not inculcate, first of all things, the dignity of doing things well?

Time-serving enslaves many of those whom silly pride does not. Men defeat the ends even of selfishness when they refuse to see that time-service shuts them into a very treadmill of drudgery and poor pay. Yet the man who regards work as a necessary evil and his employer as his task-master, is the first man to cast discredit on that other who finds that life, at its best, is work, and work is success and dignity and emolument, and in this belief probably becomes wealthy or great, while his early companions stay behind and envy and jeer.

This is a subject as old, verily, as the hills, or at least as old as men, for Cain was a time-server, and since Cain the evil effects of such service have not failed to work murderously against the efforts of the saving remnant. The injustice of this is cruel, but no more cruel than the other wrongs inefficiency and dishonesty wreak upon the "general good."

THE FIELD OF ART

THE LESSON OF THE PHOTOGRAPH

THE time in which we are living might well be known as the age of photography. It is at least possible to believe that of all the wonderful discoveries or inventions of the nineteenth century that of photography is the most important, and that it will prove more far-reaching in its effects than any other since the invention of printing. The invention of printing was the discovery of a method for the preservation and multiplication of the record of human thought; the invention of photography was the discovery of a method for the obtaining, the preservation, and the multiplication of records of fact. Printing can only record what man knows or thinks; photography can record many things which man does not know and has not even seen, much less understood. In photography there is no personal equation. What a man has photographed is different from what he has seen or thinks he has seen, from what he declares he saw, from what he draws. Within its limits it is an accurate statement of what was. Hence, photography is one of the most valuable of the tools of science, at once a means of research and an invaluable, because impersonal, record. Its applications are infinite, and we are probably only at the beginning of them. It has become the indispensable tool not only of the natural sciences, but of everything that touches upon science, of every study in which fact is of more importance than opinion or feeling. It will make history something different in the future from what it has been in the past, and, by the multiplication of reproductions of works of art, it has already revolutionized art-criticism.

But what has been and what is likely to be the influence of this great invention upon art itself? It has certainly added in some ways to the education of the artist; as an implement of investigation it has taught us much about the science of natural aspects. Yet, up to the present, its influence would seem to have been evil rather than good. We have had painters trying to rival the photograph in its accuracy of statement, and so nearly suc-

ceeding that their work has been hardly distinguishable from that of the camera, and now we have the camera attempting in its turn to produce art. Many of the cheaper magazines are illustrated almost wholly by photography, and nowadays they are filled with what are known as "photographic art-studies," and we have whole exhibitions of the same sort of thing, like a recent one at the Academy of Design. One might almost be forgiven for thinking that art and photography have grown so to resemble each other that the mere cheapness and facility of the latter is destined to win the day for it, without regard to its superiority in verisimilitude, and that photography is likely, in the near future, entirely to supplant art.

There are, however, other signs of the times which point to an entirely opposite conclusion. Are not these the days, or rather, was not yesterday the day, of the poster fad? The poster is as far as possible from photographic; has as little as possible to do with fact or nature; is, in its extremest form, pure decoration run mad. Yet the day of the poster is coincident with the day of the photograph. The crisis of that fever is passed, but look at the current numbers of the "up-to-date" art-periodicals and observe the dominance of personality in the work they publish and comment upon, its decorativeness, its subjectivity, the variety of "tendencies" and "movements," of *alities* and *isms*, that are represented. Never have there been so many schools and groups and secessions. Impressionists and symbolists and the Rose + croix, tonalists and colorists and luminists, are rampant. In art this is pre-eminently a period of anarchy and revolt, and the revolt is precisely against the photograph and the photographic, though it has seemed at times that the revolutionaries would batter down many good things also, including sound drawing and common-sense.

No, the real danger at present is hardly that art will submit to the sway of photography, but that it will go too far in its rebellion and forget truth as well as mere fact. For photography is hopelessly ugly. The dreariness of the "photographic art-study" which

has so impressed the artist, will end by impressing the public, and even the multitude will, in the long run, resent being fobbed off with mere nature when they ask for art.

If photography teaches the world nothing else, it will teach it that the end of art is not imitation. It will never again be possible for a great artist to believe, as Leonardo believed, that his aim is the production of a picture resembling as nearly as possible the reflection of nature in a mirror. We have the reflection made permanent all about us, and it does not suffice. The photograph has killed the doctrine of "realism." But neither will the old doctrine of "idealism" answer any longer. The realist taught that you should paint nature as it is, the idealist that you should paint nature as it ought to be. But the photograph shows us that nature is no more like Rembrandt than like Raphael, and that the something which is art exists in the work of Terburgh as unmistakably as in that of Titian, while it does not exist in nature itself or in the impersonal record of nature. What is this something? The shortest word for it is arrangement. It is some form of order, harmony, proportion. It is arrangement of line, arrangement of color, arrangement of light and shade, for the sake of forming a harmoniously ordered whole which shall express some phase of human emotion and satisfy some vague desire of the human heart. There is even an arrangement of graven lines or of the strokes of a brush, so that "mere technique" may also be artistic and have its reason in the creation of harmonies, though they be not harmonies of the highest order of importance. Sometimes nature fortuitously arranges itself into a semblance of pictorial harmonies, and sometimes a photograph may seize and perpetuate one of these accidental arrangements, and then we have the best that photography can give us. The "snap-shot" at a landscape under a fine effect, or at the momentary grouping of figures in movement, is often deeply interesting to artists, although it is not art. But the more consciously the photographer attempts to be an artist the worse, in general, are his results, because the complicated harmonies which the painter arranges on his canvas are impossible of achievement anywhere else. You cannot pose figures as painters pose them, nor arrange drapery as they arrange it. You cannot get real light to fall as it falls in pictures, or natural color to

harmonize as pictorial color harmonizes. The artist's arrangement is complete, each smallest detail fitted to its place in the whole, each line and each touch of color studied and modified until its relation with every other line and every other touch is perfect, and these relations, although infinitely subtle and complex, are subject to unascertained mathematical law as certainly as the relations of notes in a musical score are subject to a law better known and partially understood. Try to pose figures before the camera and to make a picture like some work of art that you have seen, and you will discover that it cannot be done. If one detail is right, another will be wrong. The painter has studied the parts separately, trying again and again for this line or that shade until everything fills its allotted place in a comprehensive scheme; but the photographer must get them all right at once or not at all. The result is that deadest of pictures, the *tableaux vivants*.

We all see photographs to-day, and most of us take them, and from this fact must surely come, if not a knowledge of what art is, at least a more general knowledge than has ever before existed in the world of what it is *not*. But while art is arrangement and not imitation, in the art of painting the things to be arranged are the forms and colors of nature. The art may be good while the representation is poor, but there is no reason why the art should not be finer while the representation is truer. If the artist's knowledge is not so great that he can mould nature to his harmony, then he must leave the nature out, for the harmony is the essential; but if the harmony is attained, then the more nature is included in it the more delightful is the art. The figure-designer should know the human figure so well that he can fit it to any scheme of line without ever a bit of false anatomy, and there is surely no reason why the landscape-painter should not be able to produce great harmonies of color and tone without one misstatement of nature's laws of light. For the competent artist there is no more necessity of falsification than there is need that the poet should write nonsense because he writes in verse. Meanwhile, there are no fully competent artists, and we need demand of those we have only that they shall be composers first, and that afterward they shall give us as much nature as they have learned to control.

Such is the lesson of the photograph. If

we learn it, the influence of photography upon art will have been for good and not for evil.

K. C.

As K. C. says, and as his words still more strongly imply, the photograph has been sent us especially to teach the public what art is; that is to say, the art of the painter and the sculptor. The prodigious difference between the artist's representation of any natural object and the photograph of that same object is something which does not strike us so forcibly as we look at a drawing made by some monochrome process, but is very evident when it is the photograph which is before us. And yet there is a distinction to be drawn and a question to be asked with regard to it.

The photograph of a landscape subject is often of such refinement, "composing" so well, and affording so grateful and attractive a picture, that the public may be excused for asking if that is not landscape-art; and even the student may be allowed to ask the same pertinent question. A picture of a distant mountain-peak made as some out-of-door photographers know how to make it, has a delicacy of tint, a subtlety of line, reproducing something of that strange passing of the mountain into the sky which the student of nature knows but which beats the painter's efforts to render. And if, as will constantly happen, the mountain is much more gradual in its slopes and much less "alpine" in character in the photograph than we, in our excitement, looking at it, had supposed it to be; and if it is to be supposed that the painter would have falsified these slopes and that highest acclivity in order to tell more strongly the story of the mountain, as by a sort of exaggeration which is of the same nature as caricature; then it is a question at once whether such exaggeration be not a barbarous and primitive resort of the painter's art—whether the great mountain-painter ought not to find mountain character without so childish a device as that piece of falsification. Even the recollection of Turner's practice and the weight of his great authority leaves one in a questioning mood about this important matter. Or, to take the more familiar instance of the hedgerow, the stile, and the turning of the lane in English landscape, or the familiar group of cows under a tree, or of poplars by the side of still water, or of children in a blackberry patch, the landscape being the essence of the picture in each case,

there is many an instance of this sort of photographic picture which is very attractive even to the artist familiar to weariness with the drawings of a thousand masters who have gone before. And yet even Mr. Ruskin, best known to us all as worshipper of nature and preacher against conventions of art, tells his readers that the photographers ought to spend their strength on the perishing ancient buildings of Europe, remembering always that a photograph of a landscape is but a toy, while a photograph of a fine ruin is a document of precious significance.

In Florence, twenty years ago, a student of architecture was buying photographs on a rather large scale, when a painter of his acquaintance, and a devout follower of Ruskin's teachings, asked him how he could bear to spend money on such inartistic things as photographs. The answer was easy, relating as it did exclusively to photographs of architecture, sculpture, and objects of decorative art—it was that a photograph was a mere glass through which one saw the veritable object which he wished to study. The artistic character was not in the photographic picture, but in the object which it reproduced. Through the ugly purplish brown of a silver-print more of the truth concerning the church front, "set full for the sun to shave," was visible than could be seen through any drawing over which he, the artist, might have spent long summer afternoons. This is the essence of the photograph, that it preserves every record, with some drawbacks and shortcomings, of what is put before it. If that thing is artistic, the photograph, in an indirect and secondary way, becomes itself artistic, as the reflection of a man's face in a glass is the man himself; so far and no farther. There are some scraps of landscape which the artist can hardly improve upon in grace or in severity of composition. What is it that a critic says of the picture by Corot which he actually saw in process of being painted? Something to this effect: that at first he could not see what Corot, with his canvas out-of-doors in the forest of Fontainebleau, was trying to do, even the half-finished picture on the easel not fixing the subject sufficiently for the inquirer's information, until suddenly he saw, eighty yards away, in the dim middle distance, Corot's picture rising out of the ground. Corot, the least realistic of out-of-door painters, the most determined of all men to give one, and usually

the same, familiar impression—the deliberate painter at noon-day of dawn-effects and of twilight skies—Corot could yet plant himself in front of a composition ready made for him and modify it only in part as he worked. What, then, does the skilled and artistically intelligent photographer do? He selects the Corot subject, and, as he cannot alter it, he selects it with even more patient care. And what is his result? It is a transcript of a piece of nature which the photograph-artist has thought the most lovely within his immediate reach. It is not a work of landscape-art, but of skill and taste in choosing landscape. The photographer, tied to the veritable facts before him, must select with more patient and longanimous care than the landscape-painter, or he has achieved nothing whatever.

So much for landscape; but then it is notorious that real landscape comes nearer to our ideal landscape than some other manifestations of nature do to our ideal of them. To go at once to the other extreme, to the very opposite pole of the artistic world, how about figure-drawing, and especially the nude? Has anyone ever seen a photograph of the nude or semi-nude model, no matter how admirably chosen or how artistically posed, which was not really ugly when considered from the point of view of the trained observer of drawings of the figure? Rembrandt was not much of a chooser of models, at least in the direction of their loveliness, and there are not many uglier individuals in the great gallery of nude figures than the Adam and the Eve in his magnificent etching, and yet these two figures are lovely when compared with the photograph of the nude model. And the reason for this is clearly that the conventions of art—the accepted conventions of art—the conventions upon which all our ideas of figure-painting and figure-drawing are based—are all an ideal very remote indeed from the actual fact. Consider a Greek statue of a perfectly central type, neither early nor late, neither primitive nor of the decline—consider the Hermes found fifteen years ago at Olympia, and made popular by the numerous casts

of its bust and the numerous photographs of the whole figure. Neither in actual modelling of the smaller parts nor in the texture of surface is this much like the nude body even of the most athletic, the most healthy, the most admirably "trained" male model. The splendid young men whom one sees at the swimming-bath, they too, the fine-drawn and highly bred youths of our best races, and in admirable physical condition, are so unlike the Greek statue, that one looks once and again with amazement, asking whether this indeed is the origin of the Greek convention.

It is notorious that many of our living masters of the human form in painting, use the model only occasionally. It would not be hard to make a considerable list of men who, by their own confession, or by the statements of their friends, are known to compose and even to draw in detail without consulting the model at all, using the model afterward to correct their work, or, perhaps, in case of a long-lasting toil, referring to it more than once in the course of their work. Some of these artists have, indeed, posed the separate models for their separate figures in advance, first nude and then afterward draped. But there are those who will tell you that this plan is dangerous, because it leads to immobility, and to a look given to the figures in the final work as if they could not move, but were statues draped and colored. This is not the place to discuss these delicate subjects at length, but they should be in the mind of every one who looks at photographs of human subject and asks in what consists their extraordinary lack of artistic value. The draped figure follows at some distance the nude figure in all these conditions and conventions of art. The instantaneous photograph alone can give it movement and the charm of seeming alive; but at what a cost of grace!—at what a cost of artistic interest! Mr. Muybridge's photographs of man, beast, and bird in rapid motion are invaluable as documents, but we have yet to hear of the enthusiast who shall admire them as possessions in the sense that a work of art is a possession.

R. S.

1921

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This portrait is known as the "Gibbs-Channing portrait." It was painted in 1795 by Gilbert Stuart, and is now owned by Mr. S. P. Avery, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced.

Engraved by T. Johnson.

The Story of the Revolution.

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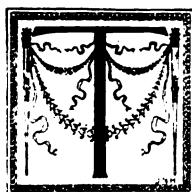
JUNE, 1898

NO. 6

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT VASSAR

By Margaret Sherwood

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL



THE problem, What is to be done with the college woman? has of late been troubling critics and reviewers. Much discussion of the question has perhaps given the public a mistaken idea that she does not know what to do with herself. As a matter of fact, during her undergraduate life and after, she is too busy to be seriously troubled about the uses of her existence, and nobody is less perplexed in regard to her future than she is. In college, the serious undercurrent of work and the bright life out of doors and in, absorb her. It is only when she is forced into it by pressure from outside that she becomes self-conscious, and stops to wonder if she is a "little queer." That she is being slowly awakened to a sense of the supposed antagonism between domestic and intellectual pursuits is evinced by a few faint signs, such, for instance, as the debate held not long ago at Vassar on the problem: "Does a college education unfit men for domestic life?" The question was decided in the affirmative, a result which

shows, perhaps, that the college woman is beginning to share the depression of the world at large in regard to this matter, but on the whole she realizes more clearly than does the public that the amount of learning acquired in the average college course is not likely to prove a serious obstacle in any walk in life. It is not the representatives of the so-called "unquiet sex" who place undue emphasis on the college training they receive. For that emphasis, the "eternal masculine" in the world at large is responsible.

The newspaper joke, that leader of thought in American life, has established two widespread convictions: first, that colleges for young men are entirely given over to muscular exercise; second, that life in a woman's college is a shadowed existence, into which girls are plunged in their youth and freshness, from which they emerge pale, sharp-nosed, spectacled. The fact that both these beliefs are untrue, perhaps lends added charm to them. American daughters go by scores to college, and return active, alert, wakened to keener mental and physical life than they have known before; and American fathers go on grumbling because of the strain that

The Senior Alcove in the Library

saps the vitality of all girls who study. Of the warmth and light and color of the life in women's colleges only the initiated know.

At Vassar, as in many others, the beauty of the surrounding country is a constant call to out-of-door activity. The long tramps, taken just for love of the deed, or with an ulterior botanical purpose, kindle one's blood in memory. The walk to Cedar Bridge, where blood-root and anemones come first in the spring; the climb up the long slopes of Richmond Hill to the solitary pine-tree; and the scramble, over burdocks and dead golden-rod, to the top of Sunrise Hill, where one has the blue Catskills to look at on the north, and the bluer Highlands on the south—these are feats for the athletic. For the less ambitious are left the walk round the lake, past the willows, or up the cedar-bordered paths of Sunset Hill, or past the

heavy banks of fern in the Glen. One learns to know much in one's four years at Vassar—where the mulleins grow on the hill-sides, and to which rocks the columbine comes first in the spring. Certain meadows, guarded by straggling rail fences or broken stone walls, come to be old friends, as do certain beech-trees and hickories and pines. The fading of red and gold color in autumn and the coming of pale green in the spring have peculiar beauty here. There has always been enchantment about the Hudson River valley, and Rip Van Winkle was not the only one possessed by its spell.

The inspiration takes different forms. The college girl is not put to sleep by it, but is roused to physical activity. There is rowing on the lake. Golf has faithful adherents, judging by the number of flags shining against the grass. Basket-ball now occupies the charmed circle bordered

Looking toward the College Grounds from the Lake.

by the cedar hedge, and new tennis-courts have been made near the pine walk that borders the grounds. The '97 *Vassarion* gives an almost startling result of the athletic training. Field Day, in the spring, is given up to contests. Each class has its basket-ball team. A series of match games leads up to this final one for the championship. Other feats on Field Day are recorded as follows :

Event.	Record.
100 yards dash.....	11 seconds
220 yards run.....	32 seconds
120 yards hurdle.....	21 seconds
Running high jump.....	4 feet 5 inches
Running broad jump.....	11 feet 8 inches
Standing broad jump.....	6 feet 11½ inches
Fence-vault.....	4 feet 5 inches

The statistics carry one back in thought to those early students in Mr. Lossing's "Vassar College and its Founder," pictured in street-costume, in flat hats of the "jockey" type, loose sacks, voluminous skirts; or in gymnasium suits, consist-

ing of short skirts with pantalets, loose jackets, and prunella shoes, and one wonders at the evolution of the feminine ideal.

Were those boot-jacks—made after Mr. Vassar's death, of a tree in his yard, and put into the students' rooms as souvenirs—a prophecy of this?

The training for the Field-day contests is much promoted by the gymnasium. Here is complicated apparatus—rings for swinging, horses for jumping, chest-weights, clubs—all those devices that an untoward generation has been obliged to make in order to retrieve the physical blunders of its ancestors. The swimming-tank is said not to be in highest favor, because it is not possible for each of the seven hundred young

Kipling

women to have a swimming-tank of her own. That it is used to a certain extent is suggested by the clothes-wringer that guards the entrance. A body of young gymnasts at work training the muscles of the arm, or running to music, is a pleasant sight to see.

In the physical life at Vassar, the river plays a not unimportant part. There were days when it was pleasure bordering on dissipation to take voyages across it in the ferry-boat. Many trips could be taken for one fare. Rowing on the river is not permitted, but there is a vagrant steam-tug that brings one into marvellously near connection with the water, blue in the early afternoon, and touched with gold at sunset-time. The river is associated, too, with more formal pleasures. Sometimes the Junior Party, a courtesy extended to the Seniors by the class below them, took the form of a trip down the river, past the Highlands and Polpell's Island, almost to New York. The annual

pilgrimage to Mohonk leads across the river. This is a long drive, taken when the mountains are brilliant with autumn color. The road leads up, past the yellow and scarlet of maples, and the dull red of oak-leaves and underbrush, to the lake high among the hills, where Quaker hospitality is always waiting.

It is not in out-of-door activity alone that relief from work is found at Vassar. Inside the college doors there is diversion. The social life, apparently very simple, is in reality complex, with subtle distinctions, perhaps more just than the distinctions of the world outside. In the main it is, as all genuine college life must be, democratic. All possible types are represented here. In the adjustment of the diverse aims and peculiarities and the working out of a homogeneous whole lies the interest of college social life. The New England girl is here, with her brains, her family pride, her plentiful lack of this world's goods; the Western girl, perhaps

an heiress, perhaps not ; the girl from a Southern plantation, gifted with fire and energy that turn into a high quality of brain - work ; the missionary's daughter from South Africa ; the descendant of some old Hudson River family, with a

cliques, the true superiority governs, and the aristocracy of the college is an aristocracy of character and of brains.

The social life at Vassar is rich in time-honored custom. The most cherished of all is the dancing in room J, after dinner,

The Observatory

stock of prejudices and convictions to be tried in the crucible of this existence. The maiden who goes arrayed in purple and in fine linen, who fills her room with exquisite carved furniture and rare pottery, lives on the Senior corridor, next the girl who is so poor that on winter nights she is forced to pile her clothing on the bed in order to keep warm. Out of elements like these the college life is made up, with its gayer side, and its side of strict discipline, mental and moral. In spite of coteries and

in the short interval before the evening chapel-service. The dancing is more picturesque now than it used to be, the dressing for dinner having grown more elaborate. The half hour of bright light and music ends in the dancers filing upstairs—a Burne-Jones Golden Stairway to the spectator below—to the chapel. There the sunset color has a way of creeping round to the north windows while the hymns are sung. The two students chosen to be door-keepers in the house of the Lord

A Dome Party.

throw open the folding-doors when the service is over, and the silence is broken by the sound of many voices. The students come out in groups, or two by two, to chatter in the Senior corridor.

This Senior parlor is one of the distinctive features of Vassar life. One reaches it by passing down a long corridor, whose windows, encircled by ivy, let in the afternoon sun. The room is the centre for the Senior life. For the furnishing the most cherished possessions of the members of the class are contributed—pet rug, claw-footed chair, or curiously

carved settle. Sometimes the total effect is one of rare beauty, with the blending colors of stained windows, rugs and draperies, and the quaint shape of choice bits of furniture. The spot has pleasant associations for the daughters of Vassar, with its Sunday-afternoon music, its social gatherings, its quiet afternoons for reading. Universal privileges are accorded the Seniors at Vassar: the Senior vacation, for instance, a time of freedom before Commencement; Senior tables in the centre of the dining-room, where the "birthday-girl" always has an ovation; the Senior

names betray them: The Contemporary Club, a literary organization connected with the English department, working this year on Russian literature; The Current Topics Club, connected with the department of history; The Shakespeare Club; The Dickens Club; the debating societies, Qui Vive and "T. and M.," the latter conducted in honor of the House of Commons; The '97 Federal Society; The College Club; The Mandolin and Lute Club; Civitas, and The Literary Club, the former this year devoting itself to a study of the summer—Cuba, the yellow fever, and the Nashville Exposition.

Of societies that have an intellectual or artistic purpose there are several, to wit: eating-clubs, such as The Rabbits and The Nine Nimble Nibblers; social clubs, such as The New England

The '97 Class Tree.

corridor, and the sacred spot known as the Senior parlor. It all means for that last year closer acquaintance, comradeship of which pleasant memories are afterward carried to the ends of the earth.

Of formal organizations, devoted to pleasure or to profit, there are many at Vassar. The word society suggests a bewildering number of names. A student may, if she wishes to do so, belong to no fewer than thirteen. Philaletheis, the mother of societies at the college, is an old and honorable organization, born December 5, 1865. To this, with its four chapters, Alpha, Beta, Omega, Theta, and its list of non-chapter members, any student may belong. Philaletheis gives, during the year, four hall-plays. Each chapter, too, gives four plays or farces. Of the other societies, it is necessary only to speak. Their

Club, The Southern Club, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Society of the Granddaughters of Vassar, the last made up of children of alumnæ. To say that in the debating-societies current topics are discussed with zeal and with logic would be, perhaps, to give unnecessary information. To say that the eating-clubs centre in the chafing-dish, and that the chafing-dish means Sunday-night suppers, is perhaps to give desired information. The amount of trouble that girls are willing to bestow upon their small pleasures is cause for standing wonder. Given dormitories not designed for "light house-keeping," scant supply of domestic utensils, provision-shops, except for the small grocery at the rear of the main building, quite two miles distant, all this suggests difficulty in the way of elaborate repasts. It is but fair

to say that the difficulties are nobly surmounted. Paper-knives play the part of silver in time of need. Scissors can be used in getting olives out of their bottles. With slight informalities like these in serving, goes often great dignity and gravity of conversation. The largest abstract themes can be exhausted at a sitting. The old discussions of " fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute " are giving way now to debates concerning the future of the working-man, but the tone of seriousness remains the same. Hints have been made that these

repasts are less primitive than they used to be, that a more sophisticated social life has sprung up round the tea-kettle and the chafing-dish. If this is so, one can but say with Mary Lamb : " I wish the good old times would come again, when we were not so rich."

Perhaps more interesting than the organized diversion of society - life are the impromptu amusements. Chief among these is the dressing in costume. Certain evenings, Hallowe'en, Washington's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, are always given

over to the Ladies of Misrule. Marvellous creative ability is shown in converting tissue-paper, cheese cloth, and bits of ribbon into artistic creations. On these occasions outsiders are not admitted. In strict privacy the performers file into the dining-room. There are groups of Salem witches with peaked caps and with brooms, gypsies, minstrels, yellow kids, imps of darkness, ghosts, maidens dressed as bindings of books. Single figures have made themselves famous — Paderewski, irresistible

On Washington's Birthday the costumes are colonial. Grandmothers' gowns and ancestral combs are brought forth for the occasion. Girls who take men's parts wear lace ruffles and queues. Those whose costumes are especially effective, sometimes come in late for dinner, walking slowly for the sake of applause. The dining-room is decorated. After the meal patriotic songs are sung. Last year the holiday on Washington's Birthday was denied. The students decided to protest. They wore their gala-day gowns to class.

Each class-room door was found a subject in hand, the cruelty of the ty on this occasion.

Interesting costumes are worn at the carnival on the lake, held when the fog is at its best. Of course, it is at night. The lake is lighted by means of bonfires and Chinese lanterns. The costumes are in bright colors, made, perhaps, of red flannel decorated with cotton-batting, suggesting, at a distance, velvet and ermine. There are exhibitions of fancy skating. The entire company moves in procession round the lake, skating to music given by the band.

Sometimes the dressing in costume is used to point a bit of social criticism. Last year the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding was given with great *éclat*. The English guests were finely rendered, especially Queen Victoria, in crown and ermine, more life-like than tongue can tell. Sometimes there is a

Faculty-meeting, where professors and instructors are represented in costume. Perhaps, the dressing-up is done simply to show the costumes of some special play, as at the Plantation Party, given by the Southern Club on Thanksgiving.

There was a darkey prayer-meeting, with a sermon on the work required at "Marse James Taylor's" plantation. The President was one of the guests. As he went out he was followed by calls of "Good-night, Marse James Taylor; good-night, Marse James Taylor!"

Another source of unfailing amusement is found in theatricals. Sometimes Shakespeare is attempted, "Twelfth Night" and

"If you wish a pleasanter room, offer to fee the Lady Principal."

"If your laundry-bag is late, take it to the President's office."

One year, the Juniors, wishing to satirize the docility of the Senior Class, led a live lamb down the Senior corridor. The Hallowe'en festivities end in a masquerade party.

Class Day—the Daisy Chain.

A cause of much perplexity in this dramatic activity has been the question of proper costume for the actors who take men's parts. Compromise has been effected in the shape of short skirt and coat. That this lends at times an unintentional touch of the comic to a situation intended to be romantic does not always

end is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show beauty her own feature, *manliness* his own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the Freshman laugh, cannot but make the Faculty grieve, the censure of which one must in

Here they come'

diminish the force of the play. There is apparently protest against this feminine limitation, as is seen in the following list from the '96 *Vassarion*:

ADVICE TO PLAYERS.

Chairman.—Be not too tame neither, but let the instructions of the English department be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the censorship of the Committee; with this special observance, that you outskirt not the dictate of the Faculty; for anything so overdone is not for the glory of this Society, whose

your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

Of other characteristic amusements and customs at Vassar there is a long list. One is the Senior auction, held usually in the Senior corridor. Here the departing class disposes of its superfluous possessions, the proceeds being used to defray the expenses of the class-supper. Under class girls, in spirit of true hero-worship, vie with one another in securing relics of the departing great ones. The efforts of the auctioneer are often masterpieces. This

day is a day of privilege and of license. Even the Faculty may be laughed at, and the Faculty at Vassar can bear a joke at its expense. In 1886 dolls were dressed to personate these dignitaries, and the dignitaries came and purchased themselves in great glee. Professor Mitchell carried away with pride the doll whose modified Quaker costume, gray curls, and common-sense boots represented her own. New devices have sprung up for auction-day. Last year a circus and menagerie amused the bystander.

Growing interest in political matters takes pict among the girls. At the tial campaigns there are alw processions, long lines of bar ing out in relief against the darkness in the flickering light of the torches. Last campaign was an especially thrilling one. Each party had a mass-meeting, to which its prominent members came in costume. Eloquent speeches were made. There was a parade of laboring-men, a parade of Women's Rights Advocates. Proceedings were announced as follows :

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!
THE ARLINGTON WORKING-MEN'S MCKINLEY
SOUND MONEY CLUB,
THE NEW WOMAN'S GOLD STANDARD BRI-
GADF,
THE ASSOCIATED MCKINLEYITES OF THE
HAMMER AND ANVIL,
will call on Mr McKinley at his home, No 1,

The Senior Parlor

Lecture Row, Canton, Ohio, Friday evening,
October 16th, at eight o'clock All loyal Repub-
licans are invited to be present.

MARCUS A. HANNA,
(per R. C. S.)
—From '97 *Vassarion*.

SENATOR JONES,
OF ARKANSAS,
INVITES ALL TRUE SILVERITES
TO PARTAKE OF
A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET
TO BE GIVEN IN HONOR OF
THE RT. HON. WM. J. BRYAN,
AND HIS CHARMING WIFE

(to be given at the White House at 8 P.M.,
Room K).

The menu for the Silverites' banquet contained, among many others, the following items :

SOUPS.

McKinley in the Soup.

MEATS.

Stewed Tariff, *à la* Protection.

VEGETABLES.

Hashed-browned Gold Bugs.

Squashed Republican Hopes.

DESSERTS.

Floating Democracy in a sea of prosperity.
(Gold and Silver) cake.

The processions were most picturesque, the band carrying laboriously its big bass-drum and other instruments; the Women's Rights Advocates looking sharp-nosed and thin, wearing spectacles and little shawls; the laborers carrying spades, rakes, hods, purloined from the buildings in process of erection, and wearing hats and beards that suggested Bottom of "The Mid-summer Night's Dream." The election was carried on with all regularity, the result being as follows :

Republicans.	293
Silverites....	21
Gold Democrats	31
Prohibitionists	10

The tree-ceremonies at Vassar represent a custom that has all the fascination of mystery. These are held by the Sophomores at the time of the dedication of their class-tree. They meet in secret by night and march with lanterns to the chosen spot, where the solemn rites take place. The Freshmen find out about it all and try to interfere. On this occasion the Sophomores dress in costume. One year they were darkies; one, animals

and pillow-cases. After the ceremonies an entertainment is held. On one occasion this consisted of waxworks, representing, with overwhelming effect, various college dignitaries.

The Other End of the Senior Parlor

The formal social functions must not be forgotten. The two most important are "Phil." and "Founders," the names meaning large receptions to which the outside world comes in dress-coat. The dining-room is converted into a ball-room on occasions. The long second-floor or is decorated with flowers and with lights, and is furnished with pillows, rugs, and chairs from the students' parlors. On other occasions formal courtesies are extended by one class to another. To the Freshmen, as they enter, the Sophomores give a reception, the only form of hazing known

here. The Juniors, as has already been stated, give each year the "Junior Party," the Seniors being the guests of honor. Sometimes this takes the form of a trip down the river, hostesses and guests being for the time possessors of one of the river-steamers, and revelling in music, banquet, and scenery all at one time. Again, this festivity is a lawn-party, made picturesque by some device—hay-raking, archery, a May-pole dance, or illuminated tableaux.

Commencement time brings various social events. One of these is the class-suppers. This is sometimes held in the Senior corridor, where the iron fire-proof doors are drawn, and the long tables are prepared in strictest privacy. The waiters, listening in solemn appreciation to the toasts and jokes, make a dusky background for the lines of bright heads and bright dresses down the sides of the tables.

At Commencement time come the Class-day ceremonies. These have taken the prettiest possible form in the daisy-chain procession. The long line of white-robed girls, with the heavy daisy-chain passing over their shoulders and hanging in festoons, marches to the eastern side of the main building, where the exercises are held in the afternoon shade.

There are many small customs, many quiet corners, and some familiar figures at Vassar that would appeal perhaps to the memory of the *alumnæ*, but would hardly interest the world at large. Students of earlier days recall with pleasure Professor Mitchell at her famous "dome parties." Only the privileged students of astronomy were permitted to be present. The great lady sat in state among her instruments, her cats helping her receive, for the observatory cat and her kittens were honored members of the household. Rhymes for the dinner-cards were always written by Professor Mitchell herself, and great was her delight when she found it possible to make a rhyming pun upon the name of a guest. Dome parties have been revived in recent years.

Of out-of-the-way corners each student has her favorites. There are the catacombs, white-washed recesses under the main building, reaching out, arch upon arch. They are an excellent retreat for essay-writing. One sits upon a dusty trunk and composes treatises on the will.

There is the cupola, known only to the adventurous few. A broad beam affords a resting-place for one's self and one's books. Outside are all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof—the Catskills, the Highlands, and the Shawangunk Mountains, beyond the city spires and the river.

There is the Founder's Room, of which the student may have glimpses if a guest of state is visiting her. Its antique furniture, and its portraits on the walls, wear an air of gracious and old-fashioned stateliness symbolic of that courteous and dignified manner that Vassar has kept through all the rush and hurry of college life.

There is the Art Museum, where the *Venus de Milo* used to stand with the somewhat unnecessary statement, on a placard at her feet, "Hands off!" Here, too, are the zoological collections, megatherium and ichthyosaurus being cheering company for a rainy day. Less scholarly but more comforting is the small shop at the rear of the main building, where crackers and grapes are dispensed to the hungry, and Smith's, in Poughkeepsie, a retreat for epicures.

Of familiar figures the most famous is 'Enery, the gardener, one of the pillars of Vassar. Many anecdotes cluster round his memory. The most famous is his scrubbing with whale-oil the spores from some rare tropical ferns just brought, with great care and trouble, to the botanical conservatory. 'Enery tells often the story of his walking twenty-five miles in his native England to see, at York, what he calls "a 'angin'." Asked if he considered the effort worth while, he answered reproachfully: "Ee was a friend of mine, Miss." It was 'Enery who, when conversing with one of the *alumnæ*, who had lost her husband, looked sympathetically at his auditor and said: "Ah, Miss! Ah, Miss! And so 'ard to get another!" There are hints that 'Enery at times regrets the femininity of his surroundings. As he was working in one of the garden-beds round the circle one day, a tramp accosted him, asking for fifty cents. 'Enery saw the president of the floral association approaching, and said:

"You'd better be off. That's my boss comin'."

The tramp eyed the slender lady, then turned to go, exclaiming with great con-

tempt : "Well, before I'd have a woman for my boss!"

'Enery looked shamefacedly after the retreating tramp, and muttered :

"Some folks is so 'igh-minded."

The Vassar of to-day is like and unlike the older Vassar. Under the present vigorous administration, the college has been roused to keener life. The Hudson River valley is a proverbially drowsy place, and Irving did not discover all its Sleepy Hollows. In the last few years the old story of the wakening of Brunhilde has been re-enacted at Vassar, and the energy of the change shows in all the mental and physical life. A whole new campus has been developed toward the north, and more lights shine through the evergreen hedge. Raymond and Strong Halls have been built; also the gymnasium, the President's house, the professors' cottages, Recitation Hall. The new physical vigor shown in the growing interest in athletics is no more marked than the new mental vigor. This is no place to speak of the strong and steady mental training underlying this gayer side of student life just described. The hard brain-work goes on constantly. The college girl is learning how to work harder and to play harder at the same time, losing a little of the old feminine no-

tion that her mental development is in direct proportion to the number of hours she spends over her books. At Vassar the student is winning greater freedom, too, in her domestic life, for the system of self-government throws the responsibility in regard to the order of the community upon the girls. Certain cardinal rules are submitted by the Faculty to the student body. If approved, they are adopted, and the police-force appointed to carry them out is made up of students. The change has brought greater freedom of speech and of action to the students, and the old gulf between the governing body and the populace is being bridged over.

This freedom of speech is evinced by the college publications, the *Miscellany*, a monthly magazine, and the Senior class-book, the *Vassarion*. This literary work, with its jokes, its bits of satire, its serious essays, stands half way between the amusements we have just been touching and the life of work which we have left in the background. There is no time to discuss the merits of these organs. They are fair specimens of college-work as one finds it in both men's and women's colleges. Good touches are found here and there. Take the following ironic library rules from the '97 *Vassarion*:

" 1. No student is allowed to use more than six reference-books at a time. She may read one, hold two in her hands, and sit on three.

" 2. None but professors may talk aloud in the library."

Hints of true pathos creep into the verse in these publications:

"Anglo Saxon.
All are dead that wrote it,
All are dead that read it,
All are dead that learned it,
Blessed death, they earned it!"
'96 *Vassarion*.

This college life of intellectual stimulus, of hard work, and of play, preserves in the student a kind of freshness, attractive from the merely physical point of view. She is strong and girlish at a time when the

society girl begins to fade. She is no blue-stocking, but is alive, interested in people about her, mentally keen, and serious enough to be able to smile at a joke without losing her dignity. Whatever may be the defects of her *alma mater*, its training, in the study of the laws that govern the outside world, means for her the learning of rule and order and coherence in things. This cannot fail to diminish the capriciousness, the living merely in the moment, of which the sex has so long been accused. Better still than the intellectual training is the companionship in work and in play, that sense of standing shoulder to shoulder with her fellows. Surely this will bring into women's lives, too long regarded from the merely personal point of view, a certain breadth and largeness.

GULISTAN

By R. H. Stoddard

THOU hearest the story of the nightingale,
That Spring is coming? 'Tis an old one here,
Where earlier and fairer than elsewhere,
In the white blossoms of the almond-tree
She suddenly is, or in the garden walks
Among the roses. Let us meet her there,
And pluck the roses with her sisters there—
Coy girls, with budding lips, from whose small ears
Dangle long pearls like trembling drops of dew,
And kiss those bright Sultanas of the hour,
Before their bloom is fled, or we have lost
The tender longing for it, which is love.
This is the story that the nightingale
Repeats in her sweet songs, and I in mine,
Nightingale of this rose-garden of the world!

MISS JONES AND THE MASTERPIECE

By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

I

"MANON LESCAUT," Carrington repeated. He did not show any particular enthusiasm.

"Yes, Manon Lescaut. I see the thing. It would be really superb."

"You don't mean to say, my dear boy, that you are falling into anecdote? You are not going to degrade your canvas by painted literature?"

Carrington's voice betrayed some concern, for he took a friendly interest in my career.

"The title—a mere label—suggests it. But nothing of the sort. I am going to paint a portrait of Manon—and of her ilk."

"A portrait?"

"Yes; the portrait of a type."

Carrington smoked on, stretched comfortably in a chair. His feet were on another chair, and the broad soles of his slippers so displayed implied ease and intimacy.

"It will look like the portrait of an actress in character; a costume picture," he said, presently; "the label isn't suggestive to me."

"There will, I promise you, be no trace of commonplace realism in it. It will be Velasquez dashed with Watteau. Can you realize the modest flight of my imagination? Seriously, Carrington, I intend to paint a masterpiece. I intend to paint a woman who would sell her soul for pleasure—a conscienceless, fascinating egotist—a corrupt charmer—saved by a certain *naïveté*. The eighteenth century, in fact, *en grisette*."

"Manon rather redeemed herself at the end, if I remember rightly," Carrington observed.

"Or circumstances redeemed her, if you will. She had a heart, perhaps; it never made her uncomfortable. Her love was of the doubtful quality that flies out of the window as want comes in at the door. Oh! she was a sweet little *scélérate*. I shall paint the type—the little *scélérate*."

"Well, of course, everything would depend on the treatment."

"Everything. I am going to astonish you there, Carrington."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Carrington said, good-humoredly.

"I see already the golden gray of her dim white boudoir; the satins, the laces, the high-heeled shoes, the rigid little waist, and face of pretty depravity. The face is the thing—the key. Where find the face? I think of a trip to Paris on purpose. One sees the glancing creature—such as I have in my mind—there, now and then. I want a fresh pallor, and gay, lazy eyes—light-brown, not too large."

"I fancy I know of someone," Carrington said, meditatively. "Not that she's *dans le caractère*," he added; "not at all; anything but depraved. But—her face; you could select." Carrington mused. "The line of her cheek is, I remember, mockingly at variance with her staid innocence of look."

"Who is she? Manon could *look* innocent you know—was so, after a fashion. I should like a touch of childish *insouciance*. Who is she, and how can I get her?"

"Well," said Carrington, taking his pipe from his lips and contemplating the fine coloring of the bowl, "she's a lady, for one thing."

"Oh, the devil!" I ejaculated; "that won't do!"

"Well, it might."

"Shouldn't fancy it. Ill at ease on her account, you know. How could one tell a lady that she was out of pose—must sit still? How could one pay her?"

"Very simple, if she's the real article."

"I never tried it," I demurred.

"Well"—Carrington had a soothing way of beginning a sentence—"you might see her, at least. Her father is a socialist; a very harmless and unnecessary one, but that accounts for her posing."

"Do the paternal unconventionalities countenance posing for the *académie*?"

That savors of a really disconcerting latitude."

"The *académie*? Dear me, no! Oh, no; Miss Jones is a model of the proprieties. One indeed can hardly connect her with even such mild nonconformity as her father's socialism. He was a parson; had religious scruples and took to rather aimless humanitarianism and to very excellent bookbinding in Brompton. He binds a lot of my books for me; and jolly good designing and tooling, too. You remember that Petrarch of mine. That's really how I came to know him. It was the artist in him that wrestled with and overthrew the parson. He seems a happy old chap; poor as Job's turkey and absorbed in his work. He has rather longish hair—wavy, and wears a leather belt and no collar." Carrington added: "That's the first socialistic declaration of independence—they fling their collars in the face of conventionality. But the belt and the lack of collar are the only noticeable traces socialism seems to have left on Mr. Jones, except that he lets his daughter make money by posing. He must know about the people, of course. She usually sits for women. But I can give you a recommendation."

I felt, to a certain extent, the same lack of enthusiasm that Carrington himself had shown at the announcement of my "label," but I thanked him, and said that I should be glad to see Miss Jones.

"And her mother was French, too," he added, as a cogent afterthought. "That accounts for the rippled cheek-line." Miss Jones's cheek had evidently made an emphatic impression. Indeed, Carrington's enthusiasm seemed to wax on reflection, and, as interpreted by Miss Jones, my Manon became tangible.

"How's her coloring?" I asked.

"Pale; her mouth is red, very red; charming figure, nice hands; I remember them taking up the books—she was dusting the books. I've only seen her once or twice; but I noticed her, and she struck me as a type—of something."

The pale skin and red mouth rather pleased me, and it was arranged that Carrington should see Mr. Jones, and, if possible, make an appointment for Miss Jones to call on Monday afternoon at my studio.

Carrington had rooms next door, in the little court of artists' quarters in Chelsea.

Carrington wrote reviews and collected all sorts of expensive things, chiefly old books and Chinese porcelain. He and I had art-for-art sympathies, and, being lucky young men from a monetary point of view, we could indulge our propensities with a happy indifference to success.

I had painted now for a good many years, both in Paris and London, and had a pleasant little reputation among people it was worth while to please, and a hearty and encouraging philistine opposition. I had even shocked Mrs. Grundy in an Academy picture which wasn't at all shocking and was very well painted, and I had aroused controversy in the pages of the *Saturday Review*.

I felt Manon Lescaut.

This epitome of the soullessness of the eighteenth century whirled in its satin frivolity through all my waking thoughts.

On Monday I awaited Miss Jones, fervently hoping that her face would *do*.

Punctual to the minute came the young lady's rap at my door. I ushered her in. She was rather small; and self-possessed, very. In the cut of her serge frock and the line of her little hat over her eyebrows I fancied I saw a touch of the mother's nationality. With a most business-like air she removed this hat, carefully replacing the pins in the holes they had already traversed, took off her coat (it was February), and turned to the light. She would *do*. Evident and delightful fact! I at once informed her of it. She asked if she should sit that morning. I said that, as I had sketches to make before deciding on pose and effect of light, the sooner she would enter upon her professional duties the better.

The gown I had already discovered—a *trouvaille* and genuinely of the epoch; an enticing pink silk with glowing shadows.

Miss Jones made no comment on the exquisite thing which I laid lovingly on her arm. She retired with a brisk, calm step behind the tall screen in the corner.

When she reappeared in the dress, the old whites of the muslins at elbows and breast falling and folding on a skin like milk, I felt my heart rise in a devout ejaculation of utter contentment. The Manon of my dreams stood before me. The ex-

pression certainly was wanting ; I would have to encompass it by analogy. My imagination had grasped it, and I would realize the type with the aid of Miss Jones's pale face, narrowing to a chin the French would call *mutin*, her curled lips and curiously set eyes wide apart and with brows that swept ever so slightly upward. The very way in which her fair hair grew in a little peak on the forehead, and curved silky and unrippled to a small knot placed high, fulfilled my aspirations, though the hair must be powdered and in it the vibrating black of a bow.

Miss Jones stood very well, conscientiously and with intelligence. Pose and effect were soon decided upon, and in a day or two I was regularly at work, delighting in it, and with a sensation of power and certainty I had rarely experienced.

Carrington came in quite frequently, and, looking from my canvas to Miss Jones, would pronounce the drawing wonderfully felt.

"Dégas wouldn't be ashamed of the line of the neck," he said. "The turn and lift of her head as she looks sideways in the mirror is really *émouvant*, life ; good idea ; in character ; centred on herself ; not bent on conquest and staring it at you. Manon had not that trait."

Miss Jones on the stand gazed obediently into the mirror, the dim white of an eighteenth century boudoir about her. She was altogether a most *posée*, well-behaved young person.

One could not call her manner discreet ; it was far too self-confident for that. Her silence was natural, not assumed. During the rests she would return to a book.

I asked her one day what she was reading. She replied, looking up with polite calm :

"The Romance of Two Worlds."

"Oh!" was all I could find in comment. It did rather surprise me in a girl whose eyes were set in that most appreciative way and whose father, as a socialistic bookbinder, might have inculcated more advanced literary tastes. Still, she was very young ; this fact seemed emphasized by the innocent white the back of her neck presented to me as she returned to her reading.

When I came to painting, I found that my good luck accompanied me, and that

inspiring sense of mastery. Effort, yes ; but achievement followed it with a sort of inevitableness. I tasted the joys of the arduous facility which is the fruition of years of toil.

The limpid grays seemed to me to equal Whistler's ; the pinks—flaming in shadow, silvered in the light—suggested Velasquez to my happy young vanity ; the warm whites, Chardin would have acknowledged ; yet they were all my own, seen through my own eyes, not through the eyes of Chardin, Whistler, or Velasquez. The blacks sung emphatic or softened notes from the impertinent knot in the powdered hair to the bows on skirt and bodice. The rich *empâtement* was a triumph of supple brushwork. I can praise it impudently, for it was my masterpiece, and—well, I will keep to the consecutive recital.

Miss Jones showed no particular fellow-feeling for my work, and as, after a fashion, she too was responsible for it, and had a right to be proud of it, this lack of interest rather irritated me.

Now and then, poised delicately on high heels and in her rustling robes, she would step up to my canvas, give it a pleasant but impassive look, and then turn away, resuming her chair and "The Romance of Two Worlds."

It really irked me after a time. However little value I might set upon her artistic acumen, this silence in my rose of pride pricked like a thorn.

Miss Jones's taste in painting might be as philistine as in literature, but her reserve aroused conjecture, and I became really anxious for an expression of opinion.

At last, one day, my curiosity burst forth :

"How do you like it?" I asked, while she stood contemplating my *chef-d'œuvre* with a brightly indifferent gaze. Miss Jones turned upon me her agate eyes—the eyelashes curled up at the corners—and it was difficult not to believe the eyes too roguish.

"I should think you had a great deal of talent," she said. "Have you studied long?"

Studied? It required some effort to adjust my thoughts to the standard implied ; but perceiving a perhaps lofty conception of artistic attainment beneath the query, I replied :

"Well, an artist is never done learning,

is he? And in the sense of having much to learn, I am still a student, no doubt."

"Ah, yes," Miss Jones replied.

She looked from my picture up at the skylight, then round at the various studies, engravings, and photographs on the walls. This discursive glance was already familiar to me, and its flitting lightness whetted my curiosity as to possible non-committal depths beneath.

"Inspiration, now," Miss Jones pursued, surprising me a good deal, for she seldom carried on a subject unprompted, "that, of course, is not dependent on study."

I felt in this remark something very derogatory to my Manon—an inspiration, and in the best sense, if ever anything was. Did Miss Jones not recognize the intellectual triumphs embodied in that presentment of frail womanhood? I was certainly piqued, though I replied very good-humoredly:

"I had rather flattered myself that my picture could boast of that quality."

Miss Jones's glance now rested on me rather seriously.

"An inspired work of art should elevate the mind."

I really could not for the life of me tell whether she was really rather clever or merely very banal and commonplace.

"I had hoped," I rejoined, politely, "that my picture—as a beautiful work of art—would also possess that faculty."

Miss Jones now looked at the clock, and remarked that it was time to pose. She mounted the low stand and I resumed my palette and brushes, feeling decidedly snubbed. Carrington sauntered in shortly after, his forefinger in a book and a pipe between his teeth. He apologized to Miss Jones for the latter, and wished to know if she objected. Miss Jones's smile retained all its unabashed clearness as she replied:

"It is a rather nasty smell, I think."

Poor Carrington, decidedly disconcerted, knocked out his pipe and laid it down, and Miss Jones, observing him affably while she retained her pose to perfection, added: "I have been brought up to disapprove of smoking, you see; papa doesn't believe in tobacco."

Miss Jones's aplomb was certainly enough to make any man feel awkward,

and Carrington looked so as he came up beside me and examined my work.

"By Jove! Fletcher," he said, "the resemblance is astonishing—and the lack of resemblance. That's the triumph—the material likeness, the spiritual unlikeness."

Indeed, Miss Jones could lay no claim to the "inspiration" of my work; in intrinsic character the face of my pretty *scélérat* was in no way Miss Jones's.

"Charming, charming," and Carrington's eye, passing from my canvas, rested on Miss Jones.

"Which?" I asked, smiling, and, of course, in an undertone.

"It depends, my dear boy, on whether you ask me if I prefer Phryne or Priscilla—pagan or puritan; both are interesting types, and the contrast can be very effectually studied here in your picture and your model.

"Yet Priscilla lends herself wonderfully to the interpretation of Phryne."

"Or, rather, it is wonderful that you should have imagined Manon into that face."

In the next rest, when Carrington had gone, Miss Jones said:

"Mr. Carrington walked home with me yesterday. Papa thinks rather highly of him. It is a pity his life should be so pointless."

It began to be borne in upon me that Miss Jones had painfully serious ethical convictions.

"I suppose you mean from the socialistic standpoint," I said.

"Oh, no—not at all; I am not a socialist. Papa and I agree to differ upon that as upon many other questions. Socialism, I think, tends to revolt and license."

I did not pursue the subject of Carrington's pointlessness nor proffer a plea for socialism. I was beginning to rather wince before Miss Jones's frankness.

On the following day she again came and stood before my picture.

"I posed for Mr. Watkins, R.A., last year," she said. "The picture was in the Academy. Did you see it? It was beautiful."

The mere name of Mr. Watkins ("R.A.") made every drop of æsthetic blood in my body curdle. A conscienceless old prater of the soap and salve school, with not as

much idea of drawing or value as a two-year Julianite.

"I don't quite remember," I said, rather faintly; "what was—the picture called?"

"Faith Conquers Fear," said Miss Jones. "I posed as a Christian maiden, you know, tied to a stake in the Roman amphitheatre and waiting martyrdom. The maiden was in a white robe, her hair hanging over her shoulders (perhaps you would not recognize me in this costume), looking up, her hands crossed on her breast. Before her stood a jibing Roman. One could see it all; the contrast between the base product of a vicious civilization and the noble maiden. One could read it all in their faces; hers supreme aspiration, his brutal hatred. It was superb. It made one want to cry."

Miss Jones, while speaking, looked so exceedingly beautiful that I almost forgot my dismay at her atrocious taste; for Watkins's "Faith Conquers Fear" had been one of the jokes of the year—a lamentably crude, pretentious presentation of a hackneyed theatrical subject reproduced extensively in ladies' papers and fatally popular.

At the same moment, and as I looked from Miss Jones's gravely enwrapped expression to Manon's seductive graces, I experienced a sensation of extreme discomfort.

"I think a picture should have high and noble aims," Miss Jones pursued, seeing that I remained silent and evidently considering the time come when duty required her to speak and to speak freely. "A picture should leave one better for having seen it."

I could not ignore the kind but firmly severe criticism implied; I could not but revolt from this Hebraistic onslaught.

"I don't admit a conscious moral aim in art," I said. "Art need only concern itself with being beautiful and interesting; the rest will follow. But a badly painted picture certainly makes me feel wicked, and when I go to the National Gallery to have a look at the Velasquezes and Veroneses I feel the better for it."

"Velasquez?" Miss Jones repeated, ignoring my Spanish pronunciation. "Ah, well, I prefer the old masters—I mean those who painted religious subjects as no one since has painted them. Why did not

Velasquez, at least, as he could not rise to the ideal, paint beautiful people? I never have been able to care for mere ugliness, however cleverly copied."

I felt buffeted by her complacent crudity.

"Velasquez had no soul," she added.

"No soul! Why he paints *life*, character, soul, everything! *Copied!* What of his splendid decorativeness, his color, his atmosphere?" My ejaculations left her calm unruffled.

"Ah, but all that doesn't make the world any better," she returned, really with an air of humoring a silly materialism; and as she went back to her pose she added, very kindly, for my face probably revealed my injured feelings:

"You see I have rather serious views of life."

"Miss Jones—really!" I laid down my palette. "I must beg of you to believe that I have, too—very serious."

Gently Miss Jones shook her head, looking, not at me, but down into the mirror. This effect of duty fulfilled, even in opposition, was most characteristic.

"I cannot believe it," she said, "else why, when you have facility, talent, and might employ them on a higher subject, do you paint a mere study of a vain young lady?"

This interpretation of Manon startled me, so lacking was it in comprehension.

"Manon Lescaut was more than a vain young lady, Miss Jones."

"Well," Miss Jones lifted her eyes for a moment to smile quietly, soothingly at me. "I am not imputing any wrong to Miss Manon Lescaut; I merely say that she is vain. A harmless vanity no doubt, but I have posed for other characters, you see!" Her smile was so charming in its very fatuity that the vision of her lovely face, vulgarized and unrecognizable in "Faith Conquers Fear," filled me with redoubled exasperation. Her misinterpretation of Manon stirred a certain deepening of that touch of discomfort—a sickly unpleasantness. I found myself flushing.

Miss Jones's white hand—the hand that held the mirror with such beauty in taper finger-tips and turn of wrist—fell to her side, and she fixed her eyes on me with quite a troubled look.

"I am afraid I have hurt your feelings," she said; "I am very sorry. I always speak my mind out; I never think that it may hurt. It is very dull in me."

At these words I felt that unpleasant stir spring suddenly to a guilty misery. I felt, somehow, that I was a shameful hypocrite, and Miss Jones a priggish but most charming and most injured angel.

"Miss Jones," I said, much confused, "sincerity cannot really hurt me, and I always respect it. I am sorry, very sorry, that you see no more in my picture. I care for your good opinion" (this was certainly, in a sense, a lie, and yet, for the moment, that guilty consciousness upon me, I believed it), "and I hope that though my picture has not gained it, I, personally, may never forfeit it."

Still looking at me gravely, Miss Jones said:

"I don't think you ever will. That is a very manly, a very noble way of looking at it."

But the thought of Manon Lescaut now tormented me. I had finished the head; my preoccupation could not harm that; but this lovely face looking into the mirror, with soulless, happy eyes, seemed to slide a smile at me, a smile of malicious comprehension, a smile of *nous nous entendons*, a smile that made a butt of Miss Jones's innocence and laughed with me at the joke.

I soon found myself rebelling against Manon's intrusion. I wished to assure her that we had nothing in common and that, in Miss Jones's innocence, I found no amusing element.

That evening Carrington came in. He wore a rather absorbed look, and only glanced at my picture. After absent replies to my desultory remarks, he suddenly said, from his chair:

"I walked home with Miss Jones this afternoon." Carrington, with his ultra-æsthetic sensibilities, must find Miss Jones even more jarring than I did, and his act implied a very kindly interest.

"That was nice of you," I observed, though at the mention of Miss Jones that piercing stab of shame again went through me, and my eyes unwillingly, guiltily sought the eyes of my smiling Manon.

"She was rather troubled about something she had said," Carrington pursued,

ignoring my approbation, "about the picture. Of course she doesn't know anything about pictures."

"No," I murmured, "she doesn't."

"By Jove!" added Carrington, "that's the trouble. She doesn't understand anything!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that she could never see certain things from our standpoint; she is as ignorant and as innocent as a baby. She's never read 'Manon Lescaut'—that came out *en passant*—and, by Jove, you know, it *does* seem a beastly shame! A girl like that! A snow-drop!"

Carrington cast a look of unmistakable resentment at my poor Manon.

"Well," I said, lamely—indeed I felt maimed—"how was I to know? And what am I to do?"

"Why, my dear fellow," and Carrington spoke with some fierceness, "you've nothing to do with it! *I'm* to blame! I told you about her. Said she had the type! Dull, blundering fool that I was not to have seen the shrieking incongruity! The rigidly upright soul of her! That girl couldn't tell a lie nor look one; and *Manon*!"

Carrington got up abruptly; evidently his disgust could not be borne in a quiescent attitude.

"You said at the first that her face was innocent," I suggested, in a feeble effort to mitigate this self-scorn; "we neither of us misjudged the girl for one moment, though we overlooked her ignorance."

"Yes, and her ignorance makes all the difference. Another girl—as good, to all intents and purposes—might know and not object; but this one! I really believe it would half kill her!"

Carrington gave another savage glance at my unlucky picture, and his gaze lingered on it as he added:

"If it's kept from her all's well—as well as a lie can be."

And then, if only for a moment, the Greek gained its triumph over this startling exhibition of Hebraism.

"It is a masterpiece!" said Carrington, slowly, adding abruptly as he went, "Good-night!"

But my night was very bad. Whatever Miss Jones might say or think, I *did* take life seriously.

II

A FEW days followed in which Miss Jones showed herself to me in a sweet and softened mood, the mood that wishes to make amends for salutary harshness. My meekness under reproof had evidently won her approbation. In the rests she talked to me. She gave me her opinions upon many subjects, and very admirable they were and very commonplace. One thing about Miss Jones, however, was not commonplace. She would certainly act up to her opinions. Her sense of duty was enormous; but she bore it pleasantly, albeit seriously. She had a keen *flair* for responsibilities. I began to suspect that she had assumed my moral well-being as one of them.

Her priggishness was so unconscious—so sincere, if one may say so—that it staggered one. Her calmly complacent truisms confounded any subtleties by marching over them—utterly ignoring them. One could not argue with her, for she was so sublimely sure of herself that she made one doubt the divine right of good taste, and wonder if flat-footed stupidity were not right after all.

And, above all, however questionable her mental attributes might be, her moral worth was certainly awe-inspiring. The clear, metallic, flawlessness of her conscience seemed to glare in one's eyes, and poor every-day manhood shrunk into itself, painfully aware of spots and fissures.

"Yes," Miss Jones said, leaning back in her incongruous robes; "yes, the longer I live the more I feel that, as Longfellow says—

Life is real, life is *earnest*.

She emphasized the quotation with solemnity: "We can't trifle with our lives; we can't play through them. We must *live* them. We must make something of them."

"Each man after his own nature," I suggested, feebly, for I felt sure that "we can't *paint* through them" was implied, and wished to turn from that issue, with which I felt myself incapable of grappling.

But Miss Jones was not to be balked of her moral.

"We build our own characters," she said, and her look held kind warning. "We must not act after our own nature if that nature is base or trivial."

"Dear me!" I murmured.

"It is only by holding firmly to an ideal that we rise, step by step, beyond our lower selves."

Beyond "Manon Lescaut" to "Faith Conquers Fear" this might mean.

"And ideals we must have," she pursued. Then rising, her little air of guide and counsellor touched with a smile: "But I must not preach too much, must I?"

It was comforting to dwell on the ludicrous aspects of this mentorship, for, when my thoughts led me to a contemplation of Miss Jones's ideals, I felt my position to be meanly hypocritical, if not "base." Manon was almost finished. Ah! it was superb!—but even my joy in Manon rankled and had lost its savor. Manon was there under false pretenses, her presence a subtle insult to Miss Jones. Miss Jones in her flaming gown took on symbolical meanings. An unconscious martyr wearing, did she but know it, the veritable robe of Nessus! A sense of protectorship, tender in its self-reproach, grew upon me—a longing for atonement. I had sacrificed Miss Jones to my masterpiece, and its beauty was baleful, vampire-like.

It was indeed a small thing to take Miss Jones's homilies humbly. Indeed, for this humility I could claim no element of expiation, for I really liked to hear her; she looked so pretty when she talked. It was all so touching and so amusing.

I am not sure that she had read Dante, but if she had she no doubt saw herself something in the guise of a Beatrice stooping from heights of wisdom to support my straying, faltering footsteps. She brought me one day a feeble little volume of third-rate verse, with a page turned down at a passage she requested me to read. The badly constructed lines, their grandiloquent sentimentality, jarred on me; but in them I perceived a complimentary application that might imply much encouragement. Miss Jones evidently thought that I was rising, step by step, and put this cordial to my lips. I thanked her very earnestly—feeling positively

shrivelled—and then, turning from the subject with a haste I hoped she might impute to modesty—and indeed modesty of a certain humiliating kind did form part of it—I told her that Manon would only require another sitting after that day.

“Ah! is it finished then?”

She went to look at it.

“Is my left eye as indistinct as that?” she asked, playfully. “Can’t you see my eyelashes? That is impressionism, I suppose.” I felt my forehead growing hot.

“The left eye is in shadow,” I observed.

“I am afraid shadows are convenient sometimes, aren’t they? I like just a plain, straightforward telling of the truth, with no green paint over it! You accept a little well-meant teasing, don’t you?”

I accepted it as I had to accept her various revelations of stupefying obtuseness, and smiled over the sandy mouthful.

“Yes,” she pursued, carefully looking up and down the canvas—certainly a new sign of interest in me and my work—“you will need quite two days to finish it; the hands especially, they are rather sketchy about the finger-tips.” She might have been a genial old professor giving me advice mingled with the good-humored *rail-lerie* of superiority. The hands were finished; but I kept a cowardly silence.

“And the dress must be a good bit more distinctly outlined; I can’t see *where* it goes on this side; and then the details of the background—I can hardly tell what those dashes and splashes on the dressing-table are supposed to represent.”

“I think you are standing a little too near the canvas,” I said, in a voice which I strove to free from a tone of patient long-suffering. “If you go farther away, you will get the effect of the *ensemble*.”

“No, no!” she laughed; she evidently thought that her ethical relationship justified an equally frank æsthetic helpfulness, and her air of competence was bewildering. “No, we must not run away from the truth! A smudge is a smudge from whatever standpoint one looks at it, and a smear a smear.”

The masterly treatment of porcelains, ivories, and silver on the dressing-table, glimmering and gleaming from the soft shadow, to be qualified in such terms!

“You are rather severe,” I said. My

discomfort was apparent, but she naturally took it to be on my own behalf, not, as it was, on hers.

“Oh! you mustn’t think *that*! I hope I am never unduly severe. You will easily mend matters to-day and to-morrow and polish over that rather careless look. And, as far as that goes, I am at your service as long as you need me.”

“As model *and* critic,” I observed, with a touch of bitterness.

“As model *and* critic,” she repeated, brightly. “Do you know,” she added, mounting the stand, “I found ‘Manon Lescaut’ on a bookshelf this morning. I didn’t know that it was a French book. I am going to read it this evening.”

I was struck dumb. This possibility had never presented itself to me.

“I shall find the scene you have painted,” she continued, looking down at her gown and patting a fold into place; “I shall see whether you have illustrated it conscientiously.”

“The book wouldn’t interest you at all! Not at all!” I burst out, conscious of a feverish intensity in the gaze I bent upon her. “It is—it is decidedly *dull*!”

“Is it?” said Miss Jones, indifferently. “Now I can’t quite believe that. You evidently didn’t think it too dull to illustrate. There must be some nice bits in it, and I mean to find the bit where the heroine, in a pink silk gown, looks at herself in a mirror.”

“Well, you’ll find no such bit. I haven’t illustrated it!” I strove to keep my voice fairly cool. “I merely took the heroine’s name as indicative of a class, and chose the epoch as characteristic. The book is dull, old-fashioned, *démodé*.”

“Ah, but I might not agree with you there. Is it an historical novel? I like them, even if they are rather slow. One gets all sorts of ideas about people of another age.”

“It isn’t historical.” Despite my efforts my voice was growing sharply anxious, and Miss Jones was beginning to notice my anxiety. “And the characters in it are not people you would care to have ideas about. It is merely one of the first attempts to write a psychological study, in the form of romance, made in France.”

“Oh, but that is exceedingly interesting.”

"You would only find the rather crude analysis of a—a disagreeable girl."

"You think I am like a disagreeable girl, then!" said Miss Jones, still laughing. "From the first I have had a bit of a grudge against you for finding me so suitable. I am sure I am not vain."

"Manon was more than vain. She was heartless, a liar." I felt myself stumbling from bad to worse. "Not in the least like you in anything, except that she was beautiful." My explanation, with this bald piece of tasteless flattery, had hardly helped matters. Indeed, Miss Jones became rather coldly silent. I painted on, my mind in a disturbing whirl of conjecture. I felt convinced that I had merely whetted her curiosity and that she would go straight home to the perusal of "Manon;" and to expect from her the faintest literary appreciation of the distinction and the delicacy of the book was hopeless. She would fasten with horror on the brazen immorality of a character she had been chosen to embody. The blood surged up to my head as I painted.

As Miss Jones was preparing to go, I held out my hand.

"Good-by," I said, feeling very badly.

"Good-by? Am I not coming to-morrow?" She had paused in the act of neatly folding her umbrella, which had been thoughtfully left open to dry while she posed. It had now stopped raining.

"Yes—yes, of course," I stammered.

She secured the elastic band and then looked at me.

"Miss Jones," I blurted out, abruptly, "don't read 'Manon Lescaut'; please don't."

Her glance became severely penetrating:

"I really don't understand you," she said, and then added: "I most certainly shall read it."

"Well, if you do"—my urgent tone delayed her going—"try to judge it from an artistic standpoint, you know. A study—a type. Don't apply—ah—*modern* standards."

"I shall apply *my* standards. I know no other method of judging a book."

"Well, then"—my manner was becoming pitiful—"remember that the physical resemblance between you was merely in my imagination."

"I have always believed the face indicative of the character, and I'm sorry that mine should have suggested to you the character of a liar," said Miss Jones. It was evident that already she was hurt and, disregarding my reiterated "It did not! It did not! upon my honor," she opened the door to go. I still detained her.

"Miss Jones," I said, standing before her, "I know that you are going to misjudge me, and that because you see certain things from an ethical and I from a purely æsthetic point of view."

"I can't admit the division. But no; I hope I shall never *misjudge* you." She gave me a brief little smile and walked quickly away.

Carrington did not come in that evening, and I was glad that my mental anguish had no observer.

The next afternoon at two I awaited Miss Jones. My picture, virtually finished, stood regally dominant in the centre of the studio.

I hated and I adored it. I saw it with Miss Jones's eyes and I saw it with my own; but her crude ethics had, on the whole, poisoned my æsthetic triumph.

At two came the familiar rap. Miss Jones entered. I was sitting before the picture and rose to meet her. Her face was very white and very cold, and from under the tipped brim of the little hat her eyes looked sternly at me. I looked back at her silently.

"I have read 'Manon Lescaut,'" said Miss Jones. I found nothing to say.

"You will understand that I cannot sit to-day. You will understand that I never should have sat for you at all had I *known*," Miss Jones pursued.

I said that I understood.

"I have come to-day to bring you back the money that I have earned under false pretences."

She laid the little packet down upon the table. I turned white. "And to ask you"—here Miss Jones observed me steadily—"whether you do not feel that you owe me apologies."

"Miss Jones," I said, "I have unwittingly, unintentionally, given you great pain; that with my present knowledge of your exceptional character, I now see to have been inevitable. I humbly beg your pardon for it, but I also beg you to be-

lieve that from the first I never thought of you but with respect and admiration."

Miss Jones's face took on quite a terrible look.

"Respect! Admiration! While you were looking from me to *that!*" She pointed to Manon. "While I was clothing your imagination, personifying to you that vile creature!"

I tried to stop her with an exclamation of shocked denial, but she went on, with fierce dignity:

"*Exceptional!* You call it exceptional to feel debased by that association? Can I ever look at my face again without thinking: 'The face of Manon Lescaut?' Can I ever forget that we were thought of as one? No"—she held up her hand—"let me speak. Do you suppose I cannot see now the cleverness, yes the diabolical cleverness, of your picture of me there? The likeness is horrible; and there I will stand for the world to gaze at as long as the canvas lasts and as long as people look at any pictures. There I will be, gibbeted in that woman's smile! No, I have not done! There will be no escape possible. Somewhere—I shall always feel it like a hot iron searing me—somewhere that other I will be all my life long, and when I am dead, and for centuries perhaps, she will smile on, and my image will be looked at as a type of vice! I see it now," and with a sort of grandeur of revelation she turned upon Manon, "I see that it is a masterpiece!"

I placed myself between her and it.

"Miss Jones," I said, "this is rather a supreme moment for me, more supreme than you will ever understand. I forgot you for my picture; I will now forget my picture for you." The icy fire of her eyes followed me while I went to the table and took up a sharp, long dagger which lay beside the little packet of money. I re-

turned to the picture and, giving it one long look, I ripped the canvas from top to bottom. Miss Jones made neither sound nor sign. With dogged despair I pierced the smiling face, I hacked and rent the exquisite thing. The rose-colored tatters fell forward; in five minutes "Manon Lescaut" was dead, utterly annihilated, and Miss Jones surveyed the place where she had been. I turned to her, and I have no doubt that my face expressed my exultant misery.

"And now!" I exclaimed.

"Now," said Miss Jones, looking solemnly at me, "you have done right, you have done *nobly*, and you will be the happier for it."

"Will I?" I said, approaching her. "Will I?"

"Yes. I can confidently say it. That bad thing would have poisoned your life as it would have poisoned mine." I ignored the misstatement.

"Miss Jones," I said, "for your sake I have destroyed the best thing in my life; may I hope for a better? I love you."

Her pale and beautiful face looked very little less calm, but certainly a little dismayed, certainly a little sorry.

"The best thing has been this act of sacrifice," she said; "don't spoil that by any weak regret. You have gained my admiration and my respect; but for better things, if better there are, I accepted Mr. Carrington last night."

Perhaps I don't regret. Though she was a prig, I had loved her in the half hour's exaltation. I am certainly not sorry that she married Carrington. They seem to be very happy. But the chivalrous moment was worth while—*perhaps*. However that may be, since then I have never painted anything as good as Manon Lescaut.

Breakfast—Oatmeal and the Morning Paper.

SEASIDE PLEASURE-GROUNDS FOR CITIES

By Sylvester Baxter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

NO maritime city, it is evident, should fail to take advantage of its natural opportunities for the establishment of favorably located seaside open spaces for public recreation. The freshest, most invigorating air is to be found at the seashore; the action of winds, waves, and tides, and the ever-varying spectacle of maritime life, present features of unfailing interest to the multitude. Unlike the din and confusion of city traffic, the incessant activities of commerce on the water, the fascinating movements of ships and boats, the flashing of white sails and the trailing smoke of steamers, exert a restful, soothing charm upon the spirit of the beholder. There is all the more reason why our great seaports should make ample provision for popular recreation by the water-side from the fact that the changes in the methods of modern commerce have deprived the people of one of their most precious privileges. Formerly the wharves were open, and formed favorite places of resort for the enjoyment of the aquatic life of the port. But the wharf-life has gone the way of many of the other picturesque features of ocean commerce. The average city boy of to-day hardly knows what a wharf is. The wharves are now all covered with great sheds and are barred against trespassers. In Boston, for instance, for many years there has been hardly a spot along the entire water front of the old city, on the harbor side—barring the bridges—with so much as a free glimpse of the water and the shipping.

Boston, however, presents an excellent example of what a great city should do in the creation of public open spaces by the seaside. Recreation by and on the salt water found an early place in the city's comprehensive scheme of park development. These features of the park system have been increased until now they exist to an unprecedented extent. Besides the important grounds on the Charles and Mystic Rivers, there are now six public open spaces on the shores of Boston Harbor and Boston Bay, either laid out or projected. Each of these has an individuality and a special function of its own.

First in order comes Strandway. This is a seaside drive and promenade of something like two miles, on the southerly side of the South Boston peninsula, along the shallow waters of Dorchester Bay and Old Harbor. Dorchesterway, a parkway, together with the boulevard of Massachusetts Avenue, connects it with the inland features of the park system. The prevailing summer winds blow fresh from the water, and there is a glorious prospect to the southward, with the Blue Hills range rising above the expanse of the bay. Here and there the way expands into little park-like spaces. At one point the conformation of the shore permits the retention, as an invaluable feature of the park system, of the celebrated L Street Bath, the most popular public bath in the country, and the first free municipal bath established in the United States. It is a beach-bath, and the spectacle of thousands of men

and boys, of all sorts and social conditions, disporting in the open water in entire nudity, here to be witnessed daily throughout the summer, is one of the famous sights of the city. A little bay is to be formed here by enclosing artificial peninsulas; these, with the screen of shrubbery and the long, low bath-house structure, with its hundreds of dressing-rooms, will effectually hide the bath from the parkway.

Strandway enters Marine Park at City Point, commanding a remarkable view of the greatest yachting rendezvous on the Atlantic seaboard; here space has been reserved between Strandway and the water for the houses of several yacht-clubs, which lease the ground from the Park Board. There is also a public landing for yachts and boats; provision is made for the letting of sail-boats, row-boats, etc., at moderate prices, while a pleasu

Castle Island every low tide. Castle Island, by permission of the National Government, has been included in Marine Park; the city has been given the right of occupation and improvement, but the ownership remains with the nation, which reserves the right to its use in case of emergency. A long iron pier for promenading, etc., on one side, and the island on the other, nearly enclose a "pleasure-bay" which, being almost landlocked, and of ample depth at low water, offers safe aquatic enjoyment at nearly all times. The bay has a graceful horse-shoe curve and a long, shelving beach of gravel. At the

head of the pier stands a large, picturesque structure devoted to refectory and bath-house uses for beach-bathing. There are nearly a thousand dressing-rooms. Castle Island, the site of the "Castle" of colonial and revolutionary days, with the now-dismantled Fort Independence as its successor, has been joined to the mainland

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the harbor and over the bay. The main ship-channel, with its passing craft, is close at hand. The old parade-ground before the fort gateway is a pleasant green, well shaded by large elms, and swept by sea-breezes from every direction.

The harbor side park at the North End is a Marine Park in miniature. All of these water-side pleasure-grounds established by

The Stairway at Revere Beach.

the Boston Park Commission are, it should be said, fruits of Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted's versatile genius. The skill of that great artist in deriving such a wealth of beauty and recreative utility from the conditions of a given site proceeds very largely from his great-hearted sympathy with the life of the common people. Marine Park being entirely novel in its design as a popular maritime pleasure-ground, its character naturally suggested the manner of treatment adopted for the North End open space, which, however, was established to meet purely local necessities. At the North End, which has long been a densely peopled tenement district, a playground and breathing-space has been sadly needed.

The only place hitherto available was the historic Copp's Hill Burying-ground, near the Old North Church, where for some years past children have been allowed to play among the ancient gravestones.

A pleasure-ground for this district having been determined upon, a water-side site was chosen after careful deliberation. Not only was the land the cheapest, but such a location afforded the best recreative opportunities. Some old wharf property was therefore purchased for the purpose. There were some strong remonstrances against this step, for it reduced by so much the limited wharfage facilities of the city proper. But it appeared that, although the commerce of the port was expanding

rapidly, wharf property hereabouts had been depreciating in value; notwithstanding the exceptional depth of water, these wharves could not be adapted to the demands of modern commerce, for their length was slight and could not well be extended. So the action of the Park Board was justified.

The design of this park, the compact manner in which a very small space has been made to serve a diversity of recreative purposes, particularly deserves careful attention from the student of municipal affairs. The commonplace solution of the problem would have been to build a sea-wall at the harbor-line and fill in the space, adorning it with grass and trees. But Mr. Olmsted made the ancient burying-ground hard by the starting-point for his design. Already used for recreation to a limited extent, its evident destiny is ultimately to be entirely converted to such a purpose, like so many of the old burying-grounds of London. From the hill-side here there is a strikingly beautiful prospect through the trees across Charles River to the Navy Yard and up the Mystic to the hills of Chelsea. So the steep slope between the burying-ground and Commercial Street was cleared of its ramshackle tenements and built into three handsome, paved terraces, supported by massive walls, connected by stone steps, and provided with seats, where hundreds may sit and enjoy the peaceful, pleasant scene before them. These terraces are flanked and bordered by grassy banks with trees and shrubbery. The middle terrace has a large promenade.

This terraced space, named Copp's Hill Terraces, is the connecting-link between the burying-ground and the water-park, called North End Beach. From the middle terrace a bridge was designed to cross Commercial Street and continue in an elevated walk, forming the westerly boundary of the park. This walk was to terminate at the upper deck of a great promenade pier that bounds the park at the harbor-line, and encloses a little cove making in from the harbor. The space beneath the elevated walk is devoted to a bath-house for men and boys. A modification of the plan was required by the prospective building of an elevated railway through Commercial Street. The building of the bridge

from the terraces to the beach has been deferred until the plans for the railway are more definitely formulated.

Across the cove, on the easterly side of the park, is a bath-house for women and girls, so that bathing in the open cove is permitted to both sexes at the same time, the accommodations being entirely separated. Another pier borders the easterly side of the park, a channel between the two piers connecting the cove with the harbor. This second pier affords a landing for excursion steamers, etc., making a convenient starting-point for trips down the bay in summer. There is also at this pier a float for boats, steam-launches, etc. The shore of the cove forms a beach, where hundreds of children may play in the sand. Bordering the beach is a pretty lawn space, with seats along the walks, where mothers may rest and watch their children. Between the lawn and the street is a screening back-ground of shrubbery.

A second local seaside pleasure-ground is Wood Island Park, in East Boston. Here a tract of forty-six acres, comprising a "marsh island" with adjacent salt marshes, has been transformed from a desolate expanse to an attractive park with a variety of recreative uses. A park-way approach, Neptune Avenue, continues through the park as a drive, making a circuit along the shore. The greater portion of the area is designed for playground purposes. An open-air gymnasium for men and boys, enclosed by a running-track, adjoins a large playground of rolled gravel, overlooked by a grand-stand for spectators. Between the playground and the gymnasium is the field-house, a handsome edifice for dressing-rooms, lockers, baths, etc. On the shore near by is a beach-bath, with convenient dressing-room accommodations. The opposite side of the park is designed for an open-air gymnasium for women and girls, adjoined by a greensward playground for little children, the whole surrounded by a large running-track, and effectually screened by shrubbery on all sides.

The feature of greatest magnitude in the Boston scheme of seaside recreation is Revere Beach. This is the first ocean beach near a great city which, in the history of public parks, has been set aside to be governed by a public body for the

enjoyment of the common people. Its shaping to this end has therefore been a novel and difficult problem, but it has been satisfactorily solved by the studies of the late Charles Eliot, the associate of the Olmsteds, father and sons, as landscape architect. This great work is due to the project of metropolitan park improvement recently organized to meet the needs of the large group of municipalities comprised in Greater Boston, and which, for this purpose, were constituted a Metropolitan Parks District. At the inception of this magnificent undertaking, which has increased the area of Greater Boston's open spaces to something like fourteen thousand acres, it was recognized that, besides the great wilderness reservations proposed, ample provision for recreation on the ocean-shore was essential to the completeness of the metropolitan scheme. Revere Beach, being within twenty minutes of the heart of Boston, was naturally selected for this purpose.

This beach had long been a popular resort, but, as was inevitable under private ownership of the shore and its unrestricted occupancy, had been greatly abused. Originally a remarkably beautiful stretch of

ocean-shore, its three miles of gradually curving beach, sweeping from the headlands near the entrance of Boston Bay almost to the threshold of Lynn, had been covered with a mass of squalid-looking shanties devoted to the various purposes for which such structures are erected at a cheap shore-resort—liquor-selling, eating-houses, gambling, and the like.

The cost of converting the beach to public uses has proved greatly in excess of the estimate. But it will be worth many times the cost. Over a million dollars has been devoted to making Revere Beach a worthy public ocean-front for Greater

Boston. The land-damages were very large. The crest of the beach was occupied by a narrow-gauge railroad, the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn, and a suitable new location had to be found for this. The law forbade the crossing of the new line by highways at grade, and the building of costly bridges had to be charged to the improvement. The railway, to be sure, might have been left in its original location, and merely the shore taken between that and the water, clearing the beach of its shanties. But it was wisely decided that it was the truest economy to

Revere Beach.

Looking toward Lynn from the northern terrace showing the crescent shape of the beach and the Point of Pines beyond.

do the thing thoroughly and well at the start.

The bed of the railway has therefore been converted into a magnificent ocean-shore parkway, running uninterruptedly along the line of the breakers for something like three miles. To the southward, the long, south shore of Massachusetts

tory of Little Nahant is strung like a bead ; to the northward is Lynn, backed by a rugged range of rock hills -a picturesque combination of maritime, urban, and wilderness landscape.

The problem of devising adequate approaches to the beach and its panorama, and providing all conveniences for the use of the visiting public without destroying

Open-air Gymnasium at Wood Island Park.

On the other side of the field-house is a gravel playground large enough for several base-ball games.

Copp's Hill Terrace, and North End Beach.
Showing the end of the recreation pier, on the left, women's bath houses, etc., on the right.

or even impairing the complete openness and continuity in which its value consists, has been admirably solved. Not a mar-
ring obstruction has been permitted to break the openness of this view from the drive and promenade. At the same time the public uses of the place have been carefully regarded. These uses are extensive, for the place is extraordinarily popular. The character of the multitudes resorting hither at once improved notably when the beach became a public possession. In August, 1896, there were something like two hundred thousand visitors in a single week, and so orderly that not a single arrest was made.

To accommodate these multitudes, a great bathing-establishment has been built by the Metropolitan Park Commission. It contains a thousand dressing-rooms,

and there are extensive provisions for checking bicycles. The architecture is tasteful and unobtrusive. The bath-house is on the inner side of the driveway, and bathers pass to and from the beach through subways under the road and promenades communicating with a long terrace on the seaward side, where, beneath broad, low-roofed shelters, hundreds of spectators may enjoy the view and watch the bathers. Similar shelters are located on another portion of the beach, and a second bathing-establishment will probably be needed in the near future.

The bath-house was opened on August 1, 1898, and the season lasted about six weeks. For accommodations that surpass those of any private bathing-establishment on the coast, including bathing-suit, towel, and dressing-room, the charge was only

fifteen cents; and for children, ten cents. The total receipts were \$10,643.75, and the expenses \$8,901.25. Residents are permitted to bathe from their own houses, but all others must resort to the metropolitan bath-house.

The scene at Revere Beach on a warm day in summer is one to be remembered. The style of development is so different

from that common to American shore-resorts as to produce a European effect. All the construction is strikingly substantial. The long driveway—smooth and level, a paradise for wheelmen—follows the gradual sweep of the beach in a curve, which Mr. Eliot impressed the engineers should be geometrically faultless, and great pains were taken to make it so. The ex-

Fleet of Small Boats at Marine Park.

Showing causeway to Castle Island and shipping on the river beyond.

Marine Park, City Point, from Strandway, showing Castle Island on the Left.

"Head House," recreation pier, and one of the beaches.

quisite shape of this curve is accented by the clean, whitish lines of the curbing and gutters of artificial stone that bound the wide sidewalk and the promenade along the beach, another line of this stone separating the promenade from the gravelly slope of the shore. This delicate curve has an effect upon the eye that may be likened to that produced by the subtle, latent curves in Greek architecture. The terraces that were built for the shelters on the beach have massive retaining walls of artificial stone that closely resembles granite. These terraces have drinking-fountains and decorative lamp-posts, and one of them has a band-stand. At night the scene is fairy-like, with the long line of electric lights along the beach, the clustering lamps that adorn the great bath-house, and the yellow glow in the sky reflecting the hundreds of lights in the courts where the dressing-rooms are. An artist who lives near says the scene is too spectacular for reality!

Almost the entire ocean-front of the town of Revere is thus dedicated to public uses, and a proposed extension of the reservation along the shore to the southward as far as the entrance to Boston Bay will likewise take nearly the entire ocean-front of the adjoining town of Winthrop.

The greater part of the water-front of yet another municipality of the Greater Boston group is destined to recreative uses—the shore of Quincy Bay forming an irregular though generally curving line of

sand-beach on the water-side of the city of Quincy. But as Quincy Bay is a shallow subdivision of Boston Bay, navigable only by small pleasure-craft, the conversion of its shore into a public recreation-ground is no more of a loss to commerce than the taking of the Revere and Winthrop shores for similar purposes, the latter lying on the open sea. The scenery of the Quincy shore has a charm of its own. Rounded islands rise from the water, and in contrast to the rather level and tranquil character of the water-front of marsh, field, and meadow, is the rugged promontory of Squantum Head, at the northerly end of the bay, the only rocky headland inside of Boston Light. A short distance inland, to the westward, the Blue Hill range shows up grandly. Connecting with the shore is the beautiful Merrymount Park, a gift to Quincy from the Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

The late Charles Eliot, under whose advice the magnificent system of metropolitan parks for the Boston vicinage took enduring shape, gave in the last of his reports to the Metropolitan Commission, printed shortly before his death, some sound reasons for the public ownership and control of non-commercial strips of land along river-banks and sea-shores. This, he said, was something very different from the public ownership of ordinary "parks." While regarding the latter as valuable, indeed, he said that river-side

and sea-shore strips provide access to great stores of fresh air and refreshing scenery without removing any large area from the tax-lists. "They do, indeed, quickly pay for themselves, because practically the whole value of the lands acquired is added to the next adjacent private lands. They negatively prevent the depreciation of the potential values of surrounding lands, which is so generally caused by 'cheap building' on fresh-water and tidal shores. They place the control of the trunk lines of surface drainage under public authority, and so forbid the public from such costly expenditures as Boston has been driven to along Stony Brook in Jamaica Plain and Roxbury. Reservations of this class are primarily desirable, not for æsthetic or sentimental but for eminently practical reasons, while their first cost is properly to be regarded as an intelligent investment rather than an extravagant expenditure."

The situation of New York gives exceptional facilities for the provision of this class of recreation-grounds. The city has already done much in this direction. The famous Battery is one of the oldest of municipal pleasure-grounds, and the noble Riverside Park overlooks one of the world's loveliest landscapes. Then there is the large, undeveloped park of Pelham Bay on Long Island Sound; and several delightful small parks have lately been created

along the East River. But the opportunities given by the magnificent extension of the metropolitan limits just made are priceless, and should not be neglected. There are many such natural pleasure-ground sites along the shores of the bay in Brooklyn and on Staten Island, and on the Long Island side of the East River and the Sound. The example of Boston at Revere Beach should be followed by the appropriation for public enjoyment of as much of the ocean-shore as may possibly be secured on the south side of Long Island. Brooklyn made a good start when, years ago, the fine pleasure-drive was built between Prospect Park and Coney Island, but, unfortunately, a most essential feature of the scheme was neglected, and the beach was left in private hands.

Of other seaboard cities, San Francisco has done the wise thing in the establishment of its Golden Gate Park. In the South, Charleston has its beautiful Battery. On the Great Lakes, Chicago and Milwaukee have taken due advantage of their water-fronts, and Cleveland has done something in the same direction. On the Atlantic coast, cities like Portland, Salem, New Bedford, New London, and New Haven have enviable opportunities for seaside pleasure-grounds, and they should not neglect to cultivate them, as Bridgeport has so admirably done with its beautiful Seaside Park.

Drawn by B. West Candlish

Before him stood, tall and gray, the Indian-killer --Page 692.

RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXII

JUST then Jacquelin Gray returned home. His ship had reached port only a few days before, and he had planned to take them all by surprise, and without giving any notice had at once started for home. The surprise was complete. The first to recognize him was Waverley, who had been sent to the railroad by Mrs. Gray to try and get news of him.

"Well, b'fo' de Lord! ef dat ain't—!" He paused, and took another scrutinizing look, and with a bound forward broke out again: "Ef 'tain't, sure enough! Marse Jack, whar you come f'um? You done riz f'um de dead. Ef I didn' think 'twuz my ole master—er de Injun-killer! Bless de Lord!—you's jes' in time. My mistis sen' me down fur a letter—she say she 'bleeged to have a letter to-day—but dis de bes' letter could 'a' come in dis wull fur her. Yas, suh, she'll git well now." He took in the whole crowd confidentially. He was wringing Jacquelin's hand in an ecstasy of joy, and the welcome of the others was not less warm if less voluble. Under it all was something that struck Jacquelin, and went to his heart—a something plaintive, different from what he had expected. The people looked downcast; their countenances had changed; their tone, formerly jovial and cheery, was bitter. The negroes, too, had changed. The hearty laughter had given place to something that had the sound of bravado in it. The shining teeth were not seen as of old when they laughed. Old Waverley's words sent a chill through him. What could they mean?

"How was his mother? And aunt—and all the others?—at Birdwood and everywhere?" he asked.

His mistress had been "mighty po'ly,"

mighty po'ly, indeed," the old fellow said—"been jes' pinin' fur you to git back. What meck you stay so long, Marse Jack? Hit mus' be a long ways roun' de wull! But she'll be all right now. De Doctor say you de bes' physic she could git. All de others is well."

"And all at Birdwood?" asked Jacquelin.

"'Tain't Budwood you's axin' 'bout?—Washy Still, he's at Budwood. Dem you want know 'bout is at Miss' Bellers's. Washy Still thought he wuz gwine git one o' dem whar wuz at Budwood; but he ain't do it. Rich or no rich, dee tun up de nose at him—and all he git wuz de nest arter de bud done fly. Dee look higher'n him, I knows. But I mighty glad you come. Marse Steve, he's dyah. He's a big man now."

What could this mean?

As Jacquelin drove homeward with the old man he found out what it meant; for Waverley was not one to take the edge from a blow.

"Marse Jack, de deble is done broke loose, sho!" he wound up. "De overseer is in de gret house, and de gent'man's in de blacksmiff-shop. I wonders sometimes dat old Injun-killer don' come down out de picture sho 'nough—like so many o' dem dead folks what comin' out dey graves."

"What's that?" asked Jacquelin.

"Dat's what dee tells me," protested Waverley. "De woods and roads full on 'em at night. An' you can't git a nigger to stir out by hisself arter dark. I b'lieves it, and so does plenty o' urrs." He gave a little nervous laugh.

"What nonsense is this?"

"'Tain' no nonsense, Marse Jack. 'Tis de fatal truf—since sich doin's been goin' on de graves won' hole 'em. De's some

knows 'tain' no nonsense. Dee done been to de house o' several o' dese sarsy niggers whar done got dee heads turned and gin 'em warnin' an' a leetle tetch o' what's comin' to 'em. Dee went to Moses's house turr night an' gin him warnin'. Moses wa'n't dyah; but dee done lef him de wud—cut three cross-marks in de tree right side he do'; an' he wife say dee leetle mo' drunk de well dry. One on 'em say he shot in de battle nigh heah, and was cut up in de ole horspittle, and dat he jes' come from torment to gi' Moses an' Sherrod an' Nicholas Ash warnin'. Dee say he drink six water bucketfuls, and hit run down he guzzle sizzlin' jes' like po'in' 't on hot stove. Moses say he don' mine 'em; but I tell you he better." A sudden gleam of shrewdness crossed the old man's face.

"Things had done gone pretty bad, Marse Jack," the old man went on, confidentially. "Hiram Still and Major Leech, dee owned ev'ything, and ef you didn't do what dee say, you couldn' turn roun'. Hiram he turned me out my shop jes' soon as he got our place; an' soon as he fine he couldn't git my young mistis he turned de Doctor out. Dee done put dee cross-marks 'ginst Hiram too. Some say 'twus de Injun-killer. Leech he don' mine 'em—he's gwine to be Gov'ner, an' he say he'll know how to settle 'em. But Hiram, since he fine dat mark on de porch and on de tree, he walks right smart lighter'n he did."

So old Waverley enlightened Jacquelin as they made their way home together.

The change in the aspect of the county in the few years of his absence further impressed him. It seemed to him greater than even that which had taken place during the war. The fields were more grown up, the houses more dilapidated. But as much as these warned him, Jacquelin was not prepared for the change which, on his arrival at Dr. Cary's, he found had taken place.

His mother's appearance struck a chill to his heart. All had changed, all had aged, but his mother had become an old woman. He was shocked at the change which illness had made in her, and all that he could do was to try and conceal his anguish.

He sought Dr. Cary and had a long talk with him, but the Doctor could not

hold out to him any hope. It was simply a general break-down, he told him—the effect of years of anxiety. Jacquelin ground his teeth in speechless self-reproach.

"Ah! my dear Jacquelin, there are some things that even you could not have changed," said the Doctor, with a deep sigh.

As Jacquelin looked at him the expression on his face went to the young man's heart. "Yes, I know," he said, softly. "Ah, well, we'll pull through."

"You young men, perhaps—not we old ones. We are too broken to weather the storm. Your father was the fortunate one."

As the young man went out from this interview he met Blair. She had just come in from her school and she gave him a warm hand-clasp, and her eyes, after the first glance into his, fell. He was sure from what he had heard that she was engaged to Steve, and he had rehearsed a hundred times how he would meet her. Bygones should be bygones. How like a puff of wind went all his strong resolutions. A fresh sense of her charm came over him as if he had just discovered her. Her presence seemed to him to fill all the place. She was blushing and laughing and running away from Steve, who had met her outside and told her of Jacquelin's arrival, and who was calling to her through the door to come back. But after shaking hands with Jacquelin she sped on upstairs, with a side-glance at him as she ran up. She had never appeared so beautiful to him, and his heart leaped up in him at her charm. What would he not give for her love! He followed her with his eyes. As she turned at the top of the stairs his heart sank, for, leaning down over the banisters, she gave Steve a look so full of meaning that Jacquelin took it all in in an instant.

"I'm going to tell him," called Steve, teasingly.

"No; you promised me you would not, Steve," and she was gone.

Jacquelin turned to the door as Steve called him.

"Jack, Jack—come here."

But Jacquelin could not stand seeing him at that moment. He wanted to be alone, and he went out to meet the full realization of it all by himself.

Jacquelin made up his mind at once. Although Doctor and Mrs. Cary pressed him to stay with them, he felt that he could not live in the house with Blair. How could he sit by and see her and Steve, day by day? Steve was as a brother to him, and Blair, from her manner, meant to be a friend; but he could not endure it. He declared his intention of starting at once to practise law, for which he had been preparing himself. Steve offered him a partnership, meeting Jacquelin's objection that it would not be fair with the statement that he would make Jacquelin do all the work, as he proposed to be a statesman.

So, as the Doctor had said that a change and occupation in household duties might do Mrs. Gray good, Jacquelin rented a small place between the Carys's and the old hospital-place on the river. His mother and Miss Thomasia moved in, and it was furnished with the assistance of Mrs. Cary and Blair and other neighbors; the old bits of furniture and other odds-and-ends giving, as Miss Thomasia said, "a distinction which even the meanness of the structure itself could not impair. For, my dear," she said to Blair, who was visiting them the evening after they had made their exodus from Dr. Cary's, "I have often heard my grandfather say that nothing characterized gentle people more than dignity under misfortune." And she smoothed down her faded dress and resumed her knitting with an air which Blair in vain tried to reproduce to her father on her return.

Mrs. Gray, however, did not long survive the change. The strain had been too much for her. She had lived only until Jacquelin's return, and she died within a few months after his arrival. To the last, her heart was on her old home. And one of her constant thoughts was: "If she could only have lain there."

Jacquelin told her that if God prospered him she should some day be buried there, and she died in that assurance.

The day she died, Dr. Cary wrote a note to Still, on Jacquelin's behalf, though without his knowledge, indicating Jacquelin's wish to bury his mother beside her father, and saying that it would not be held to affect the question of ownership at issue between them.

To this Still replied, that, "whilst he

should be very glad to do anything that Dr. Cary or *any member of his family* asked for *themselves*, he would not permit any *outsider* to be buried on his place, especially one who had insulted him; that he did not acknowledge that any question existed as to his title; and that he was prepared to show that, if so, it was unfounded; for he was going to remove the tomb-stones; cut down the trees; clear up the place, and get rid of the old graveyard altogether."

A part of the letter was evidently inspired by a lawyer.

Dr. Cary felt that he could not withhold this notification from Jacquelin; so he broke the matter to him. To his surprise Jacquelin took it very quietly; he did not say anything, or appear to mind it a great deal.

Mrs. Gray was buried in what had been part of the church-yard of the old brick church, where many of her family lay, and Jacquelin, walking with his arm around Rupert, was as quiet as Miss Thomasia.

That afternoon he excused himself from the further attendance of his friends, left his aunt and Rupert, and walked out alone. He went first to the house of his neighbor Stamper. Him Jacquelin told his purpose. Stamper wished to accompany him; but he would not permit that. He was not armed, he said; he only wanted him to know, in case anything should happen. Then he walked away in the direction of Red Rock, leaving little Stamper leaning on the bars, looking after him rather wistfully until he had disappeared.

It was after sunset, and Hiram Still was sitting alone in the hall at Red Rock by a table in the drawers of which he kept his papers. He never liked to sit in the dark, and had just called for a light. He was not in a good-humor, for he had had something of a quarrel with Leech, and his son Wash had taken the latter's side. The young Doctor was always taking sides against him these days. They had made him write Dr. Cary that he was going to clear up the graveyard, and he was not at all sure that it was a good thing to do; he had always heard that it was bad luck to break up a graveyard, and now they had left him alone in the house. Even the drink of whiskey he had taken had not restored his spirits.

Why did not the light come? He

roared an oath toward the open door. "D—n the lazy niggers!"

Suddenly there was a step, or something like a step, near him—he was not sure about it, for he must have been dozing—and he looked up. His heart jumped into his throat. Before him in the hall stood, tall and gray, the Indian-killer, his eyes looking like coals of fire.

"Good God!" he gasped.

No, he was speaking—it was a man. But it was almost as bad. He had not seen Jacquelin before in two years. And he had never noticed how like the Indian-killer he was. What did he want?

"I have come to see you about the graveyard," he said.

Still wanted to apologize to him; but he could not speak, his throat was dry. There was a pistol in the drawer before him and he pulled it open and put his hand on the weapon, quietly. The cold steel recalled him to himself and he drew it toward him, to have it handy if he needed it, his courage reviving. Jacquelin must have heard the sound; he was right over him.

"If you attempt to draw that pistol on me," he said, quietly, "I will kill you right where you sit."

Whether it was the man's unstrung condition; or whether it was Jacquelin's resemblance to the fierce Indian-killer, as he stood there in the dusk, with his eyes burning and his strong hands twitching; or whether it was his unexpected stalwartness and fierceness as he towered above him, the overseer sank back with a whine.

A negro entered at a side-door with a light, but stood still, amazed at the scene, muttering to himself: "Good Lordy!"

Jacquelin went on speaking. He told Still that if he cut down so much as a bush in that graveyard until he had a decision of court authorizing him to do so, he would kill him, even if he had the whole Government of the United States around him.

"Now, I have come here to tell you this," he said, in the same quiet, strange voice, "and I have come to tell you one thing more, that you will not be in this place long. We are coming back here, the living and the dead."

Still turned even more livid than before. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"What I say," said Jacquelin. "We are coming back." He swept his eye

around the hall, turned on his heel, and walked toward the picture over the fireplace. Just then a flaw of wind blew out the lamp which the negro held, leaving the hall in gloom. When he came back with it, according to the story that he told, Still was raving like a madman, and he drank whiskey and raved all night.

Neither Still nor Jacquelin ever spoke of the interview; but a story got abroad in the neighborhood that the Old Indian-killer had appeared to Still the night of Mrs. Gray's burial and threatened him with death if he should ever touch the graveyard. Still said he had never meant to touch it anyhow, and that Leech had made him put it in the letter for a joke.

For a time there was quite a coolness between the friends; but they had too much in common to be able to afford to quarrel, so it was made up.

CHAPTER XXIII

OTHER changes than those already recorded had taken place in the years that had passed since the day when Middleton and Thurston, on their way to take command of a part of the conquered land, had found Jacquelin Gray outstretched under a tree at the little country-station in the Red Rock county. In this time Middleton had won promotion in the West, and a wound, which had necessitated a long leave of absence and a tour abroad, and finally his retirement from the service.

Reely Thurston, who was now a captain himself, declared that Middleton's wound was received in the South, and not in the West, and that if such wounds were to be recognized, he himself ought to have been sent abroad. The jolly little officer, however, if he wished to boast of wounds of that nature, might have cited a later one; for he had for some time been a devoted admirer of Miss Ruth Welch, who had grown from a romping girl to a lively and very handsome young lady, and had, as Reely said of her, the warmest heart toward all mankind except a man in love with her, and the coldest toward him of any girl in the world. Miss Welch declared that she liked Thurston better than any man except her father and a half-dozen other men, all of whom labored un-

der the sole disadvantage of being married, and she finally, as the price of the continuance of this somewhat measurable state of feeling, bound the Captain by the most solemn pledges never so much as to hint at any desire on his part for a higher degree of affection.

The little Captain would have sworn by all the gods, higher and lower, to anything that Ruth proposed, for the privilege of being her slave; but he no more could have stopped bringing up the forbidden subject when in her presence than he could have stopped the breath in his plump bosom.

No doubt the game had additional zest for Thurston from the disapproval with which Mrs. Welch always regarded him, which had thrown him into a state of rather chronic opposition to the good lady.

He had even ventured to express open scepticism as to the wisdom of the steps Mrs. Welch and her society had been taking in their philanthropic efforts on behalf of the freedmen, giving expression to the heretical doctrine that, in the main, the negroes had been humanely treated before the war, and that the question now should be dealt with from an economical rather than from a sentimental stand-point. He gave it as his opinion that the people down there knew more about the negro and the questions arising out of the new conditions than those who were undertaking to settle those questions at a distance, and that if let alone they would settle themselves; whilst as to Leech, the correspondent of Mrs. Welch's society, he would not believe anything he said.

Nothing could have scandalized Mrs. Welch more than such an utterance. And it was probable that this attitude on Thurston's part did as much as her real kindness of heart to establish her in the extreme views she held.

For some time past there had been appearing in the *Censor*, the chief paper in the city where the Welches lived, a series of letters giving a dreadful account of the outrages that were taking place in the South, which, if true, were certainly terrible. According to the writer, the entire native white population were engaged in the systematic murder and mutilation of unoffending negroes and Northern settlers, who were on their side wholly without

blame, and received this persecution with the most Christian and uncomplaining benevolence.

The author's name was not given, because, it was stated in the letters, if it were known who he was, he would at once be murdered.

As the letters were from the very section, indeed from the very neighborhood, that of Red Rock, which Thurston always cited as evidence of the beneficent effect of his theory of moderation, Mrs. Welch, who was the head of the organization to which Leech had written them, saved them up for the purpose of confounding, and once for all disposing of, Thurston's arguments, together with himself.

So one morning when Thurston was calling on Ruth, she brought the whole batch of papers in and plumped them down before him with a triumphant air.

"Now, read every word before you express an opinion," she said, decisively.

Whilst Thurston read, Mrs. Welch annotated each letter with running comments. These impressed Ruth greatly; but Thurston wilily kept his face from giving the slightest clew to his thoughts. When he was through, Mrs. Welch drew a long breath of exultation.

"Well, what do you say to that?"

"I don't believe it."

"What!" Mrs. Welch was lifted out of her chair by her surprise.

"The writer of that is Jonadab Leech, one of the most unmitigated——"

"Captain Thurston! You do not know what you are talking about."

"Do you mean to say Leech is not the writer of those letters?"

"No, I did not say that ——" said Mrs. Welch, who would have cut out her tongue before she would have uttered a falsehood.

"I would not believe Leech on oath," said the Captain, blandly.

"Oh, well, if that's the stand you take, there's no use reasoning with you." And with a gesture expressive both of pity and sorrow that she must wash her hands of him, Mrs. Welch gathered up her papers and swept indignantly from the room.

When Thurston went away that day he had intrusted Ruth with an apology for Mrs. Welch capable of being expanded as circumstances might require, for Ruth had

explained to him how dear to her mother's heart her charities were. But he had also given Ruth such sound reasons for his views about the people down in the old county, that, however her principles remained steadfast, the sympathies of the girl had gone out to those whom he described as laboring under such difficulties.

Miss Welch was greatly interested, for several other reasons. Her father's health had not been very good of late, and he had been thinking of getting a winter-home in the South, where he could be most of the time out of doors, as an old wound in his chest still troubled him sometimes, and the doctors said he must not for the present spend another winter in the North. And he had been in correspondence with this very Mr. Still, who was spoken of so highly in those letters, about a place right where this trouble was.

Besides, a short time before this conversation with Thurston, Major Welch had received a letter from Middleton, who was still abroad, asking him to look into his affairs for him. He had always enjoyed a large income; but of late it had, he stated, fallen off, owing, as Mr. Bolter explained, to temporary complications growing out of certain extensive investments Bolter had made for him on joint account with himself in Southern enterprises. These investments, he said, Mr. Bolter assured him were perfectly safe and would yield in a short time immense profits, being guaranteed by the State, and managed by the strongest and most successful men down there, who were themselves deeply interested in the schemes. But it had happened that the very names Bolter had given him as a guarantee of the security of his investment had aroused his anxiety, and though he had no reason to doubt Bolter, he did doubt Leech and Still, the men Bolter had mentioned.

Major Welch had made an investigation. Bolter gave Major Welch, when he called on him, what struck the latter as an "audience," though, when he learned the Major's business, he suddenly unbent and became much more confidential, explaining everything with promptness and clearness.

Bolter was a strong-looking, stout man, with a round head and a strong face. His brow was rather low; but his eyes were keen and his mouth firm. As he sat in his

inner business-office, with his clerks in outer pens, he looked the picture of a successful, self-contained man of business.

"Why, they fight a railroad coming into their country as if it were a public enemy," he said to Major Welch.

"Then they must be pretty formidable antagonists," smiled Major Welch.

"And I have received letters warning me and denouncing the men who have planned and worked up the matter, and would carry it through, if they would let them, as if they were thieves."

He rang a bell and sent for the letters, and laid them before Major Welch. They were unquestionably earnest enough. Among them was one from Dr. Cary and another from General Legaie. Though strangers, they said, they wrote to him, as one reported to be interested, and protested against the scheme of Still and Leech, who were destroying the State and pillaging its people. They contrasted its condition before the war and at the present time. Dr. Cary's letter stated that "for purposes of identification" he would say that both his father and grandfather had been Governors of the State.

"What are you going to do with such people?" exclaimed Mr. Bolter. "They abuse those men as if they were pick-pockets, and they are the richest and most influential men in that county, and Leech will without doubt be the next Governor." He handed Major Welch a newspaper containing a glowing account of Leech's services to the State, and a positive assertion that he would be the next Governor of the State.

"What did you write them in reply?" asked Major Welch, who was taking another glance over the letters before him.

"Why, I wrote them that I believed I was capable of conducting my own affairs," said the capitalist, "and if they would stop thinking about their grandfathers and the times before the war, and think a little more about their children and the present, it would be money in their pockets."

"And what did they reply to that?"

"Ah—why, I don't believe I ever got any reply to that. I suppose the moss had covered them by that time," he laughed. Major Welch looked thoughtful, and the capitalist changed his tone.

"In fact, I had already made the investments. Major Leech is very friendly to me. It was through him that we were induced to go into the enterprise—through him—and because of the opportunities it offered at the same time that it was made perfectly safe by the guarantee of both the counties and the State. He used to be in my—in our employ, and he is a very shrewd fellow. That's the way we came to go in—and it doesn't do to swap horses in the stream."

"Mrs. Welch thinks very highly of him," said Major Welch, meditatively. "But Captain Middleton had some sort of trouble with this man and has always had a dislike for him. And I think I shall go South and look into matters there."

"Oh, well, that's nothing," broke in Bolter, hotly. "What does Middleton know about business? That's his trouble. These military officers don't understand the word. They are always stickling for their d—d dignity, and think if a man ain't willing to wipe up the floor for 'em he's bound to be a rascal."

It was as much the sudden insolence in the capitalist's tone as his words that offended Major Welch. He rose to his feet.

"I am not aware that being officers and having risked their lives to save their country necessarily makes men either more narrow or greater fools than those who stayed at home," he said, coldly.

The other, after a sharp glance at him, was on his feet in an instant, his whole manner changed.

"My dear sir, you have misunderstood me. I assure you, you have." And he proceeded to smooth the Major down with equal shrewdness and success; delivering a most warm and eloquent eulogy on patriotism in general and on that of Captain Lawrence Middleton in particular. He wound up by making Major Welch a proposal that he should go South and represent his interests as well as Middleton's.

"If he's going there he'd better be on my side than against me, and his hands would be tied then, anyhow," reflected Bolter.

"You will find our interests identical," he said, seeing the Major's hesitation. "We are both in the same boat, and I have taken every precaution—of that you

may be sure; and we are bound to win. We have the law with us—the men who make and the men who construe the law—and against us only a few old moss-backs and sore-heads. If they can beat that combination, I should like to see them do it."

The only doubt in Major Welch's mind as to the propriety of a move to the South was on account of his daughter.

The condition of affairs there made no difference to him; for he felt that he had the Union behind him—or even, he knew, to Mrs. Welch. She had been working her hands off for two years to send things to the negroes through her agents Still and Leech. But with Ruth, who was the apple of her father's eye, it might be another matter.

But when, on the matter being broached to Ruth, she chimed in and sketched, with real enthusiasm, the delights of living in the South—in the real country—amid palm and orange groves, the Major's mind was set at rest. He only cautioned her against building her air-castles too high, as there were no orange-groves where they were going, and though there might be palms, he doubted if they were of the material sort or very easy to obtain.

Ruth's ardor, just then, however, was not to be damped.

"Why, the South is the land of romance, papa."

"It will be if you are there," smiled her father.

It was decided that Major Welch and Ruth should go on ahead and pick out a place which they could rent until they should find one that exactly suited them, and then Mrs. Welch, as soon as she could finish packing the furniture and other things which they should want, would follow them.

A week later, therefore, Ruth and her father found themselves in the Red Rock county, and almost at their journey's end, in a region which, though as far as possible from Ruth's conception of palm and orange groves, was to the girl, shut up as she had been all her life in a city, not a whit less romantic and strange.

It was far wilder than she had supposed it would be. The land lay fallow or was cultivated only in patches; the woods were real forests, and seemed to stretch intermi-

nably; the fields were growing up in bushes and briars. She was already beginning to feel something of the charm of which her cousin, Larry Middleton, and Captain Thurston were always talking. Perhaps she would see, some time, Blair Cary, about whom Reely Thurston was always hinting in connection with Larry Middleton, and she tried to picture to herself what she would be like. Small and dark and very vivacious, or else haughty, no doubt. She was sure she should not like her.

On her father, however, the same surroundings that pleased Miss Ruth had a very different effect. Major Welch had always carried in his mind the picture of this section as he remembered it when he rode through it first, when it was filled with handsome plantations and pleasant homesteads, and where even during the war the battle in which he was wounded had been fought amid orchards and rolling fields and pastures. It was growing late, and a vague sense that they had missed their road was being borne in on him.

At length, at the top of the hill, they came to a fork, where Major Welch thought he remembered there had been a church; but there was no church there, only a great thicket, of an acre or more in extent, and the field behind it was nothing but a wilderness.

"We've missed the road, just as I supposed," said Major Welch. "We ought to have kept nearer to the river, and I will take this road and strike the other somewhere down this way. I thought this country looked very different; and yet—?" He gazed all around him, at the open fields filled with bushes and briars, the rolling hills beyond, and the line of blue spurs across the background.

"No, we must have crossed Twist Creek lower down this morning." He turned into the road leading off from the one they had been travelling, and drove on. This way, however, the country appeared even wilder, and they had driven two or three miles before they saw anyone. Finally they came on a man walking along, just where a foot-path left the road and turned across the old field. He was a small, sallow fellow, very shabbily dressed, the only noticeable thing about him being his eyes, which were both keen and good-humored. Major Welch stopped and inquired as to their way.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the man, politely.

"I want to go to Mr. Hiram Still's," said the Major.

The countryman gave him a quick glance.

"Well, you can't git there this way," he said, his voice changed a little. "The bridge is down on this road, and don't nobody travel it much now. You'll have to go back to Old Brick Church and take the other road. There's a new bridge on that road, but it's sort o' rickety since these freshes, and you have to take to the old ford again—one of Hiram's and Jonadab's jobs," he explained, with a note of hostility in his voice. Then, in a more friendly tone, added: "The water's up still from last night's rain, and the ford ain't the best no time, so you better not try it unless you have somebody as knows it to set you right. I would go myself, but—" He hesitated, a little embarrassed, and the Major at once protested.

"No, indeed. Just tell me where is Old Brick Church."

"That fork back yonder where you turned is what's called Old Brick Church," said the man. "That's where it used to stand."

"What has become of the church?"

"Pulled down during the war."

"Why don't they rebuild it?" asked Major Welch a little testily over the man's manner.

"Well, I s'pose they ain't got the money; they think it's cheaper to cut down bushes," said the man, dryly.

"Is there any place where we could spend the night?" the Major asked, with a glance up at the sky.

"Oh, Hiram Still, he's got a big house. He'll take you in—if he gits a chance," he said, half grimly.

"But I mean if we get overtaken by night this side the river. You tell me the bridge is shaky and the ford bad. I have my daughter along and don't want to take any chances."

"Oh, papa, the idea! As if I couldn't go anywhere you went," put in Ruth, suddenly.

At the Major's mention of his daughter the man's manner changed.

"There's Doct'r Cary's," he said, with a return of his first friendly tone. "They

take everyone in. You just turn and go back by the Old Brick Church, and keep the main plain road till you pass two forks on your left and three old gates on your right; then turn in at the third you come to on your left and go down a hill and up another, and you're right there." The Major and Ruth were both laughing; their director, however, remained grave.

"Ain't no fences nor gates to stop you. Just keep the main plain road, like I tell you, and you can't git out," he assured them.

"I can't? Well, I'll see," said the Major, and after a glance at the man he turned and drove back.

"What bright eyes he has," said Ruth. But her father was pondering.

"It's a most curious thing, but that man's face and voice were both familiar to me," said he, presently. "Quite as if I had seen them before in a dream. Did you observe how his whole manner changed as soon as I mentioned Still's name? They are a most intractable people."

"But I'm sure he was very civil," defended Ruth.

"Civility costs nothing and often means nothing. Ah, well, we shall see." And the Major drove on.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE sun had already set some little time, and the dusk was falling, when they came to a track leading off from "the main plain road," which they agreed must be that described to them as the road to Dr. Cary's. They turned in, and after passing through a skirt of woods came out into a field beyond which, at a little distance, they saw a light shining. They drove on; but as they mounted the hill from which the light had shone Ruth's heart sank, for, as well as they could tell through the gathering dusk, there was no house there at all, or, if there was, it was hidden by the trees around it. On reaching the crest, however, they saw the light again, which came from a small structure at the far side of the orchard. "Well, we've missed Dr. Cary's after all," said Major Welch. It was too late now, however, to retrace their steps, so they picked their way

through the orchard and drove up to the open door from which the light was shining.

At the sound of their vehicle a tall form descended the low steps and came to them. And Major Welch stated their case as belated travellers.

Ruth's heart was instantly warmed by the cordial response.

"Ah, my dear, here are a lady and gentleman who want to stay for the night." This to a slender figure in white who had come out of the house and joined them. "My daughter, Blair, madam; my daughter, Blair, sir."

Ruth, who had been wondering at the softness of these farmer-voices, recollected herself just in time to take the hand which she found held out to her in the darkness in instinctive friendliness.

"I am Major Welch," said that gentleman, introducing himself, not to be behind his host in politeness. "And this is my daughter."

"We are glad to see you," repeated the young girl, simply, to Ruth, in her charming voice, as if the introduction required a little more formal greeting.

"Ah, Major, glad to see you," said the host, heartily; "are you any relation to my old friend General Welch, who was with Johnston?"

"I don't think so," said Major Welch.

"Ah!—I knew a Major Welch in the artillery, and another in the Sixth Georgia, I think," hazarded the host. "Were you either of those?"

"No," said the Major, with a laugh, "I was not. I was on the other side. I was in the Engineer Corps under Grant."

"Oh!" said the host, in such undisguised surprise that Ruth could feel herself grow hot, and was sensible even in the darkness of a change in her father's attitude.

"Perhaps it may not be agree—I mean convenient, for you to take us in to-night," said Major Welch, rather stiffly.

"Oh, my dear sir," protested the other, "the war is over, isn't it? Of course it is convenient; it is always convenient to take in wayfarers." And he led the horse off, while his daughter, whose quiet voice soothed Ruth's ruffled spirit, conducted them into the house.

When Ruth entered she had not the slightest idea as to either the name or appearance of their hosts. They had evident-

ly assumed that the travellers knew who they were when they applied to spend the night, and it had been too dark outside for her to see their faces. She only knew that they had rich voices and cordial, simple manners, such as even the plainest farmers appeared to have in this strange land, and she had a mystified feeling. As she entered the door her mystification was only increased. The room into which she was conducted from the little veranda was a sitting or living room, lower in pitch than almost any room she had ever been in, while its appointments appeared curiously incongruous to her eyes, dazzled as they were from coming in suddenly from the darkness. Ruth took this in rather than observed it, as she became accustomed to the light; for the first glance of the two girls was at each other. They were both about the same age and the same size, with perhaps a slight advantage in height in favor of the visitor; but Ruth found herself astonished at the appearance of her hostess. Her face was so refined and her figure so slim that it occurred to Ruth that she might be an invalid. Her dress was simple to plainness, plainer than Ruth had ever seen the youngest girl of her circle wear, and her breastpin was nothing but a brass button, such as soldiers wear on their coats; yet her manners were as composed and gracious as if she had been in society for years.

"Why, she looks like a lady," thought the girl, with a new feeling of shyness coming over her, and she stole a glance around for something which would enable her to decide her hosts' real position. The appointments of the room, however, only puzzled her the more. A plain white board book-case, filled with old books, stood on one side, with a gun resting in the corner against it; two or three portraits of bewigged personages in dingy frames, and as many profile portraits in pastel, hung on the walls, with a stained print or two, and a number of photographs of soldiers in uniform among them. A mahogany table with carved legs stood in the centre of the room, piled with books, and the chairs were a mixture of home-made split-bottomed ones and old-fashioned straight-backed arm-chairs.

"How curious these farmers are," she thought. When her hostess excused her-

self and went out for a moment, Ruth took advantage of her absence to whisper to her father with genuine enthusiasm: "Isn't she pretty, father? What are they?"

"I don't know, but I suspect—" Just what it was that he suspected, Ruth did not learn; for at that moment their host stepped in at the door and made them another little speech, as if being under his roof required a new welcome. Major Welch began to apologize for running in on them so unceremoniously, but the host assured him that an apology was quite unnecessary, and that they were always glad to welcome strangers who came.

"We are told to entertain strangers, you know; for thereby, they say, some have entertained angels unawares. And though we cannot exactly say that we have ever done it yet," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "we may be beginning it now—who knows?" He made Ruth a bow with an old-fashioned graciousness, which set her almost to blushing.

At supper they were waited on by an old negro woman, whom both their host and hostess called "Mammy," and treated not so much as a servant, as if she were one of the family; and though the china was old and cracked and mostly of odd pieces, her young hostess presided with an ease which filled Ruth with astonishment. "Why, she could not do it better if she had lived in a city all her life, and she is not a bit embarrassed by us," she thought to herself. She observed that the only two pretty and sound cups were given to her and her father. The one she had was so dainty and unusual that she could not help looking at it closely, and was a little taken aback on glancing up to find her hostess's eyes fixed on her. The smile that came into them, however, reassured her, and she ventured to say, half apologetically, that she was admiring the cup.

"Yes, it is pretty, isn't it?" assented the other girl. "It has quite a history; you must get my father to tell it to you. There used to be a set of them."

"It was a set which was presented to one of my ancestors by Charles the Second," said the father, thus appealed to, much as if he had said, "It is a set that was given me yesterday by a neighbor." Ruth looked at him with wide-open eyes and a

little uncomfortable feeling that he should tell her such a falsehood. His face, however, wore the same calm look.

"If you inspect closely, you can still make out the C. R. on it, though it is almost obliterated. My ancestor was with his father at Carisbrooke," he added, casually, and Ruth, glancing at her father took in that it was true, and at the same moment took in also the fact that they had reached the place they were looking for; and that this farmer—as she had supposed him to be—was none other than Dr. Cary, and the young girl whom she had been patronizing was Larry Middleton's Blair Cary, a lady like herself. How could she have made the mistake! As she looked at her host, the thoughtful high-bred face and air, the aquiline nose, calm eyes and pointed beard suddenly seemed to belong to a Van Dyke portrait. She blushed with confusion over her stupidity, and devoutly hoped within herself that no one had noticed her mistake.

After supper Major Welch and Dr. Cary fell to talking of the war. After a little she heard her father ask about the man he had come South to see, Mr. Hiram Still. "Do you know him?" he asked their host.

"Oh, yes, sir, I know him. We all know him. He was overseer for one of my friends and connections, who was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in this section before the war—Mr. Gray, of Red Rock. He was killed at Shiloh. Still lives at his old place. It turned out that he owed a great deal of money to Still for negroes he had bought to stock a large plantation in one of the other States; at least, the overseer gave this explanation, and produced the bonds, which proved to be genuine, though at first it was thought they must be forged. And I suppose it was all right, though some people thought not; and it looked strange to have that fellow living in Gray's house."

"But he bought it, did he not?" asked Major Welch.

"Oh, yes, he bought it—bought it at a forced sale," said Dr. Cary, slowly. "But I don't know—To see that fellow living up there looks very strange."

"Still lives somewhat lower down, I believe?" said Major Welch.

"No, sir, he is not very far off," said

Dr. Cary. "He is just across the river a few miles. Do you know him?"

"No, I do not. Not personally, that is. What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, sir, he does not stand very well," answered Dr. Cary, deliberately.

"Ah! Why? If I may ask?" Major Welch was stiffening a little.

"Well, he went off to the Radicals," said Dr. Cary, slowly; and Ruth was amused at the look on her father's face.

"But surely a man may be a Republican and not be utterly bad?" said Major Welch.

"Yes, I suppose so—elsewhere," admitted the other, doubtfully. "In fact, I have known one or two gentlemen who were—who thought it best to accept everything and begin anew. I did myself at first. But I soon found it impossible. It does not do down here. You see—But perhaps you are one yourself, sir?" very politely.

"I am," said Major Welch; and Ruth could see him stiffen.

"Ah!" Their host leaned a little back.

"Well, I beg your pardon. Perhaps we will not discuss politics," he said, with great courtesy. "We should only disagree, and—you are my guest."

"But surely we can talk politics without becoming—ah—we have been discussing the war?" said Major Welch.

"Ah, my dear sir, that is very different," said Dr. Cary. "May I ask, have you any official—ah—do you expect to stay among us?"

"Do you mean, am I a carpet-bagger?" asked Major Welch, with a smile. But the other was serious.

"I would not insult you under my roof by asking you that question," he said, gravely. "I mean, are you thinking of settling among us as a gentleman?"

"Well, I can hardly say yet; but, perhaps, I am—thinking of it," said Major Welch. "At least, that is one reason why I asked you about that man Still."

"Oh, well, of course, if you ask as my guest, I will take pleasure in giving you any information you may wish."

"Is he a gentleman?" interrupted Major Welch.

"Oh, no—certainly not that, sir. He is hand-in-glove with the carpet-baggers, and the leader of the negroes about here.

He and a carpet-bagger named Leech, and a sort of a negro preacher named Jim Sherwood, who was one of my own negroes, and a negro named Ash, who belonged to my friend General Legate, and a sort of trick-doctor named Moses—whom, by the way, I saved once from hanging—are the worst men in this section.”

Major Welch had listened in silence, and now he changed the subject; for from the reference to Leech he began to think more and more that it was only prejudice which made these men objects of such narrow dislike.

When Ruth went up to bed she was in a sort of maze.

As she dropped off to sleep she could still hear the hum of voices below her, where Dr. Cary and her father were keeping up their discussion of the war.

CHAPTER XXV

RUTH WELCH on awaking, still, perhaps, had some little feeling about what she understood to be her host's attitude on the question of Northerners, but when on coming downstairs she was greeted on the veranda by her young hostess, who presented her with a handful of dewy roses, and looked as sweet as any one of them, or all of them put together, her resentment vanished, and, as she expressed it to her mother afterward, she “went over to the enemy, bag and baggage.” Her hostess took her around the yard to show her her rose-bushes, particularly one which she said had come from one that had always been her mother's favorite, at their old home.

“We have not always lived here?” Her voice had a little interrogation in it as she looked at Ruth, much as if she had said, “You know?” And just as if she had said it, Ruth answered softly, “Yes, I know.”

“It was almost entirely destroyed once during the war, when a regiment of cavalry camped in the yard,” continued the young hostess, “and we thought it dead; but to our delight a little sprig put up next spring, and some day I hope this may be almost as good as the old one.” She sighed, and her eyes rested on the horizon far away.

Ruth saw that the roses she had given

her had come from that bush, and she would have liked to stretch out her arms and take her into a bond of hearty friendship.

Just then her father appeared, and a moment later breakfast was announced. When they went into the little plain dining-room there were other roses in an old blue bowl on the table, and Ruth saw that they not only made the table sweet, but were arranged deftly to hide the cracks and chipped places in the bowl. She was wondering where Dr. Cary could be, when his daughter apologized for his absence, explaining that he had been called up in the night to go and see a sick woman; and then in his name she invited them to remain as their guests as long as might be convenient to them. “They might find it pleasanter than to stay at Mr. Still's.” This hospitality they could not accept, but Ruth appreciated it, and she would have appreciated it yet more could she have known that her young hostess, sitting before her so dainty and so fresh, had cooked their breakfast that morning. When they left after breakfast, Miss Cary came out to their vehicle, giving them full directions as to their road and the ford, which, she said, was somewhat difficult. Had her father, been at home, she said, he would have taken pleasure in conducting them himself as far as the river. “Uncle Tarquin will tell you about the ford.” She indicated a tall old colored man with bushy hair, and a manner as dignified as Dr. Cary's, who was holding their horse.

As they drove along they passed a small house, a little back from the road, hardly more than a double cabin, but it was set back amid fruit-trees, and one great oak sheltered it, and there was an air of quietude and peace about it which went to Ruth's soul. An old lady in a black frock, with a white cap on her gray hair and a white kerchief on her shoulders, was sitting out on the little veranda, knitting, and Ruth was sure that as they drove by she bowed to them.

The sense of peace was still on the girl when they came upon a country-store, at a fork in the road a mile below. There was a well off to one side, and a group of negroes stood around it, two or three of them with old muskets in their hands, and one with a hare hung at his waist. Another of

them, who stood with his back to the road and had a twisted stick in his hand, and an old army haversack over his shoulder, was, at the moment the wagon drew up, talking loudly and with vehement gesticulation, and as Major Welch stopped to ask a question, Ruth caught the end of what he was saying :

"Jim Sherwood's wife may die or she may git well ; but he's on his way to de graveyard. When I puts my mark agin a man he's gone, whether he's a man or a ooman, and I'se done set it aginst him in a gum-tree."

The little wagon stopping attracted someone, and the speaker turned, and then, quickly, as if to make amends for his loud speech, pulled off his hat and came toward the vehicle with a curious cringing motion.

"My master ; my mistis," he said, bowing lower with each step, until his knees almost touched the ground. He was a somewhat strongly built, dark mulatto, perhaps a little past middle age and of medium height, and as he came up to the vehicle Ruth thought she had never seen so grotesque a figure, and she took in by an instinct that this was the trick-doctor of whom Dr. Cary had spoken. His teeth, with the exception of two or three yellow stumps, were gone, and, as he grinned, nothing showed but two lines of gums, which were as blue on the edges as if he had painted them. His nose was so short and the upper part of his face receded so much that the nostrils were unusually wide and gave an appearance of a black circle in his yellow countenance. His forehead was so low that he had evidently shaved a band across it, which ran around over the sides of his flat head, leaving a tuft of coarse hair right in the middle, and on either side of it were certain lines which looked as if they had been tattooed. Immediately under these were a pair of little furtive eyes which looked in different directions and yet moved so quickly at times that it almost seemed as if they were both focused on the same object, and it was only when it was discovered that they had entirely different expressions that one saw they were not.

Major Welch, having asked his questions, drove on, and Ruth, who had been sitting very close to her father, fascinated

by the negro's gaze and curious appearance, could hardly wait for him to get out of hearing before she whispered :

"Oh, father, did you ever see such a repulsive-looking creature in all your life?"

The Major admitted that he was an ugly fellow, certainly ; and then, as a loud guffaw came to them from the rear, he added, with that reasonable sense of justice which men possess and which they call wisdom, that he seemed to be very civil and, no doubt, was a harmless, good creature.

"I don't know," said Ruth, doubtfully. "I only hope I shall never set eyes on him again. I should die if I were to meet him alone."

"Oh, nonsense!" said her father, reassuringly. "They are the most good-natured, civil, poor creatures in the world. I used to see them during the war."

CHAPTER XXVI

It was still early in the day when they drove up to Red Rock. Though there were certain things which showed that the place was not kept up as it had formerly been, it was far handsomer, and appeared to be more extensively cultivated than any place they had yet seen. A long line of barns and stables lay at some little distance behind the mansion, half screened by the hill, and off to one side stretched a large garden with shrubbery, at the far end of which was a grove or great thicket of evergreens and other trees.

A tall man with a slight stoop in his shoulders came down the steps and advanced to meet them as they drove up.

"Is this Colonel Welch?"

"Well, not exactly, but Major Welch," said that gentleman, pleasantly ; "and you are Mr. Still?"

"Yes, sir, I'm the gentleman ; I'm Mr. Still—Colonel Still, some of 'em calls me ; but I'm like yourself, Colonel ; I don't care for titles. The madam, I suppose, sir?" he smiled as he handed Ruth down.

"No, my daughter, Miss Welch," said the Major, a little stiffly.

"Ah! I thought she was a leetle young for you, Colonel ; but sometimes we old fellows get a chance at a fresh covey and we most always try to pick a young bird.

We're real glad to see you, madam, and to have the honor of entertainin' so fine a young lady in our humble home. My son Wash, the doctor, ain' at home this mornin', but he'll be back to-night, and he'll know how to make you have a good time. He's had advantages his daddy never had," he explained.

There was something in his allusion to his son and his recognition of his own failure to measure up to his standard which made Major Welch overlook his vulgarity and his attempt to be familiar. He decided that Hiram Still was not half as black as he had been painted, and that the opposition to him was nothing but prejudice.

As they entered the house, both Major Welch and Ruth stopped on the threshold with an exclamation. The picture of the man in the space just over the great fireplace caught Major Welch. It seemed to turn back the dial ten years, and brought back vividly the whole of his former visit.

Ruth, impressed by the expression of her father's face, and intensely struck by the picture, pressed forward to her father's side.

"I see you're like most folks, ma'am; you're taken first thing with that picture?" said Still, "and I must say, I don't like it much myself."

He went off into a half revery. The Major was examining the frame curiously. He put his finger on a dim red smear on the bottom of the frame. Memory was bringing back a long train of recollections. Hardly more than ten years before he had stood on that same spot and done the same thing. How different the circumstances were then! This hall was thronged with a gay and happy company; he himself was an honored guest. His gracious host was standing beside him, telling him the story. He remembered it all clearly. Now they were all gone. It was as if a flood had swept over them. These inanimate things alone had survived. He ran his hand along the frame.

The voice of his host broke in on his reflections.

"That thar red paint I see you lookin' at got on the frame one day the picture fell down before the war," said Still, moved by the Major's gravity. "A nigger was paintin' the hairth right below it. It

wa'n't nailed then, and a gust of wind come up sudden and banged a door, and the picture dropped right down in the paint. I had jest come back from down South the day befo' and was a-talkin' to Mr. Gray in the hall here that minute. 'Well,' says I, 'if I was you, I'd be sort o' skeered to see that happen—because thar's a story about it.' 'No,' he says, 'Hiram (he always called me Hiram), I'm not superstitious; but if anything should happen, I have confidence in you to know you'd still be a faithful—a faithful friend to my wife and boys,' he says, in them very words. And I says to him, 'Mr. Gray, I promise you I will be faithful.' When a man trusts Hiram Still he needn't be afraid he'll ever go back on him. And that's what I've done, Major—I've kept my word, and yet see how they treat me! So after I got the place I nailed the picture in the wall, or, rather, just before that," he said, in his former natural voice, "and it ain't been down since, an' it ain't comin' down, neither."

His speech seemed to Major Welch like an echo from the past. He had heard almost the same words from the former owner of the mansion, years before.

"But does that keep him from coming on his horse, as they say? Has he ever been seen since you nailed the frame to the wall?" Ruth asked.

"Well, ma'am, I can only tell you that I ain't never seen him," said their host, with a faint little smile. "Some says he's still a-ridin', and every time they hears a horse nicker at night around here they say that's him, but I can't say as I believes it."

"How like he is to a picture I saw at Dr. Cary's, that they said was a young Mr. Gray who still lives about here," said Ruth, recurring to the picture. She turned and was surprised to see what a change had come over her host's face. He suddenly changed the subject.

"Well, I'm glad you've come down, Colonel, only I'm sorry I didn't know just when you were coming. I'd have sent my carriage for you. And I've got the prettiest place in the country for you," he said. He nodded over in the direction of the river. "The house ain't big, but the land's as rich as low-grounds. And you're the very sort of man we want here, Colonel; your name will be worth a heap to

us. Between ourselves, you can conjure with a gover'nment title like a trick-doctor. Now, this fall, if you just go in with us—How would you like to go to the legislature?" he asked, his voice lowered the least bit, and interrupting himself in a way he had.

"Not at all," said Major Welch; "no politics for me. Why, I'm not eligible. Even if I settle here, I suppose there are some requirements in the way of residence and so forth?"

"Oh, requirements ain't nothin'! We've got the legislature, you see, and we—. There's some several been elected ain't been here as long as you'll be here when the election comes off," he interrupted himself again. "The fact is, Major," he continued, in a somewhat lower key, "we've had to do some things a little out of the regular run—to git the best men we could. You know there is rascals in every party, Major," he explained in an apologetic voice. "But if we could get a gentleman like yourself—"

"No, I'm not in politics," said Major Welch, decisively. "I've neither experience nor liking for it, and I've come for business purposes—"

"Of course, you are quite right, Major; you're just like me; but I didn't know what your opinion was. You've come to the right place for business. It's the garden-spot of the world; the money's layin' round to waste on the ground, if folks had the sense to see it. All it wants is a little more capital."

As Major Welch was desirous to get settled as soon as possible, they rode over that afternoon to take a look at the place Still had spoken of. A detour of a mile or so brought them around to a little farmhouse with peaked roof and dormer windows, amid big locust-trees, on top of a hill. Behind it, at a little distance, rose the line of timbered spurs that were visible from the hall-door at Red Rock, and in front a sudden bend brought the river into view, with an old mill on its nearer bank, and the comb of water flashing over the dam. Ruth gave an exclamation of delight. She sketched rapidly just what they could do with the place. Still observed her silently, and when Major Welch inquired what price was asked for the place, told him that he could not exactly say that it was for

sale. The Major looked so surprised at this, however, that he explained himself.

"It was this way," he said; "it was for sale, and it was not."

"Well, that's a way I do not understand. Whose is it?" said Major Welch, so stiffly that the other changed his tone.

"Well, the fact is, Colonel, to be honest about it," he said, "I was born on this here place—not exactly in this house, but on the place—an' I always thought 't if anything was to happen—if my son Wash, the doctor, was to git married or anything, and take a notion to set up at Red Rock, I might come back here and live—you see."

The Major was mollified. He had not given him credit for so much sentiment.

"Of course, if you really wants it," began Still. But the Major said no, he would not insist on a man making such a sacrifice; that such a feeling did him credit.

So the matter ended in Still's proposing to lease the place to him, which was accepted, Major Welch agreeing to the first price he named, only saying he supposed it was the customary figure, which Still assured him was the case.

CHAPTER XXVII

As Major Welch was anxious to be independent, he declined Still's invitation to stay with him, and within a week he and Ruth were "camping out" at the Stampers's place, which he had rented, preparing it for the arrival of Mrs. Welch and their furniture.

No one had called on the new-comers while they remained at Still's; but they were no sooner in their own house than all the neighbors round began to come to see them.

Ruth found herself treated as if she were an old friend, and as if she had known them all her life. One came in an old wagon and brought two or three chairs, which were left until theirs should come; another sent over a mahogany table; a third brought a quarter of lamb—all accompanied by some message of apology or friendliness which made the kindness appear rather done to the senders than by them. In the contribution which the Carys brought, Ruth found the two old cups with

the royal mark on them, which she packed up and returned with the sweetest note she knew how to write.

As soon as he was settled, Major Welch went to the Court-house to examine the records. He intended to have gone alone, and had made arrangements the afternoon before with a negro near by to furnish him a horse next day. That evening, however, Still, who appeared to know everything that was going on, rode over and asked if he could not take him down in his buggy. He had to go there on some business, he explained, and Mr. Leech would be there and had told him he wanted to see the Major and talk over some matters, and wanted him to be there too.

The Major would have preferred to go first without Still, but there was nothing else to do but at least accept the offer he made of his company, though he preferred to ride the horse he had hired; and the next morning Still drove over and they set out together.

They had not been gone very long, and Ruth was busying herself out in the yard trimming the old rose-bushes into some sort of shape, when she heard a step, and looking up saw the small man they had met in the road, and who had told them the way to Dr. Cary's, coming across the grass.

He "wasn't so very busy just then," he said, "and had come to see if they mightn't like to have a little hauling done when their furniture came."

Ruth thought that they had about arranged with Hiram Still to have it done.

"Hiram—I s'pect he's chargin' you some'n'?"

Ruth supposed so.

"Well, if he ain't directly, he will some way. The best way to pay Hiram is to pay him right down."

He asked her if she would mind his going in and looking at the house, and when she assented, he walked around silently, looking at the two rooms which she showed him—their sitting-room and her father's room—then asked if he could not look into the other room also. This was Ruth's room, and for a second she hesitated to gratify curiosity carried so far; but reflecting that he was a plain countryman, and might possibly misunderstand her refusal and be wounded, she nodded her

assent, and stepped forward to open the door. He opened it himself, however, and walked in, stepping on tip-toe. He stopped in the middle of the room and looked about him, his gaze resting presently on a nail driven into a strip in the wall just beside the bed.

"I was born in this here room," he said, as much to himself as to her; then, after a pause, "right in that thar cornder; and my father was born in it befo' me, and his father befo' him; and to think that Hiram owns it! Hiram Still! Well, well, things do turn out strange, don't they? Thar's the very nail my father used to hang his big silver watch on. I b'lieve I'd give Hiram a hoss for that nail, ef I knowed where I could get another one to plough my crop." He walked up and put his hand on the nail, feeling it softly; then walked out.

"Thankee, miss; will you tell your pa Sergeant Stamper 'd be glad to do what he could for him, and ef he wants him jist to let him know?" He had gone but a few steps when he turned back: "And will you tell him I say he's got to watch out for Hiram?"

The next moment he was gone, leaving Ruth with a sinking feeling about her heart. What could he mean?

Meantime, Major Welch and Mr. Still had reached the county-seat. During their ride Still gave Major Welch an account of affairs in the county, and of most of those with whom he would come in contact. Steve Allen he described as a terrible desperado.

When they arrived at Leech's house Major Welch found it a big modern affair, set in the middle of a treeless lot. To Major Welch's surprise Leech was not at home. Still appeared much disconcerted. As they crossed the court-yard the Major observed a sign over a door:

"ALLEN AND GRAY. LAW OFFICE."

"If necessary, we could secure their services," he said, indicating the law office.

Still drew up to his side, and looking around, lowered his voice. They were the lawyers he had told him of, he said. "That was that fellow, Allen, the leader in all the rows that went on."

"Who's Gray?" The Major was still scanning the sign.

Still gave a curious little laugh.

"He's the one as used to own my place—Mr. Gray's son. He's a bad one, too. He's just come back and set up as a lawyer. Fact is, I believe he's set up as one more to devil me than anything else."

Major Welch said that he did not see why his setting up as a lawyer should be-devil him. Still hesitated.

"Well, if he thinks he could scare me——?"

"I don't see how he could scare you. I would not let him scare me," said Major Welch, dryly.

"You don't know 'em, Colonel," said Still. "You don't know what we Union men have had to go through. They won't let us buy land and they won't let us sell it. They hate you because you come from the North, and they hate me because I don't hate you. I tell you all the truth, Major, and you don't believe it; but you don't know what we go through down here. We've got to stand together. You'll see." The man's voice was so earnest and his face so sincere that Major Welch could not help being impressed.

"Well, I'll show him and everyone else pretty quickly that that is not the way to come at me," said he, gravely. "When I get ready to buy I'll buy where I please, and irrespective of anyone else's views except the seller's." And he walked up to the door without seeing the look on Still's face.

The only occupants of the office were two men. One was evidently the clerk, an old man, with a bushy beard, and keen eyes gleaming through a pair of silver spectacles. The other was a young man, with broad shoulders, a strongly chiselled chin, and a grave and somewhat melancholy face. He was seated in a chair directly facing the door, examining a bundle of old chancery papers which were spread out on his knee and on a chair beside him. As the visitors entered the door he glanced up, and Major Welch was struck by his fine eyes and the changed look that suddenly came into them. Still gave his arm a convulsive clutch, and Major Welch took in by instinct that this was the man of whom Still had just spoken.

If Jacquelin Gray really was the sort of man Still had described him to be, and

held the opinions Still had attributed to him, he played the hypocrite well; for he not only spoke to Major Welch very civilly, if distantly, but even rose from his seat at some little inconvenience to himself, as to do so he had to gather up the papers spread on his knee. It is true that he took not the least notice of Still, who included him as well as the clerk in his greeting, the only evidence he gave of being aware of Still's presence being contained in the elevation of his head and a certain quiver of the nostrils as Still passed him.

Major Welch was introduced by Still to the clerk, and stated his errand, wondering at the change in his companion's voice.

"He's afraid of that young man," he thought to himself, and he stiffened a little as the idea occurred to him; and at the first opportunity he glanced at Jacquelin again, who was busy once more with his bundle of papers, in which he appeared completely absorbed. Still was following the clerk, who, with his spectacles on the tip of his long nose, was looking into the files of his deed-books, but Major Welch saw that his eyes were fastened on the young lawyer on the other side of the room. Following Still's gaze, he glanced across at Jacquelin, who had taken several long narrow slips of paper out of the bundle and was at the instant examining them curiously, oblivious of everything else. Major Welch looked back at Still, and he was as white as a ghost. Before he could take it in, Still muttered something and turned to the door. Major Welch, thinking he was ill, followed him.

Outside, the air revived Still somewhat, and a drink of whiskey, which he got at the tavern-bar and told the barkeeper to make "stiff," set him up a good deal. He had been feeling badly for some time, he said; "thought he was a little bilious."

Just as he came out of the bar they saw young Gray cross the court green and go over to his office.

They returned to the clerk's office, and the Major was soon running over the deeds, while Still, after looking over his shoulder for a moment or two, took a seat near Mr. Dockett and began to talk to him. He appeared much interested in the old fellow, his family, and all that belonged to him, and Major Welch was a little amused at the old man's short replies.

His attention was attracted by Still saying casually that he'd like to see the papers in that old suit of his against the Gray estate.

"They're in the 'ended causes ;' Mr. Jacquelin Gray was just looking over them as you came in," the clerk said, as he rose to get them.

"Well, let him look," Still growled, with a sudden change of tone ; "he can look all he wants, and he won't git around them bonds."

"Oh, no ; I don't say as he will," the clerk answered.

"I'd like to take 'em home with me," Still began, but the clerk cut him short.

"I can't let you do that. You'll have to look at 'em here in the office."

"Why, they're nothin' but—I want Colonel Welch here to look at 'em. They'll show him how the lands come to me. I'll bring 'em back——"

"I can't let you take 'em out of the office." His tone was as dry as ever.

"Well, I'd like to know why not. They don't concern nobody but me, and they're all ended."

"That's the very reason you can't take 'em out ; they're part of the records of this office."

"Well, I'll show you if I can't before the year is out, Mr. Dockett. I'll show you who I am." He rose with much feeling.

"I know who you are." The old fellow turned and shot a piercing glance at him over his spectacles, and Major Welch watched to see how it would end.

"Well, if you don't, I mean to make you know it ; I'll show you you don't own this county. I'll show you who is the bigger man, you or the people of this county. You think because you've been left in this office that you own it ; but I'll——"

"No, I don't," the old man said. "I know you've got niggers enough to turn me out if you want to ; but I tell you that until you do, I'm in charge here and I run the office according to what I think is my duty, and the only way to change is to turn me out. Do you want to see the papers or not? You can look at 'em here, just as everybody else does."

"That's right," said Major Welch, meaning to explain to Still that it was the law. Still took it in a different sense, however, and quieted down. He would look

at them, he said sulkily ; and taking the bundle, he picked out the same slips which Gray had been examining.

"You're so particular about your old papers," he said, as he held up one of the slips, "I wonder you don't keep 'em a little better ; you got a whole lot o' red ink smeared on this bond."

"I didn't get it on it." The clerk got up and walked across the room to look at the paper indicated, adjusting his spectacles as he walked. One glance sufficed for him.

"That ain't ink ; and if 'tis it didn't get on it in this office. That stain was on that bond when Leech filed it. I remember it particularly."

"I don't know anything about that. I know it wasn't on it when I give it to him, and I don't remember of ever having seen it before," Still persisted.

"Well, I remember it well—I remember speaking of it to him, because we thought 'twas finger-marks, and he said 'twas on it when you gave it to him."

"Well, I know 'twa'n't," Still repeated, hotly ; "if 'twas on thar when he brought it here he got 't on it himself, and I'll take my oath to it. Well, that don't make any difference in the bond, I s'pose. It's just as good with that on it as if 'twa'n't?"

"Oh, yes ; that's so," said Mr. Dockett. "If it's all right every other way, that won't hurt it."

Still looked at him sharply.

As they drove home, Still, after a long period of silence, suddenly asked Major Welch within what time after a case was ended a man could bring a suit to upset it.

"I don't know what the statutes of this State are, but he can generally bring it without limit on the ground of fraud," said the Major, "unless he is stopped by laches."

"What's that?" asked Still, somewhat huskily ; and the Major started to explain, but Still was taken with another of his ill turns.

That afternoon a little before Major Welch's return, Ruth was walking about the yard, looking every now and then down the hill in the direction of Red Rock, from which her father should shortly be coming, when, as she passed near a cherry-tree, she observed that some of the fruit was already ripe. One or two branches

were not very high. She had been feeling a little lonely, and it occurred to her that it would be great fun to climb the tree. She had once been a good climber, and she remembered the scoldings she had received for it from her mother, who regarded it as "essentially frivolous."

"Dear mamma!" she thought, with a pang of homesickness; "I wish she were here now." This only made her more lonely, and, to break up the feeling, she turned to the tree.

"I could climb that tree easily enough," she said, "and there's no one to know anything about it. Even mamma would not mind that—much. Besides, I could see papa from a greater distance; and I'll get him some cherries for his tea."

Five minutes later she was scrambling up the tree. Higher and higher she went up, feeling the old exhilaration of childhood as she climbed. What a fine view there was from her perch—the rolling hills, the green low-grounds, the winding river, the blue mountains behind; and away to the eastward, the level of the tidewater country, almost as blue at the horizon as the mountains behind her to the westward! How still it was, too! Every sound was distinct; the lowing of cows far away toward Red Rock; the notes of a thrush in the thicket, and the cheep of a sparrow in an old tree. She wished she could have described it as she saw it, or, rather, as she felt it; for it was more feeling than seeing, she thought. The best cherries were out toward the ends of the limbs; so she secured a safe position and set to work gathering them. She was so engrossed in this occupation that she forgot everything else until she heard the trampling of a horse's feet somewhere. It was quite in a different direction from that in which she expected her father, but, supposing that it was he, she gave a little yodel with which she often greeted him when at a distance, and at the same moment she climbed out on a limb that she might look down and see him. Yes, there he was coming round the slope just below her; but how was he going to get across the ditch? If only that bough were not in the way. Ah! now she had the bough and could pull it aside. Heavens! It was a stranger, and he was near enough for her to see that he was a young man. What should she do? Suppose he should

have heard her! At the moment she looked he was putting his horse at the ditch; a splendid jump it was. She let the bough go and edged in toward the body of the tree, listening to him and half seeing him below through the leaves as he galloped up into the yard. Perhaps he had not seen her! She crouched down. It was a vain hope. The next instant he turned his horse's head toward the tree and drew him in almost under her.

"I say, is anyone at home?" he asked. The voice was a very deep and pleasant one. Although Ruth was sure he was speaking to her, she did not answer.

"I say, little girl, are Colonel Welch and his daughter at home?"

This time he looked up. So Ruth answered, "No, they were not at home." Her voice sounded curiously wavering.

"Ah! I'm very sorry. When will they be home? Can you tell me?"

"Ah—ur—not exactly," crouching still closer to the tree-trunk and gathering in her skirts.

"You have some fine cherries up there!"

Oh, heavens! why didn't he go away!

To this she made no answer, hoping he would go. He caught hold of a bough, she thought, to pull some cherries; wrapped his reins around it, and the next moment stood up in his saddle, seized a limb above him, and swung himself up. In her astonishment Ruth almost stopped breathing.

"I believe I'll try a few—for old times' sake," he said to himself, or to her, she could not tell which, and swung himself higher.

"I don't suppose Colonel Welch would object?" The next swing brought him immediately below Ruth, and he turned and looked up at her where she sat in the fork of the limb. She could not help being amused at the expression which came into his eyes. Astonishment, chagrin, and amusement were all stamped there, mingled together.

"What on earth—! I beg your pardon!" he began. The next instant he burst out laughing, a peal so full of real mirth that Ruth joined in and laughed too.

"I'm Captain Allen—Steve Allen—and you are——?"

"Miss Welch—when I'm at home."

He pulled himself up to the limb on

which she sat and coolly seated himself near her.

"I hope you will be at home, Miss Welch, for I am. I used to be very much at home in this tree in old times, which is my excuse for being here now; though I confess I never found quite such fruit on it as it seems to bear now."

The smile in his gray eyes and a something in his lazy voice reminded Ruth of Reely Thurston. The last part of his speech to her sounded partly as if he meant it, but partly as if he were half poking fun at her and wished to see how she would take it. She tried to meet him on his own ground.

"If you had not made yourself somewhat at home you would not have found it now." She was very demure.

Steve lifted his eyes to her quickly, and she was rather nettled to see that he looked much amused.

"Exactly. You would not have had me act otherwise, I hope? We always wish our guests to make themselves at home. You Yankees don't want to be behind us?"

She saw his eyes twinkle, and felt that he had said it to draw her fire, but she could not forbear firing back.

"No, but sometimes it does not seem necessary, as you *Rebels* appear inclined to wait yourselves at home, sometimes even without an invitation." Her chin went up a point.

Steve burst out laughing.

"A good square shot. I surrender, Miss Welch."

"What! So easily! I thought you rebels were better fighters. I have heard so."

Steve only laughed.

"He that fights and runs away, you know? I can't run, so I surrender. May I get you some cherries? The best are out on the ends of the limbs and I am afraid you might fall." His voice had lost the tone of badinage, and was full of deference and protection.

She said she believed that she had all she wanted.

Steve looked at her.

"You want to get down." This an assertion rather than a question.

"Yes." Defiantly.

"And you can't get down unless I let you."

"N—n—I thought you had surrendered?"

"Can't a prisoner capture his captive?"

"Not if he has given his parole, and is a gentleman."

Steve whistled softly. His eyes never left her face.

"Will you invite me in?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because——"

"I see."

"Because my father is not at home."

"Oh! All the more reason for your having a protector."

"No. And I will make no terms with a prisoner."

With a laugh Steve let himself down to the limb below. Then he stopped, and, turning, looked up at her.

"May I help you down?" The tone was almost humble.

"No, I thank you; I can get down," very firmly.

"I must order your father to stay at home," he smiled.

"My father is not one to take orders: he gives them," she said, her head rising.

Captain Allen looked up at her, the expression of admiration in his eyes deepened.

"I think it likely," he said, with a nod.

"Well, I don't always take them so meekly myself. Good-by. Do you require your prisoner to report at all?" He held out his hand.

"Good-by—I—don't know. No."

He smiled up at her. "You don't know all your privileges. Good-by. I always heard you Yankees were cruel to prisoners."

It was said in such a way that Ruth did not mind it, and did not even wish to fire back. The next minute he was on his horse cantering away without looking back, and, curiously, Ruth, still seated on her leafy perch, was conscious of a feeling of blankness.

As Ruth reached the ground she saw her father far across the field, coming up the same road along which her visitor was going away. When they met they stopped and had a little talk, during which Ruth watched with curiosity to see if her visitor would return. He did not, however. It

was only a moment, and then he cantered on, leaving Ruth with a half-disappointed feeling, and wondering if he had told her father of their meeting.

When Major Welch arrived, Ruth waited with some impatience to discover if he had been told. He mentioned that he had met Mr. Allen and thought him striking-looking and rather a nice fellow; that he had invited him to return; but he said he could not; that he had seen her, and regretted having missed him.

"He is a gentlemanly fellow, but is said to be one of the most uncontrollable men about here—the leader in all the lawlessness that goes on."

Ruth wished to change the subject.

"Did he say where we met?" asked she, laughing and blushing.

"No; only said he had met you."

"He caught me up in a cherry-tree."

"What! Well, he's a nice fellow," said her father, smiling; and Ruth began to think so too.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

FABIUS



THE intimate connection between the northern campaign against Burgoyne and that conducted at the same time by the main army, under Washington, has been too much overlooked. If the English army in the south had been able or ready to push forward to Albany at all hazards, nothing could have stayed the success of Burgoyne and the consequent control by the British of the line of the Hudson. Lord George Germain's pigeon-holed order and country visits counted for something in delaying any British movement from New York; but if the main army had been free and unchecked, not even tardy orders or the dulness of Howe and Clinton would have prevented an effective advance in full force up the Hudson instead of the abortive raid of a comparatively small detachment. The reason that relief did not reach Burgoyne from the south was simply that the British army there was otherwise engaged and could not come. Washington had entire confidence, after the British reached Ticonderoga, that the whole expedition would end in failure and defeat. He was confident, because he

understood all the conditions thoroughly. He had been a backwoods fighter in his youth, he had seen Braddock routed, in the midst of that disaster he had saved the remnants of the shattered, panic-stricken army, and he knew that the people of New England and New York, rising in defence of their homes, and backed by the wilderness, would sooner or later destroy any regular army with a distant base and long communications. For this success there was only one absolutely indispensable condition. No army from the south must be allowed to meet the invaders from the north. That they should not, depended on him, and hence his confidence in Schuyler's measures and in the ultimate destruction of Burgoyne. Yet the task before him was a severe one, in reality far graver and more difficult than that wrought out so bravely and well by the people of the north.

Washington, in the first and chief place, had no wilderness as an ally. He was facing the principal English army, better equipped, better disciplined, much more numerous than his own, and operating in a settled country and over good roads. His enemy controlled the sea, and a seaport was their base of supplies. They therefore

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Battle of the Brandywine.

Many of the Americans were untrained militia but they repelled charge after charge of the Infantry, chasseurs and grenadiers.

Howe was bound for Charleston, and made up his mind to return to New York, for he felt that the troops still there would certainly be used to reach Burgoyne, if the American army on any pretext could be drawn away.

He had not entirely fathomed, however, the intelligence of the British commanders. That which was clear to him as the one thing to be done, had not occupied Howe's mind at all. He was not thinking of Burgoyne, did not understand the overwhelming importance of that movement, and had planned to take Philadelphia from the south, having failed to get Washington out of his path in New Jersey. So when he sailed he was making for Philadelphia, an important town, but valueless in a military point of view at that particular juncture. Definite news that the British were in the Chesapeake reached Washington just in time to prevent his return to New York, and he at once set out to meet the enemy. His task at last was clear to him. If possible, he must save Philadelphia, and if that could not be done, at least he must hold Howe there, and stop his going north after the capture of the city. He therefore marched rapidly southward, and passed through Philadelphia, to try by his presence

Lafayette.

From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780, for Washington.
Now owned by General G. W. C. Lee, Lexington, Va.

eluded him, and Howe then passed over to Staten Island and abandoned New Jersey entirely.

Washington saw so plainly what the British ought to do that he supposed Howe would surely make every sacrifice to unite with Burgoyne and would direct all his energies to that end. He therefore expected him to move at once up the Hudson, and therefore advanced himself to Ramapo, so that he might be within striking distance of New York. He was determined at all costs to prevent the junction with Burgoyne, which he knew was the one vital point of the campaign. For six weeks he remained in ignorance of Howe's intentions, but at last, on July 24th, he learned that Howe had sailed with the bulk of the army, and that the entire fleet was heading to the south. Thereupon he marched toward Philadelphia, but hearing that the fleet had been seen off the capes of the Delaware and had then been lost sight of, he concluded that

Lafayette's Head-quarters, near Chad's Ford, during the Battle of the Brandywine.

to encourage the loyal, and chill the disaffected in that divided town. The intention was excellent, but it is to be feared that his army could not have made a very gratifying or deep impression. The troops were ill-armed, poorly clothed, and almost destitute of uniforms, and the soldiers were forced to wear sprigs of green in their hats to give them some slight appearance of identity in organization and purpose.

Brandywine. Here he determined to make a stand and risk a battle, although he had only 11,000 effective men, and Howe had brought 18,000 from New York. Possessing the advantage of position, he had a chance to win, and he meant to take every chance. With the main army he held Chad's Ford. The lower fords were held by the Pennsylvania militia on the left, while Sullivan, in command of the right

Birmingham Meeting-house, near Chad's Ford.

Old Quaker meeting-house used as a hospital during the battle of the Brandywine, and to which Lafayette was carried when wounded.

Nevertheless, poorly as they looked, their spirit was good; they meant to fight, and when Washington halted south of Wilmington, he sent forward Maxwell's corps and then waited the coming of the enemy.

Howe having tarried six weeks in New York, with no apparent purpose, had consumed another precious month in his voyage, and did not finally land his men until August 25th. This done, he advanced slowly along the Elk, and it was September 3d when he reached Aitken's Tavern, and encountered Maxwell, who was driven back after a sharp skirmish. Howe pressed on, expecting to take the Americans at a disadvantage, but Washington slipped away from him and took a strong and advantageous position at Chad's Ford on the

wing, was to guard those above the main army. This important work Sullivan failed to do, or did imperfectly, and from this failure came defeat. On the 11th, Knyp-hausen, with 7,000 men, came to Chad's Ford and made a feint of crossing. Meantime, Cornwallis and Howe, with an equally strong column, marched north, and then swinging to the east around the forks of the Brandywine, crossed at the unguarded fords. At noon Washington heard of Cornwallis's movement, and with quick instinct determined to fall upon Knyphausen in his front and crush him. He had indeed begun to cross the stream, when word came from Sullivan that he had been assured by Major Spear, who had been on the other side of the river, that Cornwallis was not

advancing, as reported. This blundering message made Washington draw back his men and relinquish his attack on Knyp-hausen, and meantime the battle was lost. Sullivan, indeed, could hardly have sent off his fatal misinformation before the British were upon him. He made a brave stand, but he was outnumbered and outflanked, and his division was routed. Washington hearing firing, made rapidly toward the right wing. Meeting the fugitives, he ordered

carelessness which caused Sullivan to leave unguarded the fords, of which he did not know, but of which he should have known, and by the blundering message which prevented Washington from attacking Knyp-hausen. Nevertheless, it is a grievous error in war to be misinformed, and it shows that the scouting was poor and the General badly served by his outposts. These grave faults came, of course, from the rawness of the army and the lack of

The Chew House, Germantown.

Greene forward, who with great quickness brought up his division and supported the broken right wing, so that they were able to withdraw to a narrow defile, where they made good their ground until night-fall. At Chad's Ford, Wayne held Knyp-hausen in check until assured of the disaster to the right wing, and then drew off in good order and joined the main army at Chester. The battle had been lost through obvious faults on the American side, although Washington's dispositions were excellent. If he had crossed when he started to do so, and fallen upon Knyphausen with a superior force at that point, he would have won his fight, even if Sullivan had been crushed. Everything was ruined by the

proper organization. Yet it must be admitted that even in an army recently levied, such misinformation as Sullivan sent to Washington seems unpardonable. Still, despite the defeat, it is easy to perceive a great advance since the defeat at Long Island. Sullivan's men showed some unsteadiness, but the army as a whole behaved well. The American loss was over a thousand, the British five hundred and seventy-nine, but there was no panic, and no rout. Washington had his army well in hand that night, marched the next morning from Chester to Germantown, then recrossed the Schuylkill, and on September 16th faced Howe near Chester, ready to fight again. Skirmishing, in fact, had be-

Arrival by Isomura Bay

The Attack upon the Chew House.

The Americans tried in vain to batter down the door, which was held in place by a heavy iron bar running across it. The officer upon the steps was of the Seventh Pennsylvania. The one lying upon his face at the right of the picture, had been detained to come forward with the flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the house. He was permitted to come close to the house and then shot down beside the driveway. *Vote by the artist.*

gun, when a violent storm came up and so wet the ammunition on both sides that the firing ceased, and Washington was compelled to withdraw for fresh supplies. He left Wayne behind, who got in the rear of the British and wrote Washington that a terrible mistake had been made in recrossing the Schuylkill, and that a fatal blow might have been struck if he had only remained. He sent this opinion off, supposing that the British were ignorant of his position. Unfortunately they were not, and on the night of the 20th, General Grey surprised him in his camp, and the Americans lost a hundred and fifty men. By courage and presence of mind, Wayne escaped with his cannon and the rest of his men, but with his division much broken by the shock. Com-

ing on top of the defeat at the Brandywine, and due to overconfidence and also again to lack of proper information, this unfortu-

nate affair was not inspiring to the general tone of the army.

Howe, on his side, after disposing of Wayne, made a feint which caused Washington to march up the river to protect his stores at Reading, and then turning, marched straight on to Philadelphia. He reached Germantown on the 25th, and the next morning Cornwallis marched into Philadelphia with 3,000 men and took possession of the town. Congress, or whatever was left of it, had fled some days before to Lancaster, but the townspeople remained. Some received the British with loud ac-

claim, most of them looked on in sullen silence, and the British behaved perfectly well

Baron Knyphausen, Commander of the Hessians in the War between England and the United States.

From a drawing, the original of which is in the possession of the Knyphausen family. The reproduction is from a photograph of the drawing, owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The Old Potts House at Valley Forge Used by Washington as Head quarters.

Now a revolutionary museum.

The Repulse of the Hessians under Count Donop at Fort Mercer.

Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop was mortally wounded.

and molested nobody. Thus Howe had smoothly and triumphantly achieved his purpose. He sent word to his brother in command of the fleet that the city was won, started intrenchments, and prepared to remove the obstructions and forts by which the Americans still held the river. All had gone very well. The rebels had been beaten, some of their detachments surprised, and their capital taken. Howe thought the

business was about over, and perhaps, if he was capable of the effort, was considering a quick march to the north after his conquest of the Middle States and a victorious junction with Burgoyne. While he was making his preparations to clear the river, he kept his main army in Germantown quietly and comfortably, and there on the early morning of October 4th he suddenly heard firing, and riding out, met his light in-

fantry running. He expressed his surprise at their conduct, and then rode back to his main line, for he found a general action had begun. It seemed that the beaten rebels did not understand that they were beaten, and were upon him again, a piece of audacity for which he was not prepared.

Washington had not only held together his army after defeat, but had maintained it in such good trim and spirits that, although inferior in numbers, he was able to assume the aggressive and boldly engage his enemy lying in nearly full force at Germantown. It was a well-planned attack and came within an ace of complete success.

Sullivan, supported by Washington with the reserves, was to make the main attack in front. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey

militia were to distract the enemy's attention by demonstrations on the flanks, while Greene, making a wide sweep with a large

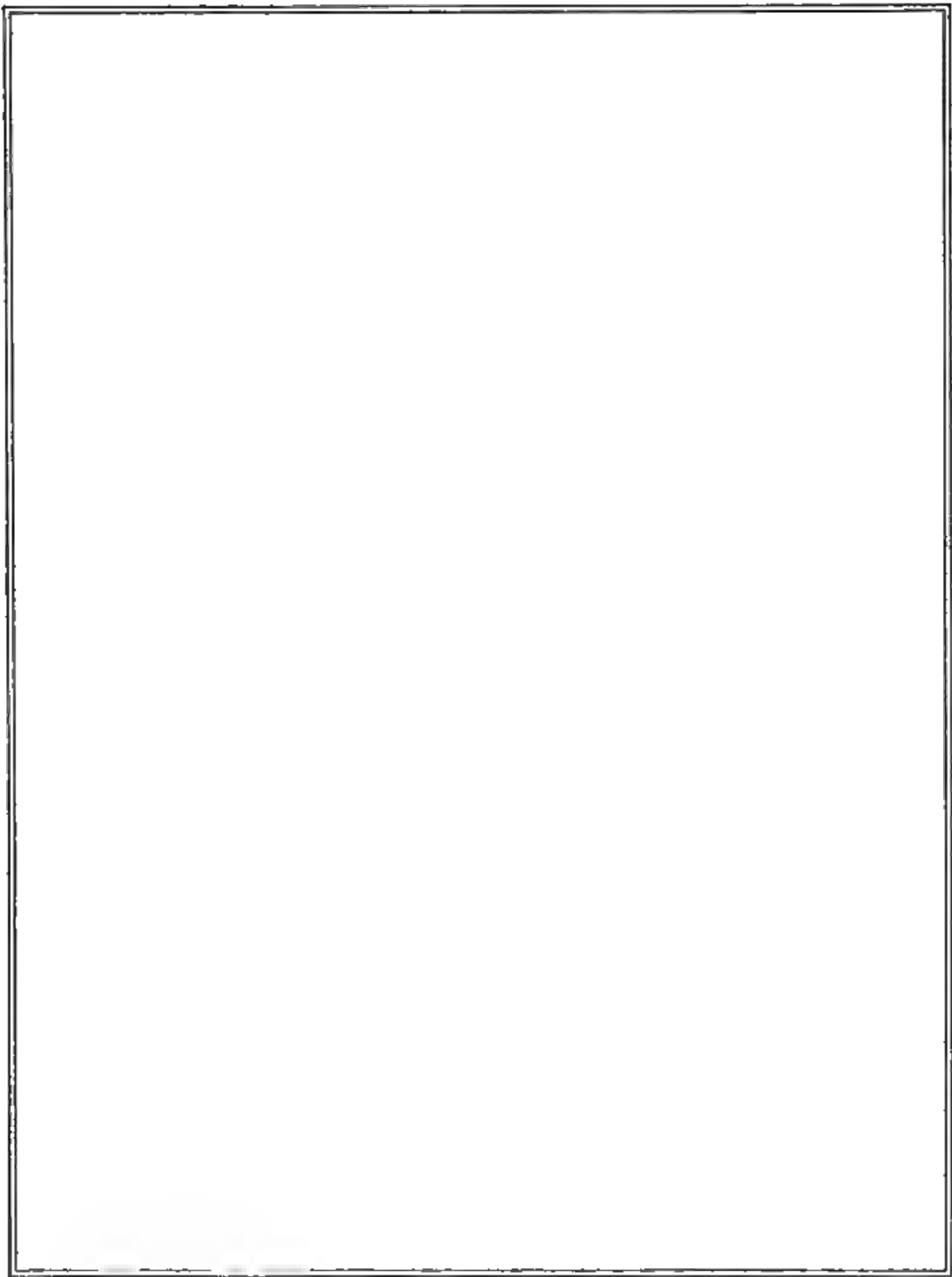
force, was to come up from the Limekiln road and strike the right wing of the British, forcing them back toward the river. Sullivan waited two hours to give Greene time to come up, and then advanced. At first all went well; the morning was misty and the British were surprised. He drove the enemy rapidly and in confusion before him, and was pressing on to the centre of the town when some companies of English soldiers opened fire from the Chew house, a large stone building, on the reserves, who

were following Sullivan. Very unwisely they stopped and tried to take the house, and then endeavored to burn it. Both

Baron Steuben.

Painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780.

The view is from Fort Huntington looking toward Fort Washington, which lies at the end of the white road in the cut between the hills. The line of the main intrenchments is marked by the trees on the summit of the hill. The plan is made to correspond with the view regardless of the points of the compass, north being at the bottom of the plan.

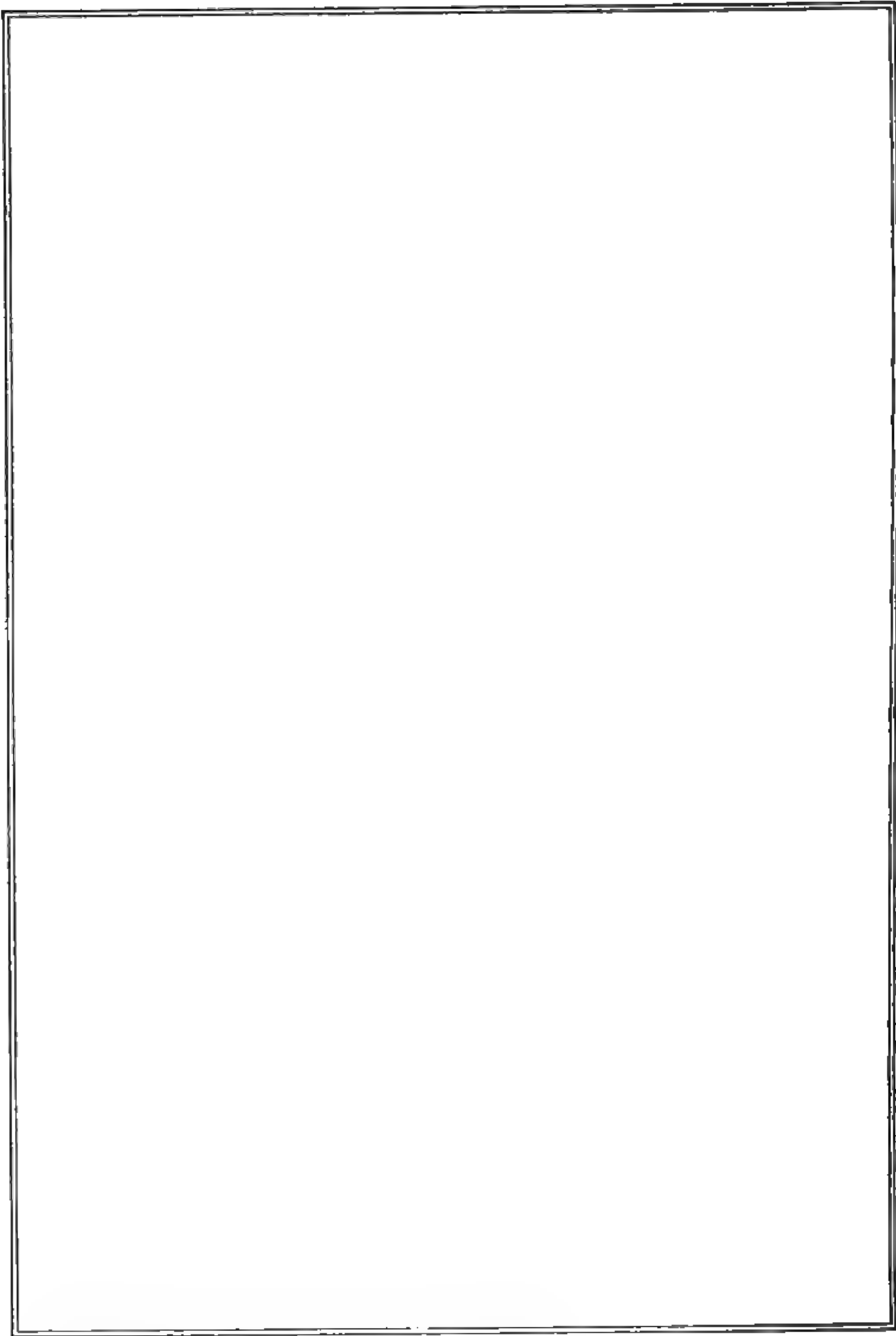


Winter at Valley Forge.

The relief.

attempts not only failed but wasted time and lost men. They should have pushed on, leaving a small body to watch the house, instead of slackening as they did the momentum of the first rush. Even this unlucky delay, however, would not have

been fatal if the attack from the east, which was the key of Washington's plan, had succeeded. Greene, however, was half an hour late, and then struck the enemy sooner than he expected, and his line was broken. He kept on, however, and drove the British



Drawn by H. W. Diller

Battle of Monmouth

Cassidy's artillery, which had drawn two additional guns from Varian's brigade, was exchanging shots with the enemy

back, but reinforcements coming up, he was forced to retreat. Worse than this, one of his divisions going astray in the fog, came up to the Chew house and opened fire. Thereupon Wayne supposed the enemy was in his rear and drew off, uncovering Sullivan's flank, thus forcing the latter to retreat also. The British pursued, but were finally stopped by Wayne's battery at Whitemarsh. The American attack had failed and the army had been repulsed. The causes were the difficulties inseparable from a plan requiring several separate movements, the confusion caused by the thick mist, and the consequent unsteadiness of the new troops. The fighting was sharp, and the Americans lost 673 in killed and wounded, besides 400 made prisoners, while the British lost in killed and wounded only 521. Nevertheless, although repulsed, Washington had not fought in vain. He had shown his ability to assume the aggressive soon after a defeat, and this not only had a good effect at home, but weighed very greatly with Vergennes, who saw the meaning of a battle under such circumstances more clearly than those actually on the scene of action.

Moreover, Washington had brought off his army in good spirits, with courage and confidence restored, and still held the field so strongly that Howe, despite his victories, found himself practically besieged, with provisions running short. He could not move by land, and it therefore became a matter of life and death to open the Delaware River so that the fleet could come up to his relief. Accordingly, on October

19th, he withdrew from Germantown to Philadelphia, forced to do so by Washington's operations despite his repulse of the Americans, and turned his whole attention to the destruction of the defences of the Delaware. These defences consisted of two unfinished works: Fort Mifflin on an island in the Schuylkill, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank in New Jersey. Between these points the channel was blocked and the blockade defended by a flotilla of small boats commanded by Commodore Hazlewood and some larger vessels built for Congress. The British fleet forced the obstructions below and came nearly up to Fort Mifflin on October 21st. The next day Count Donop with 2,500 Hessians attacked Fort Mercer, held by Colonel Greene with 600 men. Their first rush was repulsed with heavy loss. The Germans were to have been supported by the fleet, but Hazlewood beat off the vessels sent against him, and

drawing in near shore, opened on the flank of the Hessians. Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such a murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop himself was mortally wounded and made a prisoner. The Hessians lost over four hundred men, the Americans thirty-five. Two British vessels also went aground, were attacked by the Americans, set on fire and blown up. The defence was admirably conducted, and the whole affair was one of the best fought actions of the war.

This attempt to carry the American redoubts by a simple rush had thus not only

House in Arch Street, Philadelphia, where Betsy Ross made the First American Flag from the Design Adopted by Congress.

failed but had resulted in heavy slaughter. Even Howe saw that he must take more deliberate measures to attain his end. He accordingly erected batteries on the Pennsylvania shore, which reached Fort Mifflin with most serious effect. Men-of-war at the same time came up and opened fire on the other side. For five days the three hundred men held out, and then, most of their officers being killed or wounded, their ammunition nearly exhausted, their guns dismounted, they abandoned the heap of ruins which they had defended so well, and on the night of November 15th crossed over to Red Bank. This fort, now isolated, was menaced in the rear by Cornwallis, and before Greene could reach it with relief, the garrison were obliged to retreat and leave its empty walls to be destroyed. The defence of these two posts had been altogether admirable, and had served a great purpose in occupying the British General, besides costing him, all told, some six hundred men and two vessels.

Nevertheless, Howe was at last in possession of Philadelphia, the object of his campaign, and with his communications by water open. He had consumed four months in this business since he left New York, three months since he landed near the Elk River. His prize, now that he had got it, was worth less than nothing in a military point of view, and he had been made to pay a high price for it, not merely in men, but in precious time, for while he was struggling sluggishly for Philadelphia, Burgoyne, who really meant something very serious, had gone to wreck and sunk out of sight in the northern forests. Indeed, Howe did not even hold his dearly bought town in peace. After the fall of the forts, Greene, aided by Lafayette, who had joined the army on its way to the Brandywine, made a sharp dash and broke up an outlying party of Hessians. Such things were intolerable, they interfered with personal comfort, and they emanated from the American army which Washington had now established in strong lines at Whitemarsh. So Howe announced that in order to have a quiet winter, he would drive Washington beyond the mountains. Howe did not often display military intelligence, but that he was profoundly right in this particular intention must be admitted. In pursuit of his plan, therefore, he marched

out of Philadelphia on December 4th, drove off some Pennsylvania militia on the 5th, considered the American position for four days, did not dare to attack, could not draw his opponent out, returned to the city, and left Washington to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge, whence he could easily strike if any move was made by the British army.

Not the least difficult of Washington's achievements was this same refusal to come down and fight Howe at Whitemarsh. He had been anxious to do so sometime before, for it was part of his nature to fight hard and at every opportunity. Yet when Howe marched against him at this juncture he refused, and the strength of his position was such that the British felt it would be certain defeat to attack. The country, with its head turning from the victory over Burgoyne, was clamoring for another battle. Comparisons were made between Washington and Gates, grotesque as such an idea seems now, much to the former's disadvantage, and the defeats around Philadelphia were contrasted bitterly with the northern victories. Murmurs could be heard in the Congress, which had been forced to fly from their comfortable quarters by the arrival of the victorious enemy in Philadelphia. John Adams, one of the ablest and most patriotic of men, but with a distinct capacity for honest envy, discoursed excitedly about Washington's failures and Gates's successes. He knew nothing of military affairs, but as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, he would have been ready to take command of the Channel Fleet on a day's notice, and so he decided and announced in his impetuous way the greatness of Gates, whose sole merit was that he was not able to prevent Burgoyne's defeat, and growled at the General-in-Chief, who had saved the Revolution, and sneered at him as a "Fabius."

Washington knew all these things. He heard the clamors from the country, and they fell in with his own instincts and desires. He was quite aware of the comparisons with Gates and of the murmurings and criticism in Congress. Yet he went his way unmoved. He weakened himself to help the northern army, for he understood as no one else the crucial character of Burgoyne's expedition. When the news of the surrender at Saratoga came to him,

his one word was devout gratitude for the victory he had expected. But no comparisons, no sneers, no rivalry could make him move from the lines at Whitemarsh. If Howe would attack him where victory was certain, well and good, but on the edge of winter he would take no risk of defeat. He must hold the army together and keep it where it could check every movement. The conquerors of Burgoyne could disperse to their homes, but the Continental Army must always be ready and in the field, for when it ceased to be so, the American Revolution was at an end. Hence the strong lines at Whitemarsh, as memorable in Washington's career as the lines of Torres Vedras in that of Wellington. Hence the refusal to fight except on a certainty, a great refusal, as hard to give as anything Washington ever did. Hence, finally, the failure of Howe to drive his enemy "beyond the mountains," and his retirement to Philadelphia to sleep away the winter while the American Revolution waited by his side, ready to strike the moment he waked and stirred.

Washington had thus saved his army from the peril of defeat without lowering their spirit by retreating. He had stood ready to fight on his own terms, and had seen his opponent withdraw, baffled, to the city, whence it was reasonably certain he would not come forth again until a pleasant season. So much was accomplished, but a still worse task remained. He had, it is true, his army in good spirit and fair numbers, but he had to keep it through a hard winter, where it would hold Howe in check, and to maintain its life and strength without resources or equipment and with an inefficient and carping Congress for his only support.

Valley Forge was the place selected for the winter camp. From a military standpoint it was excellent, being both central and easily defended. Critics at the time found fault with it because it was a wilderness with wooded hills darkening the valley on either side. The military purpose, however, was the one to be first considered, and it may be doubted if the army would have found any better quarters elsewhere, unless they had cooped themselves up in some town where they would have been either too distant for prompt action or an easy mark for attack. But, whether due

to military expediency or not, the story of Valley Forge is an epic of slow suffering silently borne, of patient heroism, and of a very bright and triumphant outcome, when the gray days, the long nights, and the biting frost fled together. The middle of December in the North American woods; no shelter, no provisions, no preparations; such were the conditions of Valley Forge when the American army first came there. Two weeks of hard work, and huts were built and arranged in streets. The work was done on a diet of flour mixed with water and baked in cakes, with scarcely any meat or bread. At night the men huddled around the fires to keep from freezing. Few blankets, few coverings, many soldiers without shoes, "wading naked in December's snows"—such were the attributes of Valley Forge. By the new year the huts were done, the streets laid out, and the army housed, with some three thousand men unfit for duty, frostbitten, sick, and hungry. They had shelter, but that was about all. The country had been swept so bare by the passage of contending armies that even straw to lie upon was hard to get, and the cold, uncovered ground often had to serve for a sleeping-place. Provisions were scarce, and hunger was added to the pain of cold. Sometimes the soldiers went for days without meat—sometimes without any food, Lafayette tells us, marvelling at the endurance and courage of the men. There is often famine in the camp, writes Hamilton, a man not given to exaggeration. "Famine," a gaunt, ugly fact, with a savage reality to those who met it, and looked it in the eyes, and little understood by excellent gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere. Then the horses had died in great numbers, and in consequence transportation was difficult, enhancing the labor of hauling firewood. Cold, hunger, nakedness, unending toil; it is a singular proof of the devotion and patriotism of the American soldier that he bore all these sufferings and came through them loyally and victoriously. We are told that, tried sometimes almost beyond the power of endurance, the men were more than once on the verge of mutiny and general desertion. But neither desertion nor mutiny came, and if contemplated, they were prevented by the influence of the officers, and most of all by

that of the chief officer, whose patient courage, warm sympathy, and indomitable spirit inspired all the army.

And what was the Government, what was Congress doing, while against a suffering much worse than many battles their army was thus upholding the cause of the Revolution? They were carping and fault-finding, and while leaders like Samuel and John Adams and Richard Henry Lee criticised, lesser men rebelled and plotted against the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Clark, of New Jersey, thought Washington threatened popular rights because he was obliged to take strong measures to feed his army, and because he insisted that the people in the Middle States should take the oath of allegiance to the United States, after tampering with the British amnesty, so that by this proper test he might know friend from foe. Mr. Clark forgot that with a Congress which Gouverneur Morris said had depreciated as much as the currency, it was necessary for the most constitutional Fabius to be dictator as well as "Cunctator." Then James Lovell and others thought it would be well to supplant Washington with the alleged conqueror of Burgoyne, and Gates, slow and ineffective in battle, but sufficiently active in looking after his own advancement, thought so too, and willingly lent himself to their schemes.

This party in Congress found some allies in the army. One of the evils which Washington had to meet, and in regard to which he was obliged to oppose Congress and to do some pretty plain speaking, related to the foreign volunteers. Some of them were men like Lafayette, brave, loyal, capable, and full of a generous enthusiasm, or like De Kalb and Pulaski, good active soldiers, or like Steuben, officers of the highest training and capacity. To such men Washington gave not only encouragement but his confidence and affec-

tion. Most of those, however, who flocked to America were what Washington bluntly called them, "hungry adventurers," soldiers out of work, who came not from love of the cause but for what they could get in personal profit from the war. Deane had already been lavish with commissions to these people, and Congress, with the true colonial spirit, proceeded to shower rank upon them merely because they were foreigners, without regard either to merit or to the effect of their action. There had already been serious trouble from the manner in which Congress had appointed and promoted native officers without reference to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief or to the military situation, which they comprehended very imperfectly. But their policy in regard to foreigners was much worse, and meant the utter demoralization both of organization and discipline. Washington, who was not colonial in the slightest degree, simply because he was too great a man to be so, judged foreigners as he did all men, solely upon their merits. He at once saw the mischief of the Congressional practice, interposed, checked, and stopped it. As a consequence much hostility arose among the "hungry adventurers" and their friends and admirers, and they all joined together in their envy of the General, and began

to weave a plot against him. The leader of the movement was an Irish adventurer named Conway, who is remembered in history solely by this intrigue against Washington. He desired to be made a major-general at once. Washington objected on grounds both general and particular, and said that "Conway's merit and importance existed more in his own imagination than in reality." Conway was rendered furious by this plain-spoken opposition, and set himself to work to secure both revenge and the gratification of his own ambition. He turned to

Old Bell Used in the Camp at Valley Forge.

I *Benedict Arnold* Major General
do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AMERICA to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great-Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do *Swear* that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of *Major General* which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Sworn before me this *13 August*
30th May 1778 at the
Artillery Park Valley Forge *Henry B. Elliott*

The Oath of Allegiance to the United States, signed by Benedict Arnold at Valley Forge, 1778.

Gates as a leader, and one of his letters in which he spoke of a "weak general and bad counsellors" came to the knowledge of Washington. This was absolute insubordination, and Washington wrote a curt note to Conway, who tried to apologize and then resigned, and also communicated with Gates, who passed several months in trying to twist out of his uncomfortable position, while Washington held him relentlessly to the point. The exposure only added fuel to Conway's anger, and the intrigue to get control of military affairs went on. The Conway party was strong in Congress, and they succeeded in having the Board of War enlarged, with Gates at the head of it, and Thomas Mifflin, another opponent of Washington, a member. This Board appointed Conway Inspector-General with the rank of Major-General, a direct blow at Washington, and Gates set himself to hampering the movements of the Commander-in-Chief by refusing men, and offering to him petty slights and affronts. They hoped in this way to drive Washington to resign, but they little knew their man. He had entered on the great struggle to win, and neither reverses in the field nor intrigues in Congress could swerve him from his course. He stood his ground without yielding a jot. He pursued Gates about the letter from Conway which

had exposed their purposes, and kept him writhing and turning all winter. He received Conway with utter coldness and indifference when he visited the camp. The plotters could make no impression on him, and even while they plotted, their schemes went to pieces, for they were not strong enough in ability or character to be really formidable. They failed in their plan for an invasion of Canada, and, what was far worse, they broke down utterly in the commissariat, so that, although they could neither frighten nor move Washington, they succeeded in starving his soldiers and adding to their sufferings, something which he felt far more keenly than any attacks upon himself. The failures of the cabal, however, could not be concealed. They were soon apparent to all men, even to a committee of Congress when they visited Valley Forge. Such confidence as had ever been given to the new Board of War vanished, they fell to quarrelling among themselves and telling tales on each other, and they and their party went to pieces. As spring drew near, the end of the "Conway cabal" came. Wilkinson resigned the secretaryship of the Board, Mifflin was put under Washington's orders, Gates was sent to his command in the north, and Conway, resigning in a pet, found his resignation suddenly accepted. He then fought a duel

with General Cadwalader, a friend of the Commander-in-Chief, was badly wounded, wrote a contrite note to Washington, recovered, and left the country. The cabal was over and its author gone. Washington had withstood the attack of envy and intrigue and triumphed completely without the slightest loss of dignity. It must have been a trying and harsh experience, and yet there were other things which he felt even more.

He looked upon his suffering men and knew that at that moment, in Philadelphia, the enemy were warmly housed and amply fed, amusing themselves with balls, dances, and theatrical performances. The bitter contrast touched him to the quick. Yet even then the Legislature of Pennsylvania thought that he did too much for his army by hutting them in Valley Forge, and that they should keep the open field, live in tents, and try to attack the enemy. This thoughtful criticism was too much even for his iron self-control. He wrote a very plain letter setting forth bluntly the shortcomings of the Pennsylvanians in supporting the army with troops and supplies, and then added:

"I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity their miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

So we get the picture. There are the British, snug, comfortable, and entertaining themselves in Philadelphia. There are members of Congress and foreign adventurers intriguing and caballing for military control, with Pennsylvania legislators in the background growling because the army is not camping out, and marching up and down in the wintry fields. All around there are much criticism and grumbling and wounding comparisons with the exploits of the northern army. And there, out in Valley Forge and along the bleak hillsides, is the American Continental Army. All that there is existent and militant of the American Revolution is there, too, just as

it was during the previous winter. In the midst is a great man who knows the grim facts, who understands just what is meant by himself and the men who follow him, and whose purpose, the one thing just then worth doing in the world, is to keep, as he says, "life and soul" in his army. He is a man to whom courage and loyalty appeal very strongly, and it wrings his heart to watch his brave and loyal men suffer, yes, wrings his heart in a way that well-meaning gentlemen in Congress and legislative assemblies, self-seeking adventurers and petty rivals cannot understand. It makes his resentment against injustice stronger and his determination to win sterner and more unyielding even than before.

We see in imagination, but Washington saw face to face, his soldiers huddling around the fires at night while the huts were building. He saw them hungry, half-dressed, frost-bitten, hatless, shoeless, struggling to get a shelter. Then the huts were built, and still he was struggling to get them clothes and food and blankets, as well as medicine for the 3,000 sick. He levied on the country, he did not stop for trifles, he meant that, come what might, he would keep his men alive, and in some fashion they lived. With March, Greene became Quartermaster-General, and then the clothing and the food came, too. The weather began to soften and the days to lengthen. The worst had been passed, and yet, through all that darkness and cold, more had been done than keep "life and soul" in the troops, marvellous as that feat was. In their huts on the bleak hillsides, up on the trampled snow of the camp streets, Washington had not only held his men together, but he had finally made his army. Excellent fighting material he had always had, and he had been forming it fast under the strain of marches, retreats, and battles. But still it lacked the organization and drill which were possessed by the enemy. These last Washington gave it under all the miseries and sufferings of Valley Forge. Good fortune had brought him a man fit for this work above almost any other. Baron Steuben was a Prussian, a distinguished officer of the Seven Years' War, trained in the school of Frederick, the most brilliant soldier of the time. A man who had followed the great King when he had faced all Europe in arms

against him, knew what fighting was and what discipline could do. All he needed was good material, and that he found at Valley Forge. So Washington brought his army out of this awful winter not only with "life and soul" in them, but better equipped, thanks to Greene and the French loans, than ever before, increasing in numbers, owing to the new levies which came in, and drilled and organized in the fashion of the King of Prussia. Early in May came the news of the French alliance, which was celebrated in the American camp with salvoes of cannon and musketry, and with the cheers of the troops for the King of France and for the United States of America. This event, so anxiously awaited, cheered and encouraged everyone, and with his army thus inspirited, disciplined, and strengthened, Washington took the field and assumed the aggressive.

Meantime the British lingered in Philadelphia. As Franklin truly said, Philadelphia took them, not they the city; but this fact, clear at the outset to Franklin and Washington, was not obvious to others for some time. At last glimmerings of the truth penetrated the mists which overhung the British Ministry. They vaguely perceived that Howe had consumed a great deal of time and lost a great many men, while all that he had to show for these expenditures were comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia, where he did nothing and where Washington watched him, and held him cooped up by land. So the Ministry decided to recall Howe and give the command to Clinton, an entirely unimportant change, so far as the merit of the two men was concerned. It seemed, however, a very serious matter to the British in Philadelphia, and a pageant called the *Mischianza* was held in Howe's honor on May 18th. There was a procession of boats and galleys on the river, moving to the music of hautboys, between the lines of the

men-of-war dressed in bunting, and firing salutes. Then followed a regatta, and after that a mock tournament, where "Knights of the Burning Mountain" and of the "Blended Rose" contended for the favor of a Queen of Beauty. In the evening there were fireworks, a ball, and a gaming table with a bank of two thousand guineas; all in honor of the General, whom the tickets described as the setting sun, destined to rise again in greater glory. Stimulated by this blaze of millinery and pasteboard glory, Howe waited for a last touch of glory, which was to come by surprising Lafayette, whom Washington had sent forward to observe the enemy at Barren Hill. The attempt was well planned, but the young Frenchman was alert and quick, and he slipped through his enemy's fingers unscathed. It being now apparent that the time for rising in greater glory had not arrived, Howe shortly after took himself off, out of history and out of America, where Clinton reigned in his stead.

The change of commanders made no change of habits. Clinton tarried and delayed, as Howe had done before him. It was obvious that he must get to New York, for he was isolated where he was, and the French alliance would soon produce fleets, as well as fresh troops. Yet still he lingered. The especial peace commission, with Lord Carlisle at its head, was one fruitful cause of hesitation and delay, but like every conciliatory movement made by England, this also was too late. The concessions which would have been hailed with rejoicing at the beginning, and accepted even after war had been begun, were now utterly meaningless. Washington was determined to have independence, he would not sheath his sword for less, and he represented now as ever the sentiment of Americans. The only peace possible was in independence. The colonies were lost to England, and the sole remaining question was, how soon she could be forced to admit it. So the peace

commission broke down, and not having been consulted about the evacuation of Philadelphia, and having failed conspicuously and rather mortifyingly in their undertaking, retired in some dudgeon to England, to add their contribution to the disapproval and disaffection fast thickening about the King's friends who composed the Ministry.

Clinton, for his part, gradually got ready to carry out his orders and leave Philadelphia. Having made all his arrangements, he slipped away on June 18th, so quietly that the disheartened and deserted loyalists of Philadelphia hardly realized that their protectors had gone. Washington, however, knew of it at once. He had made up his mind that Clinton would try to cross New Jersey, and he meant to attack, although he was still inferior in numbers, for the British, notwithstanding the fact that they had been weakened both by desertions during the winter and by losses in battle during the previous autumn, appear still to have had 17,000 men against 13,000 Americans. Despite this disparity of force, Washington had entire confidence in the instrument he had been fashioning at Valley Forge, and he meant to use it. General Lee, who, unfortunately, had been exchanged and was now again in the American camp, had but one firm conviction, which was, that the British army was invincible and that our policy was simply to keep out of its way. He argued that the British would never yield Pennsylvania, and that they were in fact intending to do everything but what they really aimed at, a speedy march to New York. Washington quietly disregarded these opinions, and as soon as the British left Philadelphia, broke camp and moved rapidly after them. At Hopewell a council of war was held, and Lee now urged building bridges of gold for the enemy and aiding them to get to New York. A majority of the council, whom Alexander Hamilton scornfully called "old midwives," still under the spell of an "English officer," sustained Lee. But Washington had passed beyond the time when he would yield to councils of war which stood in the way of fighting, and supported by active men like Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette, he firmly persisted in his plans. He detached Wayne and Poor with

their forces to join Maxwell and the New Jersey militia, who were to engage the enemy, while he brought up the main army. Lee, entitled to the command of this advanced division, first refused to take it, and then changed his mind most unluckily, and displaced Lafayette, to whom the duty had been assigned when Lee declined.

Meantime, Clinton, much harassed by the New Jersey militia, and with his men suffering from heat and thirst, and dropping out of the ranks, was slowly making his way north. At Crosswicks, which he reached just in time to save the bridge, he found Washington on his flank. To escape he had to take a quicker route, so sending ahead his baggage-train, which was from eight to twelve miles long, he swung toward Freehold, making for the Neversink Hills and the coast. On the 26th he encamped at Monmouth Court-House, while his left was still at Freehold. The American army was now only eight miles distant, and the advance under Lee but five miles away. Washington sent orders to Lee to attack the next day as soon as the British resumed their march, but Lee made no plan and the next morning did nothing until the militia actually opened fire on Knyphausen's rear-guard, who turned to meet them. As the militia retired they met Lee, who engaged the enemy and then began to fall back and move his troops about here and there with the intelligent idea of cutting off isolated parties of the enemy, an unusual way of beginning a general action. His men were ready and eager to fight, but they became confused by Lee's performances, lost heart, and finally began to retreat, while Clinton, seeing his advantage, pushed forward reinforcements. Washington hearing that Dickenson and his New Jersey militia were engaged, sent word to Lee to attack and that he would support him. He was pressing on with the main army, the men throwing away their knapsacks and hurrying forward through the intense heat, when word came to him that Lee was retreating. He would not believe it. He could not conceive that any officer should retreat as soon as the enemy advanced, and when he knew that the main army was hastening forward to his support. Filled with surprise and anger, he set spurs to his horse and galloped to the front. First he

met stragglers, then more and more flying men, then the division in full retreat. At last he saw Lee, and riding straight at him, asked with a fierce oath, as tradition says, what he meant by retreating. Self-control was gone and just wrath broke out in a storm. The dangerous fighting temper, so firmly kept in hand, was loose. Lee, impudent and clever as he was, quailed and stammered. The question was repeated. There was and could be no answer. Lee went to the rear, to a court-martial, and to private life, sinking out of history to join Conway and the rest of the unenviable company of adventurers who wanted to free America by obtaining high rank for themselves and admiring the enemy.

This particular scene was soon over and the real work began. The master had come at last. Like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the retreating men rallied and followed the Commander-in-Chief. The broken division was re-formed in a strong position, the main army was brought up, the British were repulsed, and Washington, resuming the aggressive, drove the enemy before him and occupied the battle-ground of the morning. Then night fell, and under cover of darkness Clinton retreated as fast as he could, dropping men as he went, and finally reaching his fleet and New York before the Americans could again come up with him.

Contrast this fight with Long Island and it can be seen how an American army had been made in the interval. Thrown into disorder and weakened by the timid blundering of their General, the advance division had been entirely rallied, the main army had come up, the battle had been saved, and a victory won. Had it not been for Lee, it would have been a much more decisive victory, and Clinton's army would have been practically destroyed. As it was, he lost some 500 men at Monmouth to the Americans 229. Along his whole retreat he lost nearly 2,000. "Clinton gained no advantage," said the great soldier at Sans Souci watching events, "except to reach New York with the wreck of his army."

Washington was victor at Monmouth, and had lost Brandywine and Germantown, but he had won the campaign. The British had been driven from the Middle States as they had been expelled from New

England, for they held nothing now but the port of New York, which was actually covered by the guns of their fleet. They had tried to reach Philadelphia from the north, and had been baffled and forced back by Trenton and Princeton. They had approached and occupied it from the south, but it was worthless and a source of weakness unless they could establish a line to New York which would enable them to control both cities and the intervening country. This Washington had prevented by holding Howe fast in Philadelphia and checking any movement by land. When spring came it was evident that to attempt to hold both cities, isolated as they were, required two armies, and under existing conditions was a source of weakness which threatened a great disaster. Clinton had no choice but to retreat, and he lost a battle and 2,000 men in doing so, and reached New York with a beaten and broken army. New York he continued to hold, Newport he held for a time, and that was all. There were some affairs of outposts, some raids, here and there, some abortive invasions, but the Middle States had gone as New England had gone from the British, swept clear by Washington's campaigns.

As the evacuation of Boston closed the British campaign for the control of New England, so the battle of Monmouth ended all effective military operations to recover English supremacy in the Middle States. The victory at Monmouth also marks the beginning of the best work of the American army, finally made such by hard fighting and by the discipline and drill of Valley Forge. Never again did the Continental Army under Washington suffer defeat. From the victory at Monmouth, the last general engagement in the north, to the surrender of Yorktown, the army of Washington endured much, but they were never beaten in action when he led them. This was the result of two years of victory and defeat, of Trenton, and of Germantown, of steady fighting and patient effort. But, above all, it was the outcome of two bitter winters and of Valley Forge, when the man sneered at in those days as "Fabius" not only kept "life and soul" in his army, but in the American Revolution, which that army represented when it faced alone the power of England.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

IV—A FACTORY-HAND

No. — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO,
Wednesday, February 3, 1892.

At half-past five this afternoon I completed seven weeks of service as a hand-truckman in a factory. Mrs. Schulz, my landlady, tells me that she is sorry that I am going away; and now that the long-looked-for end is come, I am not in the least elated, as I thought that I should be. But the days are lengthening markedly with the promise of the coming spring, and I am forcefully reminded that the time grows short for the study at close range of much that still awaits me in this great working city before I can well set out again upon my westward journey.

Seven weeks as a factory-hand is very little. Like all phases of my experiment, it is but the lightest touch upon the surface of the life which I seek to understand. Strong and infinitely appealing are the basal elements of existence, and yet mysterious, evasive, receding like a spectre from your craving grasp. And in the secret of its veiled presence speaks a Voice: "Only through living is it given unto men to know; none but the heaven-sent may know otherwise. Not by experiment, but only through the poignancy of real agony and joy is my secret learned."

As a witness of certain external conditions and as a sharer in them, I may tell nothing but the truth, and yet the whole truth reaches far beyond the compass of my vision—the joys and creature comforts of men whose birth and breeding and life-long training fit them smoothly to circumstances which seem to me all friction; the blind human agony of these men, as necessity bears hard upon them, and, helpless, they watch the bitter sufferings of their wives and children, and have no

hope nor any escape but death; the unconscious delight in living intensely in the present with easy adjustment to homely surroundings, and no anxious thought for the future, and no morbid introspection; the sharply conscious endurance of grim realities, which baffle the untrained reason and paralyze the will, and make of a strong man a terrified child in the grip of the superstitious horrors of disease, and loss of work, and the "bad luck" which plays so large a part in that sordid thing which he calls life.

For seven weeks I have worked daily in the company of two thousand hands, and have lived with half a score of them in a tenement house near the factory, and yet I am leaving them with but the slenderest knowledge of their lives.

It was one bitter cold morning a little past the middle of December that I was taken on. I had had a good supper on the night before and a sound night's sleep; and the pleasure of being set to work once more, of being caught up again into the meaningful movement of men, was tempered only by a lack of breakfast and a long walk through the cold gray dawn.

Crist was my boss. Crist is foreman of the gangs of men who load the box-cars which flank the long platforms beside the warehouses of the factory. Wide sloping eaves project from the buildings' sides to a point nearly over the edge of the platforms, and under these are stored the new mowers and reapers and harvesters, gay in gorgeous paint, and reduced to the point of easiest handling, their subordinate parts near by in compact crates and boxes, all ready for immediate shipment.

The proper loading of the cars is a work requiring great skill and ingenuity on Crist's part; for the men it is the mere muscular carrying out of his directions. Under Crist's guidance the superficial area of a car

is made to hold an incredible amount. By long practice he has learned the greatest possible economy of space, in the nice adjustments of varying bulks, so that each load is a maximum, in point of number, of complete machines.

There was like shrewdness, I thought, in his handling of the men. After his first orders to me I came almost not at all under his direct control through the few days in which I worked in his department. But I had many opportunities then and later, too, of observing him. A tall, old, lithe Norwegian, with a certain awkward, lanky efficiency of movement, he had the mild manner and the soft, low speech of the hard-of-hearing. He never blustered, certainly, and apparently he never swore, but the men under him worked without hurry and without intervals in a way which told superbly in the total work accomplished.

A gang of six or eight laborers under his direction was just beginning the loading of an empty box-car when I was taken on. They were stalwart, hardy workmen for the most part, their faces aglow in the cold, their muscular bodies warmly clothed, and the folded rims of their heavy woollen caps drawn down to protect their ears. Over their work-stained overalls some of them wore thick leather aprons which were darkened and polished by wear to the appearance of well-seasoned razor-strops, and on their hands they all wore stout gloves or mittens, which, through long use, had reached a perfect flexibility and fitness to their work.

"John," said Crist, addressing one of the gang, a short, rather slender Irishman, with a smooth-shaven, sallow face, "John, you take this man and fetch down the dry tongues from the paint-shop. There's the wagon-truck," and he pointed to a vehicle whose heavy box, open at both ends, and rising at the sides to a height of three feet, was supported on two small iron wheels, while an iron leg under the heavier end kept the bottom of the truck horizontal.

"Yes, sir," came instantly from John, as he stepped alertly from among the men and joined me, his small, gray eyes looking inquisitively into mine and showing in their sudden light the pleasure which he felt in being thus singled out for special work and put in charge of a new hand.

"Come this way," he said to me. "Me and you is partners. What's your name? My name's John, John Barry. Some calls me Jake, but my name's John," he concluded, with an emphasis which made it clear that he had a rooted objection to "Jake."

Barry's Christian name I considered a poaching upon my preserve, and I was feeling about for a new handy prænomen; but without waiting for an answer he continued swiftly on his loquacious way, calling me "partner" the while, as Clark had done, and "partner" I remained through the days of our co-labor.

Barry was an old hand; he knew his way about the factory perfectly. We pushed the truck before us into a warehouse and through a long, dim passage, between piles of various portions of the various machines which rose to the ceiling in compact stacks on both sides of us as we walked the great length of the building. It was as dark as a tunnel, except where an occasional gas-jet burned brightly in the centre of a misty halo. The cold, unchanging air that never knew the sunlight chilled us to the bone, and near the gas we could see our breath rising in clouds of white vapor. We came at last to an elevator, and, having pushed our truck aboard, we rose to the next landing. Then down another long, dark, damp passage we passed until we reached a covered bridge, a run-way, as the men call it, which sloped upward to the paint-shop in the main building of the factory.

The spring-doors at the head of the bridge flew open to the sharp ram of our truck, and we followed into a large room which was flooded with sunlight from its serried windows. There appeared to be hundreds of "binders" in the room, all painted white and extending in long, straight rows on wooden supports which held them a few feet from the floor. Among these rows moved the men who "stripe" the binders. Their hands and clothing were daubed with paint, and even as we passed we could see the slender, even lines of brilliant color appearing as by magic along the white surface of the machines, under the swift, sure stroke of these skilled painters.

This is their sole occupation. Along a side-wall of the room moves slowly, on

a ceiling-trolley, a long line of steel binders, all grimy from the hands of the men who join the different parts. In one corner is a tank of white paint, and by a system of pulleys each binder, as it passes, is lowered to the bath, completely immersed, and then drawn dripping back to the trolley. Presently it is lowered to a support, and is there allowed to dry. The stripers move down the lines, following close upon the drying of the paint, and the machines, soon ready for shipment from their hands, are transferred to the packing-rooms, the vacant places being quickly occupied by binders fresh from the bath. This is one phase of the endless chain of factory production under high division of labor.

Barry and I passed on through a communicating door to another room of about equal size and of equal light and airiness with the last. The temperate air was pungent with the smell of varnish and new paint. It passed with a pleasant sense of stinging freshness down into our lungs. We had reached our destination; for large sections of the room were closely stacked with tongues of various sizes, all standing on end in an ingenious system of grooves on the floor and ceiling. Some were newly come from the turning-mill; others had been painted, and now awaited varnishing; some had passed both of these processes, and were ready for the stripers; while in one corner stood those which had been painted and varnished and striped, and which were dry and ready to be taken to the platform, where Crist had ordered Barry and me to stack them.

Barry soon taught me how to load them properly, and, having filled the truck, we descended by an elevator to the ground-floor and passed out again into the bracing air of the open platforms, where we carefully stacked the tongues under the eaves, convenient to the loading of the cars. Round after round we made, going always and returning by the same course, loading the truck and stacking the tongues as quickly as we could. The work was not hard. There was a knack in the proper handling of the tongues, but it was readily acquired, and then one could settle down easily to the routine of work, whose monotony was broken by the recurring trips.

One incident checked us in the way.

It was our happening to meet the time-keeper on his rounds. Barry dropped everything until he had made assurance doubly sure that his presence had been duly noted in the book. Seeing that I was a new hand the time-keeper quickly took my name, and then passed on with a parting word of caution to me about the proper record of my time.

Barry was evidently in high enjoyment of the situation. The work suited him, and the directing of a novice was hugely to his taste. There was little stay in the even current of his talk. I began to feel not unlike a "new boy" at school, for, with the air of a mentor, he pointed out to me all the sections of the factory, and the different occupations of the men, and the individual foremen as we chanced to see them. Once, as we were busily stacking tongues, his voice fell suddenly to a confidential tone, and his task was plied with tenser energy.

"Do you see that man talking to Crist?" he said to me, almost in a whisper, and with his eyes intent upon his work.

I had noticed someone who seemed to be a member of the managing staff.

"That's Mr. Adams," Barry continued. "He ain't the head boss, but he's next to the head. He's an awful nice man. He was a working-man himself once. I've heard that he was a carpenter in the factory when the old man was alive, and that he was promoted to be next to the head boss. He knows what work is, and he's awful nice to the men, but you don't never want to let him catch you idle."

We had just finished stacking the load and had started again for the warehouse, when we caught sight of a neatly dressed man of medium height who was crossing a temporary bridge, which joined the platform by the main building over the railway-track to the one where we were at work. I felt the truck shoot forward at a speed which I had to follow almost at a run. In the dark passage of the warehouse Barry was soon talking again, and again in an awed undertone.

"That was the head boss," he said, impressively. "That was Mr. Young himself." And he looked surprised that I did not stagger under the announcement, although, to do him justice, I did feel a good deal as the new boy might, brought

unexpectedly for the first time into the presence of the head master.

"He ain't never worked a day in his life," Barry was continuing. "Only he's a terrible fine superintendent. You bet he gets big wages. They say he can see when he ain't looking, and he comes down like a thousand of brick on any man who shirks his work.

He ain't never worked himself, and so he don't know what it is."

The noon-whistle sounded soon after this, to my great relief, for a fast of eighteen hours was telling on me. Barry left the truck where it stood, and broke into a run. I followed him. In a moment the whole building and the outer platforms were echoing to the tread of running

feet. When I reached the factory-yard I found crowds of men streaming from every door and pressing swiftly through the gate. A stranger to the scene might at first sight have supposed the building to be on fire and that the men were escaping, but a second glance would have corrected the idea. There was no excitement in their mood ;

nor was there any playfulness; but with set, serious faces they were running for the careful economy of time. Barry had explained to me that, in order to quit the day's work at half-past five, the hands take but half an hour for their mid-day meal, and

that I must, therefore, be careful to be within the factory-gates by half-past twelve.

Interesting as was the scene, I

had no time to note it carefully, for I had caught the contagion of feverish hurry, and with the greater need on my part, for in that half hour I must get food if I was to return to work.

The situation was a little difficult. I had no money and no knowledge of any neighboring boarding-house. On the avenue, immediately opposite the wide entrance of the factory, was a line of cheap

his feet and came to the door and opened it. "You just go up them steps," he added, pointing to the entry next door, "and you'll find a lady that keeps boarders. Her name's Mrs. Schulz. You tell her that I sent you."

At the head of the landing I stood irresolute for a moment. It was dark after the unclouded mid-day. The light that entered came through the narrow opening of

In the Factory

three - storied wooden tenements, the ground-floors occupied by saloons or shops, and the upper ones used evidently as the homes of factory-hands, for I could see the men entering the dark passages where narrow staircases connected the dwelling-rooms with the street.

Quite at random I walked into a barber-shop.

"Can you direct me to a boarding-house near by?" I asked the barber, who, dressed in soiled white, sat reading a newspaper beside the stove.

"Sure," he said, obligingly, as he rose to

a door at the end of the passage, which stood ajar and which communicated with a front room, where there seemed to be a flood of sunlight. The prospect in the other direction was not so bright. I was beginning to see faintly, and could eventually make out the figures of a dozen working-men or more, who sat about a table in a dim dining-room, eating hurriedly their dinner, with a noise of much clatter, and with bursts of loud talk and of hearty laughter. In a deeper recess, and through a short, dark, communicating passage, was a kitchen full of steam and the vapors of

cooking food, through which came the light from the rear windows with the effect of shining vaguely through a fog.

Summoned, I know not how, Mrs. Schulz stepped out into the passage. I knew instantly that I should be provided for. I could not see her clearly, but her quiet, self-respecting manner was reassuring from the start.

"I've just got a job in the factory," I explained at once. "Can you take me as a boarder?"

"I guess I can," she answered, cordially. "Do you want your dinner?"

"Yes," I said, and tried not to say it too eagerly.

"Then come right in. You haven't any too much time," she added, considerately.

At the vacant place which she indicated for me at the table I sat down between a workman of my own age and a hunchback operative who was probably ten years our senior.

"How are you?" said the first man, in the midst of the momentary lull which fell upon the room, while I passed my first inspection.

My reply was drowned for farther ears than his in the recurrent flow of talk about the table. The men had just finished their first course, but Mrs. Schulz brought in for

me a plate of hot vegetable soup, steaming with a savoriness which was reviving in itself. My cordial neighbor dropped out of the general conversation and devoted himself to me. Nothing could have been more agreeable. He was as natural as a child, and genial to the point of readiest laughter. Like most of the other men, he sat coatless in his working-clothes, his face and hands black with the grime of the machine-shop where he worked, and his eyes shining with a light all the merrier for their dark setting.

A young American, a farmer's son, he was recently come to Chicago from his home in central Iowa, and was making his way as a factory-hand, and liked it greatly. His name was Albert. All of this information I gathered in barter for an equal share of my personal history, exchanged while we both ate heartily of a dinner of boiled meat and mashed potatoes, and stewed tomatoes and bread and coffee, and finally a slice of pumpkin pie, all of them excellent of their kind and most excellently cooked; and, although not neatly served, yet with as great a regard to neatness as the circumstances allowed.

My interest through the meal, aside from the food, was chiefly in Albert, but I caught, too, the drift of the general talk.

It was directed at one Clarence, a fair-haired, fair-skinned, well-mannered youth who sat opposite us and at an end of the line. One noticed him immediately in the contrast which he made with the other men, for he was dressed in a "boiled" shirt and a collar, and he wore a neat black coat and a black cravat. It appeared that he had been promoted, on the day before, from a subordinate position in one of the machine-shops to the supervision of the tool-room of the factory. On this morning for the first time he had gone to work dressed, not in the usual blue jeans, but as one of the clerical force. The men were chaffing him on the change. Curiously enough, from their point of view, his working-days were over. There was no least disturbance in their personal attitude to the man nor in their feeling for him as a fellow. They recognized the change of status as a promotion, and you readily caught the note of sincere congratulation in their banter, and the boy bore his honors modestly and like a man. Yet it was a change of status most complete, for he had ceased to be a worker. To their way of thinking there may be forms of toil which are hard and even exhausting, but only that is "work" which brings your hands into immediate contact with the materials of production in their making from the raw or in their transportation. The principle is a broad one, incapable of application in full detail, but, as a principle, it figures in the minds of the workers as an unquestioned generalization that men work only with their hands and in forms of begriming labor.

Like Albert, Clarence, too, was an American, a youth from a village home in Ohio, and with the promise of a successful hazard of his fortunes in the city. I employ my versions of their Christian names because these were the only appellations in use about the table.

The meal was far too short for any general acquaintance among the men, and at its end we all hurried back to the factory. Barry was awaiting me beside the truck; as we began the rounds of the afternoon's work he questioned me with interest about my success in getting a dinner. For another five continuous hours we carted tongues and stacked them.

The hands had been working by gas-light for nearly an hour when the time

came for quitting the day's labor. There was no rush now in leaving the factory. We crowded out through the gate, but under no high pressure, and the moving mass disintegrated and disappeared as magically as it had formed in the early morning. Beside the entrance idle men were again waiting, but their number was very few in contrast with the morning crowds, and their apparent purpose was a personal interview with the superintendent.

Mrs. Schulz's boarders had soon re-assembled, this time in her kitchen. Everything was in readiness for us. A row of tin basins stood in a long sink which extended under the rear windows nearly the length of the room; buckets of hot water were convenient, and at the pump at one end of the sink we could temper the water in the basins to our liking. Finally, there were cakes of soap cut from large bars, and the usual coarse towels hanging from rollers on the walls. With sleeves rolled up and our shirts wide open at the neck, we took our turns at the basins. It was interesting to watch the faces of the mechanics emerge from the washing in frequent changes of water to their natural flesh-color, in which the features could be clearly distinguished.

The few minutes during which we had to wait before the call to supper were spent in the front room, which was the sitting-room for the boarders and answered to the lobby in the logging-camp. Two windows looked out upon the street and commanded a farther view of the factory-yard and buildings. The room was heated by a cylindrical iron stove, standing near the inner wall upon a disc of zinc, that served to protect a well-worn carpet with which the floor was covered. From a square wooden table in the centre a large oil-lamp flooded the room with light and brought out in startling vividness the pink rose-buds which in monotonous identity of design streaked the walls in long diagonal lines, broken only by an occasional chromo or a picture cut from an illustrated print. There was an abundant supply of wooden chairs, on which the men were seated, for the most part about the stove, and there was one large arm-chair on rockers, where sat Mr. Schulz with the next to the youngest child in his arms, an infant of between two and three. A girl of perhaps seven

years, and a boy of nearly five, were playing together on the floor, and there was yet another child, for while we were washing in the kitchen I had heard the fretful cry of a baby from a dark chamber opening from that room.

Two of the men were intent upon the girl who lay in her father's lap. They were rivals for her favor, and both were trying to coax her away. When she at last put out her arms to one of them, he tossed her toward the ceiling with a shout of glee at his triumph over the other man.

After supper we all regathered in the sitting-room. None of the men, so far as I could see, went out for the evening. Some of them read the newspapers of the day, and four had presently started a game of "High, Low, Jack," at the table, with the result that most of the others were soon gathered about the players in excited interest, watching the varying fortunes of the game and giving vent to their feelings in boisterous outbursts.

I sat beside the fire talking to Mr. Schulz. There was inexpressible satisfaction in the feeling of *raison d'être* which one had in being a worker with a steady job once more and a decent place in which to live. A boarding-house is not a synonym for home, and yet it may stir the domestic instincts deeply in the contrasts which it offers with the homeless life of the streets. The unquestioning hospitality with which I had been accepted as a guest was in keeping with the best of my experience so far. There was no suggestion of my paying anything in advance, though I had no security to offer beyond the fact that I was regularly employed in the factory and my promise to pay promptly out of the first instalment of my wages.

Mrs. Schulz had offered me board and lodging at four dollars a week, or at four dollars and a quarter if I wished a room to myself. It was the last bargain with which I closed when I was shown the only vacant room. It opened from the passage near the head of the landing and was perhaps seven feet by six. A single bed filled most of its area, and the rest was crowded with a chair and a small stand which supported an oil-lamp under a mirror on the wall. Some nails driven into the door and along the wall beside it, served the purpose of a closet. Light and air en-

tered by a window which opened only a foot or two from a side-wall of the next building.

Cheerless as the room was and far from clean, it yet had about it all the essentials of privacy, and at a little past eight o'clock I went to bed with almost the sense of luxury after a fortnight's experience of station-houses and cheap lodgings.

At six in the morning we were called by Mrs. Schulz, who had already been up for an hour or more preparing our breakfast, with the help of a hired girl. The men turned out sleepy and half-dressed into the kitchen to wash themselves, and then we sat down to a breakfast of "mush" meat and potatoes, coffee and bread. The factory-bell was ringing by the time that we had finished, and there was a rush to get within the gate before the last taps marked the advent of seven o'clock.

The routine of factory work does not lend itself to varied narrative, and yet Barry's work and mine was far from the monotony of much of the labor which we saw about us. There was a growing supply of tongues in the paint-shop, sufficient to keep us busy for several days, and while the work of loading and carting and stacking them was not hard in itself, ten hours of it daily was enough to send a man very hungry to his meals and thoroughly tired to his bed.

I was soon transferred from Crist's department to one of the packing-rooms, where, through the remaining weeks of my service, I worked as a general utility man under the orders of a short, muscular foreman of singularly mild manner, who appeared to have scruples against swearing, but who was none the less vigilant and effective in his management. Most of the work of his department, as in all the departments of the factory, came under the piece-work system, and I was simply one of the two or three common laborers who, under his commands, attended to the odds and ends of jobs.

In one corner a man was packing boxes with the subordinate parts of mowers—a very interesting process, for the boxes were of such a size as to exactly hold all the loose parts when packed in a certain relation to one another, and the untiring swiftness with which the packer drew his supplies from their various bins and adjusted

them in the box and nailed the lid upon them was fascinating in itself. I was sometimes employed in carting these boxes on a hand-truck, through a long run-way, to a warehouse and storing them there.

There were mowers to be shipped to foreign markets, and these had all to be done up in boxes. Three or four of us would be employed for days together in bringing the mowers up the run-way from the warehouse and further separating them into their parts and packing them in large boxes and nailing down the covers, upon which afterward appeared directions to distant ports, some to Russia, and others as far off even as Australian and New Zealand towns. A paint-shop was also connected with this department of the factory, where painting was done in the wholesale fashion employed for the binders, and from it I often carted the portions of the machines which were ready for the warehouse.

Some of the jobs held steadily for days together, and the foreman was never without work to give me. I could but feel a growing liking for him, for, although I was far from being an efficient workman, he was patient with my awkward efforts, and he accepted my mere dogged perseverance as evidence of a willingness on my part which reconciled him to me as a hand.

A like consideration had been shown me by the men at the boarding-house. They accepted me unhesitatingly as a working-man, but still I felt that I had my way to make among them, and very justly, for they were piece-workers all of them, earning fifteen dollars a week at the very least, some of them much more, while I was merely a common laborer at a dollar and a half a day. Their superiority to me was only the more apparent when there came among us, a few days after my arrival, a young Englishman from Jamaica, who had secured a job at common labor in the factory; for he, too, was far ahead of me, and it was not long before he was promoted to piece-work in one of the better-paid departments.

There was no discrimination against me. The men were perfectly friendly, but for the most part they had been associated for some time in their work and in their life in the boarding-house, and I was simply not of their set. The barriers which prevented perfect freedom of intercourse were my own limitations and were never of their making,

for they made the most generous advances when we had lived together for a time, and no doubt I could eventually have risen to be one of them on equal terms.

They were nearly all young Americans. Clarence and Albert were representative of the lot. Ned, the hunchback operative, was older than most of us, but he, too, was a native, of public-school education and decent antecedents, and he made a very good wage as a piece-worker in some department of the factory. Nothing that I saw among the men charmed me more than their treatment of Ned. He had an ungovernable temper and a crabbed, sullen disposition, which had been fostered by much suffering and an intense mortification due to his deformity, which he rarely forgot, apparently. At times he was as exasperating as a spoiled, petulant child, but the men endured him always with an evenness of buoyant good humor so genuine that it never chafed him, and it sometimes transported him, in spite of himself, to a mood in sympathy with their own, in which he could be one of the best fellows of the lot.

It was not long before I knew that the man who was held in highest regard by the others was Dennis. The reasons for this did not appear at first. Dennis was of about the average age among us, a man of between twenty-five and thirty, an Irish-American of good appearance and a gentlemanlike reserve. The men looked up to him and paid a certain deference to his views in a way which puzzled me, for he never played the rôle of leader, being far less outspoken than some of the others, and moving among them always in a quiet, unassuming manner which laid no claim to distinction.

By chance I learned that he was the best-paid operative in the house, having a position of some importance in a machine-shop of the factory, and I noticed that he spent much of his leisure in the study of mechanical problems. He did not hold himself aloof from the evening game of cards, but he would quit it early and would soon be absorbed in his book in one corner of the room, where the noise seemed never to disturb him. Moreover, I came to realize that in certain important social matters Dennis was an authority. He would leave his work as black as the blackest man from the shops, but on Saturday

afternoon, when we got off at five o'clock, half an hour earlier than usual, he would come out after supper ready for the evening's gayety, dressed in what was unhesitatingly accepted as the height of the fashion. Saturday evenings were always devoted to pleasure, and none of the men was better informed than was Dennis as to the public balls which were available and which performance at the theatres (always spoken of as a "show") was best worth a visit. As a workman of high grade and as a man of fashion and a social mentor with much occult knowledge of social form, he was yielded the first place. There was, moreover, a certain punctiliousness about him which only served to heighten his standing. It mattered not how late he had been out on Saturday night, I always found Dennis at his place for a seven o'clock breakfast on Sunday morning, and saw him start promptly for mass.

He was very evidently a favorite with Mrs. Schulz, and with small wonder, for he was always most considerately kind to her and to her children; but I thought that her liking for him grew quite as much out of her admiration for his strict regard to his church duties. She went to early mass herself, but she never failed to have breakfast ready for Dennis at exactly seven o'clock.

Mr. Schulz and she were devout Catholics, only I could but admire her devotion the more. It seemed to me to be put to so crucial a test. With but a raw Swedish girl to help her, she had the care of her five children besides all the cooking and other housework for a dozen boarders whose meals must be served on the minute. I am sure that I never saw her lose her temper, and I think that I never heard her complain, which is the greater wonder when one takes into account the fact that she was the sole bread-winner of the family. Mr. Schulz had had a job as a night-watchman, but had lost it, and was now looking for work—not too conscientiously, I fear, for he impressed me as a weak man who found his wife's support a welcome escape from a personal struggle for existence. He had, at least, the negative virtue of sobriety, and the positive one of loyalty to church duty, and in the house he perhaps could not have served his wife to better purpose than by taking

care of the children as he did. He was certainly very proud of Mrs. Schulz. One day he confided to me the fact that she was a cook when he married her, and that in her day she had served in some of the palaces on Michigan Avenue. Such an experience explained the admirable cooking of the simple fare which she gave us, and the homelike management of her house; and her knowledge and skill in these domestic matters bore no small relation, I thought, to the spirit of contentment among the men, which held them to their quiet evenings in her sitting-room against the allurements of the town.

Her sheer physical endurance was a marvel. It was the unflinching courage of a brave soul, for she had little strength besides. Very tall and slight, emaciated almost to gauntness, she had a long, thin face with sunken cheeks and a dark complexion and jet-black hair, and round, soft, innocent eyes, which, matched with her indomitable spirit, were eloquent of the love which is "comrade to the lesser faith that sees the course of human things," and seeing, finds life worth living and is willing to endure.

The absence of self-consciousness from the members of this household lent a peculiar attractiveness to the life there. There was nothing morbid in their attitude to themselves nor in their relation to one another. Life was so obviously their master, and they so implicitly obedient to its control. You could lose in a measure the thought of self-directed effort to be something or do something, in the sense that you got of nearness to the spontaneity of primal forces. Mrs. Schulz, for example, never impressed one as trying to exercise a certain influence in obedience to a volition formed upon a preconceived plan, but rather as being what she was as the expression of a life within and exercising an influence which was dominant by reason of its native virtue. And the men were never awkward and constrained in their courteous manner toward her, as they would have been had this been prompted by a sense of formal politeness, instead of being, as it was, their spontaneous tribute to her gentle ladyhood.

One wondered at first how such serenity would weather the storms. And when they came, the wonder grew at the further naturalness which they revealed.

Monday mornings were apt to be prolific of bad weather. The long, monotonous week loomed before us, and our nerves were unstrung with the violent reaction bred of over-indulgence in the freedom of a holiday. Our tempers, as a result, were all out of tune, and there was no merging of individuality in the harmony of a home. One was reminded of the discordant harping, each on its own string, of all the instruments of an orchestra before they blend melodiously in the accord of the overture. The hired girl, awkward and ungainly and dense, had neglected the mush and let it burn, and now with stupid vacancy in her dull eyes she moved about more in the way than of any service. The children, half-dressed in their pitiful, soiled garments, were sprawling underfoot, quarrelling among themselves and whimpering in their appeals for their mother's intervention. Mrs. Schulz, at her wits' end to get breakfast ready promptly, was bending over a stove whose fire smouldered and smoked and would not burn briskly in the raw east wind which was blowing down the chimney, and at the same time there grated on her ears the wails of the children and the ill-tempered complaints of the men and the stupid questions of the hired girl, and all the while her nerves were throbbing to the dull agony of a toothache. The men, roused from insufficient sleep, were crowding into the over-crowded kitchen, hectoring one another for their slowness at the basins; one loud in his complaint over the loss of some article of dress, another insistent in his demand for a turn at the mirror, and all of them perilously near the verge of a violent outbreak. There was much swearing of a very sincere kind and much plain speaking of personal views without circumlocution or reservation, but in the end the storm would spend its fury and pass. And the marvel of it was in the completeness of the clearing. The unrestrained vent of ill-temper would be followed by no harboring of malice. It was as though the men, who had freed themselves of a load of ill-feeling, were prepared to continue unhampered in the ease of agreeable association. The secret of it lay, I presume, in the absence of malignant antagonisms. The distempers were merely the results of the common attrition of life. At bottom these hard-working,

self-respecting persons respected and liked one another, and in the intimacy of the crowded tenement they lived in relative comfort on no other possible terms than those of common liking and respect.

The factory itself further illustrated the periodic unevennesses of temper. Not that they were strictly periodic in the home. Mondays were apt to witness them, but there was no normal regularity in their occurrence, for they might crop out at any time. But Monday mornings in the factory were almost fatally sure of their emergence. You could not escape the feeling of unwonted disturbance both in the humor of the men and in the progress of their work. But nothing could have been more potent in coaxing them again into an accordant frame of mind than the routine of factory labor. The very doing of what had become to them a second nature by a quickness of hand which itself was a mark of mastery, seemed to win them back to cheerful acceptance of life. I have often seen the men at the boarding-house leave the breakfast-table in moods that "varied mostly for the worse," and return to it at noon in high spirits that were finely attune.

There is a monotony about piece-work which must take on at times the quality of a maddening horror. I can bear no personal testimony to it, because I did not rise to the position of a piece-worker. The phases of the system which I saw, however, in the limited insight into its practical working to be gained in my range in the factory as a common laborer, impressed me rather with its advantages. Among the day-laborers here there was apparent at once the same deadly uninterest in their work which is characteristic of their class in the present ordering of such labor. The attitude is that of irresponsible school-boys in their feeling of natural hostility to their masters in the mutual struggle over the prescribed tasks. But among the laborers it takes on the tragedy of the relation of grown men to the serious business of their lives. Interest in their work? Not the faintest. Sense of responsibility for it? Not the dimmest. Any day you could see the bearded father of a family shirk his task in a momentary absence of the boss, or steal truant minutes from his time in idling on an errand,

with as puerile a spirit as that which prompts a stroke of mischief in school-hours.

The piece-system lifts the labor instantly from this plane to one where the motive of self-interest conspicuously enters. A man is insured from the first of at least the wage of day's labor; his own industry and deftness are then the factors in determining his earnings up to a certain limit. For I soon found that a hand was not free to employ his utmost skill when he became an expert. There seemed to be a tacit agreement in each department of the factory as to what should constitute the maximum of day's labor. Below that a man might fall if he chose, but beyond it he was not at liberty to go. And the reason was very obvious. Even a few men in continually passing, by any considerable margin, the accepted daily average would inevitably produce the result of a cut in the *pro rata* price until wages were down again to the accustomed level. The system gives a man an incentive to work and to develop his skill, but, in its practical operation, it holds him rigorously to the level of mediocre attainment.

Barry incidently pointed this out to me with striking clearness one day while we were carting tongues. Two of the varnishers were missing from the paint-shop when we went up for our first loads. Barry remarked on their absence, with the comment that they were certain to be on hand at half-past nine o'clock.

It appears that if an employee misses the open factory-gate in the early morning by ever so little, he may not enter then until the end of two hours and a half, which marks the close of the first quarter of the day's work.

True to Barry's prediction, we presently found both varnishers at their places, and when, in the late afternoon, he asked them, with the frankness of working-people in such matters, as to how much they had done, he again found himself verified, since each had achieved the prescribed amount, and so had earned full pay. They had simply worked at a greater speed than usual; and they might, so far as the time was concerned, have accomplished this every day, except that a man would soon gain a bad name by being habitually late, and his promptness at seven o'clock would be

quickly insured by a cut in the rate paid for his form of labor.

It was a very limited view of the factory as a whole that I could get from the post of an unskilled worker in one of its departments, but what growing familiarity was possible served to increase the sense of wonder at the possibilities of such highly organized methods of production.

There were the great, substantial buildings themselves with their ingenious adjustments of parts, so related as to facilitate to the utmost the processes of manufacture and shipment at the lowest cost and with the least friction. There were the lines of railway which entered the grounds, by means of which the machines, loaded into cars from the platforms of the factory, could be forwarded without change to every quarter of the continent. All needed materials, to the smallest detail, entered the factory in their raw forms, and passed out as finished product, delicately adjusted machines ready for immediate use. The imagination bounds to the conception of the miraculous ingenuity of instruments, and the trained skill of operatives, and the shrewd co-ordination of labor, and, above all, the marvellous captaincy by which all this differentiation is systematized and is ordered and directed to the effective achievement of its ends.

The large, well-ventilated rooms, comfortably warmed in winter and admirably supplied with the means of light and air, are a part of the general efficacy of the system, and the untiring dexterity of the men gives to it its strongly human interest. There is a fascination in their movements which determines the quality of the attractiveness of the whole. You see no feverish haste in the speed with which they work, but rather the even, smooth, unfaltering sureness which is the charm of mastery, and which must be attended by its satisfaction as well.

I witnessed this with delight among the men with whom I lived. Conversation at our meals was nearly always of shop; at dinner and supper especially we discussed the details of the day's work. Several of us were employed at constructing binders. Albert was of that number. He was making but little more than the wage of common labor when I first knew him, but his income began to increase with his increas-

ing efficiency, and it was a matter of great, vital interest to us all to hear his reports each day, as he told of a fraction of a binder and then of a whole one in advance upon his previous work, until his daily earnings rose to two dollars and a half, which was accepted in his department as the normal sum.

Besides these elements of personal interest in piece-work as a scheme of labor and the gratification of the sense of effective workmanship, there entered here the stimulus of ambition based upon excellent chances of promotion. The factory-system of production creates strong demand for manual skill, and stronger still for the capacity of administration and control. Why the realization of these facts did not possess more thoroughly the minds of the common laborers, I could not understand. They were strangely impervious to their force, for nothing could have been more noticeable than the alertness of the managing staff in watching for evidences of unusual ability among the men. It was not at all uncommon for a hand who had been taken on as a day-laborer to be promoted, as a result of his intelligence and industry, to some department of piece-work. Nearly every foreman in the factory is said to have begun far down the scale, and Barry's account of the career of the assistant manager I have heard confirmed.

During my short stay I was actually witness to the progress of two men who came in as day-laborers, the young Englishman from Jamaica and a stalwart, handsome Swede who secured a job and joined us at the boarding-house about a fortnight ago. Clarence earned a promotion and got it at the time of my coming to the factory, and I have seen Albert's rise from a position removed by very little from that of unskilled labor to that of a workman whose skill commands the sum of fifteen dollars a week. Dennis is a type of craftsman whose future it is not difficult to predict. Conscientious and industrious and persevering, endowed with rare ability and real capacity for work, his progress seems assured, and a well-paid, authoritative position an ultimate logical certainty.

All these are of the best class of factory-workers that I came to know. There are other classes quite as clearly defined, and

most of them have their representatives about our table. Men, for example, who have an honest interest in their work as such, and who have risen by force of ambition and sheer development of manual skill to good position in the factory, and have there stood still, their congenital qualities incapable, presumably, of higher efficiency. But sadder far than theirs is the case of men who are often best endowed with native cleverness and aptitude, who rise quickly in the scale of promotion, and who might rise far higher than they do but for the curse of their careless living. They know no interest in their work nor pleasure in its doing. To them it is the sordid drudgery by which they gain the means of gratifying their real purposes and desires. With sullen perseverance they endure the torment of labor, with pay-day in view and then Saturday night and Sunday with their mad revels in what they call life. The future is a meaningless word, with no claim upon them beyond the prospect that it holds of more indulgence; the present is their sole concern, and only with reference to what it can be made to yield to ruling passions.

From some phase of this last attitude to life none of the men whom I knew personally seemed to be entirely free. There is no improvidence like the improvidence of the poor. Doubtless there is no thrift like theirs, but among these young men, with all of life before them, their reckless prodigality in money-matters assumed at times an appalling nature. Some of them made no pretence of saving anything, and the few who did save would show at times an audacity of extravagance to match with the wastefulness of the worst. They were not a drinking set in any sense of habitual or excessive indulgence, for not one of them had the reputation of a drunkard, and their spending was much of it in comparatively innocent channels, but it was monstrous in relation to their means and to their prospects in the world.

A perfectly well-recognized philosophy justified it to their minds.

"We'll never be young but once," they would say, "and if we don't have a good time now, we never will."

A good time was often secured at enormous cost. I do not know whether it is the habitual dissipation, or whether it hap-

pens to be the vogue for this winter, but it is very certain that to the men here the fancy-dress ball is now the incomparable attraction. One or more such functions within their range falls on nearly every Saturday night. They are given for the most part by certain "Brotherhoods" and labor organizations, and they are free, apparently, to all who come dressed in a manner sufficiently "fancy" to meet the views of "the committee," and pay the price of a ticket, which admits "self and lady."

As the men saw the night approaching, their talk would turn more and more to the absorbing subjects of costume and the girls whom they meant to take with them. There are shops which do business at letting out ready-made disguises for such occasions, and I have repeatedly seen these hard-working, industrious fellows go deep into their pockets, to the extent even of half a week's pay, for the use for a few hours of some tawdry make-up of velvet and spangles and lace, which reeked with promiscuous wear. And outlay did not end with dress, for there remained tickets of admission, and the cost of at least two suppers for each and of not a little drinking. It was exceptional for any one of them to come home drunk, and the man who did was sure of a course of steady bantering for days, but some drinking was the rule for the Saturday nights that were given to masquerade. When a play would fall in place in the order of amusement, the men were sure to return by midnight, and there was always then less evidence of drink.

All forms of public gayety seemed scrupulously confined to Saturday nights and Sundays. The men could not have been more punctual at their work, and the habitual week-day evening was the far from exciting one in Mrs. Schulz's sitting-room, which I have described. There they regularly gathered after supper, and smoked, and romped with the children, and played cards, and read. I was usually off for bed by eight o'clock, for nothing less than ten hours of sleep would fit me for the ten hours of labor in the factory, and the others would follow an hour or two later.

The morning brought the unwelcome summons to get up in what seemed the dead of night and but an hour or two after the time of going to bed. Cold water would have its rousing effect, as,

also, a breakfast by lamplight with an anxious eye on the clock, and then a rush through the sharp air of the morning twilight until you were caught in the living stream which poured through the factory-gate. Work was begun on the minute, and your ear caught the sharp metallic clink of the mowers as the workmen pushed the frames down the loading-platforms to the cars. Even within the brick enclosures and in the stinging cold of the winter air, there arose inevitably with the sound the association of meadows fragrant with the perfume of new-mown timothy and clover drying in the hazy warmth of a long summer afternoon.

Within the buildings, almost in a moment, would rise the turmoil of production. You heard the deafening uproar of far-reaching machinery, as, with wheels whirling in dizzy motion and the straps humming in their flight, it beat time in deep, low throbs to the remorseless measures of a tireless energy. Cleaving the tumult of the sounding air you heard at frequent intervals the buzz-saws as they bit hard with flying teeth into multiple layers of wood, rising to piercing crescendo and then dying away in a sob. There was the din of many hammers, and over the wooden floors and along the run-ways, and through the dark, damp passages of the warehouses, and down the deep vistas of the covered platforms, was the almost constant rumble of hand-trucks pushed by men and boys.

All this unceasingly for five continuous hours, which always seem unending, and then the abrupt signal for twelve o'clock, and the sound of the machinery running down while the men are hastening to their mid-day meal. About the factory-gate are always at this hour groups of women and young children who have brought in pails and baskets hot dinners for their men. On brighter days you can see long lines of operatives sitting along the curbs or with their backs against the high board fence, basking in the sunlight, as they eat their dinners in the open air and converse among themselves and with their wives or children.

Then back to your place in the afternoon while the machinery is slowly working up to its accustomed pace and the men about you reassembling to take up again, on the stroke of the hour, the work of the after-

The noon hour — Page 734.

Abstract

noon. Five more hours of the thundering rush of factory-labor follow, and you leave the gate at night almost too tired to walk. A wash is first in your recovery, and it rests you more than would sleep. Then supper brings its deep satisfaction and a smoke its peaceful content, and you go to bed better off by a day's wages.

THE WRITING IN THE DUST

(John viii. 6)

By Louise Betts Edwards

*"He stooped, and with His finger wrote
Upon the dust."*

A judgment smote
Those iron hearts; the accusers fled,
Nor stayed to scan that sentence dread.

If spoken word so sharply thrust,
What of the writing in the dust?
Who dared to read? and so, to-day,
We know not what He wrote—we say.

The winds of Time have swept that land
And strewn its dust on every strand,
Yet left those letters, lightly traced
In Syrian soil, still uneffaced.

Transcribed in common human clay—
In dust we trample every day—
Beneath our feet God's message lies,
While weary watchers search the skies.

Wherever heads held proudly high,
Or well-contented hearts, pass by;
Where souls in strength have waxed unjust—
None reads the writing in the dust.

Wherever heads in anguish droop,
Or heavy-burthened shoulders stoop;
Wherever shame has sought a place
To hide its scorned and branded face;

Wherever souls have bowed in pain
Because of earth's eternal stain;
To all the mourning and the meek—
Those letters living comfort speak.

O haughty brow of brazen pride,
O seeking soul unsatisfied,
O hot heart panting for some good
Not yet attained or understood:

Not yet life's fullest feast is spread,
Not yet man's destiny is read,
Till ye have knelt, as earthlings must,
To read your gospel in the dust!

Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

"I suppose it is because you are fighting for your home"—Page 750.

THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THIRD PART

THE presence in Tangier of the King of Messina and his suite and the arrival there of the French noblemen who had volunteered for the expedition, could not escape the observation of the resident Consuls-General and of the foreign colony, and dinners, riding and hunting parties, pig-sticking, and excursions on horseback into the outlying country were planned for their honor and daily entertainment. Had the conspirators held aloof from these, the residents might have asked, since it was not to enjoy themselves, what was the purpose of their stay in Tangier, and so, to allay suspicion as to their real object, different members of the expedition has been assigned from time to time to represent the visitors at these festivities. On the morning following the return of the yacht from Messina, an invitation to ride to a farm-house some miles out of Tangier and to breakfast there had been sent to the visitors, and the King had directed the Prince Kalonay, and half of the delegation from Paris, to accept it in his name.

They were well content to go, and rode forth gayly and in high spirits, for the word had been brought them early in the morning that the expedition was already prepared to move and that same evening at midnight the yacht would set sail for Messina. They were careless as to what fortune waited for them there, the promise of much excitement, of fighting and of danger, of possible honor and success, stirred the hearts of the young men gloriously, and as they galloped across the plains, or raced each other from point to point, or halted to jump their ponies across the many gaping crevices, which the sun had split in the surface of the plain, they filled the still, warm air with their shouts and laughter. In the party there were many ladies, and the groups changed and formed again as they rode forward, spread

out on either side of the caravan-trail and covering the plain like a skirmish line of cavalry. But Kalonay kept close at Miss Carson's stirrup, whether she walked her pony or sent him flying across the hard, sun-baked soil.

"I hope you won't do that again," he said, earnestly, as she drew up panting, with her sailor hat and hair falling to her shoulders. They had been galloping recklessly over the open crevices in the soil.

"It's quite the nastiest country I ever saw," he said. "It looks as though an earthquake had shaken it open and had forgotten to close it again. Believe me, it is most unsafe and dangerous. Your pony might stumble——" He stopped, as though the possibilities were too serious for words, but the girl laughed.

"It's no more dangerous than riding across our prairie at dusk when you can't see the barbed wire. You are the last person in the world to find fault because a thing is dangerous," she added.

They had reached the farm, where they were to breakfast, and the young Englishman, who was their host, was receiving his guests in his garden and the servants were passing among them, carrying cool drinks and powdered sweets and Turkish coffee. Kalonay gave their ponies to a servant and pointed with his whip to an arbor that stood at one end of the garden.

"May we sit down there a moment until they call us?" he said. "I have news of much importance—and I may not have another chance," he begged, looking at her wistfully. The girl stood motionless, her eyes were serious and she measured the distance down the walk to the arbor as though she saw it beset with dangers more actual than precipices and twisted wire. The Prince watched her, as though his fate was being weighed in his presence.

"Very well," she said at last, and moved on before him down the garden-path.

The arbor was open to the air with a low, broad roof of palm-leaves that overhung it on all sides and left it in deep shadow. Around it were many strange plants and flowers, some native to Morocco and some transplanted from their English home. From where they sat they could see the other guests moving in and out among the groves of orange and olive trees and swaying palms, and standing, outlined against the blue sky, upon the low, flat roof of the farm-house.

"I have dared to ask you to be so good as to give me this moment," the Prince said, humbly, "only because I am going away, and it may be my last chance to speak with you. You do not mind? You do not think I presume?"

"No, I do not mind," said the girl, smiling. "In my country we do not think it a terrible offence to talk to a girl at a garden-party. But you said there was something of importance you wanted to say to me. You mean the expedition?"

"Yes," said Kalonay. "We start this evening."

The girl raised her head slightly and stared past him at the burning white walls and the burning blue sky that lay outside the circle of shadow in which they sat.

"This evening——" she repeated to herself.

"We reach there in two days," Kalonay continued; "and then we—then we go on—until we enter the capital."

The girl's head was bent and she looked at her hands as they lay in her lap and frowned at them, they seemed so white and pretty and useless.

"Yes, you go on," she repeated, "and we stay here. You are a man and able to go on. I know what that means. And you like it," she added, with a glance of mingled admiration and fear. "You are glad to fight and to risk death and to lead men on to kill other men."

Kalonay drew lines in the sand with his riding-whip and did not raise his head.

"I suppose it is because you are fighting for your home," the girl continued, "and to set your country free, and that you can live with your own people again, and because it is a holy war. That must be it. Now that it is really come, I see it all differently. I see things I had not thought about before. They frighten me," she said.

The prince raised his head and faced the girl, clasping the end of his whip nervously in his hand.

"If we should win the island for the King," he said, "I believe it will make a great change in me. I shall be able to go freely then to my home as you say, to live there always, to give up the life I have led on the continent. It has been a foolish life—a dog's life,—and I have no one to blame for it but myself. I made it worse than it need to have been. But if we win I have promised myself that I will not return to it, and if we fail I shall not return to it for the reason that I shall have been killed. I shall have much power if we win. When I say much power, I mean much power in Messina—in that little corner of the world, and I wish to use it worthily and well. I am afraid I should not have thought of it," he went on naively, as though he were trying to be quite fair, "had not Father Paul pointed out to me what I should do, how I could raise the people and stop the abuses which made them drive us from the island. The people must be taxed less heavily, and the money must be spent for them and not for us, on roads and harbors and schools, not at the Palace on banquets and fêtes. These are Father Paul's ideas, not mine—but now I make them mine." He rose and paced the length of the little arbor, his hands clasped behind him and his eyes bent on the ground. "Yes, that is what I mean to do," he said. "That is the way I mean to live. And if we fail, I mean to be among those who are to die on the fortifications of the capital, so that with me the Kalonay family will end, and end fighting for the King as many of my people have done before me. There is no other way. For me there shall be no more idleness nor exile. I must either live on to help my people, or I must die with them." He stopped in his walk and regarded the girl closely. "You may be thinking, it is easy for him to promise this, it is easy to speak of what one will do. I know that. I know that I can point back at nothing I have done that gives me any right to ask you to believe me now. But I do ask it, for if you believe me—believe what I say—it makes it easier for me to tell you why after this I must live worthily. But you know why? You must know, it is not possible that you do not know."

He sat down beside her on the bench leaning forward and crushing his hands together on his knee. "It is because I love you. Because I love you so that everything which is not worthy is hateful to me, myself most of all. It is the only thing that counts. I used to think I knew what love meant, I used to think love was a selfish thing, that needed love in return, that it must be fed on love to live, that it needed vows and tender speeches and caresses, or it would die. I know now that when one truly cares, he does not ask whether the other cares or not. It is what one gives that counts, not what one receives. You have given me nothing—nothing—not a word, nor a look, yet since I have known you I have been more madly happy in just knowing that you live than I would have been had any other woman in all the world thrown herself into my arms and said she loved me above all other men. I am not fit to tell you this. But to-night I go to try myself, either never to see you again, or to come back perhaps more worthy to love you. Think of this when I am gone. Do not speak to me now. I may have made you hate me for speaking so, or I may have made you pity me, so let me go not knowing, just loving you, worshipping you and holding you apart and above all other people. I go to fight for you, do you understand? Not for our church, not for my people, but for you, to live or die for you. And I ask nothing from you but that you will let me love you always."

The Prince bent, and catching up Miss Carson's riding-gloves that lay beside her on the bench, kissed them again and again, and then, rising quickly, walked out of the arbor into the white sunshine and, without turning, mounted his pony and galloped across the burning desert in the direction of Tangier.

Archie Gordon had not been invited to join the excursion into the country, nor would he have accepted it, for he wished to be by himself that he might review the situation and consider what lay before him. He sat with his long legs dangling over the broad rampart which overlooks the harbor of Tangier. He was whistling meditatively to himself and beating an accompaniment to the tune with his heels. At intervals he ceased whistling while he

placed a cigar between his teeth and pulled upon it thoughtfully, resuming his tune again at the point where it had been interrupted. Below him the waves ran up lazily on the level beach and sank again, dragging the long sea-weed with them, as they swept against the sharp rocks, and exposed them for an instant, naked and glistening, in the sun. On either side of him the town stretched to meet the low, white sand-hills in a crescent of low, white houses, pierced by green minarets and royal palms. A warm sun had sent the world to sleep at mid-day, and an enforced peace hung over the glaring white town and the sparkling blue sea. Gordon blinked at the glare, but his eyes showed no signs of drowsiness. They were, on the contrary, awake to all that passed on the high road behind him, and on the sandy beach at his feet, while at the same time his mind was busily occupied in reviewing what had occurred the day before, and in adjusting new conditions. At the hotel he had found that the situation was becoming too complicated, and that it was impossible to feel sure of the truth of anything, or of the sincerity of anyone. Since the luncheon hour the day before he had become a fellow-conspirator with men who were as objectionable to him in every way as he knew he was obnoxious to them. But they had been forced to accept him because, so they supposed, he had them at the mercy of his own pleasure. He knew their secret, and in the legitimate pursuit of his profession he could, if he chose, inform the island of Messina, with the rest of the world, of their intention toward it, and bring their expedition to an end, though he had chosen, as a reward for his silence, to become one of themselves. Only the Countess Zara had guessed the truth, that it was Gordon himself who was at their mercy, and that so long as the American girl persisted in casting her fortunes with them her old young friend was only too eager to make any arrangement with them that would keep him at her side.

It was a perplexing position and Gordon turned it over and over in his mind. Had it not been that Miss Carson had a part in it he would have enjoyed the adventure, as an adventure, keenly. He had no objections to fighting on the side of rascals, or against rascals. He objected

to them only in the calmer moments of private life, and as he was of course ignorant that the expedition was only a make-believe, he felt a certain respect for his fellow-conspirators as men who were willing to stake their lives for a chance of better fortune. But that their bravery was of the kind which would make them hesitate to rob and deceive a helpless girl he very much doubted. For he knew that even the bravest of warriors on their way to battle will requisition a herd of cattle, or stop to loot a temple. The day before Gordon had witnessed the brief ceremony which attended the presentation of the young noblemen from Paris who had volunteered for the expedition in all good faith, and he reviewed it and analyzed it as he sat smoking on the ramparts.

It had been an impressive ceremony, in spite of the fact that so few had taken part in it, but the earnestness of the visitors and the enthusiasm of Kalonay and the priest had made up for the lack of numbers. The scene had appealed to him as one of the most dramatic he had witnessed in the pursuit of a calling in which looking on at real dramas was the most frequent duty, and he had enjoyed the strange mixture of ancient terms of address and titles with the modern manners of the men themselves. It had interested him to watch Baron Bar-rat bring out the ancient crown and jewelled sceptre which had been the regalia of all the Kings of Messina since the Crusades and spread them out upon a wicker tea-table, from which Niccolas had just removed some empty coffee-cups, half filled with the ends of cigarettes, some yellow-backed novels and a copy of the *Paris Figaro*. It was also interesting to him to note how the sight of the little heir apparent affected both the peasants from the mountains and the young nobles from the Club Royal. The former fell upon their knees with the tears rolling down the furrows in their tanned cheeks, while the little wise-eyed boy stood clinging to his nurse's skirts with one hand and to his father's finger with the other, and nodded his head at them gravely like a toy Mandarin.

Then the King had addressed them in a dignified, earnest, and almost eloquent speech, and had promised much and prophesied the best of fortunes, and then, at the

last, had turned suddenly toward Miss Carson, where she stood in the background between her mother and Father Paul.

"Every cause has its Joan of Arc, or its Maria Theresa," he cried, looking steadfastly at Miss Carson. "No cause has succeeded without some good woman to aid it. To help us, my friends, we have a daughter of the people, as was Joan of Arc, and a queen as was Maria Theresa, for she comes from that country where every woman is a queen in her own right, and where the love of liberty is inherent." The King took a quick step backward, and taking Miss Carson's hand drew her forward beside him and placed her facing his audience, while the girl made vain efforts to withdraw her hand. "This is she," he said, earnestly, "the true daughter of the Church who has made it possible for us to return to our own again. It is due to her that the King of Messina shall sit once more on his throne, it is through her generosity alone that the churches will rise from their ruins and that you will once again hear the Angelus ring across the fields at sunset. Remember her, my friends and cousins, pray for her as a saint upon earth, and fight gloriously to help her to success!"

Gordon had restrained himself with difficulty while this scene was being enacted; he could not bear the thought of the King touching the girl's hand. He struggled to prevent himself from crying out at the false position into which he had dragged her, and yet there was something so admirably sincere in the King's words, something so courteous and manly, that it robbed his words of all the theatrical effect they held, and his tribute to the girl filled even Gordon with an emotion which on the part of the young nobles found expression in cheer upon cheer.

Gordon recalled these cheers and the looks of wondering admiration which had been turned upon Miss Carson, and he grew so hot at the recollection that he struck the wall beside him savagely with his clenched fist, and damned the obstinacy of his young and beautiful friend with a sincerity and vigor that was the highest expression of his interest in her behalf.

He threw his cigar into the rampart at his feet and dropped back into the high road.

It was deserted at the time, except for the presence of a tall, slightly built stranger who advanced toward him from the city gates. The man was dressed in garments of European fashion and carried himself like a soldier, and Gordon put him down at a glance as one of the volunteers from Paris. The stranger was walking leisurely, stopping to gaze at the feluccas in the bay and then turning to look up at the fortress on the hill. He seemed to have no purpose in his walk except the interest of a tourist, and as he drew up even with Gordon he raised his helmet politely and greeting him in English, asked if he were on the right road to the Bashaw's Palace. Gordon pointed to where the white walls of the palace rose above the other white walls about it.

"That is it," he said. "All the roads lead to it. You keep going up hill."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I see I have taken a long way." He put his white umbrella in the sand, and, removing his helmet, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "It is a curious old town, Tangier," he said, affably, "but too many hills, is it not so? Algiers I like better. There is more life."

"Yes, Algiers is almost as good as the boulevard," Gordon assented, "if you like the boulevards. I prefer this place because it is unspoiled. But, as you say, there is not much to do here."

The stranger's eyes fell upon the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, which stood a quarter of a mile away from them on the beach.

"That is the Hôtel Bretagne, is it not?" he asked. Gordon answered him with a nod.

"The King Louis of Messina, so the chasseur at the hotel tells me, is stopping there en suite?" the stranger added, with an interrogative air of one who volunteers an interesting fact, and who asks if it is true at the same moment.

"I can't say, I'm sure," Gordon replied. "I only arrived here yesterday."

The stranger bowed his head in recognition of this piece of personal information, and, putting on his helmet, picked up his umbrella as though to continue his stroll. As he did so his eyes wandered over the harbor and were arrested with apparent interest by the yacht, which lay, a conspicu-

ous object, on the blue water. He pointed at it with his umbrella.

"One of your English men-of-war is in the harbor, I see. She is very pretty, but not large; not so large as many," he said.

Gordon turned his head obligingly and gazed at the yacht with polite interest. "Is that a man-of-war? I thought it was a yacht," he said. "I'm not familiar with the English war vessels. I am an American."

"Ah, indeed!" commented the affable stranger. "I am French myself, but I think she is a man-of-war. I saw her guns when I passed on the steamer from Gibraltar."

Gordon knew that the steamer did not pass within half a mile of where the yacht lay at anchor, but he considered it might be possible to see her decks with the aid of a glass.

"You may be right," he answered, indifferently. As he turned his eyes from the boat he saw a woman, dressed in white and carrying a parasol, leave the gardens of the Hôtel Bretagne, and come toward them along the beach. The Frenchman, following the direction of his eyes, saw her also, and regarded her instantly with such evident concern that Gordon, who had recognized her even at that distance as the Countess Zara, felt assured that his inquisitor held, as he had already suspected, more than a tourist's interest in Tangier.

"Well, I will wish you a good-morning," said the Frenchman, hurriedly.

"Good-morning," Gordon replied, and taking a cigar from his case, he seated himself again upon the rampart. As he walked away the stranger glanced back over his shoulder, but Gordon was apparently absorbed in watching the waves below him, and had lost all interest in his chance acquaintance. But he watched both the woman and the Frenchman as they advanced slowly from opposite directions and drew nearer together, and he was not altogether surprised, when the man was within twenty feet of her, to see her start and stand still, and then, with the indecision of a hunted animal, move uncertainly, and then turn and run in the direction of the hotel. Something the man apparently called after her caused her to stop, and Gordon observed them now with undisguised interest as they stood conversing

together, oblivious of the conspicuous mark they made on the broad white beach under the brilliant sun.

"I wonder what he's up to now?" Gordon mused. "He was trying to pump me, that's evident, and he certainly recognized the lady, and she apparently did not want to recognize him. I wonder if he is a rejected lover, or another conspirator. This is a most amusing place, nothing but plots and counterplots and— Hello!" he exclaimed aloud. The man had moved quickly past Madame Zara, and had started toward the hotel, and Zara had held out her hand to him, as though to entreat him to remain. But he did not stop, and she had taken a few uncertain steps after him, and had then, much to the American's dismay, fallen limply on her back on the soft sand. She was not a hundred yards distant from where he sat, and in an instant he had slipped from the wall, and dropped on his hands and knees on the beach below. When Gordon reached her the Frenchman had returned, and was supporting her head on his knee and covering her head with her parasol.

"The lady has fainted!" he exclaimed, eagerly. His manner was no longer one of idle indolence. He was wide awake now and visibly excited.

"The sun has been too much for her," he said. "It is most dangerous walking about at this time of day."

Gordon ran down the beach and scooped up some water in his helmet, and dipping his handkerchief in it bathed her temples and cheek. He had time to note that she was a very beautiful girl, and the pallor of her face gave it a touch of gentleness that he had not seen there before.

"I will go to the hotel and bring assistance," said the stranger, uneasily, as the woman showed signs of regaining consciousness.

"No," said Gordon, "you'll stay where you are and shade her with her umbrella. She'll be all right in a minute."

The girl opened her eyes and looking up saw Gordon bending over her. She regarded him for a moment and made an effort to rise, and in her endeavor to do so her eyes met those of the Frenchman, and with a sharp moan she shut them again and threw herself from Gordon's knee to the sand.

"Give me that umbrella," said Gordon, "and go stand over there out of the way."

The man rose from his knee without showing any resentment and walked some little distance away where he stood with his arms folded, looking out to sea. He seemed much too occupied with something of personal interest to concern himself with a woman's fainting-spell. The girl lifted herself slowly to her elbow, and then, before Gordon could assist her, rose with a quick, graceful movement and stood erect upon her feet. She placed a detaining hand for an instant on the American's arm.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I am afraid I have been imprudent in going out into the sun." Her eyes were fixed upon the Frenchman, who stood moodily staring at the sea and tearing one of his finger-nails with his teeth. He seemed utterly oblivious of their presence. The girl held out her hand for the parasol she had dropped and took it from Gordon with a bow.

"May I walk back with you to your hotel?" he asked. "Unless this gentleman——"

"Thank you," the girl said in tones which the Frenchman could have easily overheard had he been listening. "I am quite able to go alone now, it is only a step."

She was still regarding the Frenchman closely, but as he was obviously unconscious of them she moved so that Gordon hid her from him, and in an entirely different voice she said, speaking rapidly:

"You are Mr. Gordon, the American who joined us last night. That man is a spy from Messina. He is Renauld, the commander-in-chief of their army. He must be gotten away from here at once. It is a matter for a man to attend to. Will you do it?"

"How do you know this?" Gordon asked. "How do you know he is General Renauld? I want to be certain."

The girl tossed her head impatiently.

"He was pointed out to me at Messina. I saw him there in command at a review. He has just spoken to me, that was what frightened me into that fainting-spell. I didn't think I was so weak," she said, shaking her head. "He offered me a bribe to inform him of our plans. I tell you he is a spy."

"That's all right," said Gordon, reassuringly, "you go back to the hotel now and send those guards here on a run. I'll make a charge against him and have him locked up until after we sail to-night. Hurry, please, I'll stay here."

Gordon felt a pleasurable glow of excitement. It was his nature to throw himself into everything he did and to at once become a partisan. It was a quality which made his writings attractive to the reader, and an object of concern to his editor. At the very word "spy," and at this first hint of opposition to the cause in which he had but just enlisted, he thrilled as though it had always been his own, and he regarded the Frenchman with a personal dislike as sudden as it was unfounded.

The Frenchman had turned and was walking in the direction of the city gate. His eyes were bent on the sandy beach which stretched before him, and he made his way utterly unmindful of the waves that stole up to his feet and left little pools of water in his path. Gordon beckoned impatiently to the two soldiers, who came running toward him at the hotel, and moved forward to meet them the sooner. He took one of them by the wrist and pointed with his other hand at the retreating figure of the Frenchman.

"That man," he said, "is one of the King's enemies. The King is in danger while that man is here. Your duty is to protect the King, so he gives this foreigner into your charge."

The soldier nodded his head in assent.

"The King himself sent us," he replied.

"You will place him in the Civil Prison," Gordon continued, "until the King is safe on his yacht, and you will not allow him to send for the French Consul-General. If he sees the Consul-General he will tell him a great many lies about you, and a great war-ship will come and your Bashaw will be forced to pay the foreigners much money. I will go with you and tell this man in his own tongue what you are going to do with him."

They walked hurriedly after the Frenchman and when they had overtaken him Gordon halted and bowed.

"One moment, please," he said. "These soldiers have an order for your arrest. I speak the language, and if you

have any thing to say to them I will interpret for you."

The Frenchman stared from Gordon to the guards and then laughed incredulously but with no great confidence. He had much to say, but he demanded to know first why he should be arrested.

"The lady you insulted," Gordon answered, gravely, "happened, unfortunately for you, to be one of the King's guests. She has complained to him and he has sent these soldiers to put you where you cannot trouble her again. You see, sir, you cannot annoy women with impunity even in this barbarous country."

"Insult her! I did not insult her," the man retorted. "That is not the reason I am arrested."

"You annoyed her so much that she fainted. I saw you," said Gordon, backing away with the evident purpose of abandoning the foreigner to his guards.

"She has lied," the man cried, "either to the King or to me. I do not know which, but I am here to find out. That is why I came to Tangier, and I intend to learn the truth."

"You've begun rather badly," Gordon answered, as he still retreated. "In the Civil Prison your field of investigation will be limited."

The Frenchman took a hasty step toward him, shrugging off the hand one of the soldiers had placed on his shoulder.

"Are you the Prince Kalonay, sir?" he demanded. "But surely not," he added.

"No, I am not the Prince," Gordon answered. "I bid you good-morning, sir."

"Then you are on the other side," the man called after him eagerly, with a tone of great relief. "I have been right from the very first. I see it plainly. It is a double plot and you are one of that woman's dupes. Listen to me—I beg of you, listen to me—I have a story to tell."

Gordon paused and looked back at the man over his shoulder, doubtfully.

"It's like the Arabian Nights," he said, with a puzzled smile. "There was once a rich merchant of Bagdad and the Sultan was going to execute him, but they put off the execution until he could tell them the story of the Beautiful Countess and the French Envoy. I am sorry," he added, shaking his head, "but I cannot listen

now. I must not be seen talking to you at all and every one can see us here."

They were as conspicuous figures on the flat surface of the beach as two palms in a desert, and Gordon was most anxious to escape, for he was conscious that he could be observed from every point in the town. A hundred yards away, on the terrace of the hotel, he saw the King, Madame Zara, Barrat, and Erhaupt standing together watching them.

"If the American leaves him now, we are safe," the King was saying. He spoke in a whisper, as though he feared that even at that distance Gordon and the Frenchman could overhear his words. "But if he remains with him he will find out the truth, and that means ruin. He will ruin us."

"Look, he is coming this way," Zara answered. "He is leaving him. The danger is past."

The Frenchman raised his eyes and saw the four figures grouped closely together on the terrace.

"See, what did I tell you?" he cried. "She is with the King now. It is a plot within a plot, and I believe you know it," he added, furiously. "You are one of these brave blackmailers yourself—that is why you will not let me speak."

"Blackmailers!" said Gordon. "Confound your impudence, what the devil do you mean by that?"

But the Frenchman was staring angrily at the distant group on the terrace and Gordon turned his eyes in the same direction. Something he saw in the strained and eager attitude of the four conspirators moved him to a sudden determination.

"That will do, you must go," he commanded, pointing with his arm toward the city gate, and before the Frenchman could reply, he gave an order to the guards and they seized the foreigner roughly by either arm and hurried him away.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the King, piously. "They have separated, and the boy thinks he is rendering us great service. Well, and so he is, the young fool."

The group on the piazza remained motionless watching Gordon as he leisurely lit a cigar and stood looking out at the harbor until the Frenchman had disappeared inside the city wall. Then he turned and walked slowly after him.

"I do not like that. I do not like his following him," said Barrat, suspiciously.

"That is nothing," answered the King. "He is going to play the spy and see that the man is safely in jail. Then he will return and report to us. We must congratulate him warmly. He follows at a discreet distance you observe, and keeps himself well out of sight. The boy knows better than to compromise himself by being seen in conversation with the man. Of course, if Renauld is set free we must say we had no part in his arrest, that the American made the arrest on his own authority. What a convenient tool the young man is. Why, his coming really frightened us at first, and now—now we make a catspaw of him." The King laughed merrily. "We undervalue ourselves sometimes, do we not?"

"He is a nice boy," said Zara. "I feel rather sorry for him. He looked so anxious and distressed when I was so silly as to faint on the beach just now. He handled me as tenderly as a woman would have done—not that women have generally handled me tenderly," she added.

"I was thinking the simile was rather misplaced," said the King.

Gordon passed the city wall and heard the gates swing to behind him. The Frenchman and his two captors were just ahead, toiling heavily up the steep and narrow street. Gordon threw his cigar from him and ran leaping over the huge cobbles to the Frenchman's side and touched him on the shoulder.

"We are out of sight of the hotel, now, General," he said. He pointed to the dark, cool recesses of a coffee-shop and held back the rug that hung before it. "Come in here," he said. "And tell me that story."

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTERY OF MAY

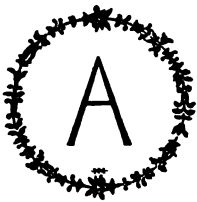
By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

I KNEW the trees would leaf and hedge-rows bloom this year—
But failing Him, I hardly dream they will return ;
For they were each unto His forest-heart so dear
That surely they will sigh and listen till they learn
The silent winter-way His life has lately gone,
And shaken by the strangeness of so drear a May—
Still seeking Him, will follow on ; a lorn
And baffled company in green array.

He never did so late out-sleep the birds before !
It seems that even now the spring must guess—
One spirit lost she never can restore ;
The awful secret of her loneliness.

ANTON SEIDL

By H. E. Krehbiel



FEELING very much akin to dismay has filled the music-lovers of New York since Anton Seidl died suddenly on the night of March 28th last. Until he was gone, it was hard to realize how large a place he had filled in the musical economy not only of New York, but the world. The realization is growing more and more vivid as men discuss the manner of man and musician he must be who shall become his successor. His death left a gap in the operatic forces of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Covent Garden, London ; robbed the Philharmonic Society of New York of a conductor under whom it enjoyed six seasons of unexampled prosperity ; weakened the artistic props of the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth, which have been more and more in need of fortification as the enterprise has gained in worldly wealth ; orphaned a number of undertakings which looked to the edification and entertainment of the people of the United States and Canada in the course of coming seasons. He was with-

in a step of the attainment of a position quite without parallel in the history of musical conductors in respect of the scope and influence which would have been opened to his labors, when he died ; and this it is that makes his death seem so utterly grievous and disastrous. It was a loss not to one community, but to many ; not to a single artistic institution, but to art itself. Mr. Seidl's activities in New York compassed twelve seasons. He came in the fall of 1885, to be the first conductor of the German opera, then domiciled at the Metropolitan Opera House, and he remained at the head of that notable institution until Messrs. Abbey & Grau and their Italian cohorts overthrew the German *régime* in 1891. When his labors ended at the opera, they began with the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Theodore Thomas, who had long been the conductor of the society, went to Chicago in 1891, and Mr. Seidl became his successor at the beginning of the season 1891-92. In that season performances in Italian were resumed at the Opera, and Mr. Seidl's labors were confined to the concert-room. So they were during the season of 1892-93, when the destruction of the

interior of the Metropolitan Opera House made operatic representations impossible. In the next two seasons Mr. Seidl conducted the Sunday-night concerts given by Messrs. Abbey & Grau, but the director's desk at the Opera House did not know him till German was added to the official operatic languages, in the fall of 1895. Then he again became a Metropolitan Opera conductor, and so remained, extending his labors to London in the spring of 1897, and to Bayreuth in the summer of the same year. He was under contract to conduct the representations of Wagner's lyric dramas in London in the season soon to open, and here in the season 1898-99. But this does not sum up the range of his action. During the entire period of his American residence, he conducted a vast majority of the orchestral concerts given under other auspices than those of the institutions mentioned, and he was extending his activities more and more widely with each year, so that it may correctly be said that, had he lived to carry out the plans which he had laid down for the next season here and abroad, he would have been unique among the world's conductors in the variety and extent of his labors and the reach of his influence. This fact is in itself a proof of the strong personality of the man. Had he been the most skilful master of orchestral and operatic routine in the world, or the most accomplished academician in his field, and nothing more, he could not have so impressed himself upon contemporary music, could not have made the need of himself felt in such a degree in two hemispheres.

What manner of man and musician, then, was he? More distinctively than any of his colleagues, even those whose training was like unto his, a product of the tendencies given to reproductive art by Richard Wagner. He represented those tendencies in all their aspects, positive and negative, creative and destructive, progressive and regressive. In all the things wherein his greatness lay, he was the embodiment of an authority which asked no justification and brooked no denial. Outside his specific field he was an empiric—one of a noble sort, like Wagner himself, indeed, but an empiric, nevertheless. He had no patience with theories, but a won-

drous love for experiences. In him, impulse dominated reflection, emotion shamed logic. It was much to his advantage that he came among an impressionable people with the prestige of a Wagnerian oracle and archon, and much to the advantage of the cult to which he was devoted that he made that people "experience" the lyric dramas of his master in the same sense that a good Methodist "experiences" religion, rather than to "like" them. He was a young man when he came, but he had been for six years the musical secretary of Wagner and a member of his household. Before then he had studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, and worked in a modest capacity at the Vienna Opera. There he came under the eyes of Hans Richter, who sent him to Wagner to perform the duties which had once been his. During all the preparations for the first Bayreuth festival, he was one of the poet-composer's executive officers. He participated in the artistic management of the stage during the performances of 1876, and afterward conducted the preliminary rehearsals for the concerts which Wagner gave in London and elsewhere in the hope of recouping himself for the losses made at the festival. Then, on Wagner's recommendation, he was appointed conductor at the Municipal Theatre of Leipsic, later of Angelo Neumann's "Richard Wagner Theatre," which gave representations of "The Ring of the Nibelung" in many cities of Germany, Holland, England, and Italy, and still later of the Municipal Theatre in Bremen—the post which he held when the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch created a vacancy for him in New York. All this he had accomplished before his thirty-fifth year (he was born in Pesth on May 7, 1850), and he was not yet thirty when Wagner, in a speech delivered in Berlin, alluded to him as "the young artist whom I have brought up, and who now is accomplishing astounding things." Naturally, when he came to New York, he was looked upon as a repository of Wagnerian tradition—a prophet, priest, and paladin.

It was not given to Mr. Seidl's friends to observe traces of his academic training except as they may have been preserved in his skill at the pianoforte. He was by open confession—so, at least, do I interpret

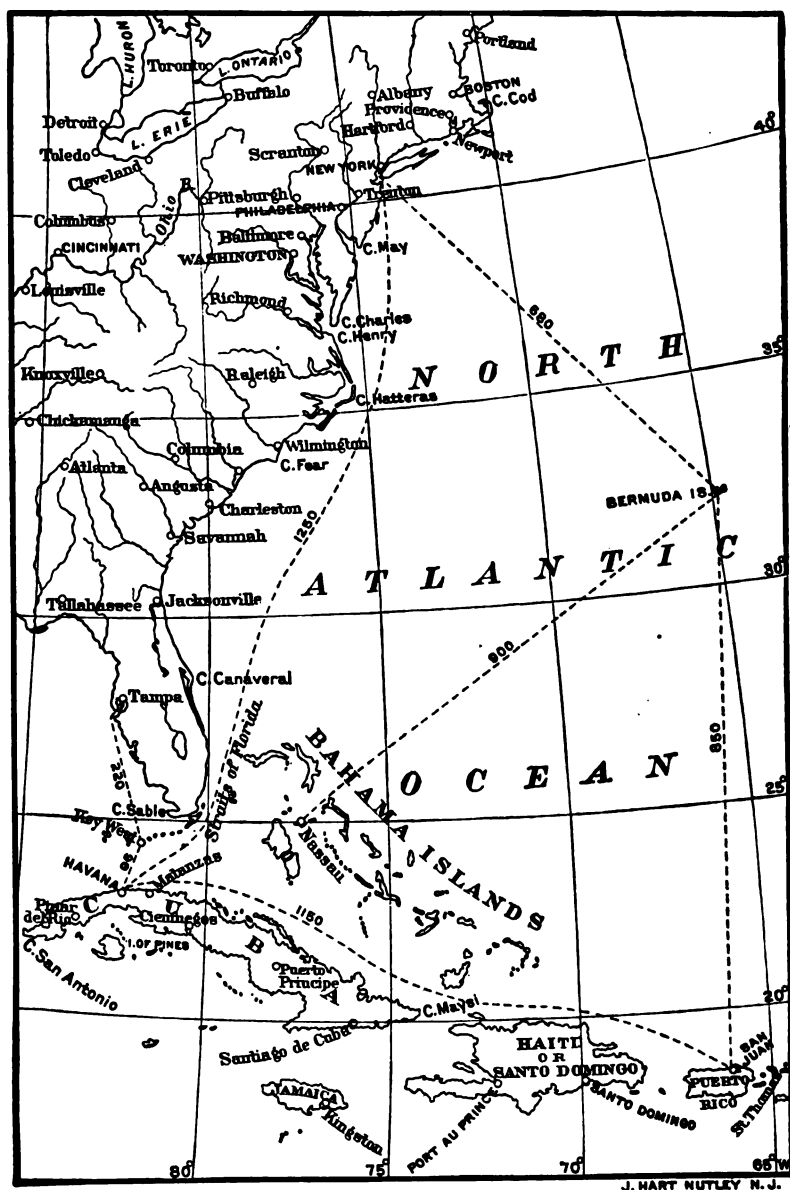
some of his expressions—what the Germans call a *Naturalist*. His branch of musical practice was the reproductive, and he believed conducting to be an art which in its truest estate could be acquired only by plenary inspiration. It is commonly said that he was first a pupil of Hans Richter in the art, but he never said so himself. On the contrary, he said publicly that Richter had become a conductor without lessons, and that, though he had made earnest studies of Beethoven and Wagner with Richter, he had never troubled himself with technical practice in the manipulation of the bâton. What he learned in this direction he learned chiefly by standing at the side of Wagner, listening for him, and noting the methods which Wagner employed to make his players one with him in understanding, feeling, and aim. Only once have I known him to mention a technical feature of the conductor's art which he deliberately adopted from another's method. He used the Munich Conductor Levi's manner of beating time in recitatives. For the rest, he depended upon himself—his influence at the moment, his knowledge of the music, his consciousness of command over men. The first essential in conducting he held to be complete devotion to the music in hand. The conductor must penetrate to the heart of the composition, and be set aglow by its flames. That done, he must make his proclamation big and vital, full of red blood, sincere, and assertive—assertive even in its misconceptions. He had no room in his convictions for mere refinement of nuance or precision of execution. Too much elaboration of detail he thought injurious to the general effect.

These beliefs were entirely consistent with his tastes, temperament, and training, all of which were largely, perhaps one might say hugely, dramatic. His heart went out to music which told a story or painted a picture, and in the presentation of such compositions he became all-compellingly eloquent. Sometimes, too, he found picturesque elements in most unexpected

places, as, for instance, in the variations which make up the last movement of Brahms's symphony in E minor.

As a rule, Brahms's music lay beyond the horizon of his sympathies, but this tremendous Passacaglia seemed to warm him, and he read it better than he did anything else of him who was the master symphonist of his age. Despite his belief that an ounce of gift outweighed a pound of schooling in the art which he practised, and that finish in detail was wholly subordinate to general effect, nothing was plainer to the careful observer of Mr. Seidl's recreative processes (for such all of his readings were) than that it was his knowledge of the potency of details, and his capacity for lifting those of essential value into prominence, upon which his superb triumphs depended. As a master of climax, I have never met his equal; and he attained his climaxes, in which the piling of Pelion on Ossa by other men was exceeded, by the most patient and reposeful accumulation of material, its proper adjustment, and its firm maintenance in popular notice when once it had been gained. The more furious the tempest of passion which he worked up, the more firmly did he hold the forces in rein until the moment arrived when they were to be loosed, so that all would be swept away in the *mêlée*. None of his *confrères* of Bayreuthian antecedents can work so directly, so elementally, upon an audience as did he. With him in the chair, it was only the most case-hardened critic who could think of comparative *tempi* and discriminate between means of effect. As for the rest, professional and layman, dilettante and ignorant, their souls were his to play with so they were at all susceptible to the kind of music which he preached as an evangel. Puissant as he was when conducting "Fidelio," or putting a symphony or opera "through the Wagnerian sieve"—as Albert Niemann once described the process to which he had subjected "La Juive," much to the vitalization of the old French work—he was transfigured when he conducted "Parsifal" or "Tristan und Isolde."

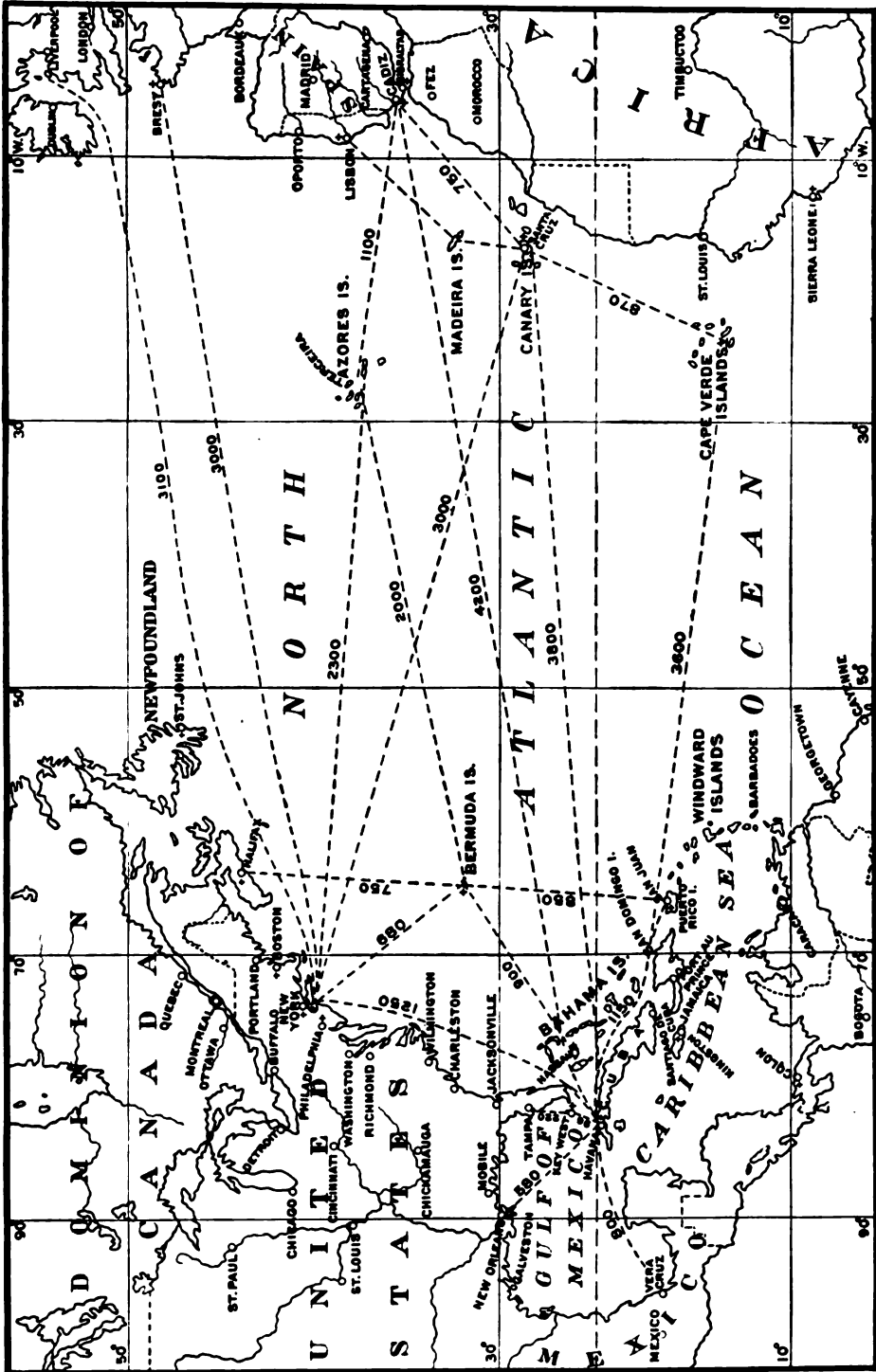
A GROUP OF WAR MAPS



THE UNITED STATES COAST, THE WEST INDIES, AND THE WESTERN ATLANTIC.

Distances are given in geographical or sea miles, sixty miles to a degree of latitude.

A Group of War Maps

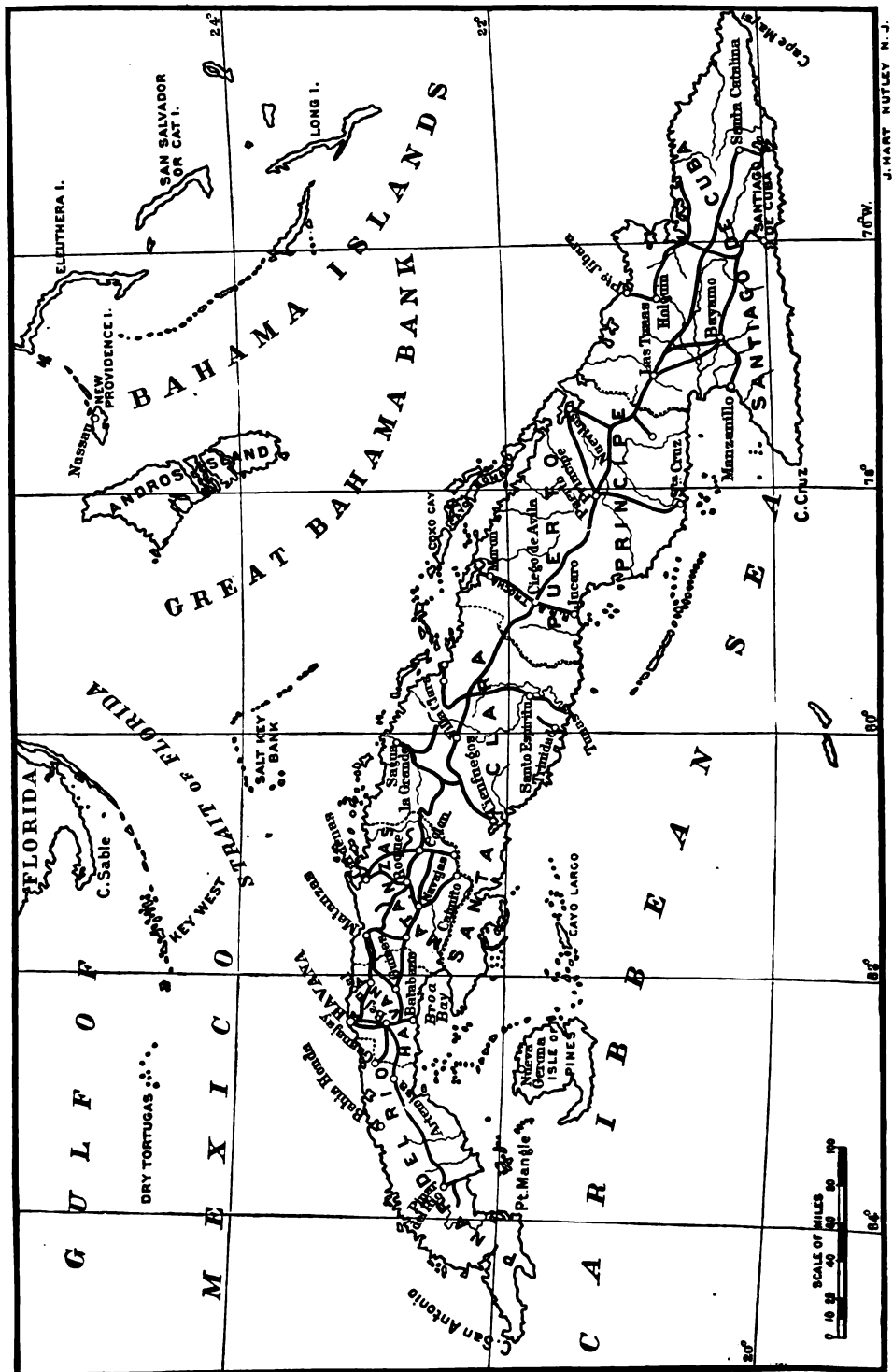


THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

(Mercator's Projection.)

Small crosses indicate the location of important coaling stations.

A Group of War Maps



THE POINT OF VIEW

A NEW York musical critic not long since commented upon a remark made by Mr. John Burroughs to the effect that music belonged to the sensuous, as opposed to the intellectual, pleasures of life. What Mr. Burroughs had said exactly was that, while there could never be but one "first time" in intellectual experiences—while, even though one might return to the same author again and again, the pleasure of each reading, save in exceptional cases, could only be a lesser degree of the first pleasure—one could listen to a "favorite piece of music" with equally keen delight any number of times; even as one could enjoy, without diminished freshness of impression, the repeated sight of beautiful colors, or the repeated taste of certain flavors, or odor of certain perfumes. Now, this was, of course, to state quite accurately the way in which people who are not musicians think and feel about music. Music is the most popular of the arts, and makes the most universal, and the surest, appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. But it makes that appeal to the vast majority precisely in the fashion in which Mr. Burroughs gives us to understand that it makes it to him. The musical critic in question knew that well enough. He would not probably quarrel with the sensuous, musical effects that soothe the traditional savage breast, or electrify fighting bands, or quiet the nerves of homely persons engaged in the prosaic struggle with every-day cares. Such effects are too useful and solacing to be quarrelled with. Nor would he expect—why should he?—the semi-civilized individual, or the soldier, or the house-keeper, or accountant, to comprehend that, while to them music is a sensuous relief and pleasure only, it is to the musician a profoundly intellectual joy and interest. What he objected to was that a writer like Mr. Burroughs—a man of his intellectual perceptions—should know so little about a sister-art; so little as to be unable to do more than share, with respect to it, the views and sentiments of the ignorant.

The complaint of musicians—that most literary people appear to know nothing what-

ever of music, and are continually expressing themselves in the most misleading and absurd way about it—is becoming familiar. And very fortunately so. So many grotesque examples have been held before the public eye, examples of novelists who, because they felt the sensuous effects of music, thought that they were qualified to expatiate and to philosophize upon it as a part of life, that further illustration is unnecessary. George du Maurier is, perhaps, the most striking recent instance of a literary man and an artist deeply moved by music, and yet a mere child in his notions of it. There is, however, a side to this matter which the average musical critic, with all his very just impatience of the ordinary man of letters' musical vagaries, does not seem to consider. If there be little intellectual understanding of music, it is he, the average musical critic, who is very largely responsible for the fact. At least, one can certainly say that if more musical writers could escape from their esoteric atmosphere, and see their chosen subject more in its relation to the whole intellectual and emotional life of man—if they would encourage themselves a little more to be philosophers and poets as well as technicians—there would be less excuse for the frequent density, as regards music, of people whose minds are otherwise enlightened enough. There is at present very little musical criticism that is in the least degree suggestive to a layman. And that this is so is a subject of general interest, for the consequent loss to the intellectual life of the world is very great.

We have but to think of hours spent with Ruskin, or Taine, or Walter Pater, to realize what we owe, what the whole thought of man owes, to the philosophical and imaginative criticism of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The artist, the architect, may find technical lapses in the treatment by such men of special works of art. But that the spirit of art has by them been justly apprehended, and that this apprehension has been used to illumine, to illustrate, and incomparably to enrich the many phases of the general life of man, is what the world is concerned with

Music, not being an art whose ideas express themselves in forms that can be seen with the eye and touched with the hand, does not lend itself, in the same degree as the concrete arts, to critical exposition that will be readily understood by the multitude and awaken manifold analogies in their minds. Yet there is no sufficient reason why so much musical criticism should seem as cold, dry, and abstract to the uninitiated as so many mathematical formulæ.

There is no sufficient reason why it should contain no message, have no suggestiveness for them. It is often possible, though perhaps it is not easy, so to treat a purely musical topic that it will convey something to the imagination of those who have no particular musical instinct. There are one or two French critics of music—notably M. Camille Bellaigue—who make frequently successful attempts in this direction. If the subject be, for instance, the earliest music of which we have a record, the newly discovered Delphic hymn to Apollo, the layman is made to behold the monotonous melodic phrase of it—rising and sinking by semi-tones—in the time and in the surroundings which belonged to it. It takes its place in the clear atmosphere and in the placid landscape of early Greece, and is perceived not to have then and there seemed monotonous, and thin, and bare, as it must seem to modern ears; but, in its simplicity and delicate, chromatic inflections, to have satisfied the fine senses of the Greeks, who could seize imperceptible gradations of effects in all the arts that now escape us,

and who sought in music, not an emotional intoxication, as we too often do, but a suave yet austere pleasure that had power to compose the mind and to bring order to the movements of the soul.

The changes of musical taste, the evolution of musical forms, throw light on other processes of human thought. Without lessening the value of musical erudition, one cannot but think how much the mass of persons might profit by a species of popularization in musical criticism that would enable them to detect these analogies. The stimulating writings on art that I have referred to make those who are neither painters, nor sculptors, nor architects, *see* a little of what painters, and sculptors, and architects themselves *see*, to the consequent enlargement of all their vision. Now, the difference between the musician and the man who is not musical lies precisely in this: That the latter only hears music, while the musician also *sees* it. I said that music was not an art the forms of whose ideas could be seen with the eye. Not with the bodily eye. But, with the musician, an inner eye is open that sees, reads, looks on, where to others there is a surge of sound. By helping those others to see, also to use their brains and not alone their senses in the enjoyment of music, a great service can be rendered to general culture. In short, music can be more closely related, on the intellectual side, to that general culture; and it is important that it should be. A deepening of the mental as well as of the emotional experience will come to us through these channels.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS AND THE SUMMER

EVERY summer, it is said, painters and even landscape painters are to be found in town, not detained by stress of fate but from mere preference, well content, with none of that craving for things growing in the open which comes with the burgeoning of spring and ceases only with the dead white of winter, and to some not ceasing even then. By town is meant New York, or some possible congener; for be it understood there are towns and towns. One harks back in memory to many a poetic and inspiring little city huddled on a hilltop, with wide view of plain, peaks, and large sky; to greater cities of the plain, with picturesque glimpses of river stretches spanned by graceful bridges, constructed by artists, not iron-mongers, where the surcease of daily toil is enhanced by the mere doing of nothing in a sympathetic *milieu*; to big, bustling cities yonder, beyond the seas, with their charm of environment, their delicious rural nooks where a painter can daily satisfy his soul's yearnings even though he be forced to forego those low sweet songs of night which the nature-lover knows so well. In cis-Atlantic regions, too, there are many so-called provincial towns that are not without pictorial possibilities or poetic allurements. The stately elm-shaded avenues, the tranquil green squares, the columned porches and pilastered façades, the old-fashioned gardens with their aroma of box and dash of hollyhocks are very dear and inspiring to the contemplative mind. But none of these amenities are for the New Yorker. Take from him the relatively cool and airy spaciousness of his club, which in its way is a little provincial town, and nothing remains. In an oppressive heat, in a stuffy closet, called a bedroom by the real estate agent, in an incandescent studio, the painter plies his *métier*. Our habits and hours are the same in summer as in winter. Under an almost tropical sun we regulate our routine according to the exigencies of trade, not according to the dictates of clim-

ate. No concession is made to temperature. No early morning work, no siesta at noon, no second innings of labor in the late afternoon, as in recognized hot climates, where there are alleviations; but one prolonged, fierce effort, regardless of the thermometer, till the work is done—a feverish desire apparently to get rid of an odious task as soon as possible and away from it. Occasionally a plutocrat tells us that he likes the summer life of the city with its potentialities of pleasure—and his possibilities of escape, it may be added. So the plutocrat may. His tastes are not ours, nor his ambitions, nor, what is much more to the point, his purse. Artists flock to the city primarily “to get along,” and when their business season is over (avowedly the word business is used) should, and as a rule do go elsewhere if they can. Secondly there are other attractions, those attractions that the intensity of life offers to every ambitious or altruistic man. The privilege to seize the proffered opportunity, to exploit the favoring chance, personally to contribute to some great and beneficent cause are well worth much discomfort. The most confirmed recluse cannot but appreciate these fillips to action, even if he do not take advantage of them. Such stimulants, however, cannot form the steady diet of the imaginative man. They excite his nerves for a time, but build no permanent tissue. The trouble is that the whole attraction of New York is so-called Life; there is nothing but life; no beautiful background, no lovely setting, no charm of environment. When, for a brief holiday space, the daily throb of life ceases and one sees things as they are, unbefogged by the din of action, then the ugliness of it is disheartening, as depressing as the spectacle of a disused, bankrupt factory.

To keep close to nature, to commune with her, to profit by her myriad suggestions has ever been a recognized law of imaginative production, both literary and artistic. A vivid imagination operating upon nature is constantly acquiring new strength from fresh sources. An equally vivid imagination operating solely

upon tradition must ultimately grow stale, or at least fail permanently to interest. It would be an act of supererogation to insist on the landscape painter's intimacy with his subject-matter. The out-of-door feeling is a part of every painter's equipment nowadays, figure or even portrait painter. Mastery of landscape is a modern acquisition, our great triumph, in fact. Yet comparatively few know (or knowing, practise) the inestimable profit that may be derived by artists, following the so-called decorative branches, from companionship with pregnant nature. Not that nature is the all in all, by any means. She is not technique, she is not vocabulary, so to speak, not anatomy, not perspective, nor grammar of ornament, nor the "orders"—not any of these things; but she is that which vitalizes them all, fructifies all. Suppose, my decorator, or you, my architectural friend, glean all your "properties" from photographs, from books, from monuments. Won't you always follow but never lead, as Michelangelo concisely puts it? Wherein does the eternal charm of Renaissance ornament lie, by way of example, the freshness that differentiates it from the antique—for it is not merely a reproduction, not only a "rebirth," but a new life with the old beauty, plus the fresh young beauty that an ardent study of things living has added? Look at your Ghiberti doors, your Robbia majolicas, your Mino tabernacles, your Sangallo capitals, your Raphael loggias, your Udini grotesques; nay, look at your Peruzzi, or even your great Bramante details, they all vibrate with life. These names are cited hap-hazard because they are in odor of sanctity just now; but also take into consideration the range of Gothic ornament. Go into the country, my friends; study the fresh greens and blossoms of springtime, the lush growth of summer, the mellow ripening fruits of autumn; study the suggestive forms of plant life, of tree life, the silhouette of hill-tops against twilight skies, the majesty of piled-up clouds—study these things and your work will be the better for it. Profit by the endless color harmonies of nature, harmonies of which the liveliest imagination would never dream. Do you want to know exactly what shade of green best suits a flaming vermilion? then see with what leaves nature has accompanied the great oriental poppy: what green most enhances blazing orange? then note the foliage of the homely sunflower: what tone harmonizes with a quiet purple? then

observe the verdure of the climbing clematis: what blue gives agreeable value to olive hues? then look at the willows shimmering against a breezy sky: and so on *ad infinitum*. The supply is exhaustless; while prototypes and traditions are finite. Valuable as they are, *per se*, they do not suffice; they must be fortified by an infusion of life. All the greater need is there in these days when man lives closer to nature, knows her, perhaps, as he has never known her before, that our conventional arts should declare her, not by throwing her lawlessly over the objects to be decorated—no; that sort of thing won't do, —that would imply lack of cultivation. For art means law, means arrangement, implies great study; but it also implies invention when it is a living thing. If we are to have a festoon, let us say, and the droop has been settled by study as well as the scale, why not design it from nature instead of purloining it from a book? That is the way disciples of Raphael designed their borders on the Farnesina vaults, and beautiful borders they are, though composed in parts of the humblest vegetables (we all know how magnificently decorative cabbages are). If we must have an arabesque, the scale and lines having been predetermined by calculation, why not take a sketch-book and drop into a florist's when the fields are not accessible? If we must have a wreath, why not make drawings from the classic mountain-laurel? These questions have been put to designers and architects, and not infrequently the answer has been made that the festoons to be found in the books or the arabesques in the portfolios are better than anything we could possibly do. There is some rhyme and reason in this; but the true answer should be that "we will try to *invent* just as those men did, whose works are interesting." Possibly the result would not be beautiful; if not, it would certainly be interesting, which the copy never can be. Moreover, an art based on a copy must perforce be retrograde.

These are some of the direct advantages to the artist of communion with nature. The indirect profit is even greater. After the long and enforced hibernation in town, after the constant strain of life, one yearns for the free, quiet, clean life of the country or seashore. Along with this yearning there is an ineffable desire to emerge from the smoke of action and see how the battle goes, to perch on some hilltop and take a bird's-eye view of things, to

see whether the strife is worth the striving, to perceive things as they really are. In the crowded thoroughfare there is no perspective, no sense of proportion; the little things seem big with importance, and the great, fundamental truths are lost. In the town nothing seems permanent, nothing worth the while, so fleeting is it all. In the struggle for existence a man's vision is obfuscated by all sorts of cobwebs, and there is need to sweep them away from time to time with nature's besom. Nature never betrays us. Frequently she frets and fumes, but always interests, and when the sun shines for us again, like the returning smile of a chagrined child, we love her for her very caprices. Our fondness for landscape increases with our years. Perhaps, —yes, certainly, as age creeps on we think less of man and all his works. In splenetic moods he seems very sordid. Rambling over fresh stretches of green country, we occasionally happen on some squalid and fetid dwelling. Then we say to ourselves: "Verily, nothing is foul but man; even the swine, if left to themselves, are clean."

Ah! the inspiration of earth and sky. Be you poet or painter they will surely set the wheels of production in motion. On a calm, sunny June day when, as Andrew Lang puts it, "The summer is Queen in the length of the land," when roaring, restless New York is far away, when its arrogant bustle is but a memory only, when its bigness seems littleness, and when civic pride appears vaguely confused with civic dirt, then you will thank the Omnipotent that you are not there, and a placid, nay, even an inspired spirit will lead you to some favored spot with a fair outlook well worth chronicling with brush or with pen, on canvas or on paper, and you will paint, or you will sing it, or perhaps both.

Not now the thundrous cloud, nor strenuous gale
That makes trees cringe, and show the silver side
Of tossing leaves. Oh, not to-day the deep
Effects of masses rich 'gainst sunset skies,
Nor sensuous hues, nor freakish outline wild!
But give me Peace—a pleasant sunny stretch
Of landscape sweet in daisied June, all steeped
In equal whitish light; the bosky hills
Flecked here and there with faint blue shades
where axe

Has hewn its way; the nearer slopes well tilled,
Sweeping in gracious curves to meet the brook,
Not seen, but margined by the vaporous row
Of willows thick; and cropping through the grass,
Red-ripe, the uninvited flowers—though to
The poet meet—not gorgeous, but bedight
With frescoed tints, polish, yet adding glow

To torpid, basking fields. From time to time
(Alas how pitifully rare!) unweaved,
Unharassed hours, stress free as unbent grain,
Serene as sloping meads in sunlit June,
Are foisted into agitated Life. F. C.

THE student so blessed as to live in a land where it is always summer need not fix his season for leaving town. If we could transport ourselves, the whole reading and art-studying community together, to Martinique, and live "where the infant frost has trodden" never since the beginning of the world of man, those of us who are landscape painters might choose between the dry season with its greater comfort and coolness, and the wet season with its torrid heat counterbalanced in part by its even more luxuriant vegetation. The splendid effects of foliage and of foreground plant-form in July, seen through torrents of rain and by the passing gleams of sunshine between driving clouds and in the steaming reek of a wet soil in high summer temperature would be counterbalanced in charm to the artist mind by the steady, clear sunshine of the blessed days during which the trade-wind blows steadily and grants to this world six months of settled weather. Nor is the spring-time, February and March, to be disregarded; for then the great trees of forest and of meadow, and the gigantic creepers which bedeck them are in blossom. Their leaves fall; within a few days thereafter the blossoms swell and burst open, and the tree, which has been a mass of dark green, blazes with purple or scarlet or yellow flowers. Let a week pass, and shimmering green of a different tint from the old dress appears through the more vivid color mingled with it interchangingly; and this vibration of color harmony changes from hour to hour. Another week, and the ground beneath the trees is strewn with their fading blossoms, and, while the fruit is forming, the green assumes the mastery again and the boughs are hidden in the garment of foliage which is to last for another year.

Summer and spring time in close interchange and without a *saison morte*: if we of the so-called temperate zone could live where they are and where they alone rule, we might stay in town or go into the country at pleasure. Since, however, there are but six months during which there is any facility for studying out of doors, it is just a little surprising that the clubs are full of landscape

painters during that short season. Winter has its attractions too, and the blueness of shadows on the snow and the rosy purple of tree-branches seen in interlocked mystery deserve no landscape painter's disregard; but it is not to be denied that such pleasures are handicapped. Out-of-door study is altogether easier, more delightful, more natural between the 1st of May and the last of October, or the 10th of May and the 10th of November, and it is best, after all, to follow the line of least resistance.

If landscape painting were mainly a question of trees and greenness there would then be no doubt as to the painter's duty and his interest. The men who make trees and greenness their chief or a principal study go to the country in midsummer, perforce. But it is quite notorious that this is not the whole or even a principal part of landscape painting. There never were any green pictures until the present half century began; before that time summer landscape was a thing which the painter took his suggestions from, indeed, but whose suggestions as to coloration he did not heed very closely. Turner's vast phantasmagoria includes no green vision, nor does the book of nature as he turned it over through his long and hard-worked life contain a green page. Inness and Martin—to name the two of our own great men who have but now joined the majority, were not painters of summer green, and those who have struggled with that most difficult of problems, and who yet survive, are few, and their names are celebrated among their fellows even because of their partial success in that most difficult of tasks. In black and white, Seymour Haden has a close love and an excellent knowledge of trees, and his etchings are enjoyed by men and women who love trees and the effect of the wood clearing or of the shady avenue, but they do not make Seymour Haden a great etcher. One little scrap of the wayward Whistler's line work is worth acres of Sir Seymour's studies of tree form and tree effect. Landscape painting is not a matter of trees mainly, but it is mainly a matter of light and shade and color, and where these are to be found if not in the country in summer it is hard to say. Granted the claim, which no one nowadays thinks of disputing, that art comes not from without through the eyes, but from the soul, and granted the inadequacy of the old saying that "Art is nature seen through a temperament," and the relatively greater

truth of the converse, say, that art is the work of the temperament assimilating nature, and we have still the necessity of the assimilation. To drop the question of trees: why is it that our modern landscape painters have abandoned the broad landscape, the great stretches of country which are so familiar to Constable and to Turner? Why is it that cloud-form is not a subject of study? No one can really understand cloud-form unless he lives for a season high on a mountain-top where he can see the marshalling of those armies of vapor and learn their secret. The impressiveness, the magnificence, in other words the whole truth of the cloud world, are for the mountain-climber alone. To him also, to the mountain-climber, comes the charm of the broad landscape. To him alone is given a sense of that which is after all the most vital fact in all the world of landscape, whether in art or nature, the formation, the structure, the true anatomy of the earth's surface. Hill and valley, slope and meadow, slow winding stream, furious torrent; these things and their secret are not to be wholly judged by him who merely makes visits to their separate entities and studies one at a time. The magnificence of the world is for those who look down upon it and see—as the figure draughtsman sees below the skin—the anatomy underlying the surface. But the mountain-top is only available for us Northerners in the summer-time; nor is it easy to study out of doors for more than three months of the year at any altitude above three thousand feet.

Some day New York will have a gallery in which exhibitions can be held which it would never pay to hold. When that time comes and things can be shown to the public which are merely instructive, useful, delightful—but which cannot hope to draw crowds of visitors—we shall begin to see the artist's summer studies. It may even become a thing of course to ask in November when the autumn exhibition of summer studies is to be opened. If this is, indeed, the age of landscape art, and if landscape art is the greatest triumph of this age, we, the men of the age, who really care about the beautiful drawings, the fresh, attractive, inspiring and most instructive drawings which are not for sale because no artist dare part with those which are his own—we should be greatly aided by a sight of them in our progress toward a perfect understanding of landscape art.

R. S.

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The February Scribner

(To be published on January 25th)

GREATER NEW YORK'S FIRST ELECTION—POLICE COMMISSIONER AVERY D. ANDREWS will describe what but few voters stopped to think of during the excitement of the recent election, namely, the actual business of distributing the ballots, controlling the polling, collecting the votes, and all the other complicated machinery of which the Police Department had the entire planning and responsibility. The total vote was greater than that of many whole States, and the methods for managing this really great affair were all systematized and rehearsed weeks ahead. The whole police force was called into service, with bicycle squads on Long Island and mounted police in Westchester.

A large corps of artists, including McCarter, Carleton, Potthast, Child and Perard, spent all election day and night in making sketches for illustrating this striking article. Their drawings will graphically depict the whole story—many of them being made behind the scenes.

SENATOR LODGE'S STORY OF THE REVOLUTION will tell, in the second instalment, of the meeting of the Second Congress and of the Siege of Boston. The Battle of Bunker Hill is described in a way to make one realize the true significance of that historic event. The frontispiece, reproduced from a painting in colors made by Howard Pyle specially for this purpose, will also give a new conception of that famous fight. Other illustrators in this instalment are F. C. Yohn, E. C. Peixotto, F. Luis Mora, H. W. Ditzler.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN'S "THE NAVAL CAMPAIGN OF 1776 ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN" is the first of his illustrated articles on "The American Navy in the Revolution."

In addition to his authoritative knowledge of the subject he has had access to some curious data, which throw new light upon a comparatively unknown, and what he considers an unappreciated, campaign. The illustrations for this paper are by Carlton T. Chapman and Harry Fenn.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE'S NOVEL—"RED ROCK"—will show the condition of the people and places of the story at the close of the war—the dreary home-coming, the re-assembling of old friends, and the spirit with which the soldiers took up the fight with poverty. It is illustrated by B. West Cline-dinst.

WILTON LOCKWOOD, the young American artist, is the subject of a paper by T. R. Sullivan. It is illustrated by reproductions of his characteristic work.

"SILVER SPOT," by Ernest Seton Thompson, the well-known Canadian naturalist, relates the true history of a crow, a great friend of his. The story is illustrated by the author.

HELEN WATTERSON MOODY in this number will write of "The Case of Maria," a humorous and serious discussion of the servant question, in which the author shows what to her mind is really the main cause of this chief of domestic difficulties.

THE FIELD OF ART, now under the special charge of Mr. Russell Sturgis, will contain papers by Mr. Sturgis and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell.

THE OTHER CONTENTS will be short stories, poems, and **THE POINT OF VIEW**.

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The May Scribner

(To be published April 25th)

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT GIRLS' COLLEGES, three articles written by graduates and illustrated from life and actual scenes, will begin in the May number. Like the larger series last year on men's undergraduate life, these articles will not tell of the working of the curricula or the histories of the institutions. They will describe the manners and customs of various

American college girls—not the Higher Education of Women, but what they do when out of classroom not seeking the higher education.

The articles will include:

LIFE AT WELLESLEY by Abbe Carter Goodloe, author of "College Girls"—illustrated by the Misses Cowles and C. A. Gilbert and E. C. Peixotto.

LIFE AT VASSAR, by Margaret Sherwood, author of "An Experiment in Altruism," and "A Puritan Bohemia"—illustrated by Orson Lowell.

LIFE AT SMITH, by Alice Katharine Fallows—illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark.

There will be a score of illustrations for each article, the artists spending several months at the colleges for the purpose.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S new serial, "THE KING'S JACKAL," illustrated by C. D. Gibson, will show in the second installment the sentimental ambition of a prince, the mercenary plot of a king to dupe an American heiress, and the breezy entrance of a newspaper correspondent who knows everything and every body and proceeds to take a hand in affairs. Mr. Gibson's drawing of the scene in Tangier was made during his recent stay on the coast of Africa.

THE WORKERS, in the West.—Mr. WYCKOFF relates with relish some of the humor-

ous experiences in the situation of a day-laborer, and finally got a job. But before of the unemployed he encountered meetings, which proved very preconception, cleaned snow, answered a "fake" advertisement, fought with a factory gang, and Leigh's drawings were made of the experiences described.

THE STORY OF THE SENATOR LODGE will now take campaign and describe the battle of Bennington and Saratoga, showing its historical importance and significance.

HOWARD PVLE'S painting, which will appear as frontispiece, "Burial of Fraser," the celebrated field during the battle of Saratoga. Illustrations will be "The Battle of Oriskany" and another full-page picture of Oriskany's surrender at Saratoga. E. C. Peixotto's drawing of "The Battle of Oriskany" is portrayed, and a number of his pen drawings of interiors and other present-day fields, etc. There will also be portraits.

BICYCLING AS SEEN BY will be a set of six full-page studies (another of the series of Field Studies) in which the artist shows and sympathy six characteristic which he has observed as a well as artist.

"RED ROCK, A CHRONICLE OF CONSTRUCTION," THOMAS NELSON illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.

THE FIELD OF ART will be a discussion of Photography and Cox and Russell Sturgis.

THE NEW REPORTER, of the group of short stories, paper life, by JESSE LYNCH, which "The Stolen Story" number last summer was the first

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The June Scribner

A drawing for "Morning" from "A New York Day," by C. D. Gibson

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY C. D. GIBSON will begin in the next SCRIBNER, called "A New York Day." Mr. Gibson has been studying the town on Manhattan island and its people for a number of years now, and in this series he will present what he considers the typical scenes of a typical New York day.

Each of the four periods of the day, Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, will be depicted—not by one, but by a group of drawings. Under the subject "Morning," in the June number, there will be four pictures showing what a different thing Morning means to different New Yorkers. There will be scenes at the ferries and on the elevated roads where people hurry to their day's work, while another picture of the same part of the day but in a different part of town will give a glimpse of those who eat leisurely breakfast in clubs and boudoirs. This series will show something of New York as seen by C. D. Gibson.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT VASSAR, will be described by MARGARET SHERWOOD, a graduate of Vassar and author of "An Experiment in Altruism" and "A Puritan Bohemia." As in the case of the article on Wellesley, by Miss Goodloe, in this number, the Higher Education of Women will not be treated, but what they do at girls' colleges when not seeking the higher education. Miss Sherwood shows the distinguishing features of the life at Vassar, which differentiate it from the life at other women's colleges.*

ORSON LOWELL's illustrations for this article were drawn from life—the result of an intelligent, artistic study of Vassar life.

*UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT SMITH, by Alice Katharine Fallows, illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark, will appear in the July number.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION, by SENATOR LODGE, will, in its June instalment, be a tribute to Washington for his heroic mastership in fighting the British army and the Congress of the United States throughout the discouraging winter at Valley Forge when John Adams dubbed him Fabius, and endeavored with many others to have Gates appointed in his place.

GILBERT STUART's famous Gibbs-Channing portrait of Washington will appear as a frontispiece to this number, engraved by T. Johnson, directly from the original painting, by permission of the present owner, Mr. S. P. Avery.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S serial "THE KING'S JACKAL," illustrated by C. D. Gibson, will show the hero's very heroic avowal of love to the American heiress, and the arrival of a spy from the king's ex-kingdom.

THE WORKERS—IN THE WEST, by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, will tell of the young laborer's life and work at his first steady job, in the reaper works in Chicago, where he now toiled and ate and slept with other honest workmen, and found it somewhat pleasant and very interesting. There will be eight of W. R. Leigh's drawings.

In "SEASIDE PLEASURE GROUNDS," SYLVESTER BAXTER will describe and Walter Appleton Clark will strikingly illustrate the seaside parks recently laid out about Boston, as an example of the advantage in this sort of park to a municipality as well as to its people. The promising young artist skillfully portrays their picturesque features.

ANTON SEIDL.—HENRY E. KREHBIEL, the well-known musical critic, will contribute an appreciation of the late Wagnerian conductor.

"MISS JONES AND THE MASTERPIECE" will be a short story of an artist and a model who spoiled his masterpiece, by Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, the new American writer now living in London, whose work is full of promise.

"RED ROCK, A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION," by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, illustrated by B. West Clinedinst, will show an instance of after-the-war Southern hospitality in the June instalment.

THE FIELD OF ART will contain a paper by Frederic Crowninshield.

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THE WAR IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

IT is manifestly not the part of the magazines to furnish mere details of the news already printed about the war, but those more unified pictures of it which are the result of fuller description and of the elaborate possibilities of modern illustration. *Scribner's* is especially fortunate in having secured for such contributions the following, among others, who will write upon the subject for this magazine only:—

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute his characteristic, vivid descriptions, such as make readers see what he sees, the earliest of which will be "The First Shot of the War," already in hand for the July number. The fact that he has served in this war as correspondent for the *London Times* will be enough to show how much he must see, and how accurately.

MR. JOHN R. SPEARS, author of Scribner's "History of Our Navy" and chief of the New York *Sun's* staff of correspondents during the war, will contribute such accounts as could be written only by a man who has served in the navy as well as on a newspaper staff.

TWO WELL-KNOWN ARMY OFFICERS, of high rank, in addition to these two well-known writers, agreed to furnish papers on the war at its close, which will be valuable not only on account of their authority, but because the authors happen to have experience as writers as well as soldiers.

WAR ILLUSTRATIONS

First of all, an extraordinary succession of war illustrations is in progress for the exclusive use of *Scribner's Magazine*, by a method never before applied. If the experiment proves successful it will be hard to exaggerate the startling possibilities and importance of the device employed. In addition to this, the services of special artists were secured at the breaking out of hostilities for making sketches at the scenes of activity.

THE GENERAL CONTENTS OF THE JULY SCRIBNER

In addition to the war matter, the July number will contain:

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN's first of two papers on "PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION"; illustrated by Chapman and others.

UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT SMITH COLLEGE, by Alice Katharine Fallows; illustrated by W. A. Clark from life.

THE WORKERS—THE WEST, by Walter A. Wyckoff—"Among the Revolutionaries,"—illustrated by Leigh.

C. D. GIBSON's "A New York Day"—2d Series—Noon.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION, by Senator Lodge, telling of the invasion of Georgia; illustrated by Pyle and others.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's "The King's Jackal," conclusion.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE's Chronicle of Reconstruction, "Red Rock," illustrated by Clinedinst; and short fiction, poems, the departments, etc., will complete the number.

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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S WAR CORRESPONDENCE

As stated on the opposite page, Mr. Richard Harding Davis's articles on the progress of the war will be contributed to *Scribner's Magazine* while he is accompanying the fleet and later the army as war correspondent of the *London Times* and *New York Herald*. They will give, practically, a continuous picture, "The First Shot of the War" being followed at once by "The First Bombardment," and this by a rapid succession of other papers. In most cases they will be accompanied by illustrations from photographs, and, in addition to the value of Mr. Davis's observation and vivid writing, will form a record nearly contemporaneous with the events they describe.

At the same time with these articles and his war correspondence, Mr. Davis is accumulating carefully sifted material for a book on the war, to be called

THE WAR OF '98, FROM FIRST TO LAST

to be published later by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, which is likely to be the most valuable of the contemporary narratives of the conflict. Whatever may be Mr. Davis's later experience, he has certainly been so fortunate as to see all the important early events on this side of the world, having started with the fleet, been present at the first captures (of the "Buen Ventura," the "Pedro" and "Panama"), the bombardments at Matanzas and near Cabanas Harbor, etc., etc., and having enjoyed the exceptional facility of making his observations from on board the flagship.

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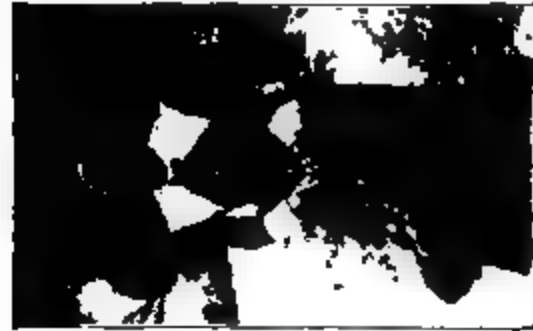
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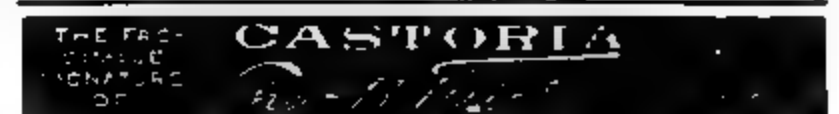


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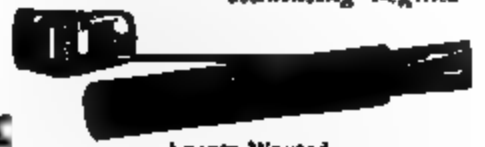
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